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SCENE FROM "THE FAITHFULL SHEPHERDESSE."

(Coombe Wood Pastoral Plays.)

THE

WOMAN'S WORLD

VOLUME I

1888

EDITED BY OSCAR WILDE

Source Book Press

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WOMAN'S WORLD.

EDITED BY OSCAR WILDE.

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THE WOMAN'S WORLD.

The Woodland Gods.

IT has been said that the artist is the man who recognises art in Nature, the man who knows what is the natural material capable of being artistically treated, and where it is to be found; for art can only be exercised under conditions, and to such conditions it is not always in Nature's power to conform. The conditions, for example, of dramatic art are imitative, as are those of all other arts, yet the drama can never be strictly said to be imitative of Nature, but only representative. To transfer life to the boards of the theatre demands a just appreciation of the difference between real and dramatic conditions; so that the spectator who goes to the play and (as many spectators do) institutes a *direct* comparison between the actor and the man, criticises on a false basis, and does not appreciate the artistic conditions.

ORLANDO.

When I first thought of open-air plays it was repeatedly said to me that art and Nature could not be brought into contact without destroying dramatic effect; but I considered that there were certain plays, of which the chief elements and surroundings were so eminently natural, that open-air representation not only would not weaken, but would rather strengthen, their dramatic effect. With this belief the forest scenes from *As You Like It* were chosen for three open-air presentations, and were given at Coombe, in Surrey, in July, 1884, and repeated in May, 1885, followed in June and July by seven presentations of Fletcher's pastoral, *The Faithfull Shepherdesse*, as adapted by Godwin, and by three presentations in July, 1886, of *Fair Rosamund*, adapted by Godwin from Lord Tennyson's "Becket." No one

was more conscious than Shakespeare of the difficulties of conveying to the minds of an audience, through the artificial medium of scenic representation, any adequate image of the realities of life :—

> "Can this cockpit hold
> The vasty fields of France, or may we cram
> Within this wooden O the very casques
> That did affright the air at Agincourt?" *

Of course not, and so the audience is asked not to demand too much, but to "eke out the performance with their minds;" for the chorus to the fourth act, speaking of the battle itself, says :—

> "And so our scene must to the battle fly,
> Where (O for pity!) we shall much disgrace
> With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
> Right ill-disposed in brawl ridiculous,
> The name of Agincourt."

Nor can it be said that, with all the resources of scenic invention which the modern stage-manager has at command, this difficulty is capable of being satisfactorily surmounted. Rather it must be confessed that the more we encumber the stage with pseudo-realistic accessories the more do we challenge comparison with Nature herself, and we make allowance for the scene-painter's shortcomings with more difficulty than for those of the actor, because there is not one in a million of us who understands the technicalities of the scene-painter's art.

The representations of the Attic theatre, it may be urged, were unrealistic. Masks concealed the countenance of the actor, stilts magnified his stature, robes shrouded his person, a monotonous cadence prevailed in his delivery. But we could no longer be satisfied with types, however beautifully they were clothed and presented. We demand complexity, we demand sympathy, we demand character, we demand Nature. It is surely affectation to argue from the opposite standpoint that because acting is an artificial presentation of certain phases of life, and not life itself, so likewise must the environment of the actor be artificial. Rather it should be said that such artificiality handicaps the display of the actor's genius; for inasmuch as the finest acting makes the spectator forget that it is art, it follows that the more natural the acting the more patent is the discord with artificial surroundings. Where the environment of the actor is artificial, artificial acting may pass current. But Nature is the test, the touchstone; she shows up what is false, what is exaggerated, what is theatrical. She is the ever-present standard.

In the England of to-day sensational realism has reached its zenith. In the form dramatic art takes on the theatrical stage we see, for the most part, the realism of the common-place, the every-day life which, whether sensational or not, appeals in no way to our sense of beauty. On the pastoral stage the advantage gained is on the side of the romantic drama, for with such a setting we may pass from the realisation of the actual to the realisation of the ideal. Indeed, open-air acting means either this or nothing. Here Nature challenges the artist; it is the chance for the true artist, be he dilettante-professional or professional-amateur. The world is a great deal too thick with current writing on art, but it is plain that as long as there is discredit attached to the words "amateur" and "dilettante" in art-criticism, there must be a dead-lock; for what is the "amateur" but he who has the "amor" or love of art, the "dilettante" but he who has "diletto" or pleasure in art? Every work of art also suggests its own mode of presentation, just as every work of art suggests its own form of criticism, and both in creation and in criticism what is essential is freedom of mood. The ordinary stage-manager is forced more or less to mould (perhaps to mutilate) a work of art to suit preconceived ideas and old traditions; the director of the natural stage (given that he chooses a suitable setting for his representation), to be successful, must avoid these customary stage conventions.

Before entering more deeply into this question, it is well that a few words should be said about our director—the director of "The Pastoral Players." In the world of art, the deep dramatic insight and many-sided artistic knowledge of Godwin was, we all know, unerring. His fine discernment, crowned by knowledge, showed in everything he touched. It was evident to this great spirit (now moved into the fairer sunlight) that art demands a special treatment when brought into contact with Nature, just as Nature demands a special treatment when confronted with art, and we cannot but lament with Mr. W. G. Wills in his tender elegy, "genius flown, starved by a tasteless age, and unfulfilled," and with the author of "Helena in Troas" in his memorial sonnet :—

> "A man of men, born to be genial king
> By frank election of the artist kind,
> Attempting all things, and on everything
> Setting the signet of a master-mind.
> What others dreamed amiss, he did aright;
> His dreams were visions of art's golden age;
> Yet, self-betrayed, he fell in fortune's spite,
> His royal birthright sold for scanty wage.
> The best of comrades, winning old and young
> With keen audacious charm, dandling the fool
> That pleased his humour, but with scathing tongue
> For blatant pedants of the bungler school.
> They tell me he had faults; I know of one—
> Dying too soon he left his best undone."

A "man of men" indeed he was, and with that fine generosity that always accompanies true genius. It has been well said of him that "what he gave his age was a spirit to inform the work of others, a spirit which will grow, and spread and manifest itself in multitudinous forms of beauty." When he wrote of contemporary art, that most of it was "a mead of wild errors," it was because he set his ideal so exclusively among the Greek gods. Of workmanship perfected, he saw only the shield of Achilles wrought by the glorious lame god Hephaistos. No man ever lived with greater singleness of purpose. To create beautiful things for the mere sake of their loveliness, this was his object; not wealth, not position, not fame even. Yet fame surely shall be his, for the muses taught him, and the mother of the muses had care for him. Poet of architects, and architect of all the arts, he possessed that rare gift, a feeling for the very essence of Beauty wherever and whenever it was to be found.

* Chorus, *Henry V.*, Act I.

The arts seemed to yield their secrets to him, and for him Nature opened her scroll, while with exquisite spirit of choice, and delicate tact of omission, he would, from both these worlds of wonder, select all congruous elements of beauty and of strength, and combine them into works of perfect symmetry and right proportion. Like the strength of Michael Angelo, his strength lay in that he always worked from some great conscious rest, and we know that the parallels he ruled were always trustworthy. In his last creative production, the presentation of *Helena in Troas*, we saw a manifestation of the remarkable power to which he had attained, though, indeed, he left his best undone. From the first moment of entering the theatre, as he had fashioned it, a sense of beauty, hushed and serene, stole over the spectator, such as one might fancy had never been felt since Greeks listened to the plays of Euripides. As the tragedy unfolded itself (dawn growing into noonday, and noon waning into night), the hush continued and grew more intense, for the rhythmical movements of the chorus made the story come and go like a shadow of fate, seen in clear water or in a crystal sphere—like the reverie of some god in the soul that dreams of a god's ways. With the death of Paris, and Helen's last sad words, the play was not over. When, like figures on a marble frieze, the band of white-robed maidens wound through the twilight past the altar of Dionysus, and one by one in slow procession climbed the steps, and passed away, the audience were absolutely stilled in their excitement. All minds were held in strong emotion as by the voice of some god which, "when ceased, men still stood fixed to hear." The pure keynote of beauty was again struck, and, line and colour taking the place of language, the play ultimately reverted to that plastic ideal which lies at the basis of all Greek art.

In the presentation of *The Faithfull Shepherdesse* and *As You Like It*, Godwin's combined delicacy and strength were equally shown. It seemed that with him the Woodland Gods (the Bird-Gods themselves) were in hidden sympathy, and that from their hiding-places in oak and fern they breathed and piped their secrets to his inmost soul, his keen eye and quick ear catching their slightest and subtlest suggestions, his large understanding seizing at once their mode in the garden of unity. Fletcher's pastoral he truly saw was no mere theatric play, but a parable rather, and a pageant: a parable where the thoughts and moods of our nature take visible form, put on comely attire, and appear before us; a pageant through which the gracious old Arcadian life can, in an English woodland, stir again, and, while retaining its Greek clearness of outline, yet gain something from the mediæval magic of colour and from the Northern temper of romance.

ORLANDO.

The composition of stage effect and the art of acting generally, whether in-doors or out-doors, meant for his wonderful genius what the art of musical composition meant for the wonderful genius of Wagner—it meant growth, originality, freedom from tradition. As art-director of our natural stage, he urged more than ever on the actor (whether that actor occupied the principal *rôle*, or that of the silent super) the necessity that the ordinary *technique* of the stage must be held by him subordinate, and sacrificed to pictorial and realistic effect. The conventional strut, the lover's speech (addressed wholly or in part to the audience, instead of to the object of his passion), the strange monotonous system of intoning blank verse (sacrificing entirely to cadence the more important quality of sense)—all this, where and when mother Nature is herself pressed into the service of the players, Godwin justly held as heresy. It was Nature, he said, who must be consulted, because her suggestions of method are not less varied and infinite than are her changes of mood—"concord in discord, lines of differing method meeting in one full centre of delight." This was the high art-standard he made for, in the woodland pictures of moving sound and colour which he created; he assimilated art to Nature, and Nature to art.

With regard to material or scenic treatment, as I have said elsewhere, in my essay on "Rainbow Music," "Nature is jealous of line, of hue, and even of sound; she insists that wherever art is confronted with her, it shall partake of her own essence." Therefore those artificial lines and dyes, those sounds which are in accord with a certain given condition of Nature, are alone admissible; she exacts of them that they shall enhance her own beauty by contrast or by harmony.

So also psychologically and dramatically, if we are to live and move with our heroes and heroines in a pastoral story, joy with their joys and weep with their sorrows, our sympathies must be the more awakened and intensified through Nature's own operation; for, as spectators, we are wrought upon from without as well as from within, subjected to the same psychological influences which are felt unconsciously by the players themselves (*pace* Diderot), and which must also have been felt by the people

whose lives and characters they represent. Players and spectators alike cannot but be carried into a realisation of actual pastoral life while Nature's vibrating accompaniment speaks to them in the lisp of leaves and "the murmur that springs from the growing of grass," in the song of birds, and in all the many outward symbols of her ceaselessly pulsating life. In effect, it is through the feelings she inspires, under certain conditions of harmony, that the sensitive spectator is moved to a delight which finds its expression in tears. Nature is then as the voice of the beloved, singing to one alone. Breathing above all else of the woods, of song-birds, and wild flowers are these most beautiful scenes in *As You Like It*, where indeed are found "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." And, in truth, one can understand that the only possible realisation of such naturalistic beauty is to be sought in the endeavour to make it one with that Nature from which it descended, and in which alone it could find its counterpart.

This was the conviction that forced itself upon me when first I saw *As You Like It* within the walls of the theatre. That a certain element of discord with the realistic word-painting of Shakespeare should be too often painfully evident in the theatre is not to be wondered at, and if we regard the art of Shakespeare from this naturalistic standpoint we can perceive the basis of reasoning from which spring the sentiments often expressed against all representations of Shakespeare's plays. From this point of view, indeed the expression of such sentiment loses that ring of mere conventional affectation, with which it is apt to strike the ear of the Shakespearean enthusiast.

PERIGOT AND AMARYLLIS.

At the representations of our "forest scenes," the fact that many among the more observant spectators confessed to finding themselves the only notes out of tune with the natural surroundings, is perhaps the best proof that a union of art with Nature was then and there consummated. The audience really became the only external conventionality which appeared out of place, because Nature had not absorbed them, as it were, and made them her own. Having established the fact that we were treating with the wood and its natural surroundings as we found them, it would be an impertinence to enter into a description of natural effects that changed with every hour of the day. Some regard was had to the selection of the spot, so that the axis of the auditorium and natural stage should fall in such a manner as to make the most of the trees, glades, background, and landscape. To any one not present the thought would naturally occur that the sides (technically known as *wings* on the stage) would be exposed, and that either exits and entrances would seem unnatural, or that long pauses would have to be introduced in the action of the piece. This, however, was overcome by taking advantage of the circumstances of the locality.

As regards the costume, as the play distinctly refers to a time when there were dukedoms in France, the style of dress was that in use prior to the absorption of the Duchy of Brittany by the Crown, therefore before A.D. 1483. The rich and picturesque apparel in vogue during the ten or twenty years preceding this was the model which guided us. It was acknowledged on all sides that the banished Duke, the nobles, the foresters, and the shepherds were somehow in place; that the high hunting-boots and by-cocket caps, the dull velvets and worn leather, the newer habits of those "young gentlemen of estate" who daily sought the exiled lords to hunt with them, the hooded cape, the belted tunic, and the bow and spear, were at home among these high trees and chequered glades. As it was the love of the beautiful which led to the inception, no discordant note of colour was struck out of harmony with Nature's key in which we played; for each tone of colour introduced had been borrowed from Nature's own woodland hues. The dresses of Rosalind and Celia struck the bright russet tones of bracken and bark; Orlando's, the mellowed tinge of golden-greens which belongs to dead leaves and ferns; while Phebe, tripping along in the hues of the violet or heart's-ease, seemed a flower born of the woods; and so on through the varied and subdued forest-tones, notes were struck in the different impersonations, all resolving into one perfect harmony.

On Rosalind, frequently pronounced one of the most charming of Shakespeare's heroines, much has been written. Orlando has been neglected. Yet if he is of comparatively less importance, measured by his less voluble flow of speech, there is, nevertheless, a poetry about his character which has a fascination peculiarly its own, and, contrasted with the sparkling vivacity of Rosalind, its mellow light appears more dreamily poetical.

It seems remarkable that whilst Hamlet, Romeo, even Shylock, and many other male Shakespearean characters have been played by women, we do not hear that

"ADIEU! GOOD MONSIEUR MELANCHOLY!"

Orlando has ever been included in the number; yet, on reading the part, one can feel that it might have been

Rosalind

written for one of those youths who in Shakespeare's time played female characters, for it will be remembered that it was not till the reign of Charles II. that women began to show upon the stage. A youth who had probably played the parts of Rosalind, Imogen, and Viola, played amongst his latest the part of this romantic lover. Orlando is essentially one who is still boyish enough to play at love, and yet man enough under extremity to draw his sword upon a band of robbers.

"Inland bred, knowing some nurture," he blushes when he sees how his impatience has led him into the error of mistaking cultivated folk for savages because of their surroundings. He "puts on" the countenance of stern commandment, an assumption quite foreign to his nature, and this he is only too glad to drop at the slightest sign of kindness or gentleness. This trait never appears again. Orlando knows "what 't is to pity and be pitied," for he has been followed for himself alone by one fast-fading life that limps after him in pure love, and in the tender solicitude he bestows on that faithful follower we see a further development of a child's or a woman's gentleness.

The circumstances set forth in the beginning of the play represent him as one over whose home (bright in the early days, when his father, Sir Rowland du Bois, was the honoured friend of the reigning duke) had come not only the sorrow of death, but the cloud of poverty. His father's powerful friend banished, Rosalind banished, his own life plotted against by Oliver, his overbearing brother—all this has tended to overlay his mind with a tinge of melancholy. He goes forth to seek his fortunes with his faithful old servant, quite the saddest youth in all Shakespeare's plays. His wild forest-life and discovery of the banished Duke and his lords do not remove his melancholy, but seem to develop in him a nobler and wider kind of sympathy; for in them he meets that humanity he has hungered for. In seeing their simple life, in realising the adversity that has befallen his

Orlando

father's once powerful friend, and in listening to the last words of Amiens' song, he too feels that "we are not all alone unhappy," and that there are "more woeful pageants than the scene wherein we play." As the days go by, there is something more than home (comprehensive as the term was three centuries ago) that he misses. Adam had probably died, for we hear no more of him; and now his heart and mind are swayed in ideal intensity of love for Rosalind. Not an evening, "when light thickens and the crow makes wing to the rooky wood," but memories of her who had placed the chain around his neck throng in upon him. He is alive to the brevity of time, to its violated vows; but even thoughts like these he transfigures by the loved name, which he appends to every sentence, whether on brain or bark. The intensity with which he broods over the ideal Rosalind blinds him when the actual Rosalind comes before him in the forest; he sees in her a likeness to *his* Rosalind, but a likeness only, because the image which he has cherished within him has developed *only* the beauty, the good of her, and it is consequently not the girl who, charming and lovable though she was,

Corin

had still a measure of the imperfection of humanity about her.

The character of Orlando gathers relief from the lines of wit and repartee that scintillate through it, like silver threads in a purple woof; witness his encounter with Jacques. And yet it is curious to find how in this most joyous of plays melancholy is interwoven (not alone in one of its characters, but more or less in all)—the melancholy, that is, of introspective contemplation; for in Shakespeare's day (in the sixteenth or seventeenth century) we must remember that melancholy implied not at all the fashionable *ennui* and affected pessimism of the present day, but rather such a spirit as is pictured in Dürer's "Melancholia," which portrays not sorrow, but the image of thought brooding over the mystery of things. The Duke, Amiens, Silvius, occasionally Rosalind herself (though she contrasts in this respect with Orlando), and especially Jaques, sound each and all a different note in this divine chord of melancholy. A contemporary writer has said of the parables of the New Testament that they are not so much illustrative of different characters as of one character in different moods. So we may say of the characters in *As You Like It* that they are one and all illustrative of the different moods of Nature, and that they consort with the natural surroundings in which the greatest of all dramatists has placed them. Can we be wrong, then, in utilising Nature to illustrate herself?

JANEY SEVILLA CAMPBELL.

The Position of Woman.

NO subject has, perhaps, excited more conflict, been the nucleus for more theories, or originated more prophecies than the position of woman as it should be, or as it will be, in the world—physical, moral, and social. Men and women have placed themselves on opposite sides, claiming an equal right to display the standards of Religion, Science, and Common Morality. However much the noise of battle may mislead us, the actual position of woman, as we find it in Western civilisation, has been attained by other means than those of controversial triumph.

The links which form the chain of progress up to the present position of woman are many and complex. In these pages it will be possible only, in examining a few of those links nearest to our own day, to surmise as to the plan upon which they were forged. To do this, it is necessary to make clear the exact signification attached to the term, "The Position of Woman." The advantage it possesses over others that are often used in its place is obvious, and by defining its meaning as intended by the writer, the way is made plainer for observation of the conditions out of which that position has sprung, and the influences or forces which have affected it.

It is certain that no woman now holds objective power at all commensurate with that held by individual women in former times. The same statement applies to men, for wherever increased civilisation has been crowned with liberty, a death-blow has been struck at absolute power. But the fact is to be noted that at periods when a woman has wielded tremendous power, the position of her sex in general has been more or less degraded. Not only would the quantity of power over others be now impossible, but the quality of it would be different.

The existence of Semiramis has been accepted on the records or traditions of her fame as a ruler, founder, and conqueror. The Queen who travelled far to prove the wisest man with hard questions, cultivated learning when her subject-women knew neither Girton nor Somerville. A poor country girl, rich in patriotism and the courage it breeds, won a pure renown when she conferred on the simple name of Joan a national glory. We feel it incredible that only three hundred years ago Catherine of Medicis was able, in a country whose civilisation was then conspicuous, to plan and execute with impunity a scheme of diabolical dimensions. Where can we now see any supreme power equal to that exercised by the virgin Queen Elizabeth?

In this year of grace it is inconceivable that any combination of events should place the lives and welfare of a nation, the prosperity or glory of a state, at the feet of any woman even for an hour; yet the sex, the many women instead of the few, enjoy a position very considerably higher and happier than was possible when to the individual, raised by extraordinary talent or fortune, nothing seems to have been impossible. Still, while at present the position of woman may embrace all women, one of its primary characteristics is the relation it bears to individual talent and character.

Power and position are used sometimes as convertible terms, whereas they need be in no way synonymous. The desire in man or woman for direct personal control over others, even in its least offensive, the religious or philanthropic forms, is one that ever savours of human weakness, and is born of human vanity. As an energy, it may obtain a transient success and afford a feeble satisfaction, but its roots are deep in selfishness. It enfeebles and impoverishes the mind from which it emanates; its fire, which gives neither light nor heat, consumes for a short season and is doomed to extinction. The present position of woman rather represents that realisation of the first precepts of pure liberty that insists on the personal control over life, actions, and property, the free enjoyment of individual tastes, the unthwarted exercise of individual talents, the unrestrained use of individual faculties, always and only subordinate to national duty and the consideration of

the same freedom to others. Such a position is defended, but not created, by law, although the birth and decay of a statute mark the progress made. The repeal, and still more the disuse, of a statute can prove the establishment of a principle more than its promulgation. The present position of woman compared with the past would appear to show that its extension is mainly due to the removing of barriers, inviting entrance into new fields of thought or occupation defined by individual character and ability, and regulated by the rules of simple justice and common sense, that dictate other affairs. The systems by which more was demanded of the weaker sex, and less justice afforded to meet the demand, are overthrown, or in a state of siege.

Women of the higher class in society escape in a large measure the suffering which an unjust position entails upon those below them. Except in cases where experience of some particular cruelty or injustice struck them sharply through the protection of rank or wealth, they were inclined to resent as unnecessary, undesirable, or ridiculous, the earlier agitation for a change in the position of women. This was not occasioned by hardness or ill-will, but, as the heart cannot feel what the eye does not see, so the multitude of preachers has always been great who choose Patience for their text, because they have never felt pain. Pity was not refused, but prevention was not entertained. In the same way when women suffered personal ill-treatment, indignation was more freely than logically bestowed upon ruffianism that could stand, if not with pride, at least with insolence, upon legal rights. While the offender was execrated, the power to offend was permitted to remain in the garb of a Government official, respectable in his uniform, and dangerous to meddle with.

Christianity held forth to the world a picture of marriage, as a most ancient institution, a gift ever fresh in the beauty of holiness from the hand of the Great Father to His children. So tender and lovely was the picture that it was chosen to represent the mysterious and enduring tie between the Church and Christ. Of different design, but beautiful also in colour and in grace, is the portrayal of marriage by Auguste Comte. Poets sang and moralists dwelt upon marriage as a subject of almost transcendental perfection. Too deeply engrossed in the adoration of such ideals, who would withdraw their eyes to look at the hideous caricature that really represented marriage to thousands of women? Marriage, as established by law and exhibited by custom, might and did very often represent to a wife a hopeless and bitter slavery. The work of the weaker sex was constantly paid in wages to the stronger. The fruits of hard toil of the wife could be spent by the husband; her industry be devoured by his drunkenness. The inheritance of a woman could act as bait for the most contemptible of mankind. Children could be removed from mothers when these were their best as well as their most natural guardians. Women themselves suffered every outrage and wrong. Not "the good, old rule, the simple plan, that they should take who have the power, and they should keep who can," was therein justified, but this state of things was upheld and cherished by the law of the same lands that gloried in Christianity, or gave birth to Comte's fair picture.

In England the statutes that amended the position of married women passed from mere personal protection to complete possession of property. The same spirit dictated those acts which give her the partial, and under some circumstances the entire, control of her children, and the power to appoint guardians.

These acts were the offspring of that change which had begun in the minds of men, a change itself the outcome of strong and irrepressible revulsion. These concessions, affecting the direct action of life upon married women, affecting all the circumstances of their life, followed quickly upon each other. Still further proof of the altered estimation which has promoted the position of women generally, whether married or single, is found in the accepted claim for higher education, in the accessibility to the medical profession, to the supervision of national education, and to many other posts of trust and counsel. Perhaps the strongest proof of all, from this point of view, lies in the admission to full academical trial, if not yet to full academical honours. The young gentlewoman who so happily selected the year of a good Queen's Jubilee to celebrate a feminine triumph of learning is herself a graceful illustration of what woman has won in her new era, and of what she has not lost in charm and attraction from the old.

We have now enumerated a few of the links nearest to us in a ponderous chain, facts tangible, capable of examination, easy to handle; and as we look on them we are inclined to say, "How swiftly changes have filled the cup of alteration!"

Let us proceed to examine what have probably been the latest agents to which we may attribute the existence of these facts which establish the position of woman as it now appears. We must not conclude by the choice of those which are more easily discerned by us, that they have had really greater activity than many which may still remain occult. The difficulty of dealing fairly and precisely with such subjects is great. The thing made, the substance out of which it was made, and the influences which shaped it, form a trinity that cannot always be dealt with at the same time, and yet may never be entirely separated. For holding the extreme end of a chain that stretches through ages, we must remember that we grasp but an infinitesimal part of a whole, of which by far the largest portion is lost to our sight and sense in the remotest past, and we have to rely for its continuity upon that about which we have no knowledge. What appears to us decisive or rapid in its development is only so from our own standpoint, and is not to be regarded as a proof that we are really approaching a final perfection of that which has passed through the factory of unnumbered years. Among these later agents seems to be the apparent accord of women with civilisation. *Apparent accord* are guarded words, and necessarily so when we admit that civilisation has not been, and is not, an invariable friend or foe. For man and woman alike there is an eternal *per contra* in their intercourse with her. Still, in recent years, woman has made some favourable treaties with civilisation.

Adaptability, in the common sense of the word, is a quality often put down to the balance of woman's account with nature. If civilisation has shown a scant respect in demanding adaptability, by the pressure she has imposed, she has increased the store of it. What has been said to testify to an inferiority of nature may assert a superiority of habit. The practical education of centuries is displayed, when under comparatively heavy disabilities women have been able to turn the opportunities of civilisation to the improvement of circumstances. Safer and easier means of transit, a wider scope of reading and of thought, greater familiarity with arts and sciences, which, if they do not direct, they eminently serve, solid and higher education within their grasp, are all fair weather tokens, the gifts and graces to women, offered to them by the season of civilisation into which we are entering. Another agent in the seeming momentum of events is the marked change which has taken place in the minds of men. The boot and spur creed that one portion of mankind should ride, the saddle and bit that the other portion should be ridden, would naturally find place for an article that woman existed for the happiness of man and not for her own: that her first and highest duty was to him, and not to herself. As men became more critical in the adjustment of their ideas, a larger number became restless under external conditions, which they recognised as irreconcilable with principles that they professed, or that they felt directed them. Add to such men the trouble of a generous nature, or the pricking of a good conscience, and we understand how the conflict became unendurable. If the creed still holds its own over the mind of any educated or thoughtful man, he does not reserve to himself the right of defending it. How far this change in opinion among men has helped to influence women in the same direction it would be hard to say; but if, as there seems good reason to hope, it has largely contributed to do so, we have an augury, than which none could be found better and happier, of the future relation of the sexes.

From whatever cause, women manifest an increasing determination to find happiness and to cultivate it for its own sake; to discover whatever is possible in life for them individually, which will bring interest, work, and therefore enjoyment. They trust more to their own choice, and consult their own individual capabilities. Marriage, which is not for all women, is none the less, but rather the more, desirable, but it is ceasing to be the only goal for girlhood. New resources are at hand and eagerly sought. Fresh possibilities are born, and in a widening horizon a wholesome and more hopeful spirit is awakened. The workwomen of our large towns are those on whom all burdens fall most heavily, to whom most of the advantages of change come last, but they are also stirred by the movement that is passing over other women, and may soon give it great impetus. The higher class of women, who before seemed isolated in their superioity, are eager to use their faculties. With an increasing number, a life of pleasure is losing its importance, and with all there is a craving after the happiness which is "the work of our own hands." But it is in the middle class that the greatest change has taken place: there, not only the excellent education attainable by them, but the consideration of health and enjoyment put into the scale, weighs heavily, and is working little short of a miracle. A Nonconformist minister, who had been engaged among this class for many years in London, described the present type of girl as altogether different to that he remembered forty years ago, owing to her finer physical and mental qualities.

A good illustration of this is to be found by comparison of the education and the places where such girls received it formerly, with what they now receive and the circumstances that at present surround it. Then, education for the middle class consisted chiefly of training in the performance of certain tricks, shamming the accomplishments after which they were called. If the education were more real, which occasionally was the case, it was still difficult to find any girl's-school in which the first requirements of health were entertained. Air and exercise alone were matters considered of little, if any, importance, and this because common sense did not preside, and the ideas of happiness and enjoyment were not considered with regard to the education of girls. We may still have much to learn and much to forget in these matters, but any one of our High Schools for girls can testify to the fortunate change of opinion. This has only taken place since happiness has been considered the right of girls as much as of boys.

Women whose work lies among women, are becoming aware of another agent affecting, and likely to affect yet more largely, the position of woman. A "solidarité" is springing up among the mass of women, creating a new tie between those of different classes. No longer is it only a religious (in its narrow sense) or philanthropic impulse that directs the action of woman for woman. It is no longer only gratitude or self-interest that breathes in the response from woman to woman. Some new spring of feeling attracts women of all classes to each other. One more only of the forces which have co-operated to establish the present position of woman remains for notice here. Its results are vividly before us, but in point of time it is old as the subject to which it belongs. If other influences have worked with subtlety, this has been an evident and an impelling force always. It is signified in that struggle, or rather scramble, for life which civilisation, notwithstanding her milder moods, has pressed and does press upon woman.

Not the hour of accord, but that of discord with her. Adaptation to circumstances where adaptation was hardest. The paths that seemed most suited to her, roughly invaded; those that were left for her, blocked by artificial difficulties and impediments. With evil alliance the world for a long time insisted upon the continued cultivation of qualities which, if they served her in barbarism, were under the new determination of things becoming the most useless and the most dangerous for woman — vanity, superficiality, fear, dependence. Often the burden of a sickly mind has been added to the frailty of a weakly body as an ornament, yet to none of the architects of her position may she be, perhaps, more indebted than to the rude treatment she has received at the hands of civilisation. The necessity of robuster

virtues has been their mother. Truth has been chosen, rather than cunning, sentiment instead of sentimentality, courage instead of timidity, the pride of self-respect instead of a petty vanity, to be the attributes after which women should strain, and these even fashion affects to admire in them, and writers to recommend.

Lastly, of the future position of woman, what can we say? There are many prophets, but of their trade it was long ago told "whether there be prophecy it shall fail." When men and women are the factors of our calculation how shall we twice find the same total? The units pass on to hundreds, the thousands fall back into the unit line. In vain we try

> "To bind Him in woven bands,
> Who holds our small thoughts in His balance,
> With the minutes, and drops, and sands."

A prophetic fire seems to lurk in the common cry of "the danger of going against Nature." The whole case of woman's future is covered by it apparently, so conclusive is it to some minds. The cry is a true one, but hardly true enough. It is not dangerous, but it is fatal to go against Nature. When Dame Nature allowed the rearing of her sons and daughters to pass into the hands of civilisation, she accepted for them a capricious nurse and teacher; one who supplants method by experiment, who, assuming falsely the authority of the mighty mother, teaches her children to defy their parent and to rebel against her. But never has civilisation so fortified or directed any of her nurselings, that when coming round some sharp angle of time they have been again face to face with Nature, they could do other than bow before her:

> "With nor tear or sigh
> She sees with an unpiteous eye
> The multitudes be born and die,
> And all things pass into the place
> Appointed them in time and space.
> Loss doth not vex, nor pain deter,
> Nor failure fret, nor trouble stir,
> Nor self-compassion vanquish her.
> How free from love, how free from hate,
> How careless, yet how accurate,
> Admitting neither more nor less.
> She looks with an unshamèd face
> On her own work, and doth possess,
> Firm from the summit to the base,
> Her calm hereditary place
> 'Twixt stars and graves, most pitiless,
> Most positive."

Nature has no special interpreters. Those who would learn her ways must look in her face. What her children hold may be her own best gifts or their perishable substitutes. Neither man nor woman can offer her counsel, nor may they pass on to others any in her name.

If, however, our description of the position of woman be a true one—even if it bear any harmony with the idea we have tried to present—we may, without rashness, indulge in some thoughts, speculative as they may be, of its future. To maintain is harder than to obtain, and it will be important for women to reflect on those principles which are likely to prove the firmest for support and the surest for defence.

There is an uneasiness in the minds of some men at the accord, with the present temper of civilisation, which gives women now a natural fellowship in its development on certain lines. Distrust, and not jealousy, may easily explain it. Possibly it lies in a fear lest certain qualities be still too untried, too "unnatural" to women, to insure their withstanding an attempt to use a newly-gained position of personal freedom for one of power over others; of throwing their weight into the balance of noble desires, perhaps, to be ignobly fulfilled through law or compulsion; of losing, in the glow of some of the highest virtues, the searching light of justice. These fears may well arrest the attention of thoughtful women. If in the possession of a position—the best they have realised for centuries—they look away from sound principles of security, the fair prospect before them may become a precipice. Should they rely on combination or force to secure a transient triumph for purity or temperance; should they imagine the liberty to seek personal happiness gives them the right to dictate that of others; should they only remember the debt of compensation due, and forget that of reparation; should they allow the claims of patriotism to have a rival, may it not be feared that the goddess of Victory will not fold her wings upon their citadel?

Man as well as woman has suffered by civilisation. Her gifts have often turned to destruction in his hand; and though he may look with an anxious eye upon the changes that have come so thickly and so swiftly upon woman, he may find his own advancement is hidden in hers and dependent upon it.

May not the time be come when the strength of woman is imperative to make man stronger?—when it is necessary for him that she should be his fitting companion—loyal but not servile? May not the hour have struck when her own elevation is absolutely necessary to prevent his deterioration? And out of the present may not that future be already preparing which will increase, and not decrease, the physical and mental distance between man and woman?—when she will fully taste the satisfaction, not of her inferiority, but of his superiority, of which every fresh development in her favour now makes her the builder and preserver?

EVELINE PORTSMOUTH.

Madame de Sévigné's Grandmother.

A SOUND of streams in the hot air; a faint delicious smell of flowers and of fried potatoes; a hillside of terraces and winding paths; a clump of tall pine-trees, under which an authoress sits reading a book, and two old French ladies play at cards together, very gently, politely, and both dressed in deep mourning. A butterfly goes by, so does a drift of cloud from the misty lilac heads of the lovely hills that rise above the trellis of the vines, of which the tendrils and branches hang along the terraces in rough fanciful garlands. A church clock strikes eleven; a battered figure carrying a load passes along the trellis path; some children are gathering flowers from the dahlia bushes at the farther end of the walk; you can hear the voices in the establishment close by; the peaceful waters rush on. The sultry air sighs among the pines and seems to grow more bearable. The blue, map-like lake of Bourget lies at the foot of the lilac hills; the melons and grapes and tomatoes are ripening on its banks. How sweet everything is out here among the house-tops, hill-tops, and gardens of the old Roman bathing-station! Indoors the sun had streamed from the earliest morning, the bells had rung, the flies had fussed, the chairs and tables had seemed like hot baked biscuits, the very jugs and basins were full of smoking water on the washstands; but here all is peace, and Louise the head chambermaid has just brought the authoress word that madame can have a shady room upon the front, if she likes, and that her place in the omnibus is retained, and that she (Louise) will see that all the things are safely moved in the course of the morning. So madame sits, lazily enjoying the happy moment, and speculating upon her book and her journey what the morning will bring forth.

We are most of us used to translating our daily impressions and fancies into pen-and-ink and pencil jottings, and to find an incontestable pleasure in so doing. But there is another entertainment still more fascinating, in which the result far outstrips the imagination—it is the process of translating the printed paragraphs back again into real life. Dean Stanley says somewhere that to see the place where a remarkable event has happened is in a measure to live the event itself over again; and in a like manner, to see the places of which one has been reading is a real revelation; the whole book seems to pour out of the printed page, the sentences start into sound, into colour and motion; the reality is before one.

Some years ago, when the writer of this present divagation was engaged upon a translation of some of Madame de Sévigné's letters for Mrs. Oliphant's edition of "Foreign Classics," she became acquainted for the first time with the story of that saintly grandmother whose virtues the Rabutins so proudly counted among their many dignities, and whose name occurs in its place with the baronesses and the heiresses of blood-royal, whose arms are quartered upon their ancient heraldries. The story of this strange, passionate, aspiring, practical woman is a very striking one. She left her young son, her father, her many natural ties and associations, her very sorrow and crown of widow's weeds, in order to devote her remarkable powers and enthusiastic piety to a religious life, and to the founding of convents all about France and Savoy. Before her death no less than eighty-seven of these institutions owed their existence to her energy. A book recommended to me by a friend, called "Les Filles de Ste. Chantal," still further deepened the impression made by the history of this lady, and of her friend and director St. Francis; and thus it happened that, being in Savoy, sitting on a bench in a garden, scarce an hour's journey from Annecy, which had been Ste. Chantal's home, I found myself planning my expedition between the chapters; and when the early *table d'hôte* had come to an end in its bountiful Southern fashion, with golden grapes, and little ripe figs and pears at intervals along the table—while the foreign ladies in their elaborate Ionic and Doric twists and braids of hair, the terrible old Russian Countess in her conical hat, and the handsome young Englishman who chose to appear for his meals in full boating costume, were each lingering over their own special share of autumn's abundance—the waiter beckoned me away, and I found myself actually starting on my pilgrimage to the shrine of Ste. Chantal, and travelling (as pilgrims do nowadays) with first-class return tickets and every convenient arrangement.

The station was crowded. It was amusing enough to look about at the people. There were the soldiers, the usual three nuns travelling with a basket between them and one cotton umbrella, the peasant-women standing by with bundles; one of them, instead of a bundle, carried a little new-born baby in swaddling-clothes, winking itself to sleep. There was the French family, looking like a group out of a fashion-book; dandified old grandparents, the married daughters and sons-in-law taking leave of each other, with assortments of children, attendants, and parcels and parasols, all ably marshalled by the parents, whose presence of mind and agreeable spirits never flagged to the last moment. The Paris express set off with a great clatter and excitement, just as the Annecy local train came up, and I followed a jolly-looking man, like a movable bookstall, with his pockets stuffed with magazines and papers, into my carriage. There in the corner sat an old French lady, reading the *Figaro*. "Here you are, maman," says he, "you have kept my place," and he began packing books and wraps away in the network overhead.

It was a pleasure to watch the comfortable pair, to hear the son describing his various arrangements for their mutual benefit, and the mother gravely as-

senting. They seemed to be systematically exploring the neighbouring restaurants and other interesting aspects of the country. "We did well to dine at Annecy yesterday," he exclaims, rubbing his hands, "we saw the lake; we had an excellent dinner." Being in some doubt about my own plans, I venture to consult my fellow-traveller, and tell him that I am on my way to visit the shrines of Ste. Chantal and St. Francis, and, if possible, to catch the steamer and go round the lake afterwards. He does not know much about the saints; he advises me not to miss the *tour du lac*, to take a carriage by the hour, and, above all, to dine at the Hôtel d'Angleterre on my return. He good-naturedly lends me his "Guide Joanne" to compare with my Murray. I read of Annecy, where both my saints are buried, "an industrious city on the N. extremity of the lake; pop. 11,600; H. Verdun, H. d'Angleterre;" of a fine cheese made in the mountains, &c. There are also pertinent details about St. Francis de Sales and the Archbishop's palace, and Ste. Chantal's "Maison de la Galerie."

While we compare our guides, the train stops at a little roadside station, where stands a sportsman with huge boots, such as I have seen at the Lyceum Theatre. He has a broad hat, a gun, a splendid warlike appearance; he has shot a rabbit. He looks terrible enough; but just as the train is starting, a little child comes running up and leaps straight into the arms of this bellicose-looking personage. Then we start off again, travelling past vineyards and villages, past rural country scenes, all bounded and enclosed by swelling hills. As the train proceeds, the scene changes; a torrent is rushing down far below in a shadowy defile, between rocks heaped pile upon pile; the green and golden veils of autumn are falling from every ridge; and creepers, and straggling ivy, and unaccustomed flowers, with wild, sweet heads, are starting from the rocks; and mountain ash trees here and there, with their red berries lighting up the shade. A sound of dashing waters from the stream is singing an accompaniment to the wheels of the railway-carriages which whirl the tourists along the heights. The tourists, with their heads at the railway-carriage windows, are peering down from their altitudes into the celebrated Gorges du Fier below. A number of people get out at a roadside station, in order to visit the waters, and we who remain in our places presently leave rocks and ravines behind us, and come to Annecy in the blazing plain of sunshine. I followed my traveller's advice, and took a little carriage at the station. There was the old town before me, basking under the blue sky, with many spires and gables and weathercocks round about the stately castle.

MADAME DE CHANTAL.

II.

The streets of old Annecy are not unlike the Gorges du Fier itself in their narrow gloom and defiles of stone, and of rock-like solidity, with a torrent of life passing on. Everything at Annecy belongs still to the past; the women sit beneath the arches and galleries which line the streets, or lean from their stone-carved windows. There is the stone front of the old Palace of the Sales, with its balconies and tracings; the old convent of the Sisters of the Visitation, standing in full view of the lake; and hard by the window of the seminary, where Jean Jacques first began to spin his web and to glare out upon the world—one could almost see the wild flash of his crazy eye, as one looked up at his window; and how all these streets and places still seem to echo to the step and the voice of the woman who travelled among them for so long and to such purpose! In the oldest part of the town the house is still shown where Ste. Chantal dwelt before the "Maison de la Galerie" was taken, that one in which she first began her conventual life; and it was thither I told the coachman to drive me, before visiting the convent itself.

The man pointed with his whip, and I got out of the carriage and looked up the old perpendicular street, at the tall houses, piled each upon each, with broad eaves casting their shadows, and broken wooden galleries running along the weather-stained fronts, where rags that seemed almost as old as the houses themselves were

fluttering. Here, indeed, was a chapter come to life out of my printed book, with sounds in the air and a burning sky, with the women knitting at their doors, and the children starting from every flight of steps. It was not quite Italy, but almost Italy. Every one stared at me as I went along. Once I stopped, breathless, half-way up the hill, opposite a house with a carving over the door, and "1602" cut deep into the stone. Somehow, as I looked, this ancient date seemed to turn into the present. It was like Hans Andersen's story of "The Shoes of Fortune." 1886 was not; the hour was twelve o'clock, the month was September, the year was 1602. Who was this coming striding down the street, with heavy footfalls, and long, flapping robes? Was it St. Francis in his well-known square cap, with earnest looks and gestures, and dark, burning eyes, not to be forgotten? No! it was only a dull priest from the seminary up above, with a vacant, indifferent face, who shrugged his worn and greasy shoulders, pointed vaguely, and trudged on without answering when I asked him which was the house where Ste. Chantal had lived. As he disappeared down the hill, an aged woman, with a long, shabby garment hanging from her bent back, came slowly up, looking curiously at me with a bright inquisitive face. "Madame, madame, you are looking for the house of *la mère* Chantal? This is it, this is it; look at the date over the door! Oh! many come, and we show it to them all. Here is Marianne; she will tell you the same; we live in the street now—the nuns are all gone."

MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ.

Poor souls! I wondered to what denomination of Suffering Necessity they themselves belonged, to what Order of that wide community in which no dignities of renunciation and self-infliction are needed to add to the austerity of its daily rule. They hobble into the house, and beckon for me to follow.

"Not upstairs," says Marianne; "we cannot take madame upstairs, Antoinette; there are too many *locataires* for that; but Jean shall show the place where the dead body was found." And Jean, a young locksmith in a big leather apron, appears with a spluttering candle from out of a low, arched, ground-floor room, in which he had been at work. While he was unlocking a heavy door, I looked up the heavy stone staircase, and round and about the filthy old house, and tried to imagine it in its once order and good trim, and inhabited by the saint and her faithful companions; and then I somehow find myself descending by a black and gloomy staircase into a cellar below the level of the street.

"This is where the corpse was found," says Marianne, pointing with her skinny finger to a hole in the masonry; and I then learn that it had been a promiscuous discovery not in any way connected with the saint or her times. As I look from the black hole to the gloomy exit and remember my purse and my gold watch, I give one thought to my distant home and family, and cannot help wondering whether Jean and Marianne would have much difficulty in adding to the attractions of this interesting burying-place; but one glance at their honest faces makes me ashamed of my terrors.

"Have you seen enough?" says old Marianne. "Dark, isn't it? and what a hole, eh?" And so we all file up again after the candle, which Jean blows out when we get to the top once more.

Absurd as this hunt after associations had been, I seemed to come away from the old street with a clearer impression in my mind of the life which I was trying to realise than that which any relics or printed words could conjure up. I could imagine the determined woman, with her strong, unbending will, toiling up the steep, passing under the stone doorway, coming hither, the first stage of her long life's journey over, bent upon the sacrifice of all that remained of her past, with a selfish, irrepressible passion to serve God and to find *herself:* that motive self, in pursuit of which we are unconsciously struggling and striving all our lives long.

III.

It is not often that one can get into the confidence of saints; they rarely belong to a world which one can in the least realise, but here is an exception, for before being a saint, Ste. Chantal was a great lady, belonging to that seventeenth century of which we have all read and heard so much, the grandmother of the incomparable Marquise, whose affairs, whose moods, whose many troubles and infinite pleasures seem almost our own at times. You can trace a certain likeness of mind as well as of feature

between Sévigné, the brilliant Court lady, and the clear-headed and impressionable saint of blessed memory.

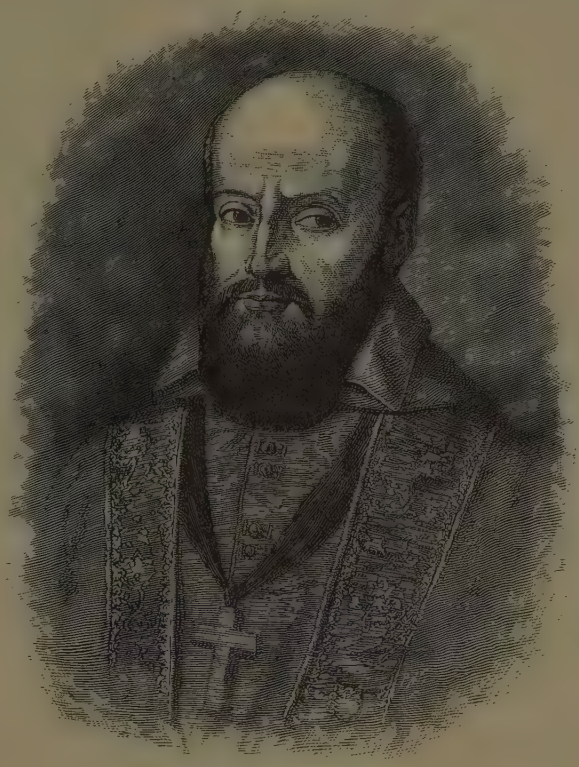
Jeanne Fremyot, Baronne de Rabutin Chantal, better known as Ste. Chantal, was the daughter of a well-known President Fremyot, the upright defender of the King's rights in Burgundy in the wars of the Ligue. She was the wife of Cristopher, Baron de Rabutin-Chantal. It was in 1601 that this brilliant and fiery gentleman left the Court of Henri IV. to retire to his castle at Bourbilly, where his wife, his son, and his daughters were living and anxiously desiring his presence. He was a man of great cultivation, as well as of great valour. He was tenderly attached to his wife; no wonder that he soon wearied of the routine of Court life and its wearisome and unresting parade. Perhaps some presentiment warned him that his time at home was not to be very long. Little Marie-Aymée, the eldest girl, was about three, the boy was five, little Françoise de Rabutin was but two years old when the father returned, to leave his home no more. The third little girl, who died in childhood, was born only a fortnight before the cruel accident which carried off Baron Cristopher in his prime. He was shooting *bêtes fauves*, "wild animals," in a wood behind the castle with a friend, when this latter, deceived by the colour of the Baron's dress, fired at him through the trees and gave him his death-wound. His wife, rising from her bed, hurried to his side. "Madame," he said to her, "the decrees of Heaven are just; we must love and die." "No, no! you must live," said she passionately, and she urged the physicians to cure him. "If it does not please the Heavenly Physician, these doctors can do nothing," says the Baron; and after nine days he died, forgiving and resigned. It was after his death that the widow determined to devote the remainder of her life to the service of God. She dismissed her numerous servants, gave away her jewels and precious stones, redoubled her prayers. "If I had not been withheld by the bond of my four little ones," she once wrote, "I should have hidden myself away in the Holy Land to end my days." But as it was, she determined to fulfil to the utmost her duty by her children. Little Marie-Aymée was the only one among them who was able by her tender caresses to bring any comfort to the anguish of the mother. Sad as Jeanne's condition then seemed, it became still more cruel when the old Baron de Chantal, her father-in-law, desired her to come with her children and dwell with him in his Château de Monthelon, threatening to marry again and to disinherit them if they failed to obey.

For seven years Madame de Rabutin-Chantal remained patiently in the house of this very violent and ill-conducted old gentleman, devoting herself to the care of the neighbouring poor; to that of her own children, whom she carefully kept from all evil communication; and also trying, by gentleness and good example, to mitigate the evils of the old Baron's way of life, and to improve the condition of some illegitimate children, whose presence, and that of the upstart servant their mother, was not the least of her daily trials. Her chief consolation lay in the charity with which she met the troubles of her life, and in her prayers. Occasionally she went home to her own family for rest and refreshment. She was once visiting her father at Dijon when she had a vision which influenced the whole of her future life; she was walking along one day, sadly meditating upon her difficulties, and praying for help and guidance, when she suddenly saw the form of a priest sitting at the foot of a mound in front of her. He wore a cassock and rochet, and a square cap, unlike anything she had ever seen, and a voice within her told her that this was one beloved of God and man, into whose hands she was to place her conscience. The vision disappeared, but when Jeanne afterwards met the Bishop of Geneva, St. François de Sales, at her brother's house in Dijon, she immediately knew him to be the person she had seen in her vision. The Bishop had also, so the story runs, already made the acquaintance of Madame de Chantal in a dream. Acting by his advice, she returned to Monthelon, and patiently submitted herself for some years more to her father-in-law, though her heart already burned within her in her desire to be about her life's work. But Jeanne now had a friend and an adviser whom she could trust, who assisted her in all her difficulties and cares. The Bishop's remarkable insight into other people's hearts and experiences still impresses us, as well as his unremitting and unstinting efforts to help to direct and stimulate all those depending upon him. Ste. Chantal has herself described him in distinct and vivid terms. "No one," says Ste. Beuve—"no one ever better painted a man's spirit, nor expressed so clearly things which might have seemed almost inexpressible." St. Francis seems to have been a sort of Dr. Arnold among saints, with a practical genius for saving other souls as well as his own, and an especial sympathy for the young life around him. Little Marie-Aymée, Jeanne de Chantal's daughter, had a strong feeling for him; she used to hide behind a curtain so as to gaze at this great Bishop, who use to call the children his *petit peuple*, his *petit ménage*, and who loved to be surrounded by them. It was by his advice that Madame de Chantal, who had been admirable but somewhat stern as a mother, now relaxed her rule, and allowed something of "that gaiety necessary for their tender spirits." "Vivez toute joyeuse," the Bishop used to say to her—"be happy in God, who is your joy and your consolation." Little Marie-Aymée was a remarkable, beautiful, and well-grown child. Her mother had once destined her for the Life Religious; but when Marie-Aymée had reached the age of eight years, it was determined, in a consultation with the two grandfathers and with the child herself, that she was more fitted for the world than for the cloister. St. Francis was certainly in advance of his time when he urged upon parents the duty of respecting their children's will. Little Aymée grew up the delight of her aged grandfather De Chantal, and of President Fremyot. She is described as beautiful as an angel, daily kneeling in the chapel by her mother, and praying in silent orison. Very early in life her fate was decided. On one occasion, when Madame de Chantal had followed the procession of the Holy Sacrament through the streets of Annecy, she returned, breathless with fatigue, to the Bishop's palace, and

Bernard de Sales, the youngest brother of St. Francis, among other gentlemen, advanced to help her up the steps. Madame de Chantal accepted young Bernard's arm. "I shall take him," she said, smiling, to one of the company; and these words, being repeated, had seemed prophetic to Madame de Boisy, the mother of the De Sales brothers. When Marie-Aymée had reached the mature age of twelve years, Madame de Boisy sent St. Francis to ask the little girl's mother for her hand in marriage for Bernard, her youngest and most cherished son. Never was Madame de Chantal more troubled, more perplexed, says the history; by degrees she came to share all Madame de Boisy's ardent desires; but it required all her prayers, all her determination to persuade the two grandfathers to agree to her wishes. The President Fremyot most reluctantly consented; writing to the Bishop, he says, "Only the strength of the desire of the Baroness could have withdrawn the little one from his arms, from between his knees, from before his eyes."

IV.

The subsequent story of little Marie-Aymée—who was married at fourteen to Bernard de Sales, Baron de Thorens; who at sixteen was mourning her first-born child; who died in her mother's arms a widow before she was twenty—is one of the most pathetic imaginable. "To see her in her home, not yet fifteen years, was a marvel, beautiful as a lovely day, with modesty in her countenance, with noble ways, yet affable and gracious to all who came to her respecting the conduct of the house." After Aymée's marriage her mother felt that the time had at last come for herself to retire from the world, in company with certain pious ladies, taking with her the two younger girls to educate. The story of her parting with her son is well known; the young Baron passionately flung himself across the threshold of the door; the mother, bursting into tears, stepped across his body; but, immediately turning round, she faced her desolate family with a radiant face, and burst into a triumphant Psalm.



ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

They show Ste. Chantal's room in the old convent at Annecy, the Maison de la Galerie, in which she finally settled. It is an old, sunny house, with massive walls; and still, bare lights; and a tranquil, vine-wreathed garden. The *galerie* fell into decay long ago, and was removed; but the place cannot be much changed since the saint first came thither. There are the cross-lights in her bedroom, and the tall chimney-piece where the seven hearts are carved in stone, and over which hangs the portrait of St. Francis. "He was, for all his gentleness, a man of strong and passionate temper," said the good nun, very reverently, as she showed me the old panel, and she added, "At his death they found out what restraint he had ever put upon himself: his liver was all broken into little pieces."

It was here, to the Gallery House, that little Marie-Aymée must have come after her husband's departure for the army, and where St. Francis brought her the cruel news of poor Bernard's untimely death. "Hélas!" said the poor Bishop, as he hurried to the convent with his heavy tidings, "my own affliction is charged with that of our poor little one, and of our *mère de* Chantal." When he came to Marie-Aymée, he heard her confession and blessed her, speaking with encouraging cheerfulness. "And now, my daughter," he said, "are we not anxious to receive from the hand of God that which it is His will to inflict upon us?" "Ah, yes," little Aymée answered with a deep sigh; "but, O my father, you have come to tell me that my husband is dead." Before many weeks the young wife herself and her infant child had rejoined the husband. The wonder is that any one survived in those days, for we read that immediately after the birth of the baby, while the young mother lay in great suffering, all the ladies of the town came up to visit her, and to condole with her; the nuns stood round about the poor child's bedside, and listened to her dying exhortations; she made her will; she was received, as she lay dying, into the Order of the Visitation, after communicating and partaking of the last unction; and so the pure spirit passed away.

Poor St. Francis, saint as he was, would not meet the bereaved mother. "I know the strength of her soul," he said, "the weakness of my own;" and he fled away across to the fields. He spoke of *la mère* Chantal as a saint, but of Marie-Aymée as though she had been an angel from heaven.

As time passed, other troubles came to try the courage

and the devotion of *la mère* Chantal. Her friend St. Francis died; her son died in the flower of his age; it was his orphan daughter, the saint's little grand-daughter, who was declared by her own generation to be the "Marquise of Marquises." There is a strongly-marked family likeness between the portraits of the two women when one compares them together—the same half-humorous, half-conscious smile, the same well-defined brows and full, almond-shaped eyes; but the saint's features are larger and more marked, with less of delicacy and of grace than Madame de Sévigné's. The likeness is also preserved in the picture of Françoise de Toulonjon, Ste. Chantal's second daughter, no saint, but a brilliant, warm-hearted, and imperious woman, of whom we read in the Sévigné letters. She was married to a brave soldier, the Comte de Toulonjon, and she, too, as a widow came back for comfort to her mother's arms and prayers. Before her death Ste. Chantal had lost all her children save this one; but her adopted children were everywhere, and clamouring for her presence, her help, her advice. Though life's journey was long, and grew more and more weary towards the close, Ste. Chantal did not give in, nor cease her exhortations, her exertions. She feared neither famine, nor pestilence, nor fatigue, nor the infirmities of time; in the depths of the last winter of her life she travelled right through France. She went in a litter, because of her great age. Queen Anne of Austria desired her presence at her Court at St. Germains. There were convents at Paris and at Moulins, eagerly soliciting her presence, and the brave old saint started courageously on this long and exhausting journey. On December 3rd, 1641, on her returning journey, she parted with Madame de Toulonjon, who had been travelling with her. She wished to give herself entirely to her nuns and their concerns, and also to the Duchesse de Montpensier, who had been awaiting her arrival at Moulins, in order to enter into religion. It was on December 13th, ten days after her arrival at Moulins, that Ste. Chantal passed away in the same great serenity in which she had lived.

She is buried near St. Francis in the church at Annecy, which was afterwards built to their memory. Each rests above a golden altar, shrined in high-set crystal coffins. A few minutes' drive across the place brought me through the streets to the cool marble and gilded dome where the two saints lie safe from the heat of the sun, from the furious winter's rages.

Some schoolgirls with bandboxes, a lady carrying a carpet bag, followed by two little boys in Scotch costume, came after me up the aisle, and, putting down their encumbrances, all knelt and kissed a reliquary fastened to a column, containing a pearl-set scrap of bone. A lay sister in the dress of the Visitantines, who had been washing a marble step, advanced quietly, and, drawing a curtain from before the crystal coffin, showed us a glimpse of a dark robe spread upon a cushion, and a waxen hand among its folds; these were the mortal remains of Jeanne Fremyot, Baronne de Rabutin-Chantal.

Something must be allowed for the *setting* of a saint's life. Perhaps St. Francis de Sales and Ste. Chantal owe something to the scenery all round about. One's imagination is seized by the sweet sights and sounds amid which these two people lived, by the melody of the lovely lake at their feet, the Mendelssohn-like beauty of the mountains surrounding their dwellings. From my steamer presently I could see the lovely banks of Annecy, the white oxen carting the hay, the broad shade of the chestnut-trees reaching to the water, the people resting or labouring along the banks. When we came back to our starting-place, the west was one solemn flood of crimson, against which stood out the old battlements and spires of ancient Annecy; the lights were beginning to shine from the windows overhanging the lake. Two nuns in the black dress of the Visitantines sat motionless before me, telling their rosaries with downcast eyes.

ANNIE THACKERAY.

Hazely Heath.

'TIS "chill October," yet the linnet sings,
Still are our brows with balmy breezes fanned—
No Winter makes a desert of this land
Of my adoption, where each season brings,
To charm the sense, new guerdon of good things,
And Autumn only spreads with tender hand
A richer mantle o'er the billowy sand,
Golden and purple—braver than a king's.
Here all is light and song, with odorous breath
Of briar and pine, whilst ever, early and late,
The yellow gorse, like kissing-time—or death—
Abides with us. It were a worthier fate
To crawl, methinks, a worm, on Hazely Heath,
Than strut, a peacock, at a palace gate!

VIOLET FANE.

The Truth about Clement Ker:

Being an Account of some Curious Circumstances connected with the Life and Death of the late Sir Clement Ker, Bart., of Brae House, Perthshire. Told by his Second Cousin, Geoffrey Ker, of London.

INTRODUCTION.

IF I were writing this down as a story instead of a plain narrative of facts, I almost think that I should put it all in the third person. I should keep myself out of it altogether.

I was between seventeen and eighteen years old that summer. I was present, but, except for my brother Dick, I counted for simply nothing in that big home. They let me come and go. They were invariably pleasant in their manner to me, when they realised my existence; and, for the greater part of the time, they lived their own lives, acted out their own characters before me—talked, quarrelled, made peace or made love, with as *naïf* an indifference to my opinion as if I had been some harmless and familiar adjunct to the household furniture.

I *was* harmless, I hope. Sometimes, remembering those old days (I seem to myself to remember so much that they have forgotten) I am bewildered by the unconsciousness, the unaffected ease with which they bear the burden of what they have seen, of what they know.

It is when I look at Eleanor that this feeling comes over me more particularly. Yet, perhaps, there I am wrong. Happiness works miracles with plastic natures. My sister-in-law is a very feminine woman; how could she be so unalterably charming if she had not that capacity to forget?

They live new lives. No doubt that growth, that eternal change, is the very condition of living. But I, whom circumstances have set aside, once and for all—who must ever remain a mere spectator of the game—I find it more difficult to shake off past impressions. In my own mind, I often go back to that darkened experience. I ask myself what it all meant? What part I was allowed actually to take in it? What share I had in bringing about that end?

I contemplate their prosperous, their commonplace existence, and there seems to me something tragic in its very prosperity, as I recall the awful price at which it was bought. As I said before, I am the only one now to remember. It is only of late that I have been fully convinced of this, and I won't deny that this singular unconcern of theirs is partly my reason for writing down the facts as I do remember them, before there can be any question of my own accuracy in the matter.

These facts—these impressions of fact, if you like the term better—that mystery of strange life, or stranger, more terrible, death-in-life, which seemed at one time to brood over our house, making of it a place condemned—all these things which still have the power to strike my spirit dumb in awe and reverence, in a humble gratitude for what temptation was resisted, for what horror was spared—those two, the chief persons concerned, have wellnigh forgotten. At all events they have put it outside of their habitual remembrance; holding the past lightly, as the mere stuff of which life is made. And again, I won't deny that there is something gallant about their attitude, a certain "relish of courage," as old Hobbes of the "Leviathan" would say, which attracts me; the more so, perhaps, that I am so utterly incapable of it myself.

I go back now to the time of which I began to speak, and it occurs to me that probably my lameness had much to do with the singular fashion in which I was initiated into their more private affairs. They were so accustomed to see me spend whole days in the same room that they ended, I believe, by accepting me and my inevitable presence as a matter of course. But I don't think it would have happened so if any of them had been very clever people; although, for the matter of that, I was far enough from wishing to complain. Their most involuntary confidences only served to interest me. For one who, like myself, is forced to seek the chief emotions of life in sympathy, who watches all positive action with the curiosity of an outsider, it is a great, an immense gratification to have that curiosity satisfied.

And now, without further words, I will commence writing down what happened from the very beginning. I shall begin with the morning after our arrival at Brae, and a conversation of poor Clement's, which I remember, and which took place in the little red morning room. As I write the whole place rises up before me; the rain beats hard against the windows; I see the firelight once more shining on their faces, I hear the words they use, and faces and voices alike belong to the old, old days when I was young.

Geoffrey Ker.

CHAPTER I.

I LISTEN TO MY COUSIN'S CONVERSATION.

"And this, my dear Richard, is the sort of thing you may expect six days of the week. We don't go to church, at least I don't, so that I have known it to clear up on a Sunday. I don't apologise. I am growing accustomed to it. The old family instincts are waking up in me. I already begin to feel a kind of water-soaked enthusiasm for the whole affair; for the old family house; the old family customs; the old family weather. I accept the entire programme. And Eleanor——"

The speaker glanced at his wife, whose face was turned away from him, and at the large end window, outside of which the rain fell in torrents, and smiled.

Clement was a small, thin, well-made man, of about thirty, with an ugly face. To me it was worse than that; it was an unpleasant countenance. It must have been his expression which repulsed me, for his features in a photograph were correct enough, with the exception of his upper lip, which was too long and out of proportion.

But I never liked his face from the first. He was very pale; he did not look nearly so strong as he actually was, for his muscles were like iron, and I have known him tire out Dick both at shooting in deep heather and at riding, more than once. His eyes, which were remarkably large, were dark and rather dull, except when he was excited. I have seen such eyes since then in people with an Eastern strain of blood in their veins. But the effect of Clement's glance was spoiled by the red rims about his eyelids. He was always very well and very carefully dressed. He wore his straight black hair rather longer than was the fashion even then, and I remember that one thick lock near the top of his head had a way of getting displaced and standing on end, so that he was continually putting up his hand to stroke it down into position.

He looked now at his wife. "Eleanor likes it, too; this life suits her. We have not too much to do; but then we have all been taught that labour is the consequence of a curse. We have no neighbours, it is true; but, on the other hand, our neighbours would be Scotch, undoubtedly."

Lady Ker lifted her eyes, and then looked down again.

"*I* am Scotch," she murmured under her breath. She kept her eyes fixed upon her plate (for they were still sitting about the table), and the words were all but inaudible, yet her husband caught at their meaning instantly.

"Yes, I could not have endured you as a neighbour," he said; "I preferred you as my wife. Oh! I can assure you, I prefer it exceedingly!"

He laughed softly, tipping back his chair. "You are sure you won't have more lunch, Richard? A man should learn to make an occupation of his meals in such weather. But we shall have to look for some other way of amusing you, old chap. I say you, because naturally, Eleanor and I, we suffice to one another. But you will want something else—somebody else. It is always more amusing when it is somebody."

My brother Richard's face grew red all over. He has never lost that trick of blushing when anything vexes him or pleases him more than usual. At times it gives him the air of an over-grown schoolboy; he knows this, and hates to be reminded of it.

"Oh—it is very kind of you, but—I hope you won't think of asking any one here on my account," he said quickly, speaking in a very off-hand way, and I could tell by the tone of his voice that he was annoyed at something. "I'm the new variety of the British Workman, Clement. I did not come here to amuse myself; I came to do a job, you know. And as far as that goes, I am going to begin on some of those inside walls of yours this very afternoon. I just gave them a glance this morning; there are one or two nasty cracks——"

He stopped short, and turned towards Lady Ker. I don't know why, but it struck me that he was embarrassed. "I think—I don't see why we should make changes—I think we are very well as we are," he said rather shyly.

"Pure amiability, Richard. You always were an amiable fellow. *E bontà sua!* as they say abroad. But that is no reason why we should take advantage of you: none at all. The British Workman, too, has his hours of relaxation. Think of it, Nelly—consider. Even in this neighbourhood could you not find some pretty girl who would do to invite to the house? Don't be too hard to please; it is only to amuse Richard!"

Lady Ker did not answer immediately. "I wish you would not call me by that name," she said.

"My dear Nelly! Why, it is the name of our youth! of innocence and early love, and—and whatever is young and ingenuous. Nelly! Why, it takes me back seven—eight years, even to say it. I heard of you from Richard there as little Nelly Macalister, before I had ever seen you. All your old friends knew you as Nelly. You always think of her so; don't you, Richard?"

She rose abruptly from her seat at the head of the table. "I prefer—I have asked you this before," she repeated, a trifle incoherently, and without answering him further, crossed the long room to go and stand before the fire. She moved well—stepped lightly and freely, and her slender rounded figure more than carried out the ambiguous promise of her face.

Her husband followed her with his eyes, but he did not move from his chair. The same peculiar smile played for a moment over his lips; then he looked at Richard. "The cigars are in that gimcrack silver thing on the sideboard there; exactly behind you."

"Thanks; I won't smoke just now."

"Oh, Eleanor does not mind it; do you, Nell? She sits here for hours with me sometimes when I am alone. We sit together and listen to the rain, and cultivate the minor arts of conversation. Have a cigarette, then, Richard?"

"No, thank you."

A servant had come noiselessly into the room. At the first pause in his master's drawling sentences, the man stepped forward rather deprecatingly.

"If you please, Sir Clement—" He stopped short; then began again with a sort of nervous volubility, "It is old Patterson, if you please, Sir Clement—the old man. He has walked here through the rain. And he wishes to know would you please to see him. He is very sorry to trouble you, sir, but it is something—particular."

Clement was holding his head down, lighting his cigar. He took two or three deliberate puffs at it; passed his white hand thoughtfully over his hair, and then, without looking round, "Who is Patterson?" he asked slowly.

"Old Patterson, the old shepherd, if you please, sir. Him as lives on top of that hill where you go for the shooting, sir," the man explained, looking puzzled. He added doubtfully, "He does say, if you please, sir, that he's known you since you was a boy."

"Never heard of him before. Fill Mr. Ker's glass. Can't you see that it is empty? What is the man doing here now?"

"He is a very old man, sir; a very old man indeed. Eighty or thereabouts, I should say, sir, and very striking-looking. And he has come here again——"

"Come again, has he? And who the devil cares anything about his age or where he has been before?"

The footman, who was young and new to the place, and easily flustered, reddened all over his foolish face up to his large, innocent-looking ears. "I—I don't know, sir, please, sir," he said feebly.

I put down my book and looked at them all. I was sitting where I always did, in the south window, where is the recess. But partly for the sake of the light, and partly not to have to listen to their chatter (for I was, I remember, in a good deal of pain that day), I had drawn the heavy curtains across the opening until they nearly met. No one noticed me. There was a minute or two of silence. Dick kept his face turned to the window, and Clement was smoking. Presently—

"Have some claret, Richard. It's not bad in its way. You don't drink and you don't smoke," he said solicitously. He shifted the position of his arm a little across the back of his chair. "You're the new man, aren't you, that Bright brought down last week?"

"Yes, Sir Clement."

"What's your name? Parker? H-m! Bright used to know how to choose a servant. Tell him to come here. And—look here. Tell him to bring in the old man with him—Peterson—Patterson—whatever he calls himself."

He leaned languidly back in his chair, and half shut his eyes. I could see his figure reflected at full length, in grotesque foreshortening, in the old-fashioned convex mirror which hung high up on the wall between the windows. The firelight twinkled and shone on all the silver and glass upon the table before him; his face expressed nothing beyond the intimate satisfaction superinduced by warmth and light and delicate food. I did not know him very well in those early days; but he interested me. I was always watching him whenever he came into the room. I watched him now. The round table stood by the window in the deep embrasure of the old wall. It was raining harder than ever, and the slanting sheets of grey water made a sort of silver-coloured background to his dark, indolent figure; the lashing and driving of the storm seemed only to intensify by contrast its expression of complete wellbeing and absolute repose.

CHAPTER II.

I SEE AN OLD MAN PAY HIS DEBTS.

RICHARD had left his seat by the table and followed his cousin's wife. She was standing before the high, old-fashioned fireplace, resting one hand upon the shelf, which was on a level with her head. Her attitude and the glancing firelight brought out in fullest relief the charming lines of her rounded waist and shoulders; but Richard hardly looked at her.

"May I give you a chair? Won't you sit down?" he asked.

"No."

He looked up then, with a sort of surprise.

"But I wish you would let me get you a chair. You look so tired," he repeated very kindly.

When my brother Richard speaks to any person—man, woman, or child—with that look and that smile, there are not very many people who can resist him. And Eleanor was not one of the few. I saw her turn round slowly, and then a curious thing happened. This time she did not even answer him, but her pale, heavily-modelled face suddenly glowed under his gaze, softened, awakened, was transformed—surprised for the instant into actual beauty.

"If I had only thought of it in time—before you came! But it never occurred to me to ask any one to meet you. I simply never thought of it," she said abruptly.

"No," the young man answered quite simply—"Why should you?"

"Ah!" she said, "but you——"

She turned her head sharply aside, and sat down in the chair which he had placed for her, without finishing her sentence.

"No; don't think about me. You are too kind to take so much trouble about me, Lady Ker. You forget what a paradise this seems to a man coming straight here from two rooms in the Strand. And the Strand in September! I hadn't been out of town for eleven months when I got Clement's letter. I think I had pretty well forgotten what it was to have a holiday. Just as now," Dick added with a laugh, "now I seem to have forgotten what it is to work."

Lady Ker's eyes filled suddenly with tears. She kept her face turned carefully away from him. "Oh, nobody does anything at Brae. Even Janet finds means to shorten her lessons," she said, in a curious hard sort of voice.

The door opened noiselessly; I saw it move backwards in the mirror, and Bright, the butler, came into the room, beckoning to some one else to follow.

A very tall, white-haired old man, in the decent Sunday garb of a shepherd, answered the summons. He held his bonnet in both hands, and halted just inside the doorway, bowing to each one of the persons present with simple yet formal respect. His collie dog followed at his heels as far as the open door. "But she'll no come farther. She kens her proper station. Your leddyship need na fear for the braw new carpets," the old man said, with a deprecatory wave of his immense knotted old hand. He stepped, himself, upon the edge of the Persian rugs with ludicrous, almost pathetic caution. It was evident that his gestures, his voice, the very choice of his words, were all subdued to some careful, unfamiliar standard. As he spoke to Eleanor a pleasant friendly smile flickered for an instant over his kindly, weather-beaten old face, but without altering its rugged lines—like a gleam of sunshine glancing across some rock. Then his eyes turned and rested rather anxiously upon Sir Clement.

"Eh, sirs, but it is lang since we hae seen the Laird amang us! But maybe ye'll no hae forgotten my face, Sir Clement, even if ye have nae clear mind about the way they call me?"

Clement waved his hand, making some unintelligible sound in his throat, and I saw the smile die off the old man's face altogether.

"I made bold to trouble you myself," he went on

again presently—"sirs, I came my ain sel', tho' it's but an unwelcome messenger that brings the ill tidings——"

He stopped once more, breathing heavily, and shifting his gaze from the master's impassive countenance to Bright's solemn and sympathetic face.

"Eh, sir—Sir Clement—there can be nae manner o' doubt but ye will remember old Patterson o' bonny Brae Head? Mony and mony's the time I've watched ye gang by there as a boy. It's nae so mony years syne; sir, ye canna hae clean forgotten?"

"Well?" says Clement, in his languid way. He had not looked up. He sat, I remember, playing with a curious signet ring which he always wore, twisting it around and around his finger in a fashion that was familiar to him. "Well?"

The old man straightened his bent shoulders. "Eh, sirs, God forbid that we should forget past kindness. Seven-and-fifty years hae I served in this family, and never aught but gude-will between us. I'm an old man now, Sir Clement. I was shepherd to your father before you, and to the old Sir Clement before that. I've served the family, man and boy, for seven-and-fifty years, sir. There's nae mony can say mair than that. All but seven-and-fifty years o' wark come Lammas."

"Well?" says Clement again.

He picked up his glass, held it at the level of his eyes, and looked curiously at the colour of the wine against the light. Then he added, "I suppose you have been paid for it, haven't you?"

The words were rendered a hundred times more brutal by the absolute lack of purpose, the unaffected indifference of his manner of speaking; yet, oddly enough, of all his auditors, the one directly addressed seemed least aware of the wrong done him.

"Nay, sir, I'm no complaining," he said simply. He clasped his great brown hands one over the other upon the head of his staff, and stood there looking down upon his young master, patiently, without a reproach, so that I could hardly endure the sight of his honest and troubled face. "I've had my just wage all these years—and whiles, something over in consideration of the long lifetime o' wark. I'm no complaining. The labourer is worthy o' his hire, Sir Clement; we a' ken that. An' I've had mine."

"Well, then?"

"Sir," returned the old man, his voice beginning to shake and quaver with perplexity, "perhaps it is ye can nae understand me. Ye hae been awa' sae lang ye may weel hae forgot our gude Scot's tongue—together wi' the old faces of those that served ye. It maun be that: ye canna understan'. Eh, sirs, I cam here thro' the rain with a heavy heart the day, but it sore misdoots me but I'll carry awa' a heavier—though they've ever been kind to me i' this house; an' God forgie me if I wrang the master by sic thinking."

"Now, look here," said Clement, quite good-naturedly, "we've had about enough of this already; do you see? You are taking up all my time, my good fellow; you can't stay there talking all night. Look here; what you've come after is more money."

"Sir——"

"Now, my good man, just hold your tongue and listen. I tell you I know your whole story. You've been drawing extra pay from this estate for years. But you've got into trouble. You've married off your grand-daughter and you've got into debt. You can't pay your rent. The man the girl married has run away from her and left her on your hands. And your son has had devilish bad luck with my sheep. I tell you I know every word of it. And now you have come here after money."

"Sir, she was aye respecktit, my Jean. But it's a' true, a' true."

"Of course it is," says Clement, still quite complacent. "I don't often trouble myself about details; but when I do want to know a thing—— And now I suppose you've been to the agent for nothing, and so came on to me, thinking I should let you off the rent."

"Sir," answers old Patterson, hanging his white head, "it's mair than just the rent of the bit cottage. It's one thing and anither. It's a matter of nigh thirty pund. And we hae sold the verra clothes frae off the women's backs to get it, and a' their bit brooches an' buckles. We hae nae mair."

"Thirty pounds, eh? Why, this wine costs me nearly eighty shillings a dozen. Thirty pounds? That's about what I give for seven dozen of this claret. And you won't drink it, Richard!" says Clement, smiling and tapping with his long white fingers upon the bottle.

I don't—I can't—believe that he meant it as it sounded; but Lady Ker—and, after all, his wife must have understood him better than we did—Lady Ker, sitting by the fire, rose sharply to her feet.

"*Mais c'est assez; c'est assez! Je vous en prie!*" she cried out with a sudden burst of passion. Her voice thrilled and vibrated like some musical chord in that long, quiet room. The collie dog by the door blinked with both eyes; he fixed his sagacious glance upon her, and began beating the floor with slow, heavy thuds of his tail.

The old man walked close up to the table. He laid his shaking, knotted old hand upon the spotless damask. "I hae been to your factor, sir; he's had the master's orders. All to pay what is due, and no differences made between folk——"

Clement nodded his head.

"But—God forgie us all!—there *is* differences in people! An' it's through nae seeing with their ain een and nae kenning wi' their ain minds that the warld o' men grows cruel; so, sir, I wad fain appeal to yoursel'. They've a' been kind to me, kind an' considerate folk i' this hoose for hard on sixty year. That's a lang lifetime, Sir Clement—there's no promise nor yet warranty given for mair than threescore years and ten. And if a mon here and there, by reason o' his strength, it may be——"

His voice quavered and sunk. I thought he would break down altogether. I saw Bright turn very red and begin to fidget with his hands. But in a minute or so the old man went on speaking—

"And sae I came to yoursel', Sir Clement. I came to your house, and ye gave me nae welcome nor greeting. Ye're young enough to be my son's son. An' I'm no beggar at your gates. I hae saved and scraped a few shillings;

twa pund or mair," he broke out incoherently. He thrust his hand inside his plaid and pulled out an old leather purse. "Ye'll no get bluid frae a stane. I hae na mair. It was a' for my Jeannie's lying-in; the lass is near her time. Ye ken that, Mr. Bright. Ye can testify to your master if I lee," he said brokenly.

He poured out the little heap of silver coin upon the table. His hand shook: the sixpenny-bits rolled about among the glasses.

"Ah, that's all right. Never mind that. Bright can pick them up. But you can't leave your money here, you know. Mr. Guest, the agent, is the man to give you a receipt for it," Sir Clement observed, still quite cheerfully and calmly. In all my experience of him, I never saw him manifest any outward sign of emotion more than twice, or at most thrice. His words could be bitter enough; but at the very moment of uttering them, and afterwards, he would watch the effect of some bruising speech or wounding epithet, with a sort of irresponsible curiosity, a frank incapacity of entering into other people's feelings, which, I am convinced, was perfectly natural to him and unaffected. He never resented in the least any form of stricture upon his own conduct. I believe that he was genuinely indifferent to public opinion. "As for Clement—Clement *never* cares!" his wife said of him once in my hearing; and it was quite true. Indeed, if it had not been for a sort of fierce loneliness which used to possess him at times—moods of uncertain duration, during which he remained chiefly out of doors, driving or riding for great distances over the country-side—(I shall never forget his overtaking me in one of the narrow lanes near the house on his return from one of these expeditions. It was wet weather, I remember; his riding-coat and his pale face were all stained with mud; he brushed close past me, his horse nearly touching my shoulder, and, boy as I was, I remember to this hour the impression of pity made upon me by his fixed, anguished, *hunted* look; a look I hope never to see again while I live on any mortal countenance)—if it had not been, I say, for these desperate variations of his humour, I, for one, should have set my cousin Clement down as a strictly unmoral being; a creature alien to all about him, as if he lacked some saving touch of humanity to make him wholly a man.

As he turned his dull, inscrutable glance now upon the old shepherd, and even half smiled in his face, Lady Ker sprang up from her seat.

"No. Don't stop me, Richard! Never mind—I must speak. I—I cannot bear this," she cried out passionately. In a moment, with one movement, as it were, she crossed the long room.

"Mr. Patterson!"

Sir Clement rose slowly to his feet. "Will you not sit down, Eleanor? Allow me to offer you this chair."

She looked up then at her husband without answering him, but with a glance so wild, so overcharged with meaning and a hopeless bitter reproach, that neither Richard nor myself, who were looking on at this scene, could ever feel any doubt again in our own minds concerning the real relations existing between those two unhappy people. It was only for an instant. Then her head dropped on her breast and rested there, like that of a chidden child.

"Ah, you are cruel!" she said, speaking very low in a changed voice.

"Won't you sit down, Eleanor? See, here is a chair for you," her husband repeated steadily.

She hesitated for a moment; the muscles of her face relaxed: her eyes grew dull, and her glance wandered aimlessly about the room.

"I think—I am going upstairs to find Janet," she murmured, almost timidly. Indeed, her whole bearing was that of a woman who had been frightened. She paused for a moment in front of Patterson; he was gone back to his place beside the door, which Sir Clement was now holding open for her to pass through. "Will you leave me your address?" she said hurriedly. "I mean, will you tell me where you live? I do not know the country very well, but I could find it. I should like to go and see your granddaughter. Perhaps I might do something."

The old man did not appear to understand her at once. "Aye, it's mair than thirty pund: thirty pund twul' shilling, an' a' the medicines an' the doctor to pay. Na, my leddy, 'tis money—thirty pund an' mair; 'tis na women's wark," he repeated with a kind of dogged despair.

He stood there, twisting his bonnet about between his hands. He had turned his back upon the master; it was evident that he was incapable of receiving any new idea, not even a suggestion of help. Bright, the butler, laid his hand upon his arm to lead him away, and the old man yielded to the pressure like a child.

"There, that will do, Bright. Well, good day to you, Patterson. Shut the door, Bright. Pick up that money, and see that it gets taken to Mr. Guest; and just see that the fire is kept up, will you?"

Sir Clement turned away from the dreary outlook of the window, rubbing his hands. "And this, Richard, as I have told you already, is the sort of thing you may expect six days out of every seven." He threw himself down in the armchair before the fire, which his wife had occupied. "Family scenes and rain; rain and scenes of domestic interest. We don't get out of that groove, my dear fellow. We don't get out of it. And yet Nell is an angel, you know; and I——" He laughed and looked up curiously into his cousin's flushed and angry face—"My dear Richard, if you only knew how glad I am to see you!"

Richard's face grew darker and hotter still. He turned abruptly away.

"I always knew that you could be a bully, Clement. But a woman and an old man! And you let him pour out his miserable money—the pennies he had scraped together. And before your wife, too. Pah! the very thought of it makes me sick."

Sir Clement laughed again. "Well! that's a kind sort of thing to say to a man in his own house."

"Confound your own house then! The more shame to you that you let any human being leave it as heavy-hearted, as near despair as you have let that poor old man go to-day. And for thirty pounds! For a dirty

bit of money you would fling away on the first whim that you fancied!"

Clement nodded gravely. "Yes, I've lots of money. I don't care very much about it. Sometimes I wish that I did," he said quietly.

"For Heaven's sake, Clement—you have had your own way. You have made your show of authority. I don't understand that sort of thing myself, but I suppose you must find a kind of satisfaction in it. Well, 'tis done. And now, in Heaven's name, for very shame's sake, let me go and fetch that old fellow back before he leaves your house!"

"No," said Clement very gently. He listened to the explosion of the other man's indignation with a puzzled, almost an incredulous air. "You don't know that old beggar, Richard. You've never even seen him before. In all likelihood you will never set eyes upon him again. You can't care about it. It's absurd. Why should you care?" he inquired at last with an air of some amusement.

It was this implied mockery which stung Richard to the quick.

"Care?" he repeated. He halted in the middle of the room, his eyes flashing. "No; I don't suppose you do understand! Do you imagine for one moment that if I had had that money in my pocket—if I were not the poorest devil alive, do you think I would not have spoiled your fine bit of amusement? Care? Isn't he a man? isn't he——"

He walked abruptly over to the window and stood there, with his back to his cousin, staring out at the heavy rain. "I don't appeal to you for fine feelings, Clement, or—or even for commonplace kindliness. But—hang it all, man! there are things one does not do when one is a gentleman. There are attitudes one doesn't assume towards dependents—and before women."

"Well," said Clement, "I don't know. But doesn't it strike you that you are making a good deal of fuss about nothing?"

"I have taken your money to do this job," Dick broke out again, "and I suppose I have no choice but to stay here and finish it. You don't know, you have no means of knowing, how grateful I was to you for looking me up and sending for me just then. I've been in a good many tight places in my life, but never in a worse one than that. But if I had known then what I have seen just now I—I would rather have starved," said Richard Ker, "than have accepted your commission and taken your money."

He took a turn or two up and down the room. He came and stood over his cousin. "And I was so thankful to you for your remembrance of me, Clement. Though, God knows, I hesitated about coming——"

"Oh, I knew you would come fast enough. I had my reasons," the other answered, smiling. He turned his red-rimmed eyes from the fire and fixed them upon his young cousin's face. "You have assured me already that you do not believe me. And, indeed, you may still live to detect in my feeling towards you some trace of that general perversity of moral vision with which you charge me. But I am glad to see you, Richard. It is eight years since we have met. And although I don't attach any very particular importance to friendship, I have always ked you. I liked you when we were boys together. I took some trouble to hunt up your address. I wanted you to come."

"Eight years," Richard echoed slowly.

He was silent for a minute or two, and in the interval his face cleared and softened. "Look here," he said, "I did not mean to be rough. I am always saying things and being sorry for them. But look here, Clement, don't let me have made things worse by my clumsy interference. Do let me call back poor old Patterson; you can't have meant to be so hard on him, you know. Let me call him back, and do you send him away rejoicing. Do, there's a good fellow."

For the first time, Clement seemed to turn impatient. His cheek flushed faintly, his eye grew restless; he shifted his glance about the room.

"That old man——" he began. Then he checked himself with an odd sort of smile. "My dear Richard, one of my tenants owes me money. He doesn't pay me. Well, then——" He tossed the end of his cigar into the fire. "I have nothing to say to his private affairs. Why should they interest me? But I am master here."

"But you said you did not know him. You affected to be ignorant of his very name!"

"I don't remember. But I am master."

"Oh, the devil is master in hell!" Richard cried out, losing his head.

"That's as it may be; it's a matter of opinion," the other man retorted coolly. Then after a pause, "It seems to me that you are making this into a very awkward situation for both of us," he said. "I suppose it is your intention to insult me by using such an expression? I really do not care very much about the matter, but it appears to me that I cannot allow it."

"You may take it as you please. I don't stay in the house of a man whom I cannot—respect."

"No; you were always hard to please. You always were, as a boy. Now, I, for instance—I hardly know one man in the world whom I *do* respect—except yourself," Clement Ker added drily. "As a rule people strike me as a poor lot: driven like sheep, or chattering like monkeys in a tree. And what do they know of the very world about them? Why, even I, since I went back to India—I don't pretend to understand anything; but I could tell you such stories, Richard, if you'll give me time. Of course you can go if you please. I can't keep you. There's your work to be done, you know. And I'm perfectly willing to ask you to stay, if that will make things any easier. Why should I want to quarrel with you when I've taken so much pains to get you here?"

"I don't want to quarrel."

"Well, of course you can go if you wish. But there are plenty of reasons why you should not. Guest tells me there's a gang of twenty navvies coming up from Galashiels to-morrow. Who's to set them at work if you leave us? It all depends on you." He thrust his hands deep into his pockets and stretched out his feet to the fire. "And then," he said, after a pause, "then—there's Eleanor."

"Eleanor?"

Sir Clement gave a queer sort of laugh. "Yes," he said.

"And what has Eleanor—what has Lady Ker to do with it?

"Well," said Clement again, still looking at him very hard, "we are an odd family, I admit. And 'tis your family as well as mine, remember; we are tarred with the same stick. But, my dear Richard! would it not be carrying things rather far if I had to explain to you that you are in love with my wife?"

(To be Continued.)

Above the Cloud-line.

AM again in my beloved Engadine! Beloved, indeed, for its quiet and beautiful valley has truly been my good friend. After hard-working seasons, and managerial labour, it has for nine years given me strength and vigour for my work.

Without its healthful and peace-giving influence I believe that neither I nor my husband would have been able to pull through our arduous duties, and I have never left Pontresina without kissing my hand to it and saying, "Thank you, my good friend, I am very grateful." There cannot be a better proof of its health-giving qualities than the fact of meeting the same faces here year after year. I have seen them arrive looking worn, weary, and depressed, and very "end-of-the-London-seasonish," but with an expression of "Welcome, old friend," and of hope that the dear old place will again come to the rescue. This hope is rarely, if ever, disappointed. For those who, like myself, are troubled with nerves, or suffering from nervous exhaustion, brought on by overwork, or an overwrought brain, there is no air like that of the Engadine.

As you perhaps have never been here, a little description of this lovely spot might interest you. At this time of the summer the valley (which is the highest in Switzerland) is at its best, for the heat of the day is tempered by cool breezes. The mornings and evenings, before the sun has risen and after he has gone to bed, are a little chilly, and one puts on an extra wrap, but during the day the lightest of dresses can be worn. When we rise in the morning the first thing we instinctively look at is the Roseg Glacier, of which our hotel, the "Roseg," has the best view. There is the famous glacier, with the "Little Nun," and the broad face of the "Capuchin Monk." You see the dark beard and large mouth, the broad nose and receding forehead, the sunken eyes, which sleep only in the winter, and the head covered by a cowl of everlasting snow. It all seems so close, and yet it is seven miles away from us. In the morning's cool we take our walks, but as the sun asserts himself later on, we saunter into the woods and sit about, and in the still, soft air read or think, and feel more or less at peace with the world. Those who have gone on some big expedition started at a very early hour, and, if all goes well, will return some time in the evening, healthily tired, and delighted with their wonderful experiences—experiences of which I know but little, for my snow and ice climbs have been few. I can only listen to the accounts of these expeditions, and wish that I were a man and able to go too. I content myself with a limited number of climbs, sometimes very long and tiring ones, but within any woman's capabilities. There are some tempting little stalls in the village, laden with coral, Swiss embroideries, mosaic ornaments, *fabrique de sculptures sur bois*, Swiss hats, &c., and various odds-and-ends which one delights to purchase to carry home as souvenirs to one's friends. There are lovely drives and charming walks, during which one would not be surprised to see fairies tripping about, if it were not that one may hear a voice amongst the trees bursting forth with "Jolly coffee they make here," which awakens you from your reverie and tells you that the place is still material! But one wanders on and on to get as far as possible from these unpoetic minds, and then, choosing some sweet secluded spot, one sits down and meditates on the beauty of everything around; with the bright hot sunshine dancing amongst the rushing waters, its warm breath bringing forth the loveliest of wild flowers, and making the earth one vast nature-tinted carpet. The busy ants are ever at work, carrying all day long their contributions for winter housing to some place best known to themselves. The cascades of laughing waters dance through the rocks and trees, accompanied by the tinkling of cow-bells, while the ever-welcome sun peeps into nooks and corners playing at "hide-and-seek." There you sit quite lost in poetic admiration of Nature's boundless wealth of beauty, until a gentle touch of appetite for the next meal acquaints you with the fact that you yourself are after all but mortal. So with a sigh of regret one leaves the sweet spot, where so many romantic thoughts have filled the mind, to enter once more upon the dull materialism of life. As you walk below, the watchful marmots, that sleep from autumn until spring, announce to you, by their well-known signal, that they are awake and on the mountain-side, and scream warnings to their companions. In the evening after dinner one strolls in the garden, gazing constantly at the starlit sky; stars so bright and big! "That vast canopy, the air" is crowded with them, the blue sky thickly bedecked with glittering gems. And then the various lights which gather round the mountains as the night draws in are beyond all description. No such purples, blues, pinks, or yellows could ever be reproduced on canvas. Many a time during dinner we have been called away to look at

THE ROSEG GLACIER.

the setting sun upon the Roseg Glacier. Our admiration has been expressed in one large "Oh!" The stars are so much bigger here than at home, but then we are 6,000 feet nearer to them. They glitter and shimmer like diamonds. The little graveyard above the village at the back is an interesting spot. I often wander to it. The disused church is very old; on its porch is the date 1477. The gravestones bear the simplest inscriptions in Romansch, but some of them are very touching in their simplicity:—

> "Bun ans vair miens chers amos."
> (May we meet again, my beloved ones.)
>
> "Il sain della terra contain miens amos."
> (The bosom of the earth contains my love.)
>
> "La memoria dels gusts resta in benedicziun."
> (The memory of the just rests in blessing.)

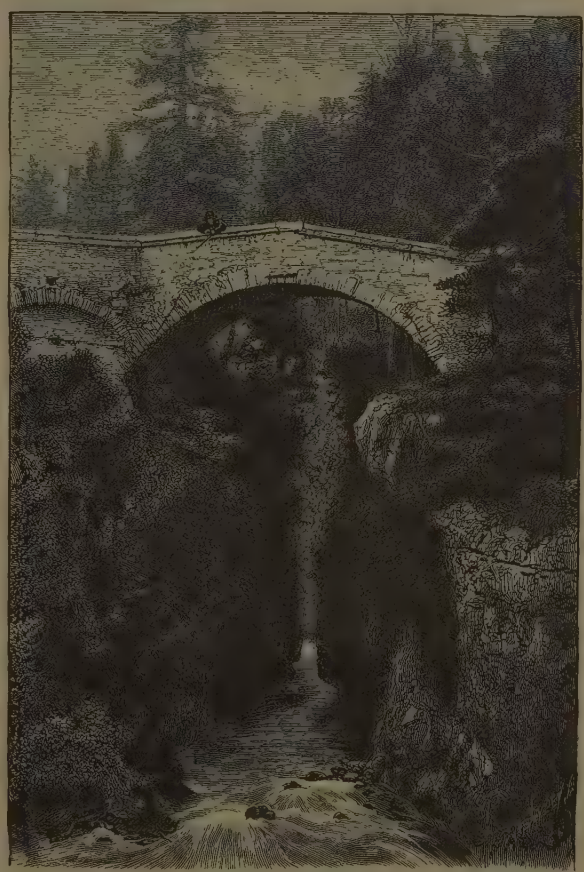
There are some English graves. One covers the remains of a clergyman who lost his life here twelve years ago. He wandered on to some rocks above, and must have gone too far, and was overtaken by the darkness of the night. When he was missed every effort was made to find him, and guides were sent out in all directions, but in vain. At last a large reward was offered, but still the search was useless. At the end of a year the body was accidentally discovered by a poor shepherd at the bottom of a rock, where the unfortunate gentleman must have fallen. Parts of his body were devoured by birds of prey, but his money and watch were untouched. The Burgamasque shepherd got the reward and became afterwards a prosperous man.

Since I was here last an addition has been made to the sad group of graves: Madame Leupold, who was music-mistress to the Princess of Wales's children. She had been a sad invalid for a long time, and spent all her summers here in company with a most devoted son, who gave up the promise of a fine career to be ever by his mother's side. She has often spoken to me of him with her eyes full of tears, and thanked God for giving her such a son. They at length built a sweet little châlet up on the hill-side, and there they both lived summer and winter; the son never tiring of his devotion and attention to his mother. She died two winters ago, and her grave can be seen carefully tended by the son, who remains near, that he may watch over her in death as lovingly as he did in her life. She was a most amiable and kindly lady, and all who knew her loved her. The children of the village stood round her grave with garlands and bunches of Engadine flowers, gathered and formed by loving hands, and sang the hymns and chants which she herself had taught them.

There is a beautiful walk through the woods to St. Moritz, and a sweet shady path to the left, where there is a rustic bench bearing the words "Marie Bancroft's seat." It was placed there by the people of Pontresina in recognition of services I rendered. There is a pretty old bridge, of which you read in Rhoda Broughton's book, "Good-bye, Sweetheart," which affords

much pleasure to sketchers. At the end of your walk through the pine-woods to St. Moritz you see the soft lake of emerald-green spreading out between the trees and sloping meadows. Turn where you will, the giant snow-tipped mountains tower above you, shrugging their shoulders and looking down upon us poor creatures with silent pity—for what pygmies we are in their presence! We must look up at them with respect, they are so dignified and independent. There is a lovely excursion for ladies to the Val del Fain (Valley of Hay). It has an abundance of the most exquisite flowers. Ladies take their lunch with them, and return home laden with lovely blossoms. I could fill reams of paper in telling of all the grandeur and beauty of this valley, but I must limit myself to a mere glance as it were; and now as I write the day is fading away, and the groups of Italian hay-makers who are studded about, relieving the bright green grass by their picturesque costumes, are preparing to return to their homes; but the early morning will see them again at work, singing and laughing as if toil were pleasure. The inhabitants of the Engadine are a thrifty and industrious people; they are comfortably off, and there is not a beggar amongst them. You will now and again meet with one, but he comes from the Italian side, and you are requested not to encourage him and he will soon disappear.

The Diavolezza tour is an expedition which is long and hard, but many ladies accomplish it. I did it once, but I don't think I could go through it again. Before I went I could not form a notion of the wonders of the ice-world, and so I am glad that I have done it. We started at a quarter to six in the morning, and went by carriage to the foot of the mountain on the Bernina side, where some of us mounted mules, and others walked. I prefer walking, as a mule to me is an anxiety in many ways. He likes to stop now and then to nibble grass, and always on a nasty dangerous place, where the slightest misunderstanding between you and the mule results in a tumble, which might or might not be serious; so there you must sit mounted on the back of this thing waiting patiently until he feels inclined to go on. You don't look your best at such a moment, for, although you dare not express your impatience in words or movements, your looks are awful! But then our friend the mule does not see this, so "his withers are unwrung." In about two hours we reached the Diavolezza lake, with small and picturesque floating icebergs. On again, on foot this time, having discharged our tiresome friend, till we reach, after pulls and tugs and gasps, the snow-field; in another half-hour or so we arrive, after a long and tedious up-hill drag, looking like goodness knows what, our faces covered with cold cream to spare our skins, huge hats, gauze veils, and blue spectacles, and pulled along by our guides. I began to wish that I had never started, but when we reached the "saddle" we were speechless with wonder; there we looked down upon a sight which I shall never forget. A gigantic basin filled with enormous masses of weirdly-shaped ice, and fringed with snow-peaks that seemed to almost touch the deep blue sky. Here, with this vast ice-sea below us, we halt to eat our lunch, and our enjoyment of it, with an *appétit de loup*, must be imagined. After a good rest, we prepare to descend towards the sea of ice, and it is terribly fatiguing and trying. But it was a wonderful experience, and one which any woman who has powers of endurance can attempt. I had a slight accident on the way. Just as I was congratulating myself on my progress and ascertaining every now and then as to whether my small nose was still complete, I discovered that the entire sole of my boot had come off. The guide secured it to the upper part by means of a strap as well as he could, but the cold penetrated to my foot and one of my toes was frost-bitten, and I did not recover the use of it for months. The walking parts took seven hours, and the excursion lasted nine. This experience is quite enough to give a woman a graphic notion of the ice-world; although it is of course as nothing compared with the climbs which big mountaineers take, and which I maintain ought never to be attempted by any but a very strong woman. High expeditions require not only a strong body but a strong head.



RHODA BROUGHTON'S BRIDGE.

It is monstrous for a woman to join in a difficult ascent unless she is *quite* equal to it; it is sure to do her harm, and the whole expedition is spoiled by the fear of her fainting, which has frequently happened, thereby causing uneasiness and destroying the pleasure and upsetting the nerves of all the rest of the party. There is an abundance of lovely walking to be had, and good ascents which a woman can make with perfect safety and enjoyment. After the heaviest rains the roads dry in an hour or two. At the beginning of September sometimes bad weather sets in, and people make a great rush to get away, and the place becomes deserted; then the sun bursts provokingly out again, and there is a long spell of most exquisite weather. June and July bring forth the most perfect flowers. Wild pinks grow here in abundance, and the perfume from them is delightful. The gentian is a lovely deep blue, and the marguerite daisies larger here than I have ever seen them elsewhere; but flowers are everywhere, and the grasses are extraordinary in their variety. Then there is the pale and modest edelweiss, the last flower that grows on the mountain-tops. It seems strange that anything should bloom so high, near and amongst the snow where the cold is so intense; but kindly Nature has provided them with a coat of flannel. They are only to be found in the most out-of-the-way places, hidden under rocks and in corners, guarding themselves from the keen winds. Many a dangerous expedition is made to find them. It is considered a great achievement to pluck them yourself, and serious accidents have happened in the attempt; I care not for the glory, so I buy them; they don't cost much, and it is safer! For a few centimes I can possess myself of a good bunch, and return home whole. I come here for health, and not to leave behind me a leg or an arm, or maybe my whole body; I can do that at home!

THE BERNINA FALL.

There is an excellent Swiss doctor resident at Pontresina; he is not only clever but a favourite with every one. You meet him in the morning going his rounds, always with a pleasant smile upon his face, and a joke ever ready. "Why, you look too well, you are not a friend to me; not even a broken leg to offer me!" The change from our own climate is so great that all visitors should be cautious in protecting their throats as evening draws in. Many have imprudently walked about the garden unprotected in this way, and the consequence has been a feverish sore throat. But this is soon put right, and after benefiting by the experience, it does not occur again. The hotels are most comfortable. We always stay at the Roseg, where it is like home, and everything is done to make our visit as agreeable as possible. The coffee and chocolate are deli-

cious, and the *cream*—well, you must come and taste it! All the people in the place seem happy, and somehow or other it appears to me that there is an absence of ill-nature and unkindness. I wonder if it is because we are so much nearer the skies. The higher we go the better we seem to be. But though the scenery around us is so like fairyland, one is now and again reminded that *we* are of the world, for what would not affect fairies will affect us; and lovely as the valley is, nettles can be found in it! But then that is not serious, for the friendly dock-leaf is close at hand to soothe and cure the sting. We are most fortunate with the weather. If we have rain it comes at night, but by the time we are ready for our walk the roads are dry and the gaily-coloured butterflies are flitting about again, none the worse for their washing, and are ready to precede us in our wanderings as *avant-coureurs*, stopping now and then to drink, by way of refreshment, the sweets which are hidden in the wayside flowers. Should you ever come to the Engadine I hope I may be here to witness your delight. You must look out for the Wishing-stone, where many a woman, and man too, I'll be bound, have whispered their heart's best desire. I am not sure though whether they are aware of the proper form of expressing their wishes. I hope when you come you will obtain what you ask.

Adieu.

Pontresina, August, 1887. MARIE E. BANCROFT.

The Children of a Great City.—I.

AMONG the many problems which perplex and disturb the minds of those who ponder on the relative position of the rich and poor, none is more harassing, none more inexplicable, than the sufferings of the children of the poor. The lives of needy men and women may be full of misery, distress, poverty—hard to bear, harder still to struggle against; but somehow a vague belief exists that they are more or less the victims of their own actions; that drink, improvidence, and their many attendant consequences, have been the cause of the abject conditions under which they exist; and while pity is not lessened towards them, their condition forces on the minds of those who strive to alleviate the sadness of their lives the conviction, melancholy though it be, that nothing can be done, in any real degree, to repair the mischief which their own follies and weaknesses have brought on them. Their lives are made and partly over; they have settled into grooves and ways of thought and life from which no efforts can raise them to any appreciable extent; and the knowledge of this makes every one who works among the poor regard with a saddened heart the hopelessness of the task.

Knowing the difficulties that their surroundings create in the lives of the poor, we look around us for some means to help and elevate them, but slowly and surely the conviction is borne in on us that with the majority very little, if anything, can be done; that imperfect education has made the task almost impossible; and that if we are to achieve any real and permanent good we must seek to do it among those whose lives are still before them, and who with the vigour and elasticity of youth may, if properly helped, grow up into good and healthy men and women.

The great difficulty in such a task is encountered at the outset; for, in helping the victims of the faults of the parents, it is impossible to overrate the danger of depriving the parents of the sense of responsibility. It is easy, in following the natural impulse of indignation and pity at the sight of the sufferings of the children of a drunken home, to give way to the most ardent philanthropy, and to seek to find the cure for the misery and want we witness in the application of the mere elementary forms of charity, such as supplying food and clothing. The feeling which prompts us is in the highest degree laudable; and yet such indiscriminate charity would be fatal to all habits of thrift and self-respect among the poor. In the poorest and most degraded homes often the only incentive to make a lazy parent work is the cry of the children for bread; and if we were in the smallest degree to diminish that influence we should be increasing the evil we desire to destroy. We can hardly yet help the children of such parents through the natural source to which they should look for conduct and example, but we can, by external influences and practical work, raise the standard of life, and give birth to an intensely strong desire among the young for lives higher, purer, and happier than those of the people they see around them. Education is doing this work, perhaps slowly, but surely, and education must be the basis on which all true improvement is to be built up. The power that knowledge gives, the craving to know more, must inevitably bring with it a desire for improvement, and a longing for something better and nobler. Indeed, the best results of education are to be found in the aspirations which it creates, and the hopes which it fosters.

I think we can elevate the children of the poor and improve and beautify their lives to some extent, though all we can do must be limited in its scope and results. If, however, we wish more directly and immediately to raise and improve the lives of the young, we can only do it by gaining an influence and position among them, which will give us the right to counsel and instruct. This position and right can only be attained by personal work and intercourse with them.

So much work is now being done among all classes of the poor, that it is very difficult to signal out any special undertaking as possessing higher claims than another. There are a few, however, that we may discuss, and these can be divided into two classes: those for the older boys and girls, or rather young men and women, and those that deal exclusively with children. Among

the former there are some societies that come at once to one's mind, and that, within the last twenty-five years, have altered and improved the condition of the young women of the working classes. They hardly come within the scope of our paper, so that we need do little more than mention the Girls' Friendly Society, instituted in 1875 with 24 branches, now numbering 903 branches, with 109,223 members and 25,435 associates. It has its branches all over the kingdom and in the colonies, and is so comprehensive in its work and objects, that no really respectable girl need ever find herself in any part of the kingdom far removed from active and practical help, should she require it. The Young Women's Christian Association is more purely religious in its aims and operations, while, at the same time, it does not lose sight of the material wants of its members. Its life is a longer one than that of the Girls' Friendly Society, and it has steadily increased in numbers every year since its birth. The Young Women's Help Society—the outcome of a difficulty that presented itself to the Girls' Friendly Society in its earlier years—has grown in a corresponding manner, and, from its peculiar constitution, may be said to be somewhat more comprehensive in its scope than its parent society. Perhaps the more recent development of work of this class has been the numerous clubs for working girls, and young women engaged in business, which have increased with great rapidity during the last ten years, especially those combined with lodging-houses, where board and lodging are provided at a cost within the earnings of the inmates. Charitable people long ago realised the difficulties and temptations that beset the life of a young and inexperienced girl engaged in business in London, as well as the fact that merely to provide a room, where she could spend her evenings profitably and pleasantly, was not grappling with the whole difficulty. It was not enough to give a girl such a place alone, for unless she could also be lodged and fed at a price within her means, she would be under strong temptation to eke out her living by immorality. And thus the lodging-house, with its tidy, clean cubicle and its bright club-room, has grown out of the original intention of the founders. Twenty years ago such a work was not thought of; ten years ago it was in its infancy; and now there are thirty girls' clubs in London and the large provincial towns, and more being organised rapidly. It is difficult to realise the labour and anxiety, to say nothing of the personal responsibility, such a work has entailed, and, but for the untiring energy of those who founded it, and at whose heart the welfare and well-doing of these girls lay very near, it would never have attained the position of permanence and influence it now possesses. In this work, above all others, the mainspring has been the strong personal influence brought to bear on each inmate, the result of which has been the preservation and rescue of many a friendless girl from the snares and temptations which crowd round the path of every unprotected young woman in London.

There is hardly any parish in London now that does not possess some organisation for helping working girls, either as a club or as a branch affiliated to the Girls' Friendly Society or the Young Women's Help Society, where the members receive lessons in cooking, needle-work, singing, and many other subjects that enable them to improve their education and brighten their lives. The success or failure of these, as well as of other kindred institutions, depends almost entirely on the personal influence and work of some one, or perhaps of two or three persons. As with children, so with older boys and girls, their love and confidence must be won and retained, and this can never be accomplished by the work of a committee alone. It must be the personal work of individuals, who, by taking definite subjects on a particular day, or for a given time, make acquaintance with the girls, who know they can reckon with perfect confidence on finding them at the club at the time they have promised to attend. No duty needs more constant attendance than this. The motives that impel a woman to work among girls may be the most noble, her enthusiasm may be unbounded, her generosity unlimited, but if her efforts are spasmodic and irregular they are almost worthless. No girls, no children, will continue to go to a club or Home if they have a constant change of visitors, and find—when they arrive tired out at night from a hard day's work, perhaps with their heart full of some little sorrow or confidence they may wish to make, or longing for some counsel they stand much in need of—that a strange face meets them, and the voice they hoped to hear is silent for that night at least. Such a reproach, however, cannot, I think, be made against those who have hitherto attempted such work, for the manner in which the confidence, and affection, of the girls in the clubs is won and maintained is a perfect proof of the devoted way in which it is carried out.

With regard to clubs and institutions for working lads and young men, the same principle is carried out, with much the same results. Lads and boys do not require the same assistance and help as girls, and the Bands of Hope, Templars, and Blue Ribbon Army are doing a glorious work in combating with the greatest enemy and temptation a boy has. If a lad is sober and can be started in a good trade, or in some way enabled to earn his living, he will get on; and when his home is a decent one, however poor, he is best living at home, provided he has some place to spend his evenings other than the public-house. We should endeavour as much as possible to keep up the love of home, and to encourage the feeling of reverence to parents, for the two sentiments are heavily handicapped in the life of the poor. It would be worse than a crime to diminish the strong feeling almost all boys have, that they must bring the greater part of their earnings home to their mothers, and very few people can realise how, during the past few years of bad trade, many thousands of poor families would have drifted into the workhouse but for that help. There are many boys, however, to whom the word "home" has never conveyed any meaning but that of a hell on earth—a place where the drunken father and mother, lost to all sense of shame and self-respect, have forced him into the streets for even the rest and food he could not get in his wretched home; where no decency, no moral sense of any kind, remained, and where even the kinder instincts of the animals were dead. To such a

boy the club or Home, where after his day's work he can spend his evenings in quiet comfort, is like a heaven, a harbour of rest after all the storms he has passed through. The St. Andrew's Club for Working Lads, in Soho, was one of the earliest institutions which had for their object the providing of decent lodging and wholesome food for lads engaged in work all day. The club owed its existence in 1886 to some young men employed in an architect's office in London, who formed themselves into a society for visiting the poor after their work for the day was finished. In one of their evening expeditions in Soho they came across a poor lad asleep on a sack in an empty shed, his only companion a little dog, that slept at his feet and kept them warm. The circumstance suggested some scheme of action to help such lads, of whom many existed in London, and a house was found and opened soon afterwards in Market Street, Soho, the first inmates being the boy and his dog. The first intention of the founders of the Home was to provide food and lodging for homeless working boys of good character, who were engaged in daily work in shops and warehouses, earning on an average little over five shillings a week. This sum was quite insufficient to do more than provide the bare necessaries of life, and the boys being left to themselves were exposed to all the temptations which surround cheap lodging-houses and places of amusement. But, as is usually the case in work of this kind, it was found impossible to keep within the limits of the original plan, and a nightly club for respectable boys, other than inmates of the Home, was opened soon after. An entrance fee of one shilling and a weekly fee of twopence were required, and the small old-fashioned house in Dean Street, Soho, became the centre of a work that has increased and brought untold blessings in its train.

A good gymnasium was provided, while fencing and drill were taught by a sergeant. In the little room made into a chapel prayers were held twice a day; and the small brass tablet on the wall, in memory of one of the boys who died in the Home, served to keep the solemn warning of the shortness and uncertainty of life before the boys' minds. All kinds of harmless and innocent amusements were allowed and encouraged, such as acting, recitations, concerts, &c. The most cherished possession of the club was an old ship's jolly-boat, which was purchased by one of the committee and rigged up for the use of the boys. We can fancy the pleasure and delight of the sails on the river, and the Saturday afternoon and Sunday away from the never-ceasing noises of London. Who could but be glad, that the boys' Sunday should be spent away among the endless delights of the river, and far from the countless temptations a Sunday offers to boys in London? And so the work has gone on, increased, and prospered; and a new Home is now building not far from the site of the present one. It will be larger, more commodious, and more comfortable, but it can never do a more blessed or a more successful work than that done by the old club, and by the young men who found the poor boy and his dog in Soho, and in consequence opened the shelter which raised many a poor child from despair and enabled him to grow up an honest, happy man.

We must always remember that while the clubs and Homes for lads and young girls, of which we have been writing, do assist the very poorest and neediest among the working classes, they must not be classed among reformatories, and institutions of such nature, where young persons, who have been convicted of crime, are trained and rescued. The principle of these clubs and Homes is to maintain and create that spirit of true independence which alone enables boys and girls engaged in daily work, and without homes of their own to return to, to live honestly and respectably.

Apart, however, from the criminal class of children in England, there is the other and by no means the smaller class of children, who are not bad enough to come under the jurisdiction of reformatories, and are too young for the protection of Homes, such as we have been describing. The history of this class of children is told most eloquently and feelingly in the life and work of the late Lord Shaftesbury, whose ceaseless care and affection for the poor little ragged children, the waifs and strays of humanity, will never be forgotten while English men and women live. The desire of his heart, and the unending work of his life, was that every destitute child should be taught and trained. Long before the passing of the Elementary Education Act of 1870, many excellent institutions were founded, mainly through his instrumentality, to succour and rescue these little waifs. These children may be classed broadly under two heads—those who, from loss of parents, have no home; and those whose parents, by deserting them, or by treating them with cruelty, have been deprived of their custody.

There are many Homes and institutions that endeavour to assist the first class of children, and to prevent their being educated in the workhouse school, which is much too large to enable the superintendent or matron to gain the love and confidence of their charges. In many large Homes the cottage system has been adopted, with signal success. It is much better in all ways, when possible, that ten or fifteen children should live in a house small enough to enable the home feeling to be retained, than be herded in large schools of 400 or 500, or even more, where each child represents only a number, and where all individuality is stamped out. In Dr. Barnardo's Homes, and in the Homes of the Ragged and Reformatory Union, and the Church of England Homes for Waifs and Strays, this plan has been carried out. The first object of Homes where children are received too young for the evil influences of their former life to have impressed them permanently, should be to create emigration centres, where the technical education and training the children receive will enable them to start with a knowledge which in their new life will make them practically independent. Many of the existing Homes do make emigration the object in a great measure of their work, but I think it might be more developed. We are all crying out at the evils of over-population, and trying emigration as a remedy for it; but we find, when we try to carry out our theories, how very difficult, nay, almost impossible, it is to persuade the poor to leave England. They are, in many cases, too old, with rooted habits of

life and character, very often drunken, seldom thrifty, and they prefer the misery and uncertainty of employment of their life here to the fresh start they would have to make in a new world, with surroundings entirely strange to them. And, quite apart from the difficulty of persuading them to make the effort to go, we are not justified in sending to our colonies those whose lives here have been failures. But a lad of eighteen going to Canada, or Queensland, with the knowledge of a trade is in an entirely different position. The Old World is behind him, his new life before him, his trade is his capital, and, with health, he should never know what want is.

There are difficulties often in persuading widows to allow their boys, when admitted to these Homes, to sign the paper which gives the Home the power of emigrating them; but in cases of orphan children, where no such obstacle can arise, a boy should be distinctly trained and brought up there, with the avowed object and understanding that he is to go to the Colonies. And the same arrangement should be made in girls' Homes. The demand in the Colonies for good domestic servants is very great, and the training and education here should be of a nature to fit them to be such when they arrive. The probability is, however, that any time of service with any well-trained young women would be of short duration, as the demand for wives is even larger than that for cooks and housemaids. There is one society well known, perhaps better known than any other, because associated so nearly with the life and work of Lord Shaftesbury, which deserves some notice, though it must be a short one. For more than thirty years he took the warmest personal interest in an enterprise that was the fulfilment of the desire of his life. The National Refuge for Homeless and Destitute Children began its operations in a very humble way, fifty-four years ago, in a hay-loft over a cow-shed in what was then known as the St. Giles' Rookery, a place well known for the miserable and wretched condition of the people who lived in the locality, as well as being one of the harbours for the vicious and criminal classes. A small Home for the reception of homeless and destitute children was opened, though at first the means of the Committee only allowed of nine children being received; but before a very long time had elapsed, the efforts of the Committee to raise means to rescue these poor children from a life of wretchedness and degradation were rewarded. The public appreciation of the good work they were attempting to carry out increased rapidly, funds came in largely for the support of the scheme, larger premises were soon secured, and the undertaking rapidly developed, and is now one of the most powerful and useful institutions of the kind. The various Homes of the Society, both for boys and girls, now contain 1,000 children. The aims of the Society are large and varied. It has six Homes and two training-ships, and since its opening it has admitted 10,000 children, 9,000 of whom have been started in life. The only qualification for admittance to the Home is that a boy or girl must be destitute and homeless. The central office and Home in Great Queen Street is the point from which all the organisation is carried out, and the work done at the various Homes is made to suit the requirements and ultimate object that Home has in view.

Thus, in the training-ships *Arethusa* and *Chichester*, the boys are trained for a seafaring life, and many good sailors have gone from them. The ships could take many more boys now, but that the shipping business is so dull, and the openings to get boys off to sea are not as numerous as formerly. In the Farm, and Shaftesbury Schools at Bisley, 300 boys are being trained and educated to go principally to the Colonies, and 32 boys were sent to Canada last year. The training at this Home has been so successful that the superintendent of the Home in Canada was able to place most of the lads in situations at once where they could earn wages, according to the rate paid in the district. There are 300 girls also being trained for domestic service in the two Homes at Ealing and Sudbury, and no less than 1,000 girls have been trained, and sent to service, since the Society began its labours. A Working Boys' Home, on the same principle as the St. Andrew's Home for Working Boys, is also in existence in Great Queen Street; and in connection with the work of the Union, are the winter's dinners for destitute children, and the summer holidays when funds allow of them.

Any notice of Homes for children would be quite imperfect without some mention of the Gordon Boys' Home, the offspring of a great wave of national affection and reverence for the memory of the brave English soldier. It was founded to carry out a scheme he had always keenly at heart, namely, to supply a refuge for lads between the ages of fourteen and sixteen, which no other institution had yet provided, although many lads at that age are unable to earn their own living from their forlorn and destitute condition. The discipline of the Home is, owing to the age of the inmates, necessarily very strict, and a military system of management has been adopted. There are 100 boys now in the Home, and the large building which it will ultimately occupy is approaching completion. The age at which the boys are taken is a difficult one, as they are inclined to be very insubordinate; but there is no time in a boy's life so critical, or when control is more important, than from fourteen to sixteen years of age. Most boys leave school at fourteen, and they get employment while their character is unformed, and they have not acquired any habits of self-restraint. Knowing the dangers to a boy at such a time, Gordon's great desire was to found an institution where boys could be put, as nearly as possible, under some military control, to train them for the profession they would eventually enter upon. The ultimate work of the Gordon Boys' Home will probably be to train most of the inmates as soldiers. But the course of instruction they pursue qualifies them to make a good start in life as civilians, soldiers, or sailors. The Government has presented the Home with fifty acres of land at Bagshot, and the Home will move from its temporary quarters on Portsdown Hill as soon as the buildings are completed. These buildings will give accommodation for 160 boys, and will contain gymnasiums, kitchens, and workshops. The Home has been too short a time in existence for us to judge of the success of the work. It ought to succeed

if anything of such a nature can. It supplies a much-needed want, and it appeals in a special manner to the people of England. Every age has had its heroes, and every age has endeavoured to honour them. The hero of our time is Gordon, and his memory will never fade from the hearts and memories of the English people. His life, and example, were the embodiment of everything that was good and chivalrous in man. Deep and earnest in his convictions, temperate in his life, simple and trusting as a child in his God, loving his country and caring for her honour with all the passion of his nature, he laid his life down in her service, and asked for no reward but the knowledge that he had done his duty. Can we have a nobler tale to tell the young men who are training up in the national memorial a sorrowing nation has erected to his memory?

MARY JEUNE.

The Recent Telepathic Occurrence at the British Museum.

I.

SHE lay dying; soon she would be dead, and her secret would have died with her.

All about her, her friends were weeping, or standing with pale faces from which they strove to keep back the tears. For each she had a look, a word, a pressure of the hand. For the absent there were little gifts and messages of farewell; it seemed that none were forgotten.

Yet, for him whom first and most she remembered, there was no token of remembrance. It is often so with women.

Through long and weary days had she kept her own counsel; now, at the last, there should be no betrayal of her womanhood. The secret which lay hidden in her heart was a hard and cruel one, crushing with its weight the tender breast, sapping the young life at the very spring. Nevertheless, the fact that *it* too must die with the rest of her was what made the thought of death a bitter one.

By-and-by, when they had left her, all save one silent watcher, when she herself had grown too weak for speech, she heard the passionate voice of her secret crying out to her in the stillness.

"Oh, my love, my love," it said, "and must it be so? That all hope and chance depart this hour for evermore? That the mighty force in my breast shall be as it had never been?

"Almost it seems that in dying I play a traitor's part! That there must have been virtue in the love with which I encompassed you; you, that knew or heeded it not. Now that great love shall hover no more about you, poor human creature, knowing not your own forlornness.

"And what was the cloud that came between us?

"Cruel, oh, you were cruel! but you were mine, and I was yours, though the truth of this knowledge may never dawn in your heart. Oh, love, there is so much that I would have done for you. . . ."

The daylight was growing dim, and came in grudgingly through the pane; in her seat the silent watcher stirred wearily; and the body of the dying woman shook and quivered with a mighty yearning.

II.

The Professor was young (as Professors go), but already he was growing bald at the temples; and much poring over manuscripts had made eye-glasses a necessity for eyes that once had been keen as a hawk's.

And this afternoon his back ached with stooping, his head throbbed, he was conscious of unusual weariness.

Leaning back in his chair, he let the pen fall from his hand, while his glance wandered round the vast reading-room, with the domed roof and book-lined walls, the concentric circles of catalogue cases and radiating lines of the reading-desks.

How familiar it all was to him! The thick atmosphere, the smell of leather, the dusty people who bustled and dawdled, whispered and flirted, and whose faces he knew by heart.

A more miscellaneous throng, perhaps, that of these seekers of literary honey, than you anywhere else find pursuing its avocations under one roof.

"How dark it is!" grumbled the Professor. "Why do they always wait to the last moment before lighting up? And what a tramping and a whispering on all sides! It's the women—they've no business to have women here at all," he added, as a clergyman and a law-student passed by in loud consultation.

That woman there, for instance, standing near him at the outer circle of the catalogue desks; what did she mean by staring at him in that unearthly fashion?

She here! She, of all people; here, of all places in the world!

What had brought her? what cursed feminine impulse had prompted her to disturb him, to come between him and his work?—his work, which was all he lived for now.

Pshaw! She wanted, no doubt, the answer to an acrostic, the pattern of some bygone fashion for a ball.

And did she expect him to fly to her side with offers of help, that she fastened on him that lingering, wistful glance of appeal?

"Get thee behind me, Satan," said the Professor to himself, and turned to the books of which he was so weary.

At the same moment the great dim globes suspended from the roof grew white, and their radiance was spread throughout the hall.

The Professor raised his head, and involuntarily his eyes sought the woman with the wistful face.

She was not there.

Strange! His seat was the last of the row towards the centre of the room; she had been, therefore, quite near him, and he had heard no sound—no oft-vituperated rustle of feminine skirts.

The Professor sprang to his feet, and snapped his eye-glass on the bridge of his nose.

She should not escape him thus; for once, from his own lips, she should hear what he thought of her—with her own lips should make what reply she could.

There was something of exaggeration in his rage. His lips twitched a little, as he made his way to the centre of the room, a good point of observation.

The Professor came back to his seat with a curious look on his face; mechanically he restored the books at the desk, received the tickets, put on his hat, and made his way from the Museum.

A few hours later some one stopped him in the street and told him that she was dead.

The street lamps, the shop lamps, the red flashing lights of the cabs swam and reeled before his eyes in chaotic brightness, and then, somehow, he was stumbling up the dark staircase of his lodging to his room.

Oh, the wasted days, the wasted loves, the wonderful wasted chances!

Crouched there by the table, his head bowed over the papers and manuscripts, he saw it all as by a flash—saw it, and understood.

She had thought that it would die with her, the poor secret, so jealously guarded. Love stronger than death, and for once more merciful, had betrayed her.

For two people knew it now—her secret, which was also his.

AMY LEVY.

The Oxford Ladies' Colleges.

BY A MEMBER OF ONE OF THEM.

PERHAPS few things are more curious than the popular views on ladies' colleges in general, and the motives which actuate those girls who go to them in particular. At present the movement in favour of a University education for women is still young enough, and the number of these availing themselves of the opportunity is still small enough, to make the girl in a country neighbourhood, who is known to be "at college," an object of curiosity—not, perhaps, unmingled with distrust—to her circle of friends and acquaintances. On the one hand, it is thought that any one who goes to college must, of necessity, be the conventional bluestocking, or at least possessed of very exceptional abilities. "How clever of you to be there!" was once said to me by a lady (whom I had not previously supposed to be exceptionally foolish) on hearing that I was at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford. Some people, again, suppose that all girls at college must be intending to take up teaching as a profession. This is by no means the case, nor is it at all desirable that it should be so. Quite the reverse. Any one who has ever lived in a ladies' college knows quite well that there is always amongst a considerable number of the students (the very name almost suggests it) a tendency towards what the *Spectator*, criticising a recent article on Newnham College, called "a spirit of dowdyism," and this tendency can only be counteracted by a large admixture of the outside world—the world which is not professionally connected with education technically so called—the world which has other interests, frivolous interests, society interests—which, above all, does not make its sole aim the furtherance of the Cause (with a capital C) of the higher education of women. Again, some people, still more ignorant, have supposed that the chief object of the students is to imitate as closely as possible the manners and customs of undergraduates, or to amuse themselves with their brothers and cousins and with their brothers' and cousins' friends. This I need hardly say is quite untrue; but that such ideas should be common amongst people, not specially stupid or specially prejudiced, shows the widespread ignorance which prevails with regard to ladies' colleges in general, and the Oxford colleges in particular. It is by no means true that all the girls at Somerville Hall and Lady Margaret Hall are exceptionally clever—the fact is almost too obvious to be worth stating; nor does the atmosphere of Oxford, as my lady-friend seemed to suppose, necessarily produce this result; a short acquaintance with the performances of the average pass-man would be quite enough to dispel that illusion for ever. Nor, again, are these girls all destined for the teaching profession; indeed the proportion of intending teachers is only, at the outside, about one-half. Why then do girls go to college? may fairly be asked; and it is difficult to give any one answer to the question. Perhaps it would be truest to say that the greater number are attracted by the larger life, the more real education, the manifold interests which life in a community must always afford, and by the atmosphere of culture attaching to an old historic university. To some, no doubt, the education strictly so called is the first object, to others the society of girls of their own age and the pleasures of the life generally furnish the chief inducement. Hence there are girls who care most for work, girls who prefer a certain amount of society, girls who boat and play tennis, and so on; nor is it by any means necessary that these classes should be mutually exclusive. A college in which they insensibly shade into each other, and in which no one class is especially prominent, would be the ideal girls' college.

Every girl at college has her own room, which, with the aid of screens and pretty hangings, is by day converted into quite a charming sitting-room—so successfully in many cases, that visitors might very well go away with the impression that it is put to no other use. With regard to furniture, only the bare necessaries of life are supplied; the rest is left to individual means and taste; and, indeed, so variously is this exercised that a survey of the rooms affords a most amusing field for guesses as to the characters and pursuits of their respective inmates. One room was chiefly remarkable for the enormous amount of flowers which its owner contrived to get into it, making it appear as if she perpetually inhabited a conservatory. Two girls with a taste for natural history used to fill their rooms with all kinds of live pets, a white rat and a slow-worm being amongst the number, but this menagerie met with small favour from their immediate neighbours, as may easily be imagined. The chief adornment of another room consisted in a large collection of fur rugs, thrown over every conceivable article of furniture. Some are so full of knick-knacks that it seems doubtful whether their inmates can really have room to do anything serious, whilst a few affect a severe simplicity, which they fondly imagine is in keeping with literary and studious tastes. In every room may be seen the inevitable tea-cups, and many are the cheerful parties which assemble to partake of the beverage popularly supposed to be so dear to the feminine mind. Besides the private rooms there is the library, where magazines and papers are to be found, where general notices are posted up, and where many after-breakfast half-hours are spent—as some say, wasted—in talk. Then there is the dining-room, the drawing-room sacred to visitors and to the meetings of the various societies; and in Lady Margaret Hall also a small gymnasium and a chapel.

From the smallness of the numbers it is comparatively easy for all the members of a college to know each other more or less intimately. There is naturally more constant daily intercourse between them, and, according to present arrangements, they certainly live much more together than is the case in the men's colleges. The day begins with chapel at eight a.m. A register hangs outside the door, and every one attending is expected to place a mark after her name; frequent absence, therefore, tells its own tale in a long line of blanks to all the world, if there be any of that world curious enough to inquire into the matter. Though a good deal of latitude in this respect would probably escape notice, it must be allowed that, taking into consideration the cold and darkness of December and January mornings, the standard of virtue is remarkably high. Indeed, so irksome did the general punctuality become to some of the weaker brethren—or rather sisters—that they announced their intention of being late on principle a certain number of times a term, lest the standard should be allowed to become too high for poor average humanity—an intention which, I may say in passing, was conscientiously put into practice. After chapel comes breakfast, which is served in the dining-room for all together, late-comers having to take their chance of finding their coffee cold, though the quarter of an hour's chapel gives them a chance of overtaking the earlier risers. By nine o'clock most people begin work of some kind or another; indeed, some exceptionally industrious individuals insist on producing their books before that hour and sitting down in the library—the common after-breakfast resort—with a stern determination depicted on their countenances to wage war against all vain and frivolous conversation. Such conduct is, however, commonly considered an offence against unwritten social laws — even the most serious-minded of students might reasonably be expected to give up twenty minutes to the interchange of ideas with her fellow-creatures, and these would-be industrious people usually find themselves either compelled to give in or driven ignominiously from the field. So great, however, did their number at one time become, that one individual, more frivolously disposed, was obliged, in self-defence, to found a society which she entitled the "Society for the Cultivation of Graceful Leisure." This society required of its members that they should never, upon any consideration, open any instructive book before nine a.m.; should use all available means to prevent others from doing so, and should spend at least a part of each day in doing absolutely nothing as gracefully as possible. Sad to relate, however, this philanthropic attempt was a failure, for the president could never induce more than one member to join her society—a just reward possibly for her obvious inconsistency in founding a society after having previously avowed herself the enemy of all societies.

From nine till one o'clock is spent in work of some kind, either in reading at home or in attending lectures at the men's colleges, that grant admission to women, or at the lecture-rooms of the Women's Association. It is not many years since the first college lectures were opened, and a good deal of amusement was afforded to those who earliest availed themselves of the permission to attend, by the evident astonishment, and in some cases consternation, which their advent occasioned amongst the undergraduates. One college tutor relates that on going down to his lecture-room one morning he found, to his surprise, all the men congregated outside the door, on opening which two ladies were discovered sitting in solitary state, probably quite as shy, if the undergraduates had only known it, as they could possibly be, and with much better reason; indeed, it *does* take a certain residence in Oxford to get used to being always so very much in the minority. On entering the hall of another college for the first time a very audible whisper of "Qu'est-ce que c'est que ça?" reached the ears of the two or three girls who made their appearance. The Association lecture-rooms are so skilfully hidden that the uninitiated visitor to Oxford might easily spend an hour hunting in their immediate neighbourhood without the smallest chance of ever lighting upon the object of his search. The recipe for finding them would run somewhat in this wise: Go down a street which apparently leads nowhere, follow a blank wall until you come to a most insignificant-looking doorway, through which you pass into a back garden; then, before you, you will see the

lecture-rooms of the University Association for the Higher Education of Women! Never was a finer name bestowed upon a less imposing-looking building! These rooms have gone through many strange vicissitudes. They were originally a Baptist Chapel, then a mission chapel attached to St. Giles' Church, and finally they have been converted to purposes wholly secular, and are distinguished as the coldest and worst-ventilated lecture-rooms to be found in the University of Oxford—probably it might with truth be added, in any University whatever. It is sincerely to be wished that all friends of female education possessed of full purses and susceptibility to draughts could be induced to spend an hour or two there on a wet winter morning; then, indeed, the question of where to get funds sufficient to build new and suitable rooms would be answered once and for all.

One o'clock finds every one wending their way home to lunch, which can be had at any time from one till two, and is a quite informal meal, people coming and going exactly as they please. From lunch till afternoon tea-time is almost always given up to amusements of some kind—boating, tennis, and the like. In summer there are the University cricket matches to go and see, for those who are fortunate enough to have brothers or friends to take them; and in winter there are afternoon concerts, friends to visit, and ten thousand and one things to do—more, in fact, than can ever be crowded into the eight weeks' term. No one but the most persistent hard-worker would ever dream of spending these precious afternoon hours in reading, unless it be in the hopelessly wet days, far too plentiful, alas! in an Oxford autumn. The chief out-door amusement is certainly tennis; boating is entirely confined to Lady Margaret Hall, whose members have a boat on the Cherwell; and even amongst them the numbers are further restricted by the requirement of a swimming certificate before permission to use the boat can be granted. Still, many can and do spend a great deal of their time on the river, finding much amusement even in winter in boating over the flooded meadows, dodging the various obstacles which come in their way. There are both winter and summer tennis-courts, and every term a match is played between the two Halls, amidst much cheering and excitement. So far the victories have been pretty evenly divided, and neither Hall can claim any remarkable superiority. But the great event of the tennis year is the annual match against Cambridge. This is played in some private garden in or near London at the beginning of the Long Vacation, and always attracts a large number, both of past and present members of the various colleges. It must be confessed that Cambridge is most frequently, though not always, the winner; but against this may be placed the fact that its numbers are at least four times as great at present, so that Oxford may fairly hope to do better in the future. In the matter of in-door amusements there have been various changes of fashion. At one time games of all kinds were exceedingly popular, at another time dancing; but the forms of entertainment which have found the most lasting favour are certainly amateur concerts and theatricals, especially the latter. The musical members of the college generally give a concert once a term, to which a certain select few of the outside world are invited; but the concerts cannot compare in popularity with the theatricals, which are got up to cheer spirits depressed by the fogs of the winter terms. Some of these performances have been, to say the least of it, ambitious; Shakespearean plays have been performed with a good deal of arrangement and adaptation to the capabilities of a very modest stage, and much histrionic talent hitherto unsuspected has been thereby brought to light. In excuse for such presumption it must be said that these performances are strictly private, the audience including hardly any outsiders but members of the other Hall. More impromptu performances of charades and the like are often got up, sometimes as an entertainment for wet afternoons, and sometimes when an inspiration occurs to some inventive genius which she can prevail upon her friends to put into execution.

To pass to more serious matters, in these, as apparently in all colleges, there exist any number of societies for every kind of object. Lady Margaret Hall, indeed, is far less rich in this respect than Somerville Hall; but still, even there, there are societies enough and to spare. One of these was a sort of mutual improvement society, which met originally once a week, but which has now become less energetic, and finds that two or three meetings in a term furnish quite as much improvement as its members appear capable or desirous of receiving. This society sometimes devotes its energies to reading plays of Shakespeare, but more often captures some unlucky or good-natured individuals and compels them to discourse on all manner of subjects—the Fourth Dimension, the Italian painters, the history of music, Plato's views on the immortality of the soul, and what not. In striking contrast to this society there exists another, which engages in the domestic occupation of making clothes for a Home for factory-girls. At one time, too, there flourished a Browning Society, which, however, like its larger namesake in the University, though from a somewhat different cause, came to an untimely end. It owed its decease mainly to the fact that its president would insist on holding the meetings late on Sunday night, when the world in general was sleepy, and having had enough of sermons, whether in poetry or prose, was unable to rise to the heights of Browning, preferring arm-chairs, and the peaceful study of character in the persons of their immediate friends and neighbours. Last, but by no means least, must be mentioned the Debating Society, in which the two Halls unite, and which, with the addition of a few outsiders, numbers some fifty or sixty members. This society has a president and secretary elected afresh every term, and conducts all its debates with an orderliness and a strict attention to rules of procedure, which might favourably compare with the conduct of other public bodies of a similar nature. After the private business has been disposed of, the president reads the motion before the House, and calls upon the "honourable proposer" to state her case. She is immediately followed by the "honourable opposer," both these being allowed either to read papers or make speeches, according to their own

wishes. Then comes a discussion for about an hour, which, like Gratiano's "grain of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff," produces generally two or three really good speeches, and an "infinite deal of nothing." In passing, I should like to inquire why it is that every one when speaking in public thinks it necessary to assume an appearance of such excessive modesty and self-depreciation. Certainly any chance auditor of the Somerville and Lady Margaret Hall Debating Society might reasonably wonder why the majority of the speakers should ever open their lips at all, since two out of every three seem invariably to preface their remarks with the sometimes wholly unnecessary assurance that they have really nothing to say worth hearing, and do not in the least understand the motion before the House. Nor, so far as I can learn, is this practice of making a preliminary apology, and then proceeding to state their views at length, by any means entirely confined to the members of the society in question. The subjects proposed for debate are many and various. Literary debates were at one time much affected—*e.g.*, "That the Nineteenth Century is the golden age of English prose," or "The comparative merits of the female characters of George Eliot and Shakespeare," but they seldom produced very lively discussion. Debates on the political and social questions of the day, on the other hand, wax frequently long and furious. One on the Disestablishment of the Church, particularly, produced much good speaking on both sides, and considerable excitement; whilst another crowded House a short time ago acquitted Mr. Gladstone by a large majority of exercising a degrading influence on modern politics. The greatest amount of amusement is, however, produced by the discussion of some of those more vague and general questions, on which every one can, on the spur of the moment, bring forward a few ideas, and about which no one has any very definite or deep-rooted convictions. Experience shows, too, that the more paradoxical the motion, the better speaking it will usually produce. To leave large holes in your logic is a sovereign recipe for stirring up the lazy, and firing them with the desire to prove their quickness by fastening upon the weak places in the arguments of the more public-spirited proposer. A very lively debate was raised by the motion that "Every man or woman who does not like gossip is inhuman," and the motion was carried by an overwhelming majority. Another motion, "That the chief end and aim of life ought to be the cultivation of graceful leisure," was chiefly remarkable for the strenuous and almost unanimous opposition it called forth, and for the expression of serio-comic alarm which it elicited from an influential member of the society, who affected to see in it a tendency in the direction of—cigars! as a suitable substitute for which, guaranteed to produce the same soothing effect upon the brain, she hastened, amidst shouts of laughter, to propose crochet!

But notwithstanding the evil fate both of this motion and of the Society for the Cultivation of Graceful Leisure, it must not be thought that this element is entirely absent from life at the Halls—far from it. Indeed, when the May term is gracious and liberal with its sunshine, and the garden presents as it does a bank, only needing the aid of cushions to turn it into a most inviting couch, whatever theories may be held on the subject, it is certain that the cultivation of leisure, whether graceful or the reverse, is extensively practised. Here is the place to spend those delicious hours of the late afternoon, sometimes pretending to work, but more often sinking lazily into a sort of lotos-eater-like frame of mind, without making any pretence of doing anything whatever. But unfortunately, or perhaps for the sake of work fortunately, our much-abused English climate does not, even in Oxford, lend itself very often to a lotos-eating existence, and in the winter months these same hours, between five o'clock tea and dinner, are a very favourite time for work. Five o'clock tea, or rather four o'clock which is the usual hour, is a great institution. The rooms are too small to admit of any social gatherings more ambitious than tea-parties; but of these in the winter terms there are always plenty, and it is wonderful to see how many people may with contrivance be squeezed into twelve feet square.

Chapel follows the quarter-to-eight dinner after a short interval, generally devoted to visiting friends in their rooms; and nine o'clock finds every one at liberty to read or amuse themselves as they please. Then is the time for the meetings of the various societies, until the sound of the half-past ten bell sends every girl to her own room to work or to sleep, according to the exigencies of approaching examinations or the laziness of her natural disposition. Of definite rules and restrictions there are very few—so few, indeed, that outsiders frequently appear to amuse themselves with inventing fresh ones, and solemnly assuring inmates of the Halls that such-and-such rules are in force there, refusing to believe that these rules exist purely in their own imagination. Every girl is able to do pretty much as she pleases in the matter of going out, visiting her friends and the like; though notice of intended absence from dinner is required, and she is expected to return home by about eleven p.m., and to report herself on her return to the Lady Principal. With a chaperon approved of by her she may visit brothers and friends in their rooms, and though dances in term time are not allowed, the girls may and do frequently dine out, go to the theatre, or to any of the various evening parties and entertainments with which Oxford abounds. Indeed, beyond the fact that they vary their amusements with a good deal of really hard work, for every girl is expected to work for some examination or other, their life differs very little from that of any ordinary girls in society, nor is it by any means necessary that because a girl goes to lectures in the morning she should not do her best to look nice and to talk pleasantly in the evening—a truth which might with advantage be more extensively recognised, not only by the outside world, but by the members of the colleges themselves. The conventional bluestocking is certainly by no means the type to which they need wish to approximate, and the lesson of beauty taught by the fair sights and sounds surrounding them in their Oxford life has to do at least as much with the outward form as with the spirit within.

Literary and other Notes.

By THE EDITOR.

THE Princess Christian's translation of "The Memoirs of Wilhelmine, Margravine of Bayreuth" (David Stott), is a most fascinating and delightful book. The Margravine and her brother, Frederick the Great, were, as the Princess herself points out in an admirably written introduction, "among the first of those questioning minds that strove after spiritual freedom" in the last century. "They had studied," says the Princess, "the English philosophers, Newton, Locke, and Shaftesbury, and were roused to enthusiasm by the writings of Voltaire and Rousseau. Their whole lives bore the impress of the influence of French thought on the burning questions of the day. In the eighteenth century began that great struggle of philosophy against tyranny and worn-out abuses which culminated in the French Revolution. The noblest minds were engaged in the struggle, and, like most reformers, they pushed their conclusions to extremes, and too often lost sight of the need of a due proportion in things. The Margravine's influence on the intellectual development of her country is untold. She formed at Bayreuth a centre of culture and learning which had before been undreamt of in Germany."

The historical value of these "Memoirs" is, of course, well known. Carlyle speaks of them as being "by far the best authority" on the early life of Frederick the Great. But considered merely as the autobiography of a clever and charming woman, they are no less interesting, and even those who care nothing for eighteenth-century politics, and look upon history itself as an unattractive form of fiction, cannot fail to be fascinated by the Margravine's wit, vivacity, and humour, by her keen powers of observation, and by her brilliant and assertive egotism. Not that her life was by any means a happy one. Her father, to quote the Princess Christian, "ruled his family with the same harsh despotism with which he ruled his country, taking pleasure in making his power felt by all in the most galling manner," and the Margravine and her brother "had much to suffer, not only from his ungovernable temper, but also from the real privations to which they were subjected." Indeed, the picture the Margravine gives of the King is quite extraordinary. "He despised all learning," she writes, "and wished me to occupy myself with nothing but needlework and household duties or details. Had he found me writing or reading he would probably have whipped me. He considered music a capital offence, and maintained that every one should devote himself to one object: men to the military service, and women to their household duties. Science and the arts he counted among the seven deadly sins." Sometimes he took to religion, "and then," says the Margravine, "we lived like Trappists, to the great grief of my brother and myself. Every afternoon the King preached a sermon, to which we had to listen as attentively as if it proceeded from an Apostle. My brother and I were often seized with such an intense sense of the ridiculous, that we burst out laughing, upon which an apostolic curse was poured out on our heads, which we had to accept with a show of humility and penitence." Economy and soldiers were his only topics of conversation, his chief social amusement was to make his guests intoxicated, and as for his temper, the accounts the Margravine gives of it would be almost incredible if they were not amply corroborated from other sources. Suetonius has written of the strange madness that comes on kings, but even in his melodramatic chronicles there is hardly anything that rivals what the Margravine has to tell us. Here is one of her pictures of family life at a Royal Court in the last century, and it is not by any means the worst scene she describes:—

> "On one occasion, when his temper was more than usually bad, he told the Queen that he had received letters from Anspach, in which the Margrave announced his arrival in Berlin for the beginning of May. He was coming there for the purpose of marrying my sister, and one of his Ministers would arrive previously with the betrothal ring. My father asked my sister whether she were pleased with the prospect, and how she would arrange her household. Now my sister had always made a point of telling him whatever came into her head, even the greatest home-truths, and he had never taken her outspokenness amiss. On this occasion, therefore, relying on former experience, she answered him as follows:—'When I have a house of my own I shall take care to have a well-appointed dinner-table, better than yours is; and if I have children of my own I shall not plague them as you do yours, and force them to eat things they thoroughly dislike.'—'What is amiss with my dinner-table?' the King inquired, getting very red in the face.—'You ask what is the matter with it?' my sister replied; 'there is not enough on it for us to eat, and what there is, is cabbage and carrots, which we detest.' Her first answer had already angered my father, but now he gave vent to his fury. But instead of punishing my sister, he poured it all on my mother, my brother, and myself. To begin with, he threw a plate at my brother's head, who would have been struck, had he not got out of the way; a second one he threw at me, which I also happily escaped; then torrents of abuse followed these first signs of hostility. He reproached the Queen with having brought up her children so badly. 'You will curse your mother,' he said to my brother, 'for having made you such a good-for-nothing creature.' . . . As my brother and I passed near him to leave the room, he hit out at us with his crutch. Happily we escaped the blow, for it would certainly have struck us down, and we at last escaped without harm."

Yet, as the Princess Christian remarks, "despite the almost cruel treatment Wilhelmine received from her father, it is noticeable that throughout her 'Memoirs' she speaks of him with the greatest affection. She makes constant reference to his 'good heart,' and that his faults 'were more those of temper than of nature.'" Nor could all the misery and wretchedness of her home life dull the brightness of her intellect. What would have made others morbid, made her satirical. Instead of weeping over her own personal tragedies, she laughs at the general comedy of life. Here, for instance, is her description of Peter the Great and his wife, who arrived at Berlin in 1718:—

"The Czarina was small, broad, and brown-looking, without the slightest dignity or appearance. You had only to look at her to detect her low origin. She might have passed for a German actress, she had decked herself out in such a manner. Her dress had been bought second-hand, and was trimmed with some dirty-looking silver embroidery; the bodice was covered with precious stones, arranged in such a manner as to represent the double eagle. She wore a dozen Orders; and round the bottom of her dress hung quantities of relics and pictures of saints, which rattled when she walked, and reminded one of a smartly-harnessed mule. The Orders, too, made a great noise, knocking against each other.

"The Czar, on the other hand, was tall and well-grown, with a handsome face; but his expression was coarse, and impressed one with fear. He wore a simple sailor's dress. His wife, who spoke German very badly, called her Court jester to her aid, and spoke Russian with her. This poor creature was a Princess Gallizin, who had been obliged to undertake this sorry office to save her life, as she had been mixed up in a conspiracy against the Czar, and had twice been flogged with the knout!

"The following day the Czar visited all the sights of Berlin, amongst others the very curious collection of coins and antiques. Amongst these last-named was a statue representing a heathen god. It was anything but attractive, but was the most valuable in the collection. The Czar admired it very much, and insisted on the Czarina kissing it. On her refusing, he said to her, in bad German, that she should lose her head if she did not at once obey him. Being terrified at the Czar's anger, she immediately complied without the least hesitation. The Czar asked the King to give him this and other statues, a request which he could not refuse. The same thing happened about a cupboard, inlaid with amber. It was the only one of its kind, and had cost King Frederick I. an enormous sum, and the consternation was general on its having to be sent to Petersburg.

"This barbarous Count happily left after two days. The Queen rushed at once to Monbijou, which she found in a state resembling that of the fall of Jerusalem. I never saw such a sight. Everything was destroyed, so that the Queen was obliged to rebuild the whole house."

Nor are the Margravine's descriptions of her reception as a bride in the principality of Bayreuth less amusing. Hof was the first town she came to, and a deputation of nobles was waiting there to welcome her. This is her account of them:—

"Their faces would have frightened little children, and, to add to their beauty, they had arranged their hair to resemble the wigs that were then in fashion. Their dresses clearly denoted the antiquity of their families, as they were composed of heirlooms, and were cut accordingly, so that most of them did not fit. In spite of their costumes being the 'Court Dresses,' the gold and silver trimmings were so black that you had a difficulty in making out of what they were made. The manners of these nobles suited their faces and their clothes. They might have passed for peasants. I could scarcely restrain my laughter when I first beheld these strange figures. I spoke to each in turn, but none of them understood what I said, and their replies sounded to me like Hebrew, because the dialect of the Empire is quite different from that spoken in Brandenburg.

"The clergy also presented themselves. These were totally different creatures. Round their necks they wore great ruffs which resembled washing-baskets. They spoke very slowly, so that I might be able to understand them better. They said the most foolish things, and it was only with much difficulty that I was able to prevent myself from laughing. At last I got rid of all these people, and we sat down to dinner. I tried my best to converse with those at table, but it was useless. At last I touched on agricultural topics, and then they began to thaw. I was at once informed of all their different farmsteads and herds of cattle. An almost interesting discussion took place as to whether the oxen in the upper part of the country were fatter than those in the lowlands.

"I was told that, as the next day was Sunday, I must spend it at Hof, and listen to a sermon. Never before had I heard such a sermon! The clergyman began by giving us an account of all the marriages that had taken place from Adam's time to that of Noah. We were spared no detail, so that the gentlemen all laughed and the poor ladies blushed. The dinner went off as on the previous day. In the afternoon all the ladies came to pay me their respects. Gracious heavens! What ladies, too! They were all as ugly as the gentlemen, and their head-dresses were so curious that swallows might have built their nests in them!"

As for Bayreuth itself, and its petty Court, the picture she gives of it is exceedingly curious. Her father-in-law, the reigning Margrave, was a narrow-minded mediocrity, whose conversation "resembled that of a sermon read aloud for the purpose of sending the listener to sleep," and who had only two topics, "Telemachus, and Amelot de la Houssaye's 'Roman History.'" The Ministers, from Baron von Stein, who always said "yes" to everything, to Baron von Voit, who always said "no," were not by any means an intellectual set of men. "Their chief amusement," says the Margravine, "was drinking from morning till night, and horses and cattle were all they talked about." The palace itself was shabby, decayed, and dirty. "I was like a lamb among wolves," cries the poor Margravine; "I was settled in a strange country, at a Court which more resembled a peasant's farm, surrounded by coarse, bad, dangerous, and tiresome people."

Yet her *esprit* never deserted her. She is always clever, witty, and entertaining. Her stories about the endless squabbles over precedence are extremely amusing. The society of her day cared very little for good manners, knew indeed very little about them, but all questions of etiquette were of vital importance, and the Margravine herself, though she saw the shallowness of the whole system, was far too proud not to assert her rights when circumstances demanded it, as the description she gives of her visit to the Empress of Germany shows very clearly. When this meeting was first proposed, the Margravine declined positively to entertain the idea. "There was no precedent," she writes, "of a King's daughter and an Empress having met, and I did not know to what rights I ought to lay claim." Finally, however, she is induced to consent, but she lays down three conditions for her reception:—

"I desired first of all that the Empress' Court should receive me at the foot of the stairs; secondly, that she should meet me at the door of her bedroom; and, thirdly, that she should offer me an arm-chair to sit on.

"They disputed all day over the conditions I had made. The two first were granted me, but all that could be obtained with respect to the third was that the Empress would use quite a small arm-chair, whilst she gave me a chair.

"Next day I saw this Royal personage. I own that had I been in her place I would have made all the rules of etiquette and ceremony the excuse for not being obliged to appear. The Empress was small and stout, round as a ball, very ugly, and without dignity or manner. Her mind corresponded to her body. She was terribly bigoted, and spent her whole day praying. The old and ugly are generally the Almighty's portion. She received me trembling all over, and was so upset that she could not say a word.

"After some silence I began the conversation in French. She answered me in her Austrian dialect that she could not speak in that language, and begged I would speak in German. The conversation did not last long, for the Austrian and low Saxon

tongues are so different from each other that to those acquainted with only one the other is unintelligible. This is what happened to us. A third person would have laughed at our misunderstandings, for we caught only a word here and there, and had to guess the rest. The poor Empress was such a slave to etiquette that she would have thought it high treason had she spoken to me in a foreign language, though she understood French quite well."

Many other extracts might be given from this delightful book, but from the few that have been selected some idea can be formed of the vivacity and picturesqueness of the Margravine's style. As for her character, it is very well summed up by the Princess Christian, who while admitting that she often appears almost heartless and inconsiderate, yet claims that, "taken as a whole, she stands out in marked prominence among the most gifted women of the eighteenth century, not only by her mental powers, but by her goodness of heart, her self-sacrificing devotion, and true friendship." An interesting sequel to her "Memoirs" would be her correspondence with Voltaire, and it is to be hoped that we may shortly see a translation of these letters from the same accomplished pen to which we owe the present volume.

"Women's Voices" (Walter Scott) is an anthology of the most characteristic poems by English, Scotch, and Irish women, selected and arranged by Mrs. William Sharp. "The idea of making this anthology," says Mrs. Sharp, in her preface, "arose primarily from the conviction that our women-poets had never been collectively represented with anything like adequate justice; that the works of many are not so widely known as they deserve to be; and that at least some fine fugitive poetry could be thus rescued from oblivion;" and Mrs. Sharp proceeds to claim that "the selections will further emphasise the value of women's work in poetry for those who are already well acquainted with English literature, and that they will convince many it is as possible to form an anthology of 'pure poetry' from the writings of women as from those of men." It is somewhat difficult to define what "pure poetry" really is, but the collection is certainly extremely interesting, extending, as it does, over nearly three centuries of our literature. It opens with "Revenge," a poem by "the learned, virtuous, and truly noble ladie," Elizabeth Carew, who published a "Tragedie of Mariam the Faire Queene of Jewry," in 1613, from which "Revenge" is taken. Then come some very pretty verses by Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle, who produced a volume of poems in 1673. They are supposed to be sung by a sea-goddess, and their fantastic charm and the graceful wilfulness of their fancy are well worthy of note, as these first stanzas show :—

"My cabinets are oyster-shells
In which I keep my Orient pearls;
And modest coral I do wear
Which blushes when it touches air.

"On silvery waves I sit and sing,
And then the fish lie listening:
Then resting on a rocky stone,
I comb my hair with fishes' bone;

"The whilst Apollo with his beams
Doth dry my hair from soaking streams:
His light doth glaze the water's face
And make the sea my looking-glass."

Then follow "Friendship's Mystery," by "The Matchless Orinda," Mrs. Katharine Philips; a "Song," by Mrs. Aphra Behn, the first Englishwoman who adopted literature as a profession; and the Countess of Winchelsea's "Nocturnal Reverie." Wordsworth once said that, with the exception of this poem and Pope's "Windsor Forest," the "poetry of the period intervening between 'Paradise Lost' and 'The Seasons' does not contain a single new image of external Nature," and though the statement is hardly accurate, as it leaves Gay entirely out of account, it must be admitted that the simple naturalism of Lady Winchelsea's description is extremely remarkable. Passing on through Mrs. Sharp's collection, we come across poems by Lady Grisell Baillie; by Jean Adams, a poor serving-maid in a Scotch manse, who died in the Greenock workhouse; by Isobel Pagan, an Ayrshire "lucky," who kept an alehouse, sold whisky without a licence, and sang her own songs as a means of subsistence; by Mrs. Thrale, Dr. Johnson's friend; by Mrs. Hunter, the wife of the great anatomist; by the worthy Mrs. Barbauld, and by the excellent Mrs. Hannah More. Here is Miss Anna Seward, called by her admirers "The Swan of Lichfield," who was so angry with Dr. Darwin for plagiarising some of her verses; Lady Anne Barnard, whose "Auld Robin Gray" was described by Sir Walter Scott as "worth all the dialogues Corydon and Phillis have together spoken from the days of Theocritus downwards;" Jean Glover, a Scottish weaver's daughter, who married a strolling player, and became the best actor and singer of the troop; Joanna Baillie, whose tedious dramas thrilled our grandfathers; Mrs. Tighe, whose "Psyche" was very much admired by Keats in his youthful days; Frances Kemble, Mrs. Siddons' niece; poor L. E. L., whom Disraeli described as "the personification of Brompton, pink satin dress, white satin shoes, red cheeks, snub nose, and her hair *à la* Sappho;" the two beautiful sisters, Lady Dufferin and Mrs. Norton; Emily Brontë, whose poems are instinct with tragic power, and quite terrible in their bitter intensity of passion, the fierce fire of feeling seeming almost to consume the raiment of form; Eliza Cook, a kindly, vulgar writer; George Eliot, whose poetry is too abstract, and lacks all rhythmical life; Mrs. Carlyle, who wrote much better poetry than her husband, though this is hardly high praise; and Mrs. Browning, the first really great poetess in our literature. Nor are contemporary writers forgotten. Christina Rossetti, some of whose poems are quite priceless in their beauty; Mrs. Augusta Webster, Mrs. Hamilton King, Miss Mary Robinson, Mrs. Craik; Jean Ingelow, whose sonnet on "A Chess-King" is like an exquisitely carved gem; Mrs. Pfeiffer; Miss May Probyn, a poetess with the true lyrical impulse of song, whose work is as delicate as it is delightful; Mrs. Nesbit, a very pure and perfect artist; Miss Rosa Mulholland, Miss Katharine Tynan, Lady Charlotte Elliot, and many other well-known writers, are duly and adequately repre-

sented. On the whole, Mrs. Sharp's collection is very pleasant reading indeed, and the extracts given from the works of living poetesses are extremely remarkable, not merely for their absolute artistic excellence, but also for the light they throw upon the spirit of modern culture.

It is not, however, by any means a complete anthology. Dame Juliana Berners is possibly too antiquated in style to be suitable to a modern audience, but where is Anne Askew, who wrote a ballad in Newgate, and where is Queen Elizabeth, whose "most sweet and sententious ditty" on Mary Stuart is so highly praised by Puttenham as an example of "Exargasia," or The Gorgeous in Literature? Why is the Countess of Pembroke excluded? Sidney's sister should surely have a place in any anthology of English verse. Where is Sidney's niece, Lady Mary Wroth, to whom Ben Jonson dedicated the "Alchemist"? Where is "the noble ladie Diana Primrose," who wrote "A Chain of Pearl, or a memorial of the peerless graces and heroic virtues of Queen Elizabeth, of glorious memory"? Where is Mary Morpeth, the friend and admirer of Drummond of Hawthornden? Where is the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of James I., and where is Anne Killigrew, maid of honour to the Duchess of York? The Marchioness of Wharton, whose poems were praised by Waller; Lady Chudleigh, whose lines beginning—

> "Wife and servant are the same,
> But only differ in the name;"

are very curious and interesting; Rachel Lady Russell, Constantia Grierson, Mary Barber, Lætitia Pilkington; Eliza Haywood, whom Pope honoured by a place in the "Dunciad"; Lady Luxborough, Lord Bolingbroke's half-sister; Lady Mary Wortley Montagu; Lady Temple, whose poems were printed by Horace Walpole; Perdita, whose lines on the snowdrop are very pathetic; the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, of whom Gibbon said that "she was made for something better than a Duchess;" Mrs. Ratcliffe, Mrs. Chapone, and Amelia Opie, all deserve a place on historical, if not on artistic grounds. In fact, the space given by Mrs. Sharp to modern and living poetesses is somewhat disproportionate, and I am sure that those on whose brows the laurels are still green would not grudge a little room to those the green of whose laurels is withered and the music of whose lyres is mute.

One of the most powerful and pathetic novels that have recently appeared is "A Village Tragedy" (Bentley and Son) by Margaret L. Woods. To find any parallel to this lurid little story one must go to Dostoieffski, or to Guy de Maupassant. Not that Mrs. Woods can be said to have taken either of these two great masters of fiction as her model, but there is something in her work that recalls their method; she has not a little of their fierce intensity, their terrible concentration, their passionless yet poignant objectivity; like them, she seems to allow life to suggest its own mode of presentation; and, like them, she recognises that a frank acceptance of the facts of life is the true basis of all modern imitative art. The scene of Mrs. Woods's story lies in one of the villages near Oxford; the characters are very few in number, and the plot is extremely simple. It is a romance of modern Arcadia—a tale of the love of a farm-labourer for a girl who, though slightly above him in social station and education, is yet herself also a servant on a farm. True Arcadians they are, both of them, and their ignorance and isolation only serve to intensify the tragedy that gives the story its title. It is the fashion now-a-days to label literature, so no doubt Mrs. Woods's novel will be spoken of as "realistic." Its realism, however, is the realism of the artist, not of the reporter; its tact of treatment, subtlety of perception, and fine distinction of style, make it rather a poem than a *procès-verbal;* and though it lays bare to us the mere misery of life, it suggests something of life's mystery also. Very delicate, too, is the handling of external Nature. There are no formal guide-book descriptions of scenery, nor anything of what Byron petulantly called "twaddling about trees," but we seem to breathe the atmosphere of the country, to catch the exquisite scent of the bean-fields, so familiar to all who have ever wandered through the Oxfordshire lanes in June, to hear the birds singing in the thicket, and the sheep-bells tinkling from the hill. Characterisation, that enemy of literary form, is such an essential part of the method of the modern writer of fiction, that Nature has almost become to the novelist what light and shade are to the painter—the one permanent element of style; and if the power of "A Village Tragedy" be due to its portrayal of human life, no small portion of its charm comes from its Theocritean setting.

It is, however, not merely in fiction and in poetry that the women of this century are making their mark. Their appearance amongst the prominent speakers at the Church Congress some weeks ago, was in itself a very remarkable proof of the growing influence of women's opinions on all matters connected with the elevation of our national life, and the amelioration of our social conditions. When the Bishops left the platform to their wives, it may be said that a new era began, and the change will no doubt be productive of much good. The Apostolic dictum, that women should not be suffered to teach, is no longer applicable to a society such as ours, with its solidarity of interests, its recognition of natural rights, and its universal education, however suitable it may have been to the Greek cities under Roman rule. Nothing in the United States struck me more than the fact that the remarkable intellectual progress of that country is very largely due to the efforts of American women, who edit many of the most powerful magazines and newspapers, take part in the discussion of every question of public interest, and exercise an important influence upon the growth and tendencies of literature and art. Indeed, the women of America are the one class in the community that enjoys that leisure which is so necessary for culture. The men are, as a rule, so absorbed in business, that the task of bringing some element of form into the chaos of daily life is left almost entirely to the opposite sex, and an eminent Bostonian once assured me that in the twentieth century the whole culture of his country would be in petti-

coats. By that time, however, it is probable that the dress of the two sexes will be assimilated, as similarity of costume always follows similarity of pursuits.

In a recent article in *La France*, M. Sarcey puts this point very well. The further we advance, he says, the more apparent does it become that women are to take their share as bread-winners in the world. The task is no longer monopolised by men, and will, perhaps, be equally shared by the sexes in another hundred years. It will be necessary, however, for women to invent a suitable costume, as their present style of dress is quite inappropriate to any kind of mechanical labour, and must be radically changed before they can compete with men upon their own ground. As to the question of desirability, M. Sarcey refuses to speak. "I shall not see the end of this revolution," he remarks, "and I am glad of it." But, as is pointed out in a very sensible article in the *Daily News*, there is no doubt that M. Sarcey has reason and common sense on his side with regard to the absolute unsuitability of ordinary feminine attire to any sort of handicraft, or even to any occupation which necessitates a daily walk to business and back again in all kinds of weather. Women's dress can easily be modified and adapted to any exigencies of the kind; but most women refuse to modify or adapt it. They must follow the fashion, whether it be convenient or the reverse. And, after all, what is a fashion? From the artistic point of view, it is usually a form of ugliness so intolerable that we have to alter it every six months. From the point of view of science, it not unfrequently violates every law of health, every principle of hygiene. While from the point of view of simple ease and comfort it is not too much to say that, with the exception of M. Félix's charming tea-gowns, and a few English tailor-made costumes, there is not a single form of really fashionable dress that can be worn without a certain amount of absolute misery to the wearer. The contortion of the feet of the Chinese beauty, said Dr. Naftel at the last International Medical Congress, held at Washington, is no more barbarous or unnatural than the panoply of the *femme du monde*.

And yet how sensible is the dress of the London milkwoman, of the Irish or Scotch fishwife, of the North-country factory-girl! An attempt was made recently to prevent the pit-women from working, on the ground that their costume was unsuited to their sex, but it is really only the idle classes who dress badly. Wherever physical labour of any kind is required, the costume used is, as a rule, absolutely right, for labour necessitates freedom, and without freedom there is no such thing as beauty in dress at all. In fact, the beauty of dress depends on the beauty of the human figure, and whatever limits, constrains, and mutilates is essentially ugly, though the eyes of many are so blinded by custom that they do not notice the ugliness till it has become unfashionable.

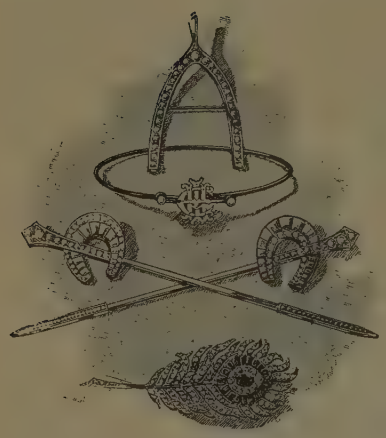
What women's dress will be in the future it is difficult to say. The writer of the *Daily News* article is of opinion that skirts will always be worn as distinctive of the sex, and it is obvious that men's dress, in its present condition, is not by any means an example of a perfectly rational costume. It is more than probable, however, that the dress of the twentieth century will emphasise distinctions of occupation, not distinctions of sex.

It is hardly too much to say that, by the death of the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," our literature has sustained a heavy loss. Mrs. Craik was one of the finest of our women-writers, and though her art had always what Keats called "a palpable intention upon one," still its imaginative qualities were of no mean order. There is hardly one of her books that has not some distinction of style; there is certainly not one of them that does not show an ardent love of all that is beautiful and good in life. The good she perhaps loved somewhat more than the beautiful, but her heart had room for both. Her first novel appeared in 1849, the year of the publication of Charlotte Brontë's "Jane Eyre," and Mrs. Gaskell's "Ruth," and her last work was done for the magazine which I have the honour to edit. She was very much interested in the scheme for the foundation of THE WOMAN'S WORLD, suggested its title, and promised to be one of its warmest supporters. One article from her pen is already in proof, and will appear next month, and in a letter I received from her, a few days before she died, she told me that she had almost finished a second, to be called "Between School-days and Marriage." Few women have enjoyed a greater popularity than Mrs. Craik, or have better deserved it. It is sometimes said that John Halifax is not a real man, but only a woman's ideal of a man. Well, let us be grateful for such ideals. No one can read the story of which John Halifax is the hero without being the better for it. Mrs. Craik will live long in the affectionate memory of all who knew her, and one of her novels, at any rate, will always have a high and honourable place in English fiction. Indeed, for simple narrative power some of the chapters of "John Halifax, Gentleman" are almost unequalled in our prose literature.

The news of the death of Lady Brassey has been also received by the English people with every expression of sorrow and sympathy. Though her books were not remarkable for any perfection of literary style, they had the charm of brightness, vivacity, and unconventionality. They revealed a fascinating personality, and their touches of domesticity made them classics in many an English household. In all modern movements Lady Brassey took a keen interest. She gained a first-class certificate in the South Kensington School of Cookery, scullery department and all; was one of the most energetic members of the St. John's Ambulance Association, many branches of which she succeeded in founding; and, whether at Normanhurst or in Park Lane, always managed to devote some portion of her day to useful and practical work. It is sad to have to chronicle in the first number of THE WOMAN'S WORLD the death of two of the most remarkable English women of our day.

November Fashions.

By Mrs. JOHNSTONE.



Gifts for Bridesmaids.

YEARS and years ago, worthy Philip Stubbes waxed eloquent on the subject of earrings. Speaking of women, he wrote:—"They are so farre bewitched as they are not ashamed to make holes in their ears whereat they hang rings and other jewels of gold and precious stones. But what this signifieth in them I will hold my peace, for the thing itself speaketh sufficiently." Apparently now, in this year of grace 1887, other people have come to think as he did, for earrings have gone out of fashion. Satirists and critics may inveigh as they like, apparently sermonising does little good, unless *La mode* goes with them. Holbein, Albert Dürer, Cellini, and a host of other distinguished artists have not disdained to apply their talents to designs for women's ornaments. Now it would seem that quaint and homely articles serve for the models which please women most, especially for pins and brooches, and it is only occasionally that we fall back upon those fine old mediæval and Etruscan patterns which, in point of beauty, have few rivals. Nevertheless, the curious merry-thought, and peacock's feather brooches in our illustration, would please most people; they are all encrusted with diamonds, emeralds playing their part in the feather, which is a faithful copy of a real one.

Diamonds and pearls are most fashionable. Possibly at some remote period every diamond in the world has formed a part of a growing plant. Science teaches us to regard them as concentrated gas and sunbeams, with a small percentage of ash or earthy salt, and worldlings are apt to remember that, besides enhancing their charms, "Diamonds are portable, and that diamonds are property." Pearls would seem to suit only young and pretty women. Madame de Montespan was always bedecked with them, and Ann of Austria possessed the most lovely pearl necklace in the world; they used to be considered the necessary parure of a Maid of Honour. Young girls wear a single row round the throat, and single bangles of pearls are most popular. The bangle in the illustration is made on a new principle, introduced by Messrs. London and Ryder. It expands in opening for the hand to pass through and closes again, fitting the arm closely. There is no fear of its getting out of order. Many of these bangles have been given during the season as presents to bridesmaids, bearing the united monogram of bride and bridegroom, or this Jubilee year, with the date in diamonds. Diamond pins are much worn in the hair, with stars or without them, and the model given above passes easily through the hair, the jewelled point being slipped on afterwards.

All kinds of materials will be worn this autumn and winter, rich brocaded silks, plain silks and velvets, striped silks, heavy matelassés in wonderful amalgamations of colour, which speak well for our artistic perceptions of tints, but woollens will be in the ascendant. Checks and stripes are often worn alone for country and serviceable gowns of a certain class, but there is a disposition to blend the plain materials with the more elaborately-woven fabrics, which are the distinctive feature of the season. There is a long list of small and large-checked velvets made only for trimming, and usually applied as plain petticoats or panels, waistcoats, collars, and cuffs. Velvet weaving has also been applied to twilled and chevron grounds in plain colours entirely composed of wool. The patterns are large and

Morning Costume. Frock with Velvet Yoke.

bold, mostly reproductions of the designs which have been handed down to us from the reign of Louis XV. and those who immediately succeeded and preceded him. They are certainly expensive, but they make beautiful gowns. The morning dress designed by Messrs. Dickins and Jones, of Regent Street, and here sketched, shows the style in which such materials may be made up. The mode of draping is quite new. The dress is composed of a greyish-blue cashmere, with panels of the woollen brocade, and shows off the soft folds of the cashmere to perfection, revealing, as if by chance, the full beauty of the brocade. The cut of the bodice is novel. The velvet points introduced in front give additional length to the figure, and the use of piping, which for some time has been almost discarded, lends firmness to the edge. It has a habit basque, and velvet forms the revers.

Artists in dress are now compelled to study with peculiar care the lines of the human form divine. The long folds in which so many skirts are allowed to fall are not easy to arrange. The fundamental principle would seem to be to allow the centre of the front to fall as it will, introducing some three or four pleats on either side a few inches below the waist; they dispose themselves differently on almost every figure. The back has to be kept well out by the foundation and under-propping, which should be a steel, placed high up, with only one below it. This necessitates the opening to come a little to the side, and not in the exact centre of the back. A large pouf at the back of the waist is in bad style. What is needed is that the folds should be caught up slightly in the way they most naturally fall, taking care that they do not give the impression of too great width. This is the way in which most dresses are made when they are composed only of one material.

NEW WINTER HATS AND BONNETS.

Children are being dressed in woollens also for every day, as well as for evening wear, except perhaps for very full dress occasions, when plush or corded silk is used, but these are the exceptions rather than the rule. There is no radical change in the make of frocks; red and neutral tones are most worn, and some of the plain colours have interwoven patterns adapted to the borders of skirts, and the trimmings of bodices and sleeves. The Norfolk blouse is found to be so useful and comfortable, that many school dresses are in that style. The frock here engraved, made by Messrs. Clack, shows another useful and becoming mode of making. It would be suit-

able to girls of almost any age from five or six to nine or ten. The skirt is pleated. There is a sash tunic which appears beneath the jacket bodice; this has a pointed velvet yoke which is new. It could be made up all of one tone, or in contrast, as for example the velvet ruby, the dress itself cream, or two shades of brown would look admirably well.

The time has come when a warm mantle is most acceptable. The first in our illustration (p. 45) is well adapted to three purposes: for walking, driving, or evening wear. It is made in a brown figured camel's-hair cloth, soft, warm, and undeniably handsome. It is trimmed with braided passementerie and lace. Long points of plush distinguish the shape, which is calculated to give a majestic grace to the figure, and it would suit either a short or tall woman. The clasps introduced upon it are very well wrought. It is lined with pale blue striped silk and is very light, which is a good point in long cloaks; it is so difficult to combine warmth and lightness. It can be made in any tone desired, such as a fancy grey camel's-hair with black trimmings, or if intended for evening only, in crimson velvet. Women with good figures cling to the coat shape; in velvet such coats are apt to wear out too quickly, in cloth they are not important enough for all occasions, but plush has none of these drawbacks; and it is in myrtle-green plush with rich grey, gold, and black trimmings that the coat is made which appears in our sketch. It has a gimp girdle coming from beneath the side revers, and the passementerie and the drooping cords tagged at the tips greatly distinguish it. It has two large pleats at the back, which are just gathered at the top, and it opens the entire length of the skirt quite in the centre, so there is no fear, with ordinary care, that it will be unduly crushed when its wearer sits down. English women have not yet so far sacrificed themselves to the exigencies of dress as to wear garments in which they can only stand or walk, as fashionable women in other countries have the credit of doing. This coat is lined with satin, and has imitation but important-looking pockets at the sides. Several Royal ladies have looked with favour on this particular cloak, and many of the same style are being made for Sandown and other gatherings of a similar class.

Brocaded velvets, as well as brocaded cloth, are used for this year's mantles, but not much of the least expensive kinds of velvet brocade. Peau de soie façonné is newer and more durable. Hitherto peau de soie has presented a plain surface, and has been principally used for low bodices; now it has been brought out much thicker, solely for panels, and covered with brocade, the design generally in stripes sufficiently far apart to display the ground well, and never very stiff or regular. It wears well and shows off the many beautiful trimmings introduced this season. Velvet as well as silk has met with novel treatment, and for the first time has appeared with a watered surface, and it is of watered velvet that the third mantle is made. It is trimmed with chenille and gold, is pointed at the back, has large sleeves, with fur introduced down the front, round the neck, and on the sleeves. The last figure wears a shorter make of mantle which is also much worn. The material is brown plush, and coral is introduced into the beadwork with bronze and tinsel. Labrador fur is used upon it, which is white at the tips. This could be equally well carried out in the fashionable matelassés, which when they were worn some years ago established their fame for looking well and wearing well. It is a wonder they have not been re-introduced before.

There will, no doubt, be more black mantles sold this winter than any others, but some of the handsomest Paris models are brown or dark green—naturally they require bonnet and dress to be in unison; whereas a black cloak can be worn with everything, hence its popularity.

Some of the newest bronze cloaks have chenille passementerie and feather trimming of a new kind—cock's feathers being used instead of marabout's. In many of the new galons no beads are introduced, but they are elaborately made with cord, and wherever it is possible a tinsel effect is the result. Formerly only one class of trimming was introduced on one cloak, and if fur was used nothing else was required; now fur is supplemented by galons, and handsome ornaments of every kind, and deep tagged chenille fringes and bead fringes appear from beneath the fur borders.

Elderly women need to choose cloaks with discretion, especially where a reduction of the apparent bulk of the wearer has to be considered. Some of this year's shapes have been designed specially for the purpose, with long, wing-like sleeves which fall at the side in such a way that they combine to diminish the width. A few of these are made in poult de soie façonné, and are light in weight. Many smart-looking mantles are to be had which are not overwhelmingly costly, and some of the newest are made with hoods and trimmed with Russian hare, which, like the Lapland fox, is tipped with white. It resembles many other furs now worn, for it is dyed, and by a clever process the tips, covered with acid, do not take the colour but remain white. Grey furs are worn again, blue-grey of tone after the order of blue fox but darker. The new skin of this kind is called Mouflon, and it is of this that many of the long boas are made which reach to the feet. English women have long throats and wear high collars, and these soft fur boas suit them so well that each year they come back into favour with such changes as the furriers and mantle-makers are able to devise. It must be the hardest of hard work to invent new things, and nobody yet has been able to speak authoritatively and decidedly as to who it is we have to thank for the follies and instances of good and bad taste for which Dame Fashion is responsible. Paris at one time reigned supreme, now she only takes her part, and if any particular success of the moment is traced to its source, it generally has a caprice for its origin, for which a pretty woman is responsible. Sometimes those who provide are able, luckily for them, to induce their customers to buy what they have, and be content therewith, but the public have acquired a habit of deciding for themselves, to drive and not be driven, so there is more of speculation than is altogether desirable when novelties are laid before a critical community, who know what they want and will have it.

Sealskin never goes long out of favour. The newest

sealskin jackets are quite short, and are sometimes made close-fitting back and front, sometimes only in the back, loose and double-breasted in the front, fastened with large brown buttons, and having a revers at the throat. Some of the handsomest seal coats reach to the ground, but it is newer to have them made short at the back, long in front, forming two ends, and bordered with fox-fur. To make them complete they must be accompanied by a muff to match. There is nothing very new in the shape, they taper towards the top and widen at the base, and sometimes tiny beaver heads are introduced, or butterflies made in fur, or merely a bow of ribbon. The chief point is that the fur should be good in colour and close in the pelt. Toques are made to be worn with them, with a bunch of cock's feathers or a parrot's head and wings nestling at the side. Toques are large, and many of them are pointed above the face; they were apt to hide the hair in front too much. The Olivia cap, followed by the Olivia bonnet, gave the idea which has been now wisely applied to toques.

FASHIONABLE FURS.

Fur capes have assumed many new forms. Some are shaped to the shoulders and do not disguise the figure quite so thoroughly as they were wont to do; some are mere plastrons covering the chest well and forming a point at the waist; others, like that in our illustration, take the form of a habit-shirt, with epaulettes of gimp, to which cords are attached which cross the chest and fasten on the opposite side. They are particularly smart-looking, and in truth are almost, if not quite, as warm as any mantle.

Sable is always well worn by those who can afford it. It fluctuates much in price, but is not so costly this year as it is sometimes. Beaver is used for trimmings, being of a colour that goes well with the tone of cloth now in vogue, most of the winter cloths having what is called beaver linings, viz., a soft interwoven lining. Fox and skunk are always to the fore, and some of the best fox-skins are very good indeed. Chinchilla has been brought back to favour for children's wear, entire hats being made of it, with brims that turn up from the face. Care has to be taken in choosing fine, close skins, and then they are the very things for children. Bonnets are made of it, lined with soft pink, and with caps of a number of loops of pink ribbon; the grey of the fur forms a most happy contrast with the pink. It also trims the soft woollen stuffs well of which their little cloaks are made; and sheep-skins, with the fleece uncurled, but combed, are used also, for the double-breasted paletots, and give great satisfaction, for they feel soft, and, moreover, look new whenever they are combed and washed.

If it is true that most of the woes of women can be considerably assuaged by the possession of a new bonnet, this should be a happy time, for there are not only many new bonnets, but a great variety in them. In our engraving (page 42) the leading shapes are shown. "The Queen" is the name given to the one with the flaring crown, because it is not very unlike what our Gracious Sovereign wore at the period when she ascended the throne. It is equally as well suited to a child as to a grown-up person, and it is really becoming to young women and old. It is drawn at the edge, the crown is stiff, and there is a group of feathers at the side; the strings come quite from the back, and above the face the inside lining is visible.

Watered velvet is much worn in millinery, and it appears frequently in the new bonnets. It is of grey watered velvet that the bonnet is made which is arranged in three pleats over the face, forming a pouf, supported by wings, which give it great height. This is a style which is generally worn, and it is not difficult to carry out, for the wings are a trimming in themselves, and the material between falls in natural pleats and folds. Nearly every bonnet has strings; some of them, but not many, have two sets, both made of inch-wide ribbon. But striped Chameleon ribbon is the greatest novelty; it has the effect of shot silk, but the amalgamated colour is produced by dyeing one tone on another. Reds and blues, browns and gold, greys and reds, and many other tones are thus blended, and on this chameleon ground, moire stripes of a darker tint are often introduced. Shot velvet ribbon, with a reversible satin side, is also used for strings.

Birds' wings and plumage generally show the same idea of the chameleon shading, and a great many birds are worn, and many parts of the bird. The bonnet made of mousse velvet is bordered with small wings of a green bird, set quite closely together, with a very full front. Fancy plumes are made up of heads, wings, and bodies. Vulture-plumes, curled and twisted curiously, are introduced into many aigrettes. They are dyed every colour, and are one of the most marked novelties in bonnets and hats. Birds of paradise dispute the palm with cocks' feathers, which are put on bonnets as they are on helmets, giving a most military appearance to the womanly head-gear. It requires all the rich bead and chenille embroidery now used to counteract the effect. Throughout the year straw is the one material that never goes out, and a vast number of straw bonnets are made with rows of velvet alternating with the straw, or with velvet crowns and straw brims, or made entirely of straw. There is a disposition to mix the colourings, as in our illustration, which is a combination of red and blue narrow plait, and it is this which forms the brim arranged in close-set loops, a new treatment of straw. The strings cross on the crown, and very little trimming is needed.

WINTER MANTLES AND MANTELETS.

Hats are high, with narrow brims, and low, with wide ones, and one of the new shapes is copied faithfully from the broad-brimmed felt of M. le Curé cord tassel, and all but turned up three times in a manner not

affected by the clerics. The peaked caps, after the order of both cricketing-caps and midshipmen's, are so very becoming that they are made in tones to match the costume, with Surah crowns and velvet peaks, sometimes with a device embroidered in front. With this there is just the fear that they may become vulgar, but, with care, they are piquant and charming. There are shapes to suit all occasions and all faces. The "Sailor" is reproduced, with a higher crown, in velvet, and the "Marshal's Hat" has been reduced in size and brought out to suit the requirements of women who have succeeded in rendering it bewitching. What could any gallant man require more? And no Marshal of so polite a nation as France could naturally wish to see his hat converted to a more charming purpose.

PARIS.

PARISIANS are gradually returning to their gay and brilliant capital. Women of fashion and of independent means linger as long as possible in some health-resort of the sunny South, or they settle down for a few months in their beautiful châteaux to enjoy the freedom and pleasures of a refined country home, and to take a share in the outdoor sports of the sterner sex. To shoot in the fields, and to hunt in the forest, sportswomen are anxious to don unique though dashing costumes, copied as much as possible from those worn by their male friends, but transformed, so to speak, by the fairy touch of feminine taste and grace. The horsewoman being the most intrepid, we will for this reason first attend to her attire. There is, however, really nothing new to report; the riding-dress belonging to the classic type allows of but a few changes. It has to be always of perfect fit, quite plain, and usually in black or dark blue cloth, although sometimes a green or an otter cloth may be preferred. The clinging skirt just touching the ground is wisely provided with a curved seam, forming a slight fulness, in which the knee is moulded; this slight curve is hidden when walking into a fold, obtained by looping up the extra fulness with a button. The glove-fitting habit-bodice is fastened with small grelots in either silk crochet-work or plain gimp; the throat is encircled by a straight linen collar secured with a man's pin, and the close-fitting sleeves button over linen cuffs. Below the breeches or tights, in grey, red, or beige elastic silk, the cloth gaiters reach, matching, like the silk stockings, the colour of the habit. The high silk hat, *de rigueur* in town, is replaced in the country by a small hat in black, grey, or maroon felt, similar to those worn during the summer by our youthful élégantes who affect tailor-made costumes. Such is the correct style of the riding-habit as understood by French equestrians, but it is highly important to specify that this ordinary dress, if tolerated, is not considered in the best taste. The true elegance is to have the riding-habit harmonising with the equipage or retinue of the hosts. Short skirt, habit bound with velvet, coquettish three-cornered hat in felt, lined with velvet and trimmed either with feather or with a plain galloon, the whole chosen with a due regard to the specified colours, is considered a garb of supreme *bon ton*, and a compliment paid to the hosts. It has, however, the great drawback of being an expensive fashion for women who during the season visit several friends, and to obviate this difficulty it has been decided to wear red habits. When inviting her guests the châtelaine frequently forwards them the *bouton de l'équipage*, which is really a rosette in the colours of the retinue. To receive this *bouton* from a princely house is a compliment. If the Amazon dress does not give much scope for the whims of fashion, such is not the case with the costumes adapted for carriage wear in which to drive to the meet. They must be rather dashing, yet treated with a certain masculine simplicity. The Directoire redingote, the Louis XIII. and Louis XV. vests, and the large Gainsborough felt hat decked with

PROMENADE COSTUME—CARRIAGE VISITE.

nodding plumes, are the salient features of the picturesque attire, made in special materials, notably in velvet encrusted with leather, in Rob Roy green cloth, perforated with open-work embroidery, and mounted on a bright foundation of scarlet flannel, and in several kinds of homely cheviots smartened up with velvet. A short skirt partly concealed with a drapery deftly caught up in formal folds, a velvet waistcoat, or a kid plastron, combine the most suitable accoutrements invented for such occasions. A costume in green silk velvet with scrolls in bronze kid is also admissible, as well as a neater one in beaver-coloured cloth, with a front in fur or Swedish kid, and a small partridge-wing or woodcock's head added to the waterproof felt hat.

The new jackets too, with their military braiding and froggings, completed with gimp epaulettes and stylish hoods, are in excellent taste on such occasions when worn over a redingote of shaggy cloth.

A glance at our illustrations reveals the style of promenade costume and hats we are now wearing in Paris—for, truth to say, French women much affect stylish hats during this demi-saison. The outdoor dress, designed by Mme. Cavally, Boulevard des Italiens, consists of Vandyke cloth, pinked out at the edge, and draped with a moyen-âge pleat over a black velvet skirt; the visite is formed of the two materials. The Bragance bonnet has a crown, strings, and bows of pale green watered ribbon; the sides are black velvet with picotees embroidered in gold, and the aigrette is a graceful amalgamation of feathers and wings.

The hats in the second engraving are designed by Mme. Virot, Rue de la Paix. The Du Barry is in moss-green plush, with a bow and strings of white and maize watered ribbons. The aigrette is white. In the D'Estrées hat, which is of grey felt, the brim is turned up at the back, the large bow is of grey satin ribbon, and grey feathers intermingle with its loops.

The month of November is likely to be very gay in Paris this year. Many wealthy and aristocratic families have had to return to town unusually early to attend a few grand marriages, such as the one of the Duchesse de Castries with the Vicomte Emmanuel d'Harcourt, and that of Mlle. de Behague with the Comte de Janay. Numerous brilliant parties and festivities have necessarily been given to celebrate those fashionable weddings, and plenty of gaieties are in store for some, and plenty of work for others, which will impart a great impetus to all branches of trade. Meanwhile, the principal firms devoted to women's requirements have for some time been busily preparing wonderful creations, both for these ceremonies and for the autumn season. Mlle. Corbay-Wenzel has already on view a splendid assortment of new costumes and mantles to suit even the most fastidious tastes. Amongst the choice it is somewhat puzzling to select a few models illustrating the leading types of winter fashions. There is quite a *furore* for antique watered silk, and the bright material, with its rippling waves, is seen on almost every dress and mantle, either as a sash, a bow, a drapery, or a panel. Here, for instance, is an extremely lady-like costume in brick-red cloth, with a plain skirt in moire silk; a panel of the same material also brightens up on the right side the drooping drapery of the tunic, whilst on the left it is raised high over the hip to display the skirt. The Directoire bodice is fastened across a puffed front in pink gauze, by a wide tab secured on each side with glittering clasps of beaded gimp. Pekin, or striped silk, has been employed for two demi-toilette gowns; in one, very wide satin stripes cross the moss-green Sicilienne ground, and are used not only for the skirt and the bodice, but for the paniers, which are gracefully looped up over the hips. This drapery, carried to the back, falls in straight folds. The tablier and shrt are of self-toned China crape, sparingly but tastefully embroidered to correspond with the bands which frame the puffed front, and are continued at the back as braces. The other model of striped black moire and faille is much in the same style, but more suitable for a matron, as it is trimmed with black Chantilly lace instead of with embroidered crape; and with this lace the blouse and graceful coquilles pleatings are formed.

Satin merveilleux is not altogether set aside, as proved by a charming gown made entirely of satin in the quiet tint known as "Cordovan leather;" the tablier is arranged in soft waves, and the back in rigid though artistic pleats, on each side of which sparkle *pentes* wrought in iridescent jet and chenille; the plastron displayed on the coat-bodice matches these *pentes* or panels.

Mlle. Corbay-Wenzel has also a great variety of pelisses prepared for the cold weather. The shapes do not apparently exhibit anything strikingly new, but the materials and trimmings are extremely elegant—indeed, gorgeous. The skilful weaving, artistic designs, and kaleidoscopic colouring are almost beyond description. The wraps—out of the common run—are made generally of two rich stuffs. A graceful coat, in superb Genoa plush, close-fitting at the back, has its straight and semi-loose fronts in green velvet, as well as the pendent sleeves, which reach to the edge of the garment, and are all aglow with gimp silk and emerald beads. The lining, in light green satin, contrasts softly with the deep emerald-green of the glossy pile; from the opening at the back a few pleats or kiltings of the dress-skirt escape, also in the plain green velvet. Another cloak cut as a *mante*, loose in front and close-fitting to the figure at the back, is in black luminous moire silk, over which have been lightly thrown delicate traceries of plain satin; the skirt, kilted fan shape, is in velvet, and fastened at the waist by a huge gimp motif in silk and jet, shining between two bands of marten-tail fur; the quilting is in a warm shade of garnet satin. A redingote, in coarse-tinted vicuna, describing in front pilgrim sleeves, is closely gathered at the bend of the back, where an insertion is placed of otter-brown velvet between two gold galloons. The small visite shape is still in favour. Here is one in green Bengaline, cut short at the back where the cape finishes at the waist. It is ornamented in front with a plastron and long stole ends of blue fox, over which are attached beaded fasteners, alternating with fluffy bows of moss-green satin. A simpler model is made with tabac d'Espagne cloth, adorned with open-work, silk rosettes, and black jet. A motif in passementerie, with drops,

secures the garment at the waist. The pagoda sleeves, and likewise the collar, are bordered with black musquash fur, whilst the Louis XIII. waistcoat is in black velvet.

As regards novelties in head-gear, a visit to Mme. Virot, the "queen of milliners," will at once initiate us into the secrets of the most *recherché* styles. In the renowned show-rooms of the Rue de la Paix, the toque is the leading model. The beret (a kind of Tam O'Shanter), in grey cloth, appears as a souvenir from the seaside, where the picturesque cap was in great vogue. However, when worn in town it is rendered more ornamental—for example, with a marabout trimming cunningly arranged as a scarf, and intermingled with large, upright loops of ribbon in silver-grey satin, spangled with steel balls. The same shape in willow-green moire is stylishly veiled with gold lace, and encircled with a band of black feathers. The stiff loops, in black velvet, are caught up with tiny buckles in paste diamonds. The Zamoijska toque, in moss-green velvet, is bordered with a frilling of mordoré plush, a blending of colours at present most fashionable. At the side and in front bows of green moire stand erect, and a cluster of quills or *couteaux* feathers in tinted green bronze. The toque chasseur, in old-gold velvet, has its pleated crown crossed with a scarf in fawn-coloured watered silk, whilst its peculiar high and pointed front is flanked with two quails, placed with their wings upwards to simulate aigrettes. Another type of hat is in chestnut-brown velvet; maroon corded silk is used for the soft crown, and at the side is arranged a lovely aigrette, composed of a nest of loops, in moire ribbon, shot willow-green and pink, against which a woodcock is very cosily resting. To complete this enumeration of varieties of toques the cocotte model must be mentioned, in flame-red velvet, and with a crown of tan-coloured moire, folded deftly so as to form two ears, framing on each side a large cock, with its glittering metallic plumage slightly flattened down over the top of the hat, and proudly raising its head in front with its cockscomb in flaring red velvet. Imagine a sprightly brunette wearing such a cap! Not less quaint, if less showy, is the Russian toque in phosphorescent green velvet, surrounded with a wreath of ears in fur in the centre of which a delicate sable's head peeps out.

THE DUBARRY AND THE D'ESTRÉES HATS.

THE WOMAN'S WORLD.

Miss Anderson in the "Winter's Tale."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

I HAVE been a play-goer for over forty years, during which I have seen many a star rise and set—in fact, the whole dramatic hemisphere has changed; and there have been countless alterations, some for the better, and some for the worse. But my hearty love and appreciation of histrionic art has never altered; I now feel a play as keenly as a girl of sixteen—while bringing to it also the cool criticism of a lifetime's experience; therefore I think I may be listened to in a matter wherein the London critics seem to have been very unfair.

I did not join in the first *furore* over Miss Mary Anderson. She appeared to me a beautiful, intelligent, and attractive woman; but whether she would ever make a great actress remained to be proved. It depended upon her being able to keep a steady head, in spite of popular admiration—so as to attain by patient and continuous study that dramatic culture without which beauty and even genius are absolutely useless. Her Parthenia and Galatea, though graceful sketches, scarcely led up to Juliet—a part of which a great actress once said, "We can never understand it till we are too old to play it." No wonder therefore, though she looked it to perfection, and was charming in the lighter scenes, that Miss Anderson failed to attain the tragic height of the sixteen-year-old girl of Verona. Rosalind,

HERMIONE.

(*From a Photograph by Henry Van der Weyde.*)

played just before she left for America, was the first indication of her capacity to impersonate Shakespeare's heroines. The fantastic love-lorn boy-girl, witty and winning, yet never losing her maiden dignity, was played by her better than by anybody since Helen Faucit. She seemed to have in her that rare combination of nature and art, the poet's instinct and the woman's soul, without which no actress need attempt those women of women—Shakespeare's.

Therefore when she came back and announced her daring, unique, and ingenious combination of Hermione and Perdita—mother and daughter—in the *Winter's Tale*, I was eager to see her; all the more because the newspaper critics were against her. But a press verdict is not infallible. I have seen many a poor play and actor written up, many a good one written down, and both at last always found their right level. Most of the objections and condemnations were futile and unnecessary. For instance, the doubling of the parts, so much complained of as "confusion," caused, I found, only the omission of four lines of Perdita's part, and the introduction of a harmless dummy for about three minutes before the curtain's fall. The excisions of words and phrases which the natural growth of refinement between the sixteenth and nineteenth centuries made necessary, were very few; and, much as she has been abused, Miss Anderson was right to make them. All else she has left as she found it. Dear old Will, though he calls a spade a spade, and deals with human nature as he saw it—the human nature of his time—is at heart always pure, always moral. In him you never find that elegant euphuistic glossing over of sin, to be laughed at in comedy and sentimentalised upon in tragedy, which makes one shrink from taking one's young daughters to almost any modern play.

The *Winter's Tale* is essentially a tale, no more. It goes against all the canons of dramatic unity, is full of ridiculous anachronisms, yet has a human interest and poetic charm peculiarly its own. Also it is so seldom acted that it must have come fresh to the London critics, startling them, not out of their proprieties, but out of their improprieties. The picture of a young man and young woman, bachelor and maid, innocently and virtuously in love with one another; of a wife so consciously pure that she can give the kiss of welcome to her husband's friend (as was the custom in Shakespeare's time) without thought of blame, and whose only reproach to that brutal husband is—

> "Adieu, my lord;
> I never wished to see you sorry—now
> I trust I shall"—

was a phase of dramatic interest so new to the present generation of play-goers and play-reviewers, that it must have been to them like a dish of strawberries and cream after feeding upon "high"—very high—venison.

No wonder they carped at it, and at the actress who, instead of the Fedoras and Theodoras in tragedy, and the whole range of transplanted French heroines of comedy, had courage to present to the public two such women—merely women—as Hermione and Perdita.

Miss Anderson is not a perfect Hermione, especially in the first scene, when she does not well manage a not always harmonious voice; and her manner is scarcely stately enough for "the daughter of a king," the matron-queen whose sweet courtesy to her husband's guest is miles removed from modern "flirting." But at once she strikes the keynote of the character—thorough womanliness. Her fondling of Mamillius, her kindliness to her women, her tender playfulness with Leontes, all carry out the true conception of the part. And in the trial scene, when a commoner actress would have given us a ranting tragedy-queen, Miss Anderson is simplicity itself—a wronged, broken-hearted woman, sick and worn, but yet noble in her innocence. Her by-play is excellent, every gesture full of the deepest pathos; and her blank verse—the critics said she did not know how to declaim blank verse—was not "declaimed" at all, but wrung from her, brokenly and by fits, exactly as in such a case would be.

The only fault in this scene—as fine a one as ever Shakespeare wrote—is her parting look of reproach at her husband, which Miss Anderson would do well to reconsider, or omit entirely.

Another stage "point" which was severely commented on, and must have seemed strange to an audience accustomed to watch the ravings of heroines, even when *in articulo mortis*, was Hermione's reception of the tidings that her little son is dead. In that supreme agony she neither shrieks nor moans, but stands paralysed a moment (the stony look of her face is a perfect study), then covers her head with her mantle and sinks slowly down. Genius and nature could alone have suggested to Miss Anderson a gesture so pathetic and so real—just like the peasant-woman who throws her apron over her head. Any one who has ever received from fate a blow which seems to turn the living and breathing woman into an image of stone—conscious only of one instinct, how best to conceal it—will acknowledge the truthfulness of the delineation.

It was a bold idea, a critical test, to disappear from an audience thus, and reappear half an hour after as Perdita—

> ——"the prettiest low-born lass that ever
> Danced on the green sward."

That exquisite creature, in whom "all she does still betters what is done," was never more exquisitely presented than by Miss Anderson, who, physically, is a perfect Shakespeare's woman. Her beauty, her grace, the almost child-like sweetness of her face and gestures, and an atmosphere of innocent simplicity so completely un-"stagey" take one fairly by storm. We follow her with eager eyes, and truly, when she dances, wish her

> ——"a wave o' the sea,
> That she might do it ever."

If any fault can be found in a study that would have charmed Shakespeare's self, it is that the princess-peasant, being a princess, is a little too like the common herd in her demonstrations of affection for her "sweet friend" Florizel. A certain reticence and dignity would have marked her most passionate tenderness. By the way, what a pity that Mr. Forbes Robertson, who acts so well the thankless and too elderly part of Leontes, could not also have doubled it with that of Florizel, and so made a true picture of that brave young prince who has the sense to see in the village-girl a royal nature equal to his own, and holds to her with a pure, passionate love and courageous fidelity. Florizel, usually confided to secondary performers, might, in the hands of a really good actor, be an exceedingly useful study of a young man—a pattern to all the young men of to-day, from the "mashers" in the stalls to the 'Arrys of the gallery.

It is this view of the stage as a great teacher, better than most books and many sermons, which has evoked the present notice of the *Winter's Tale* at the Lyceum. It is a charming spectacle—pleasant to the ear and delightful to the eye; for the artistic *mise-en-scène* is excellent, save the "dummy" baby ("not a judicious baby," as one spectator observed), which rouses in the audience an irresistible titter. The music is very good, except for the evil habit our orchestras are getting into of accompanying special bits, thereby spoiling both music and speeches. Besides all this, it is an innocent play. We come from it entirely free from that "bad taste in one's mouth" with which one generally quits a theatre. Shakespeare, if rough, is always wholesome. In him we never find that condoning and plastering over of vice, which is the curse of the modern stage. "Death is a fearful thing," says Claudio. "And shamed life a hateful," answers Isabella. Nor does he ever make sin anything else than hateful. Dear old Will! even his comedy, when purged of certain verbal grossnesses peculiar to his time, is, as in the *Winter's Tale*, perfectly harmless to pure ears and eyes.

For some months to come, let us hope there will be at least one theatre in London where one can take one's young daughters without tainting their fresh souls by images of wickedness, or, worse, putting vice in such pleasant or pathetic shape that they mistake it for virtue.

Why should it not be so? Why should not managers (who are, many of them, most respectable men and women) and actors (often as good husbands and wives, fathers and mothers, as any of us all), why should they not combine to give the omnivorous British public wholesome food instead of garbage? Its appetite is wholesome still. Witness the honest delight with which it applauds "virtue rewarded and vice punished." What crowds went nightly to see *Olivia*, *Claudian*, and the like! And now every Shakespearean revival may count upon a lengthened "run." Why not give it good food instead of bad?—provided the food is palatable.

And can it be possible that our honest English brains are unable to produce anything which is palatable without being dull? Are managers so afraid of this that their worst condemnation of a play is (I have known it given), "Oh! it will never pay; it is *too moral*"?

How, then, can we stem this fatal tide, which is drifting us off into the lowest depths of Greek and Roman degradation?—all the worse because, like them, it has a smooth surface of artistic beauty and refinement. Will no one raise a warning voice (especially to the young generation), "Take heed where you are going"? And, more, will no one try to arrest them in the fatal way they are going?

We have set aside the old superstition that as the church is God's house (which it is, or ought to be), so the theatre must be the house of the devil. Actors and actresses, too, are not what they often, alas! used to be. Most of them, especially of the higher ranks, are cultivated gentlemen and gentlewomen; and many are very good men and good women, virtuous, domestic, with a high ideal of their art intellectually and morally. So are managers, not a few. Could not these, the wholesome leaven of a corrupt lump, combine to purify the whole lump? Could they not combine to abhor that which is evil, and cleave to that which is good? Better than all the vetoes of the Lord Chamberlain would be an honest lessee, who had the courage to say (as one lessee has been heard to say when urged to accept various French plays), "There are two sorts of love—one fair, one foul: the latter shall never enter my theatre." And if, in support of this, our leading actors, or, better, our actresses—favourites of the public, whom managers must need propitiate—would absolutely refuse to play such a part as Marguerite in *La Dame aux Camellias*, and the countless other parts familiar to the public, of which the whole interest consists in the breaking, or attempted breaking, or pardonable and pathetic breaking of the seventh commandment—what a change would at once be made in the atmosphere of the stage! As great spiritually as that which is soon to be made materially in substituting electric light for gas ("airs from heaven" instead of "blasts from hell"); for to many people coming away from a modern play, as out of the reeking, noxious theatre where it is acted, is like quitting (in plain English) a moral hell—a very ingenious, elegant, amusing hell, but nevertheless as black as Avernus, and into which the descent is quite as easy.

If a reformation is to come at all, it must come, I believe, *from the women.*

Let those actresses—not few, I trust—who are stainless maidens, faithful wives, good mothers, take their stand—as apparently Miss Anderson does—and refuse to act immoral parts in vicious plays. Let them lead the public taste, instead of weakly following it; refuse to pamper its appetite for anything vile; give it strong, pure, and wholesome food. I believe it would "swallow"

the sternest morality, the highest poetry, if put before it in an attractive form.

There can be no earthly objection to what is called "stage upholstery." If the public like *spectacle*, by all means let them have it. A real gem is none the worse for a beautiful setting. The exquisite eye-pictures of the *Winter's Tale* at the Lyceum are truly Shakespearean throughout. Even the slight interpolations of dumb-show crowds, &c., tell exceedingly well. And the world-known parts of Autolycus, Shepherd, and Clown are well sustained by capable actors. But that "dresses, scenery, and decorations" make the whole of a play is as great a mistake as that the play can do without them.

HERMIONE.

(From a Photograph by Henry Van der Weyde.)

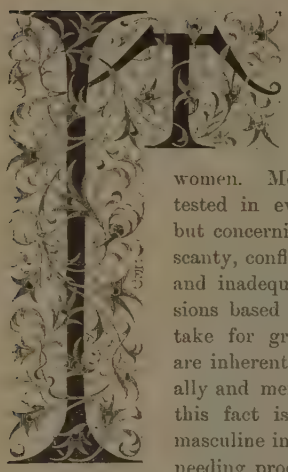
It remains for Miss Mary Anderson, and perhaps for Mr. Wilson-Barrett, who is said to have taken the Globe Theatre, and who, with one or two fatal exceptions, has done more than any manager to raise the

tone of the stage—it remains for these, and those like them, to show that under all its feeble, melodramatic, or vicious outside, there is a wholesome inward vitality in our British drama which now survives all foreign taint, and needs no bolstering-up by translations or imitations, but can be both tragic and comic on its own account. Surely it is monstrous that the country which produced Shakespeare should be obliged to beg, borrow, or steal from other countries the dramatic element which it cannot find itself. It *could* find it if it tried—both plays and actors. Our English stage, like our literature, might be made the greatest and the wholesomest in all the world. We possess good dramatists, good actors, clever managers. Courage only is needed to lead the way; the public would follow like a flock of sheep. That some one will arise and show it, is the earnest hope with which the present paper is written.

PERDITA.

(From a Photograph by Henry Van der Weyde.

The Fallacy of the Superiority of Man.



IT IS a curious anomaly in this age of science that no serious attempt should have been made to estimate exactly the physical and mental powers of women. Men have been weighed and tested in every conceivable manner; but concerning women the evidence is scanty, conflicting, carelessly collected, and inadequate to support the conclusions based upon it. Scientific men take for granted—first, that women are inherently inferior to men, physically and mentally; and, secondly, that this fact is an axiom supported by masculine inner consciousness, and not needing proof. In popular estimation the same belief prevails, usually with a reservation in favour of women on some special point (which men do not covet much for themselves), such as physical charm, or softness of heart, or mental intuition, or spiritual insight, of a kind somewhat vague, indeed, but useful to soothe the self-esteem of women, while man openly rejoices in superiority of all more definite qualities, mental and physical. Once started on the relished theme of their own superiority, even serious men become really too funny; and as by this time there is little that is foolish left unsaid, women may now perhaps hope to have their powers estimated with attention, instead of with the usual outburst of sentimentality. This is not a matter of sentiment, but of fact. The inner convictions of either sex upon the question are worthless. If women are inferior in any point, let the world hear the evidence on which they are to be condemned. If such evidence is not conclusive, they ask that, in fairness, popular judgment be suspended till proofs are forthcoming. Women claim, further, that all tests should be applied to men and women under equal conditions. The statements of doctors, who desire to exclude women from the medical profession, should not be credited without ample inquiry. Nor should the standard by which both sexes are judged be a standard of exclusively masculine excellence. The position of women up to the present time has been that of the ugly duckling when taken to task by the hen and the cat. "Can you purr? Can you lay eggs?" say they. "No! Then you are good for nothing!"

Let us first take the point of bodily strength. It is a matter of common observation that women are weaker than men; yet, if we examine critically the grounds of this belief, we shall find many curious anomalies which merit attention, and raise a doubt whether the sex after all be inherently weaker, or only accidentally enfeebled by modern habits. An in-door life, an inconvenient and unhealthy dress, absence of gymnastics and athletic sports in girlhood, and a food frequently inferior, must act to the disadvantage of women. But how much of the muscular weakness of women may be due to sex, and how much to these preventable circumstances, no one has yet taken the trouble to inquire. The Anthropometric Committee of the British Association have recently published the results of experiments testing the relative strength of men and women, and report an advantage decidedly on the side of men. The experiments on which the report is based gauged the strength of the arm alone. Now the blow of the arm is precisely the point in which men are relatively strongest and women relatively weakest. Man has ever been a combative animal, striking and fighting with the arm both his own kind and Nature. The shoulder is therefore greatly developed. Women, as the guardians of infant life, have their chief strength in supporting burdens. The lower limbs are more muscular than the upper, and the weights they can be trained to carry are enormous. Miss Gordon Cumming relates how she was startled at the loads borne by the women of China. The Indian squaws travel great distances with children on their backs, and tents and baggage piled high above them. The testimony of Hearn, the American traveller, is interesting, and is quoted with approval by Captain Galton. "Women," said he, "were made for labour. One of them can carry or haul as much as two men can do. They also pitch our tents, make and mend our clothing, and, in fact, there is no such thing as travelling any considerable distance without them. Women, though they can do anything, are maintained at trifling expense, for, as they always stand cook, the very licking of their fingers, in scarce times, is sufficient for their subsistence." Galton himself shared this opinion. "There are few greater popular errors," he writes, "than the idea we have mainly derived from chivalrous times, that woman is a weakly creature." De Saussure, in his account of his travels in the then secluded valley of Zermatt, relates how he packed a box with mineral specimens and desired to have a man found to carry it into the next valley to meet the coach. No man in the district, he was told, was capable of even lifting such a weight; but if he would allow a woman to be employed it could be managed without trouble. A woman accordingly carried the box in triumph over the steepest roads to its destination. In some parts of this country (in our coal and iron industries) women are employed to transport heavy loads from one part of the works to another; and the amount of material moved is equal to what men are able to carry. More evidence is needed on this point; but it is certain that a test of strength which includes the arm-blow alone, without any allowance for carrying power, is unfair to the female sex. Further, the men selected for the experiment were working men, accustomed to labour with the arms. To make the test a fair one, even of arm-strength, the comparison

should be with women who labour also with the arm, as in the chain forges of Staffordshire. But the women actually chosen for the comparison were the wives of the labouring men, or persons of sedentary habits, unaccustomed to hard labour. Had such women been compared with male clerks, the difference between the strength of the male and female arm would have been found much less marked. Even this unfair test was applied to so small a number of women that an accurate average could hardly be deduced, as the report itself acknowledged.

It would also be interesting to inquire whether the muscles of women can be trained to bear sustained labour. Dr. Brayton Ball thus quotes the opinion of Haughton expressed in his "Principles of Animal Mechanics:" —"As the capillary vessels of muscle run between the elementary fibres, the amount of blood supply, and consequently the capacity for prolonged work, must vary for the same bulk of muscle in proportion to the smallness of the fibres. In women the fibres are of much smaller size than in men; and Haughton claims to have found, by direct experiment, that the muscles of women are capable of longer-continued work than those of men, though inferior to them in force exerted through a short time." In the *Birmingham Daily Post* not long ago there appeared a report of a meeting of working men called to protest against the employment of women in nailmaking. One of the speakers declared that "women were so unsexed by their occupation that they were able to go on working when he himself was completely used up."

Besides brute strength, another point to be considered in estimating physical superiority is the amount of muscular activity. It is usually admitted that women have the advantage in quickness of movement. The heart beats faster, the breathing is quicker, the nerve currents transmit their messages more rapidly. It is not, therefore, surprising that women execute manual work faster than men. The *Beehive*, a trades union journal, rarely friendly to the female artisan, speaks thus of the cigar trade:—"The difference between the cigars made by the best male hands and the best female hands is not appreciable. In addition, the women make them quicker!" The rapidity with which women count sheets of paper and pack light goods is also worth consideration. Dr. Dio Lewis states that in the Boston School of Physical Education women excelled men in feats of agility. "In every one of the ten classes," he writes, "there were from two to six women superior to all the men." A scientific instrument which records the rapidity with which movement follows sensation appears to show a marked advantage on the side of women. More extended experiments might bring valuable evidence on this point; but, even now, there is reason to believe that in activity women have a natural advantage. Another point which ought to be considered is vital endurance. The chance of life of every girl born is five years longer than that of a boy. It is often assumed that the accidents to which men are exposed account for this difference, but the fallacy of this explanation is exposed when it is perceived that between the ages of fifteen and fifty the mortality of the sexes is more equal, the perils of maternity and diseases consequent upon poverty and low diet bringing up the feminine average. It is in early infancy and extreme old age that the superiority of the female organisation is apparent. The expectation of life of a man of fifty is considerably less than that of a woman of similar age. These facts seem to show that the female sex is better fitted to cope with the conditions of modern life than the male; so much so indeed, that although one hundred and five boys are born to every hundred girls, the survival of the fittest results in a preponderance of women over men in this country of three-quarters of a million. Further, women are less subject to almost all diseases than men. The number of women in hospitals averages less than the number of men. In the universities of America it has been stated that absence on account of illness is less frequent among the women than among the men. The Provident Society of Working Women in France, numbering many thousand members, reports that it has fewer persons on an average on the sick list than any man's society. The same fact has been observed among the friendly and trade societies of this country, and this in spite of the low wages of women—sometimes only 5s. or 6s. a week, a sum on which a diet capable of supporting healthy life can scarcely be procured. These facts are certainly startling. Whatever may be thought of the evidence of their immunity from disease, the fact of the length of life and increasing numbers of women testifies to their superiority in vital endurance.

The organs of sense in the female appear to be more perfect. The proportion of female children born blind, idiot, or deaf is smaller than that of males. Dr. Brundenell Carter, lecturing in 1881 before the Society of Arts, reports, as the result of his investigations, that amongst males the proportion colour-blind is 4·76 per cent., but amongst females only four-tenths per cent. "So that in this country," he says, "the colour-blind females are only one-tenth the number of the colour-blind males."

On the other side of the question Dr. Crichton Browne, in his articles against the education of women, gives great weight to his experiments on the relative quantity of air inhaled by either sex as proving *à priori* the inferiority of the female physique. "The average vital capacity of boys," he says, "is 244 cubic inches; that of girls only 130." We may perhaps be excused from treating his experiments seriously. It is probable that Dr. Browne tested fairly the quantity of air exhaled by the children on the boys' side of the school, where loose clothing was worn and the spirit of emulation in all muscular exercises prevailed. But if he was able to induce schoolgirls to blow themselves vulgarly out to the full extent in the interests of science, he performed a feat which those who know the queer notions of such girls will regard as extraordinary. Moreover, his victims were, of course, attired one and all in tight clothing, so that they could not expand the diaphragm fully even if they would. If the experimenter would direct his arguments against stays instead of against university degrees he might yet do women a service. That they have acquired a bad habit of breathing, from improper clothing, is an

unfortunate fact, but it is yet unproved that the female in natural conditions breathes less air in proportion to her size than the male. Great female singers have invariably capacious chests, and it is unlikely, from the music they sing, that the air they inhale is conspicuously less than that of the male artist.

Dr. Browne has yet another charge against women, which is not advanced for the first time. "There are," he says, "half a million fewer red corpuscles in a cubic millimetre of girls' blood than in the same quantity of boys' blood." The retort to this should be "Which girls and which boys?" If he asserts generally that all persons who live in-doors and take little exercise have fewer red corpuscles than those who romp or work in the open air, few will contradict him. But no one has taken the pains to test whether, in the same family, under the same conditions of air, food, and exercise, the female blood is invariably poorer in quality. Amongst savage races experiments on this point have yet to be made. Another argument brought forward by the medical profession is that the digestive power of women is too feeble to supply much surplus material to devote to manual labour or brain-work. This charge is easily disposed of. There is no proof that the digestive power of man is ever in excess of the needs of his own organism. In the case of woman an immense reserve of vital power exists, which is not only equal to all the needs of the woman herself, but is able to digest food enough to supply nutriment to one or even two additional human beings, and this without any natural loss of flesh or energy. That such an immense addition to the work of the system can be carried on often for years together without loss of strength, shows a marvellous reserve of force in the female organisation, which has apparently escaped the notice of the scientific world. It has always been the fashion amongst men to regard the possibility of motherhood as a disability and a source of weakness to the other sex. It should be rightly considered as a tremendous latent force which might possibly find an outlet in more ways than one.

One more advantage on the side of women may perhaps be mentioned. Of the two the female organisation is naturally more independent than the male. The sexes are, of course, mutually dependent; still, millions of women can and do dispense with male companionship without inconvenience. The customs of society are all directed to counterbalance this advantage by making women dependent upon men for food and clothing. But when once woman secures a separate means of livelihood, Nature gives to her the sceptre of sovereignty, and she is able to dictate to man the conditions of the partnership.

Leaving the physical side, let us now compare the mental calibre of the two sexes. The first argument always brought out by the medical profession is the *à priori* one derived from brain-weight. A woman's brain weighs less than a man's brain; therefore, it is argued, she must be inferior to him in mental power. In the first place, however, it is yet by no means certain that a large brain is superior to all smaller brains. Brain-power depends, authorities tell us, first, upon quality; secondly, upon activity; thirdly, upon size. The man who possessed the heaviest brain yet weighed was an American blacksmith, who does not seem to have been otherwise remarkable, even for the excellence of his iron-work. However, admitting that if the quality and activity be equal, a large brain is superior to a small one, it is still uncertain whether or not women possess smaller brains than men in proportion to their size. When we consider how much of the brain is occupied in controlling muscular movements, it is obvious that the larger animal needs the larger brain to exert the same mental power than the smaller animal. How much less, if any, the female brain weighs in proportion to size, has never yet been calculated. Even the average weight of the female brain itself is not exactly known, as every experimenter gives a different result. Parchappe estimates that the proportion of the female to the male brain is 909 to 1,000. Surely the difference of stature would allow a difference of weight greater than this? Other inquirers give different figures. One of the best-known tables is that quoted by Professor Huxley in his "Man's Place in Nature," where the result seems adverse to feminine pretensions. Allowance must, however, be made for the following considerations. In the case of men a larger number of brains were weighed, amongst which were included the brains of many celebrated men, specially collected for this object. The women's brains were much fewer in number, taken from the lowest source, and did not include the brain of one woman of distinction. A comparison of such material is obviously unfair. Yet amongst the female brains the heaviest brain known to science up to that time was discovered. It weighed several grammes more than the brain of Cuvier. Since that time, however, though great pains have been taken to ascertain the brain-weight of celebrated men, not one record exists of the brain-weight of famous women. The brain of George Eliot was specially remarkable. The following passage occurs in her Life: "Mr. Bray, the enthusiastic believer in phrenology, was so much struck with the grand proportions of her head that he took Marian Evans up to London to have a cast taken. He thinks that, after that of Napoleon, her head showed the largest development, from brow to ear, of any person's recorded."

Whatever may result from more complete investigation with regard to brain-weights, women may expect to gain much by inquiries concerning the quality and activity of brain-matter. "Fine quality of brain," writes Mr. Fowler, the phrenologist, "may be inferred from the fineness of tissues, from delicacy of skin, and fineness of hair." These qualities women undoubtedly possess. Men of poetic temperament have often been like women, of the nervous as opposed to muscular type. The question of muscular activity has already been touched upon. Rapidity of movement is attended by rapidity of nerve currents. As regards activity of brain, the proverbial quickness of women in mental operations supports the theory that they enjoy high activity of brain. Altogether, it is not established that the brain-substance of women shows in itself an inferiority which prevents women from competing with men on equal terms.

Passing from the question of physical inferiority of brain, let us consider how far the achievements of women support the theory of their mental inferiority. Wherever boys and girls are instructed under similar conditions, no marked difference is found in the work of the children. In America, where young men and women follow university courses in the same classes, the results are highly favourable to the female sex. A recent official report of the Cornell University informs us that "during the last ten years the male and female students have followed exactly the same course of studies, have passed the same examinations, and the degree lists prove that the women have passed all tests with the same success as the men. They have taken as high degrees, they have shown themselves capable of bearing the strain of mental labour, and in no point have they shown themselves inferior to the other sex." From England we have the same testimony. In the English universities the relative proportion of women whose names appear in the honour lists is greater than the relative proportion of men. The recent success of Miss Ramsay at Cambridge has had its full effect in contributing to remove the stigma of inferiority from women in popular estimation. The generosity with which men hailed this success was as new as it was unexpected. By overcoming the unworthy jealousy with which they have too often greeted feminine achievements, men have scored as great a moral triumph as women have won in matters intellectual. But even an admission of the talents of women students does not cover the whole of the ground. "How is it," men ask, "that, if women possess an intellectual power equal to that of men, no female Shakespeare has yet appeared; that the greatest artists of the world have been men, and that most important discoveries and inventions have also been the work of men?" If an unbiassed mind will thoroughly and candidly examine this problem, the causes which have in the past acted to extinguish female genius will appear strong enough not only to account for the absence of achievement, but to cause a feeling of surprise that women have found themselves able to accomplish any literary or artistic work at all. One insuperable obstacle to the performance of any great work by women has been the want of education. All colleges and public schools have been closed to them in every past age and in every country. Ignorance of the standards and modes of thought accepted in the learned world has made women diffident. If even in society a woman hazarded an opinion on things profound, it has been an established custom—as we see in old novels and plays—to stop the mouth of the presumptuous one by some classical quotation, which had to her all the terrors of the unknown. Another impediment was the seclusion in which the majority of women were wont to pass their lives. Want of roads and means of locomotion shut them out from a knowledge of the world. Poverty restricted their library, and prevented research or foreign travel. The interests of men circled round the hunting-field and the tavern. The masculine talk was of duelling, of gambling, and of wine; of wars and of adventures, in which women had no share, and which they could not hope to reproduce in literary work. Coarseness of manners, and the necessity of preserving a higher standard of morality, decreed the imprisonment of women, and prevented sympathy of ideas between the sexes. Perhaps more fatal still to feminine effort has been the absence of any inducement to women either to write or to qualify themselves for any literary or scientific work. Men became learned either to make money or to receive honour. For a woman to be learned meant disgrace. To have a serious pursuit beyond the household work was to forfeit the good opinion of every one whom she might hold dear. How bitterly Lady Mary Wortley Montagu writes, even in her time, when she gives advice to her friend on the education of her daughter! "Let her conceal whatever learning she attain with as much solicitude as she would hide crookedness or lameness." It is very difficult for any one to be insensible to the decrees of public opinion, but especially for those who like women are dependent upon public opinion for a livelihood. If you tell one boy you will give him a shilling to run round a field, and another you will give him a thrashing if he attempt the same feat, what wonder that the one should run and the other remain standing? So with men and women. In attempting great work men have always had the crown before them; women could only have the cross in view. Another hindrance to women was, and is still, the want of freedom. Women who are dependent on fathers or husbands for the bread they eat, rarely feel justified or even find it possible to withdraw from household occupations sufficient time to achieve any really great work. A man makes the development of a literary or scientific idea the work of his life. It is for women to bring up his children; to feed, wash, and mend him while he works. The world holds that, in thus tending man, woman fulfils her mission; and it asks of her no more. On the contrary, men have always resented the notion that women could have any work in view other than the care of masculine comforts. For the misguided female creature who might start on the wild-goose chase of achieving worldly fame, no private censure or public ridicule have been too great. Accordingly, we see that no women but those who, by some rare chance, have escaped from masculine domestic rule, have accomplished great intellectual work.

The difficulties which have crushed the literary aspirations of women were even more powerful in preventing excellence in art. So long as women were excluded from schools of painting where live models were studied and anatomy taught, so long their work remained that of amateurs. Women have ever been lovers of music, and have regarded it as a solace for their leisure moments. But no mere tinkler on the piano or guitar, either man or woman, has ever achieved greatness in composition. All the great composers have given up their whole lives to the study of musical construction. They have for years conducted orchestras and lived in the atmosphere of opera houses. Such a training gives a grasp and breadth to musical thought which no solitary performer on one instrument can ever attain. Not till these same conditions are fulfilled for women will their compositions compare favourably with those of men.

Another idea to be combated is that the inferiority

of women is shown by this lack of mechanical ingenuity. Women have made many inventions of which they hardly get the credit. The weaving of silk into a fabric was invented by Si-Lung-Chi, an Empress of China, who is still held in veneration by the Celestials on this account. Women, also, are said to have invented the weaving of gauze. Pillow-lace was invented by one Barbara Uttmann, while Isabella Cumia, of Ravenna, in the twelfth century, took the first steps in the discovery of wood-engraving. In our own times the cotton-gin was invented by an American woman called Greene. This machine, which greatly reduced the cost of cotton manufacture and caused an immense extension of that industry, is used almost unchanged to this day. Numbers of other discoveries are recorded in which either women had the first idea and resorted to the technical skill of men to develop it, or men had the first idea and employed women to investigate, experiment, and assist its progress. In either case, it is needless to say, the whole profit and honour were reaped by men. In the recent development of machinery it is idle to have expected women to bear a part. The first requisite is a knowledge of mechanics, in which science women are never instructed, and of the properties and manipulation of metals, and the use of tools, from which men have jealously excluded the other sex. Domestic life, too, offers a poor field for inventions which can dazzle or delight humanity. If ten persons want to cross a river in a month, a rowing-boat is better adapted to ferry them over than a steamer. In the multifarious duties of women, isolated in separate homes, machinery can never play a great part; and for slicing the family cucumbers no instrument will ever be found better than the common domestic knife. It is only when capitalists desire to feed and clothe the entire world out of their factories for a money profit that labour-saving appliances are called into existence. The one valuable offshoot from the mechanical world which has penetrated the domain of women is the sewing machine. To expect women to have invented it for themselves is as absurd as to expect the rustic to invent the steam-plough, or an able-seaman to construct the modern ironclad. And this tide of invention seems likely to continue in the hands of men. It is probable that the next few years may see a remarkable advance in electrical science. Unless clever men will send their daughters at once into electricians' workshops, men will be certain to score another triumph on their side, and boast of their ingenuity at even greater length.

In all the minor arts women have to contend with difficulties, which accounts for the inferiority of their work. Everywhere men are trained to special trades; women are expected to make themselves generally useful at low salaries. The uncertainty which attends the lot of every woman is in a great measure to blame. No one knows whether, as rich men's wives, girls may need accomplishments; or, as poor men's wives, have to turn everything into account; or whether, indeed, they may ever be wives at all. To train a girl for any occupation is to run a strong risk of having one's pains entirely wasted. The model housewife dies a solitary old maid. The brilliant musician has nineteen children and forgets to teach the piano. The rich man's daughter, accustomed to shine in society, marries a poor curate, and cobbles her husband's socks in solitude; while the perfect cook will marry a drunkard, who brings home no viands to dress. In trades the same difficulty is felt. If a man be educated for any given post he will probably remain at it for the best years of his life. But if you take the same pains to train a woman, the first man who comes along may carry her off as his general servant for life, and you are left lamenting. The one quality certain to be of value to women themselves is their power of turning their hands to any kind of work and performing it fairly well without training. But such labour can never bear comparison with the work of trained hands.

Surely here are difficulties enough in the path of women. Without technical training, without intellectual advantages, without knowledge of the world and its prevalent ideas, tastes, and requirements, without leisure, without freedom, and without money, in the face of public ridicule and private censure, alone, unaided by patrons and unsupported by disciples, what wonder if women have failed to make their talents felt? Men have devoted themselves to their own development; women have been devoted to the development of men. The talents of men have been set upon a candlestick; those of women extinguished under a bushel. Surely it is not strange that the results are different. It is curious to note how, whenever obstacles have been withdrawn, women have won new fields of honour. A remarkable instance of this comes from ancient Greece, which I quote from Symond's "Greek Poets." "The customs of the Ætolians permitted more social and domestic freedom than was common in Greece. Ætolian women were not confined to the harem like Ionians, nor subjected to the rigorous discipline of the Spartans. While mixing freely with male society, they were highly educated and accustomed to express their sentiments to an extent unknown elsewhere in history until indeed the present time. It is noticeable that of four Lesbian poets three were women (one of them the immortal Sappho), whom Aristotle places in the same rank with Homer. In Thebes, which was also an Ætolian city, Myrtis and Corinna rivalled Pindar." After this burst of sunshine the prospects of women clouded over, and are only now beginning to brighten. Once women were held incapable of acting plays: to-day not only are they present on the stage, but they eclipse the male artist. A century ago the writings of women were treated with contempt: to-day it is acknowledged that women can, in modern literature, compete on equal terms with men. The age of heroic poetry and the classical drama is, however, gone. The very men who ask women why they do not produce a Shakespeare, are not ashamed to write, applaud, and even to revive such pieces as *The Colonel*. In painting and in musical composition women are daily gaining ground. The fact that women have in all ages possessed talent, if not genius, which was prevented from developing through want of opportunity, rests upon independent testimony. The mothers of many great men have been found upon inquiry to have possessed the same qualities which made their sons famous. The mother of Goethe had that

"*Lust zum Fabuliren*" of which her domestic circle alone reaped the benefit. The mother of Van Dyck only found an outlet for her artistic skill in the design of figure and landscape, which she slowly worked in an embroidery of coloured silk. The mother of George Herbert had all his talents and depth of religious feeling. Porson inherited his wonderful memory from his mother, who was a housemaid, and who astonished her master by committing whole volumes to memory and reciting them at her work. Mendelssohn himself declares that his sister was naturally his equal in genius. Instances may be multiplied at any length. In every century it can be shown that women have possessed talents which failed to find a suitable sphere of action and left no permanent fruit.

Briefly to sum up this argument. Women contend that wherever the sexes have competed in intellectual work under similar conditions, the theory of female inferiority has not been borne out. Wherever men have enjoyed conspicuous advantages their work has naturally excelled the work of women. Whether women, with equal advantages, would have excelled, or even equalled, menkind in every branch of labour, is a question which no one is competent to decide. Women only ask that public judgment be suspended until their powers have had fair trial. No age was ever so favourable for the development of female talent as the present, and every day the conditions of male and female labour become more equal. It has taken many centuries to develop the intellect of man. Women ask but one century more. If, by the year 1987, the position of women in the artistic, musical, scientific, and literary worlds is not equal to that of the other sex in their day, men will then be able to write a plausible essay on the inherent inferiority of women.

Laura M'Laren.

A Treatise on Hoops.

During all the long period that the hoop had part and lot in costume, it had to bear up against a series of ably-directed and well-sustained assaults on all sides. The decrees issued against it by kings and emperors in different countries afford curious reading in view of the failure which attended them, for whether it was intended to limit the inconvenient size of the hoop, or to keep it within bounds of occasion, no attention whatever appears to have been paid to any regulations or ordinance or proclamation, and the hoop went on its accustomed way without regard to any man's behest and careless of complainings. What rulers failed to effect, earnest men—preachers and satirists—still endeavoured to accomplish, and, it must be said, quite as unavailingly. The hoop was proof against ridicule and indifferent to reproach. When in its first stage, known here in England as the vardingal, or farthingale, Bishop Latimer, preaching at Grimsthorpe in 1552 upon the Nativity, was very severe upon these roundabouts, as he called them, which the devil in all cunning had invented as an instrument

1590.

of pride. Taking considerable liberties with history, he represented the damsels of Bethlehem as going gay in bracelets and these foolish vardingals, and the Virgin Mother, chief among women, as contented with modest and plainer apparel. "I think," said the preacher, "Mary had not much fine linen; she was not trimmed up as our women be now-a-days. I think, indeed, Mary had never a vardingal; for she used no such superfluities as our fine damsels do now-a-days; for in the old times women were content with honest and single garments."

Disregarding now the picturesque literature of the earlier hoops, the times are reached when, after a period of neglect, the "bewitching round" again appeared in costume. Sir Roger de Coverley mentioned the "new-fashioned petticoat" in 1711, but this is not to say that the great hoops which made a lady walk as if she were in a go-cart were introduced at that date. The years of

1710.

the eighteenth century were younger than that when the satirists again had such an excellent opportunity of being funny at the expense of fashion. It was in 1711 that a pamphlet was published entitled "The Farthingale Reviewed; or More Work for the Cooper. A Panegyrick on the late but most admirable invention of the Hooped Petticoat," a tedious essay in rhyme, commencing:—

> "There's scarce a bard that writ in former time
> Had e'er so great, so bright a theme for rhyme:
> The *Mantua* swain, if living, would confess
> Ours more surprising than his Tyrian dress,
> And Ovid's mistress, in her loose attire,
> Would cease to charm his eyes or fan Love's fire.
> Were he at *Bath* and had these coats in view,
> He'd write his *Metamorphosis* anew;
> Delia, fresh hooped, would o'er his heart prevail,
> To leave Corinna and her tawdry veil.
> Hear, great Apollo! and my genius guide,
> To sing this glorious miracle of pride."

It cannot be said that the appeal to the gods was very successful; beyond twitting ladies with diverting

1735.

to their petticoats the elaborate attention they formerly bestowed on the high-towering head-dresses which had then been worn, the poem is dull indeed, and, in some other respects, not well suited to modern readers.

From the time of its revival the hoop had a merry reign, and change ran riot in the shape and size of it. A lady resembled first a huge bell, then a dish-cover, then she seemed to be rising from a great drum, next as if she stood in a butter-churn, to which George Colman compares the hoop when he says that at times it expanded from such dimensions to the circumference of three hogsheads. All the essayists held high revelry over the

1735.

vagaries of the petticoat. Particularly did Mr. Isaac Bickerstaff, in 1709, have one brought up before him for

trial, and gleefully relates how the garment—if hoops can fairly be considered as apparel—had to be hoisted up to the ceiling to show its proportions, and then formed "a very splendid and ample canopy" over the court

1745.

assembled, covering it "with a kind of silken rotunda, in its form not unlike the cupola of St. Paul's."

After running a long course of changes, but with popularity undiminished—perhaps stimulated by all this pother, the hoop took on a new shape about 1745, expanding on either hand so that a lady in the very newest fashion was like nothing else so much as a drummer in a cavalry band with skirts about him. It was at this stage in its history that a pamphlet was issued with the following title:—"The Enormous Abomination of the Hoop-Petticoat as the Fashion now is and has been for about these Two Years Fully Displayed: In Some Reflexions upon it Humbly Offered to the Consideration of both Sexes, especially the Female. By A. W., Esq. London: Printed for William Russell at the Golden Ball, near St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet Street, 1745." And the form then fashionable is necessary to be remembered as its pages are conned. As the author says:—

"Suppose the Fine Lady *coming into a room*, the *graceful Manner* of doing which was formerly reckon'd no small Part of *Female Education*, and Good Breeding. First enters wriggling, and sideling, and edging in by degrees, Two yards and a half of Hoop, for as yet you see nothing else. Some time after appears the Inhabitant of the garment herself; not with a full Face, but in Profile; the Face being turn'd to, or from the Company, according as they happen to be situated. Next, in due time again, follows Two yards and a half of *Hoop* more. And now her whole Person, with all its appurtenances, is actually arriv'd, fully and completely in the Room: where we are in the next place to consider her. She *sits down*: if it be upon a Couch or Squab, though the Couch or Squab be five yards long, her *Hoop* takes up every Inch of it from one end to the other. If upon a Chair, 'tis the same thing in effect: only the *Hoop* is suspended in the air, without anything else to rest upon. But now enter Two, or Three, or Four more with Cooperage of equal dimensions. Upon their sitting down, too, *Insequitur stridorque strepitusque*. The Ladies need not check at the *Latin*; they shall have it in *English*—The *Rustling* and *Crash* of Silk and Silver, and the Crash and Cracking of Whalebone, immediately ensues. The *Hoops and Petticoats*, when contracted and muddled up into a Heap, make, if possible, a more awkward and ungainly Show, than when they were free, and unconfin'd. They rise and sink into such hideous wrinkles; into such *Mountains* and *Vallies*, into such a variety of uncouth, irregular Shapes; as exceed all the descriptions of Painting or Poetry. For myself, I will not pretend to enter into the details of them; but appeal to the eyes and judgment of all who see them. It is nevertheless to be observed, That whoever of any Three happens to sit in the middle, has her Hoop on each side toss'd up at least a foot higher than before; in which Attitude, she looks like a Higgler-Woman, that sells Apples or Cabbages, sitting on horse-back between Two Panniers; only the Higgler's Panniers are well enough shap'd; *These* the ugliest that can possibly be contriv'd, or imagin'd. Such is the *exquisite Taste* and *Fancy* of the *Fair Sex* in this *refin'd* Age, so fam'd for Elegancy and Politeness."

The miseries of crinoline, still well within memory, will acquit this sketch of any suspicion of over-colouring in respect of the inconveniences which were patiently endured by women in the cause of fashion; and as regards what will seem to be an incredible expansion of skirt, it is a matter easily proved that a circumference of five yards was often exceeded by those who were not to be baulked of going more bulky than ordinary.

The tract is remarkably proof against criticism, not only in its assertions but in style, and is especially to be commended as being written without the least indelicacy upon a subject which too readily lent itself to freedom in writing, when licentiousness too often passed for wit. As an arraignment of the dress and manners of its day it is vigorous enough to have made many hoop-wearers uncomfortable, and might in almost any other cause than dress reform have been absolutely effective. But, directed even against a riotous excess in dress, and written with an evident sincerity, it made no headway at all against the hoop, which went out of wearing only when its time had

1745.

come. It is not always in direct invective that the obnoxious structure is assailed. It was sometimes written down with epithets; it was an "unnatural piece of

foppery;" it was "odious and ridiculous," "shocking and abominable," or it was "a gross insult to reason and

1745.

common-sense." But ladies were next appealed to in virtue of the hoop being so generally worn that their rank and station were not to be distinguished. Why should they not leave hoops to citizens and common people? They were asked, too, to mind cards less and their prayers more, and assured that they would be all the more admired "if reading of the Bible and other Books of Religion took up at *least half as much* of their

1866.

Time as the reading of *Plays*, *Pamelas*, *Novels*, *Romances*, nay, *Tatlers* and *Spectators* themselves."

As for the expediency of the fashion, what could be said for it? Besides showing how it was cumbrous and unsightly, not only on entering into a room, or on sitting down, but in churches, in coaches, and in daily life, the plea that ladies dressed not to please themselves, but their admirers, was met by the answer that men liked not their hoops, but would like the wearers better without them. It was in spite of, rather than because of the hoop that men still were devoted to those whom they could not approach. There was quite enough that could be said against it even without the higher test of right and wrong, although for that matter it could be proved absolutely sinful and unjustifiable. But, to be sure, without an appeal to religion this fashion stood condemned already; it confounded all proportion and was suited to nothing, and besides, how wasteful it was!

"It certainly takes up much less Time and Pains, and Expense to *hoop* a *Cask* completely than to *hoop* a *Woman*."

And, continues the author, having made this comparison—

"which I hope is natural enough, I would by all means have the *Tall* and *Big* Females call'd *Hogsheads;* the Middle-siz'd *Barrels;* and the Dwarfish *Kilderkins*. Of which last sort, by the way, there are not a few who would be *pretty*, were it not for their *Hoopage*. But as *they* too must needs be surrounded with that fashionable incumbrance, they *strut* and *waddle*, like a *Crow in a gutter*, to the great *diversion* of the *ill-natured*, and no less *concern* of the *compassionate* Spectators. The *Tall* in this Habit are the most tolerable: yet some even of *them* you shall see, who having *little round Faces*, being *short to the Waist*, long downwards, and wearing a wide-extended Hoop, look like a *Pair* of *Kitchen-Tongs* set *a straddle;* and provoke Laughter to a high degree."

It is only fair to the writer, who may seem in these passages almost a Puritan and not a little bigoted, to state that he is not averse to any but great hoops. Although he would prefer to have no hoops, yet he would not object to them if they were but moderate in size; and, as he himself states, he is no enemy to fashion, he is neither Methodist nor Quaker, nor a testy old fool, always quarrelling with changes in dress. He declares himself almost a young man, only provoked to interfere in a matter which had come to be beyond bearing. This hoop petticoat, which so deformed one sex and irritated the other, was the one only thing that reasonable men found fault with in womenkind, but that was enough to neutralise all the other merits of acceptable dress. It began in or about the year 1709.

"Tho' I was then young, I well remember Every Body thought this New Fashion would be *out* in a Twelve-month at farthest: especially considering that Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq., of censorious and facetious memory, expos'd and ridicul'd it with so much Wit and Humour, that it was believ'd the *Fair Ones* would be soon *laugh'd out* of it, heartily weary and asham'd of so nonsensical a *whimsey*. But we all found ourselves mistaken: the *Hoop* stood its ground; and has continued to this very Day. For *many Years*, however, it was a little *modest* and *restrain'd* within some *reasonable compass*, and so to a degree *tolerable*. But *of late*, within these Two Twelve-Months, or thereabout, it has spread itself to so enormous a *Circumference*, that there is *no enduring* it any longer. 'Tis now past a Jest. The *whole Sex*, in a manner, especially the *Younger Sort*, the *Misses*, are by this *prodigious garment* become a perfect *publick nuisance*. The very sight of these *cursed Hoops* is enough to *turn one's Stomach*. Besides the *Trouble* they give to *others*, they must needs be extremely *inconvenient*, and sometimes *painful* to *those* who *wear* them. Many Hundreds, I doubt not, have got their *Deaths* by them. I pass over the *vast foolish expense* of so much silk and other costly Materials, three times more than is *necessary* or *convenient;* only to cover such a *huge extent* of Canvas, or Striped Linen and Whale-bone: which *huge extent* is [illegible] *itself* beyond measure *ridiculous*. For is it not so?"

"TH' ADMIRED EMPRESSE."

Is it not so? Not so much as to the extravagance and wastefulness of distended hoops, but the unsightliness and discomfort of them—are they necessary or convenient? These are considerations not supposed to weigh much with fashion, but hoops are exceptional in the demands that they make upon women. In point of grace or comeliness they are not, perhaps, to be held more guilty than some other excesses, but if they are written down as hideous and offensive it may be asked again, Is it not so? Probably the question may be asked many times before the art of dress is fully understood. We may never again be threatened with hoops "eight yards wide," such as a ballad of 1753 is righteously severe upon, showing how completely our author failed to bring about any reform, but so long as eccentricity with some passes for beauty, there will be revivals, more or less complete, of

the hoop and the crinoline. At such times this spirited old tract should be kept in view, not so much to condemn what nobody is likely to defend, but to show the extravagance to which foolish emulation might again, as it did then, swell out the skirt. It is not that the statements contained in it are doubtful or unsupported. Robert Chambers shows how Edinburgh society suffered, within his memory, under the tyranny of hoops. In the morning a lady put on a "pocket hoop," resembling a pair of small panniers. For occasions, not quite full dress, there was to be worn a bell-hoop—a petticoat-frame in shape like a bell—made of cane or rope! For full state there was provided a hoop so monstrous that "people saw half of it enter the room before the wearer." This, the matter-of-fact chronicler goes on to say, was found "inconvenient." So inconvenient was it that in the narrow passages and entries of Edinburgh Old Town "ladies tilted them up and carried them under their arms; in case of this happening, there was a show petticoat below." This happy audacity has been denied to women of later days, although there were times when it would have relieved perplexity and spared much annoyance. So long as these facts remain, or John Leech's drawings are remembered, surely the shapeless horrors of crinoline should be impossible of renewal.

S. WILLIAM BECK.

La Californie.

AN arid place: I would not call it fair:
Low-lying marshes dappled with the sea;
A raised white road that stretches endlessly
Across the sunshine in a lilac glare.

One liquid shadow marks the only house,
Sun-smitten, white, below the causeway-edge,
Screened from the sea-winds with a broken hedge
Of straggling cypress rearing dusty boughs.

Nought else; save only where the wind breaks through
Those Indian reeds that end the sun-baked plains,
Divides the yellow thicket of the canes,
And dazzles with an endless breadth of blue.

Sea, marsh, and sun: 'tis something less than fair;
Yet, ah! my dear, we were so happy there.

A. MARY F. ROBINSON.

The Truth about Clement Ker:

Being an Account of some Curious Circumstances connected with the Life and Death of the late Sir Clement Ker, Bart., of Brae House, Perthshire. Told by his Second Cousin, Geoffrey Ker, of London.

CHAPTER III.

I HEAR SOMETHING WHICH ASTONISHES ME.

COULD not see Dick's face, but I remember now distinctly the feeling of blank bewilderment with which I stared at his familiar shoulders, in the old corduroy suit, and the back of his curly head, after listening to these remarkable words. I had entirely forgotten my own awkward position. I forgot I had no business to hear what was being said. After the first minute, when Dick did not turn around and deny the whole thing with a laugh, when I realised that it was no laughing matter; that it was possible; that it was true—I felt the blood rush to my own face; my heart beat so that I had to grasp the hem of the heavy curtain to steady myself. I understood what Clement meant. I had read of such things; indeed, what else had I to do but to amuse myself with what books I could lay hold of during those long afternoons and evenings in town, when Dick had to leave me, and the heat and the noise of the Strand made me feel too languid to go out and walk? And what hours, what long nights of pain I had cheated poring over old plays and novels! My mind was crammed with precedents for every form of romance or melodrama. And yet when I heard this monstrous charge brought against Dick, my own brother Dick, I sat up among my cushions and stared at him with hot, jealous, incredulous eyes. A hundred opposing feelings drove my mind this way and that. I was suffocated with excitement and expectation. And still he did not speak. I seemed to myself to have lived years while this silence lasted. I began with the ignorant childish folly of expecting him to meet such a charge with a laugh; to receive it like a stupid joke. And even while I thought this, it was as if I had grown from a boy to a man; I understood what was implied; I understood all that Dick must have been keeping from me. For the first time in my life I realised that there could be any division of interests between us; with a sickening pang of jealousy I looked at him sitting there, and felt myself left out of his counsel, excluded from his innermost thought. In my excitement I had thrown aside both curtains. Dick had only to turn his head to see me. I watched him with an angry, miserable hope that even then he might turn and remember. But Dick wasn't thinking of me any more.

I don't know how long the silence lasted between them.

Then, "I loved her before you did," my brother said, speaking very slowly and clearly, "I have loved her all my life, and she knows nothing about it—nothing."

"No," Clement said, in the same quiet way.

He looked straight across the room as he spoke, and I felt sure that he saw me, and that with his perverse recklessness he would take no notice of my presence; perhaps he would not care. "No," he said again, and his eyes had the same queer, bright look with which he watched Patterson pour out his money. "So you were in love with her before she married me, eh? I thought as much. Before I ever went down to the Manse, then, and saw her. 'Twas you introduced me to the whole family, Richard. You were away at the time, I remember. At Oxford, weren't you? And while you were away I went down——"

"I never had a chance. I never told her. She doesn't know; she doesn't dream of it," Dick said again, with a kind of groan.

Clement got up. He walked over to the table and poured himself out a glass of wine; but he did not drink it; he put it down on the table again and walked back to the fire.

"Eleanor——" he began, then he gave a curious sort of sigh. "Do you know anything about mesmerism, Richard?"

Dick turned his head so that at last I could see him. His bright, careless, handsome face looked ten years older; it was all changed. If I had met him in the street, looking like that, I should not have known him for my Dick.

He stared at Clement as if he had not heard what he said.

"No—I don't know."

"Eleanor, my wife, is an excellent medium. At one time that sort of thing interested me a good deal; I tried experiments. There are things concerned with our family which make it worth while asking questions. There has been wild work done in this house before now. Ugly stories! There is no doubt that our immediate ancestors, Richard, were men who were—well, who were not easily frightened."

"I don't know," Dick said again; and I knew by the very sound of his voice he had not been listening. "Look here, Clement, I'll take the boy and go back to London. I thought after eight years it would not matter. I cared a great deal; but, eight years ago—why, I was at college then! And I've tried to get over it. I thought I had got over it—you know that—or I wouldn't have come down here."

"She interested me very much. I did not know whether I was in love with her. I don't know now if I was," says Clement. "And she—she married me for my money; although I don't suppose you could get her to admit it, even now. She has always behaved very well; I will say that much for her; no woman could have behaved better. I don't suppose it was always easy; but that's her nature. For all that, she never

loved me. She cares for her child; not for me. We each go on our own way. I interfere with her very little; though, mind you, I don't think she gives me any particular credit for that. She got over liking me long ago; in her heart I should say now that she hates me. She wouldn't tell you so. Eleanor is a queer compound of impulses and principles. She was brought up in a set where people don't admit that a woman can hate her husband. Perhaps she would deny it still. She has never told me, and I have never asked her, but it wouldn't surprise me if she did deny it, even to herself."

"God help her!" said Richard, without raising his head.

"Ah, women haven't much will; and she has less than most women; but I think she could hate me," Clement repeated, blinking, and stretching out his long, white fingers to the fire.

Then Dick looked up. "I ask myself sometimes," he said, "if you are mad."

"I'm very lonely," said Clement simply.

He had crouched down in the luxurious leather arm-chair, as if he could never sufficiently warm himself. "Yes, I'm lonely," he repeated. "I wanted you here for that. I've always known that you fancied yourself in love with Eleanor; but I wanted you to come. You were always Quixotic and romantic, and unpractical, and all that sort of thing, Richard. Look at the way you have hampered yourself with that boy! You were always a bit of a fool, but I like it in you. I like you. You are about the only person in the world whom I care six straws for. You don't occupy yourself with such things, but, upon my soul, I believe it is better for the whole atmosphere of the house when you are in it. You see——"

The younger man made a gesture of impatience.

"Well, well, we won't talk of that now. But I wish you would think better of it, Richard. I wish you would stay. I do really. Why, if *I* don't mind you being here——"

"You should not have made it impossible," says Dick, standing up and turning very red. "She—she knows nothing about it," he broke out a moment later. "She never knew; not even when we were all young together. What was the good of my speaking, even then? You had something to offer her, and I hadn't. What have I ever had that I could ask a woman to share? My poor old father—well, dear old man! he died in time not to see the old place sold over his head. I was glad of that. Then Frank settled up with the creditors, and went off to New Zealand; and Geoff and I, we drifted up to town. I had my profession to fall back on—my profession—Heaven save the mark! And the dear old man was so proud of it, and of me. He expected—God knows what he didn't expect from it. But I'm glad of that: he doesn't know now, and I'm glad of that too."

"And you cared for her all this time," says Clement again, eyeing Dick still rather curiously, but quite kindly. I have always believed that Richard was the one person in the world whose troubles in any degree touched him, and that, in his own confused and perverse way, he was willing to do what he could to serve his cousin's interest. "You cared for her—and I got over it so much sooner! I wish I had known. I had money and you hadn't—and do you suppose any one but a woman wouldn't have known which was the better man to choose between us? But they are all alike, women; and upon my word, Richard, I don't think the best of them is worth sighing after—let alone a broken heart. Yes: she could have had either of us, and she chose *me*. And a fine thing we have made of it between us."

"Perhaps—I don't know—she may have thought that she could change your life. She was a happy, innocent young girl when you married her. And what did she know about you? What could she understand? Her heart was full of dreams, and ignorant expectation, and sweet, loving impulses. And what shipwreck, good heavens! what shipwreck have you made of them all! You talk of being lonely, Clement, but what is she? Your wife, the mother of your child—what sort of a place have you made for her in your life? What happiness do you give her for her daily portion?" Richard cried, his face flushing; he was very much moved; his eyes filled with tears as he spoke. "Again, I ask you, what can be your worst loneliness compared to hers? And you say she married you for your money, but let me tell you, you are mistaken; she is incapable of it, and you wrong her by the very thought. She is your wife, Clement, but in that I understand her better than you. She is incapable of it—incapable of selfishness or calculation—"

"Did she ask you to tell me so?" breaks out Clement with a sneer.

I thought surely Richard would lose his temper over this and fire up, but he didn't.

"No one asked me to tell you anything, Clement—and you know it," he answered very steadily, and looking his man full in the face. "We have been here, in your house, hardly a day; but has there not been time enough—and occasion enough—for any one who cared for either of you to judge of the situation? Ask yourself." He was silent for a moment. "You have forced this conversation upon me, Clement; it was none of my seeking, but, since it has taken place, there is no option left to me; I must go. After what I have told you of my feeling for—for your wife, I cannot conceive that you should wish to retain me here. And, indeed, I refuse to stay."

"You are pledged to stay. Look here, Richard, you are pledged. You can't throw me over in this way—and the men, and the work," Clement cried out very eagerly.

"But, great heavens, man——!" Richard began, hotly enough. Then suddenly he turned quite quiet. He stood there, with his broad shoulders leaning against the high old-fashioned mantelpiece; he looked down on our cousin in his chair; his young, handsome face was pale and strained-looking, but there was an air of infinite sweetness and loyalty about him as he spoke. "I'm not the hero of a French novel, Clement," he said, very gently. "I don't mean to say that I could not trust myself with—with Eleanor. It would be a pity indeed if, in the last eight years, I had not learned a trifle in the way of self-repression and self-control. It was worse

than this at first; it was bad enough, I can tell you—all that first year after your marriage——"

"When you wouldn't come near us," said Clement.

"When the world wasn't wide enough to put between us!" Dick retorted, with a sorry sort of smile.

"I've had my lesson, and I've learned it," he went on again, after a short silence. "I've lived it down: I have learned how to do without her. The care of the boy was a help, and then other things happened; little things, but they all counted. Endure any pain long enough, and it becomes endurable. I won't say I had forgotten her; or that I ever can forget all she has signified to me in my life. But the pang is over. I don't forget her, but I don't think of her once in the day when I used to think of her a hundred times. She is to me as dear, as sacred, and very nearly as removed from any idea of—of love-making, as my own sister. But, I tell you frankly, Clement, I can't stand seeing her made unhappy. I can't. I can't stand by and look on."

"You're a good fellow, Richard. I wish you would stay. I tell you, we want some one to change the drift of things; we want different influences in this house. If I knew what to say to keep you I would say it," Clement persisted, very earnestly.

From where I was sitting I could only see the profile of his thin face, and one white hand held up like a screen between him and the fire. There was something so forlorn about the whole attitude of his meagre and carefully-dressed figure—he clung to Dick's presence with so abject and yet so desperate a desire for companionship, that—I cannot explain how it was—but from that moment I felt quite differently towards our cousin Clement. The feeling of repulsion with which he inspired me turned, without rhyme or reason, into a sentiment of very mixed compassion. I could not be sorry for him altogether; but I pitied him with something of the same feeling I had once experienced for a lame dog Dick had picked up in the street. It was an ill-conditioned cur, and of a temper which no amount of kindness could modify; but, on the other hand, there was not an inch of its lean body which did not bear the marks of some evil usage; and, once tamed, it followed Dick about like his shadow until the day it died.

They were both silent after that for some minutes. I waited, half in hope and yet more than half in fear, to hear Richard pronounce his ultimatum, and formulate our sentence of departure. I listened for something decisive, and neither of them seemed willing to speak. That was the first time I noticed what I have witnessed since then so often—how, after a very little departure from familiar modes of thinking and of speech, the spirit of most men flags and suffers a revulsion. It is not, I think, at the actual crises of life, but on looking back at them, that men are most definite in their expression. What would make the situation of a play is shuffled over in real life with but fragmentary recognition of its import, and a blunt or an awkward phrase. It is different with women, who are forced by the limitations of their material life, and by a hundred circumstances of habit and fashion, to seek and recognise excitement in the intellectual side of things—in all the more subtle forms of cruelty or kindness; but men, Englishmen at any rate, are not given to prolong difficult situations for the sake of symmetric and dramatic finish.

I saw Dick take out his watch and look at it.

"Well; 'tis three o'clock; and however the state fares, these men of yours should be looked after and set to work," he remarked, speaking rather abruptly and awkwardly.

The other nodded his head, answering something that I could not hear; a minute or two after that they went out of the room together.

It was raining harder than ever, but I heard Clement's voice giving orders to have his horse brought round. There was a door slammed somewhere up-stairs. I pushed aside the curtain, and dropped my feet upon the floor. My stick was close at hand, lying on the cushion behind me, but I was so stiff and cramped with the long sitting, some little time passed before I could move easily. It makes no difference to me how long or how far I walk, but sitting still always gives me that pain in my hip.

Well, I got over it; I started out to look for Dick. But before I found him something else had happened.

CHAPTER IV.

I RECEIVE THE SILVER BOTTLE.

I WAS a very little fellow when the trouble (which ended only with my father's death and the forced sale of our place in Warwickshire) fell upon the family. My poor mother was long since dead. She had been my father's second wife, married to him when he was already an elderly man. I cannot remember her in the least. Curiously, and I think sadly enough, there was not a picture of her, not even a miniature, ever taken. Yet she was, I have heard, a beautiful woman, and I believe my father was passionately attached to her. She died so soon after my birth—there was so little trace of her passage in our melancholy and ruined old house—that, as a child, the nurses and servants had the greatest difficulty in persuading me that it was Frank's and Dick's mother, not mine, whose portrait, in Court dress, hanging between the windows in the great drawing-room, is one of the first things I remember.

My father and the boys sat very seldom in those great, faded, ornate, abandoned rooms. I can remember, perhaps, two or three times to have seen them lighted up and full of guests. To the last, if unchecked by Frank, my father would have gone on lavishing every penny that he could raise, upon some such reckless pleasure of hospitality. And even Frank could only check him within certain limits. There was something splendid, freehanded—a sort of incapacity for calculation of any kind, which seemed an integral part of his nature. We were ruined by it as a family, but I never knew him refuse a service or a pleasure to man, woman, or child. He was more loved by those dependent upon him than any man I ever knew; and he died, on the very verge of bankruptcy as it were, and after a long lifetime of complicated money trouble and desperate expedient, with the firm conviction that all would come right in the end for his boys.

As a child, I was left very much to the servants; and later on, to my tutor's care. Frank was with his regiment; Dick at Oxford. It was a lonely enough life which I led, though not, as I remember it, unhappy. I had space and liberty. I was never strong; I was shut out from half the ordinary enjoyments of my age, but I had very early learned to suffice to myself. My life, quiet as it seemed, was full of pleasures which no one understood or shared in. I lived with books, with music, with a passionate love for the old house and the park, which represented to me the utmost limit of my wanderings —even in desire. I was fourteen when we left, and had scarce been a dozen times beyond our own gates. To the others the old place may have seemed dismal enough, and the final disposal of it have struck them like the loosening of a burden. But I had grown up in that atmosphere of makeshift and discussion. I had listened to it all as a child, and was inured to every form of financial perplexity. I had very soon made the discovery that not one of all these threatened ills could affect my father's spirit or his bearing. (He had been in the army, as a young man, and to the last carried himself like a soldier. I remember him, as an old man, of course, but still very handsome, with short, thick, snow-white hair, and eyes that retained their youth.) I accepted it all as a state of things which would never alter, and lived my life and dreamed my dreams under the old roof, quite undisturbed—having, indeed, grown both sceptical of, and indifferent to, the signs of impending calamity. So that the blow, when it did fall, came down upon me without one softening circumstance.

Dick took me with him up to London; so far as I know, there was never even a question between my two half-brothers as to which one of them was to look after me; and presently we saw Frank start off on his way to New Zealand. He had waited to leave until all the affairs of the estate were settled. After his departure, even the lawyer's letters ceased to arrive at our lodgings, with their calculations of value, their bald details about the sale of this cottage, or that farm—places whose names were as familiar to me as my own. With the sailing of Frank's ship, even this link between our present fortunes and the past was broken.

Then began an unhappy, a miserable part of my life, and one I do not like to recall even at this moment. It is thirty years ago, and as I write of it the old scar starts and throbs—the wound seems still of yesterday. Our sorrows, I believe, are lasting in proportion to our own vitality; and what cut deep into the soul of a lonely imaginative boy, absorbed enough of my youth and strength to make itself a part of me for ever. I can see now the shape and the furniture of those lodging-house rooms. We three brothers had eaten a last hasty meal together before seeing Frank off at the docks. I remember the taste of that food; the long, miserable, jolting of the cab that brought us back without him.

Dick had his work; he had (as I learned now) other interests, other losses, to preoccupy him. At two-and-twenty a man can't well hold himself for long aloof from the claims, the pleasures of daily life. But for myself, who was a boy in years (though with a man's experience in some sorts of trouble, and that silent endurance of evil which even physical pain teaches), those years were empty and bitter enough. I pass over much which might be here mentioned. It is enough for my purpose briefly to record how trying, how impossible, I found that stifling city life. When Dick first showed me our cousin Clement's letter, bidding us both to Brae, I could scarce credit the good fortune. I felt as if a window had been thrown open near me; I seemed to breathe fresh air once more and look out on the silent green country. And indeed I have always believed that it was for my sake, to please me, and not in accordance with his own wish, that Dick acted upon the invitation.

Brae House is not so large a place as my dear old Castleton. It does not cover so much ground, and there is no park at all, properly speaking. It is all Ker's country as far as one can see; but directly about the house there are no fine grounds, only rough fields used for grazing. The walled gardens, which are large and old, are at some distance, near the stables. Between them and the house, to the north and east, a thick plantation of pine-trees and very ancient laurels shuts off the view, making a belt of shelter about the circular stone terrace. Some steps lead from thence, down a steep bank, to the old part of the house, old servants' offices, now unused, and a network of stone corridors, some of them roofless, which end in a small square ruined tower, once part of a votive or expiatory chapel, as is shown by the curiously-worded Latin inscription over the entrance.

The house itself stands at right angles to its principal way of approach, so that it is not until you reach the extreme end of the long, straight, gloomy avenue of Scotch firs that you even catch sight of its grey weather-stained walls. Brae is not in any way a show-place. The building is of all styles and of all ages, some of the thick east wall dating well back into the twelfth century; but the chief part of the present edifice was built about 1570—80, by the Clement Ker of that day, a gentleman of thieving and rieving propensities, at war with all his more decent neighbours, and a most notorious rascal—if local tradition is in any way to be trusted. Brae stands so little removed from the Border, being indeed within a summer day's hard riding from the Debateable Ground, that, given the wild lawless character of its owners, it is little to be wondered at if it was so often the scene of reckless adventure and unaccounted-for bloodshed, which gave the place a black distinction even in those killing times. To this day, and although now but some few hours distant from Edinburgh, the whole surrounding district is curiously isolated. The main lines of traffic sweep by at the horizon, leaving this undistinguished tract of rough hill-country — with excellent shooting, but with no especial charm of scenery or historical association for the mere tourist—leaving it stranded as it were: a country-side very peaceful to look at, but fifty years behind the age in point of custom and civilisation. The estates are large; the villages poor, and very far apart. The nearest hamlet to Brae, the Kirkton, which boasts a post-office,

two churches, and a shop, lies some four miles off across the moor. Possibly its inhabitants may be a trifle more educated, something less superstitious than their neighbours. I do not know. I never saw any of the villagers, the country people whom I met in my wanderings were of another class—small tenants on outlying farms, or shepherds and gamekeepers from the hills; all of them dependents, for the most part hereditary dependents, upon Ker; and with old stories enough and to spare about the place and its ancient owners, and hardly, I am ashamed to say, one legend to their credit.

Of late years the place has been left a good deal in the hands of the different agents. Up to the beginning of the present century the Kers of Brae were as home-keeping a race as any other of the small Scottish gentry; but about 1803 or 1805 the elder son of that time going for some unknown reason to India, there laid the foundation of the present family wealth. This was in the days of Clement's great-grandfather, and since then, by a sort of family tradition, the connection with the far East had never been allowed entirely to lapse. Clement himself was born in India, and had made the journey thither and back more than once.

Inside, to any lover of what is old and curious, the house was disappointing—resembling, indeed, nothing so much as a peculiarly well-conditioned barracks. Everything about the place was too light. A generation or so back the fine old wainscoting had been either painted white or papered over to please the gayer fancy of the day. In the large drawing-room, a hall of most noble proportions, an elaborate white-and-gold paper did all that was possible to dispel the idea of age. Everywhere the old oak panelling disappeared under a levelling mask of whitewash. There was nothing left but the leisurely width of the staircases, the imposing stretch of hall and passage, to give any hint of what ancient sombre state must once have dignified these desecrated rooms.

Yet, to me, the mere sense of space recalled so much old pleasure—it was such relief, after all the restriction of London, to find myself at liberty to saunter from large unoccupied room to room, that I never grew weary of, or lost delight in, the actual extent of those monotonous corridors.

My first intention on coming out of the dining-room, where I had listened to so much of Clement's involuntary confidence, had been to go and look for Dick. But after a very few minutes I was struck by another aspect of the question. My impulse had been to find him as soon as might be; to tell him what I had heard, and to tax him on the spot with the lack of confidence he had shown in my sympathy and my discretion; I could not wait to upbraid him with the unbrotherly aspect of such long-standing silence.

But the more I thought over the speech I was about to make to him, the less feasible it seemed to become. I have always been cleverer than Dick; I always thought I understood him to the slightest detail of his action, and was proud of him and patronised him in my own mind, like the conceited young fool that I was. But now, of a sudden, a great gulf had opened wide between us. I remembered some tones, never heard before, in Dick's voice as he spoke of Eleanor, and grew hot and cold in turn, realising on what unacknowledged terms I had overheard them. It was not that I had forgiven him for what I called to myself his lack of trust—not a whit of it. I could not bear to give up being first in Dick's thought—and that was the truth of the matter. Not the smallest part of what I suffered was the hot returning pang of jealousy which then, and for a long time after, seemed to clutch enviously at my heart each time that I remembered Eleanor. I had been first, and she had dispossessed me. She seemed to have robbed me even of the past with its security. I had lost my father, and the old place I loved, and now Dick. At that moment my father's death pressed upon me as a personal wrong, and I resented it.

On leaving the dining-room I had gone straight upstairs to the north gallery, which runs from end to end across the front of the house. I had chosen that place to think in, partly because it was out of the way, and likely to be empty at that hour (and I wanted to be alone; no solitude could have been too complete for me), partly because the great end window overlooked the round terrace, and I knew that Dick would come back that way from speaking to his men.

At each turn I stopped in my walk to look out of this window. My stick made no sound upon the soft old Turkey carpet; the strong, steady patter of the rain, for the wind had fallen, made a sort of undertone that I listened to unconsciously, and that seemed like a part of my barren and desolate thought. For, possessed as I was by that ingenious and incessant devil of jealousy, I would not spare myself one smallest recapitulation of whatever could best serve to confirm me in my wretched pangs and suspicions. A hundred different trifles—words heard, looks observed, and fits of silence, and old depressions unexplained—came back to me now, and each one brought its sting.

But as I halted for perhaps the twentieth time before the window I was aware of another watcher bent on the same errand as myself: a second figure keeping step with mine, pacing to and fro out there in the rain, along the stone terrace. She was wrapped to her feet in one of those long red frieze cloaks worn by peasant-women in Ireland. A hood was drawn over her head, even covering her face, but what other woman in the world carried herself in that fashion, or walked with that step as of a queen?

I stood still for a moment looking down at her—waiting there, as was plain enough to my thinking, for Richard—and the bitterness of rage and grief with which my heart was full, overflowed. I felt a hard lump form suddenly in my throat and threaten to choke me. I turned away from the window; my eyes burned. "They may care for one another as they please. What does it matter to me?" I said aloud. I fancied I was speaking in my usual voice, and the sound I heard was toneless and hardly above a whisper. "I am not watching them. I know nothing about them. I know nothing," I cried out sharply.

There is a swinging door, opening into another passage, at right angles with the north gallery, which

leads past the nurseries to some back stairs and the servants' quarter of the house. I pushed this door open, and then another, not caring very much where I went, and found myself suddenly entering, by its farther end, a large, low, oak-panelled hall, with timbered roof, and flagged pavement. A bright fire burned at the other end, opposite the door; there was a table spread with the remains of dessert, and before it were standing two men absorbed in what sounded like a violent discussion.

"You got me the place, says you? Well, who's denying on it? But I don't stay in no place where I'm sworn at, and spoken to as if I was a dog. '*Call Bright,*' says he. '*'E used to know 'ow to choose a servant,*' says he. '*'E used to know 'ow to pick out a slave,*' would be a tune more to *his* liking!"

The speaker, whom I recognised at once as the young footman Clement had snubbed, brought the open palm of his hand down upon the table with a bang which set the decanter and the glasses ringing. "I ain't a dog, Mr. Bright, and so I tell you, and that's the end of it. And it ain't only the sharp speaking, mind you; there's other things too." He lowered his voice, shaking his head. "Ah, I've heard other things spoken of——"

"Hallo, Bright!" I said, "I meant to come and look you up some time. But I haven't chosen the time very well, I'm afraid."

Old Bright turned sharp round at that, his solemn sour old face clearing like a windy sky. (As for the other fellow, you could have knocked him down with a feather; he gave one great start and walked straight out of the room into a sort of butler's pantry, where I could see him all the time, standing with his back to us, rubbing up some plate. He had taken off his coat before I came in, and his great red ears stood out like two scarlet handles on either side of his sleek fair head.)

"Well, if it is not Master Geoff! Well, I *am* glad to see you again, sir. It's like old times come again. When I heard that you and Mr. Richard was expected here, if you'll believe me, for a bit I could hardly get it out of my head that we wasn't all back at Castleton. And how is Mr. Frank getting on out there, sir? My memory isn't what it was; I forget the names of places. But I always wanted to ask you what had become of Mr. Frank."

I told him Frank was doing very well, and the name of his New Zealand sheep-run. Then there followed a pause. I sat down on the edge of the heavy oak table and looked about me.

"Uncommonly pleasant quarters you have here, Bright. It's the best room in the house, to my thinking."

"Ay, sir; the room does very well. There's a draught; but it does well enough."

I thought of the look of our cheap, dull chambers in the Strand.

"What a blessed old grumbler you are, Bright! Why, I don't believe there is a better-looking servants' hall than this in the breadth and length of Scotland. You wait till you hear what Dick says about it—about the way it is built. For that matter, it's twice as good a room as any we had at Castleton."

"Ay, sir; that may be so. Mr. Richard may have a taste for them wooden walls, and the rafters overhead—like a stable. But Brae ain't Castleton, Master Geoffrey."

"But they make it all right here for you, Bright; don't they? I should not like it—Mr. Richard would be very sorry, too—to know you were not getting on well after all the years you were with us; and the best servant and the most dependable my father ever had. I've heard him say so fifty times if I've heard it once."

The man's steady expressionless face brightened up at that for a moment. "The old master said that, did he? And God bless his kind heart and kind speech. Ah, it was a bad day and a black day for some of us when the old master was taken, Master Geoff," he cried out, with some return to his old hearty manner. Then he looked down again at the fire. "But this ain't Castleton, for all that," he repeated doggedly. "Brae ain't Castleton; and to tell you all the truth, sir"—he lowered his voice, glancing furtively across the room at his subordinate—"I shouldn't like it spoken of yet, if you please, Mr. Geoffrey, but I'm thinking of leaving this before very long. I've been a-thinking of it over, sir, and I'm going—that's about the fact of it."

"Well," said I, "I'm very sorry to hear it. An old family servant like you, Bright, is none the better for all these chops and changes. You know your own business best, of course; still, if I were you, I'd think it over once more before giving up the place. If—if Sir Clement speaks a little sharply sometimes——"

"Lord bless you, sir, that's not it; not a bit of it. Some gentlemen uses language, and some not; just as some of 'em takes sherry, and some of 'em can't abide the look of it. Some of the young ones, they can't stand a gentleman speaking rough to them. There's Parker over there, I wrote to him to come down from London. He knows his work, you can take my word for it, sir. But, speak to him—why, he's like a pan of boiling milk—into the fire before you've time to look about you. But that's not my way, Master Geoff. No; nor it hasn't been Sir Clement's way with me, neither."

"Well?" said I again.

I sat there on the table-edge, swinging my feet and watching old Bright rub up his glasses, and there seemed to me something shrunken and changed about him; a look as of a man who is not quite sure of his nerves; or as of a man going to be ill. He kept staring at the fire while he spoke to me. I never caught his eye. I thought of several things, and then, "Bright!" I said, speaking very sharply and suddenly, "have the servants here ever got hold of—of any queer stories about this house?"

He gave a start which knocked all his glasses together.

"I—I don't think I understood what you said, sir," he answered, after a minute, keeping his head well down, and appearing to be very busy over the polishing of the decanters.

"Because," I went on coolly, being now quite sure of my facts, and not a little pleased with myself for having guessed them, "I was talking to Sir Clement

about that sort of thing last night at dinner. And now I think of it, Parker was in the room."

"Well, sir, that is his place at dinner-time," says Bright, giving me a queer look.

"I asked Sir Clement about all the old Ker legends he could remember. A queer lot these Scotch Kers seem to have been in their time—very queer. Sir Clement is going to lend me a book about them, which gives the history of the oldest parts of this house. But he says the real way to find out these things is to question the old tenants about the place—the shepherds on the hills. Now that old man who was here to-day, Bright, the old fellow with the dog, I dare say he'd be able to tell one any quantity of tales—the sort of thing that never does get printed, you know, only repeated year after year, and generation after generation, by the men who live out on the heather."

He did not answer, so after a minute or two, "It would be strange," I added carelessly, "if in a house so old as this; and so lonely——"

"Sir," said Bright, facing suddenly about, and there was a look of genuine distress on his sober, elderly face, something pinched and harassed, which made one uncomfortable to see—"Sir, Mr. Geoffrey, I don't know if any one has been complaining of me here. I've done my best to keep the household together, and I'll go on doing my best till I leave. But it ain't what I calls respectable conduct, it ain't what they owe to their own characters, let alone to their masters, and I've told 'em so, what's more. If 'twere only among the maid-servants, Master Geoff, I shouldn't take it in this way to heart. They're a coming and a going lot at the best; and I shouldn't feel the responsibility. But, sir, it isn't a fortnight since I got those two new men down from London; and there they are now as bad as any of 'em. It's not to be put up with, nohow; not by a man who takes any pride in his work."

I pressed him very hard to tell me what it was which had thrown the household into this disorder and panic; but he could only assure me over and over again, and with the greatest earnestness, that he did not know.

"They don't know themselves, Mr. Geoffrey, and for the best of reasons—for and because there *is* nothing. Why, sir, you've seen a flock of sheep before now; one starts, and the others never find out if it's a mad dog or the shadow of a leaf that's a chasing and a chivying them away. Only it goes to my heart, it does, to see a fine old place like this and the servants coming and going like as if it was a hotel. My lady says to me the other day, 'I think we've had more new servants, Bright,' says she, 'since we come back this time from India'—and that's a matter of six months or so, Master Geoffrey—'more new servants,' says she, "than in all the years since I first come to Brae.' And it worries me, sir, and that's the truth of it."

"But it stands to reason, Bright——"

"Well, sir, begging your pardon for contradicting you, but that's just what it doesn't. There's no reason in it. Why, sir, do you suppose there is a hole or corner in all this house I ain't been into and looked over a hundred times, as was my duty to do—more especial since the beginning of this nonsense? Why, I've been down here, and along them galleries, at every hour that you could mention, day *or* night. And what have I seen or heard, Mr. Geoffrey? Nothing. There ain't nothing *to* see, and that's why," Bright went on rather sulkily. And then, his voice changing, "And yet they do worry me so, Master Geoff, sir, what with their giving notice and their talk and foolishness—you must have heard Parker at it as you came in—and my feeling that things is going wrong, and getting too much for me to manage, that some days I think to myself that I can hardly a-bear it. It's telling on my health, sir; it is indeed," the poor old boy went on quite tremulously, and looking at him, I was bound to confess that he did seem worn and shaken beyond what was natural.

(*To be continued.*)

At Royat.

A LIMAGNE is a great fertile plain, luxuriant with vineyards, cornfields, orchards, and chestnut-groves. It is dotted with grey hamlets, picturesque villages, and red-roofed towns, which cluster round the tall cathedral spires and fortress-like church towers of the Roman-Auvergnat architecture. Looking westward, all distinguishing features and points of colour melt away into hazy distance, till there seems only a soft, smoke-hued, waveless sea spreading to the horizon-line.

But here, near Royat, where the needles of Clermont-Ferrand Cathedral rise like twin beacons against the blueness, La Limagne is closed in by bold tiers of wooded hills.

Highest among these rises the Puy de Dôme, the loftiest point in Auvergne—the Puy de Dôme consecrated alike by Pagan, Christian, and unholy rites. For on its summit, where Pascal made his experiments and where the Observatory now stands, are the ruins of a temple to the Auvergnat Mercury; here was a chapel dedicated to St. Barnabas; while here also the sorcerers and witches of mediæval times are said to have assembled for their infernal *sabbat;* and as late as 1514 Jean Bordeau, sorcerer, was burned alive, having been captured on this spot in the performance of black magic.

From one of the volcanoes near the Puy de Dôme there flowed in remote ages a mighty torrent of lava. Its course is marked by a narrow valley shut in steeply with hills that open out on the beautiful plain, La Limagne. Just here, between the mount of Gravenoire,

ROYAT IN ITS NEST.

almost covered with black pines, and the bald, swelling Puy de Chateix, ruled in straight and zig-zag rows of vines, with the Puy de Dôme and the other tall hills blocking the sky behind, lies Royat in its nest.

Dark, steep little gorges cut the slopes into the valley. A gurgling mountain stream runs all along its bed. The Tiretaine makes music of a dreamier kind than that wild, clinking, clashing Bohemian dance of Massenet's, which the leader of the orchestra, his black forelock waving, his whole wiry body swaying to the rhythm of his *bâton*, is directing so energetically over there in the Pavilion of the garden of the Etablissement. It is but a pitiful achievement of civilisation, this garden, hot, glaring, dusty, with flaunting beds of petunia and hibiscus, stiff walks and stunted sub-tropical foliage. Nature would have been better left to herself. It seems as if the poor little Tiretaine were singing a plaintive reproach as she dribbles through some cunningly-cut passage, or breaks in petulant sadness over an artificial fall of rock, or leaps up in a fountain's lifeless mechanical play.

But nobody thinks of the Tiretaine between three and six in the afternoon, when the world of Royat gathers round the Pavilion to listen to the band, and paces up and down the gravel walk, exhibiting startling toilettes and chattering high-pitched French. I used to like sitting there watching the people come and go, the variations in the costumes and the changes in the groups as new visitors came and old ones went away. Many curious contrasts and types were to be seen here. Now would go by a brown Franciscan monk, rope-girdled and with shaven crown. Now a Parisienne of doubtful *ton*, in poppy-coloured gown and wonderful pyramidal hat, with red stockings and high-heeled shoes, all eyes, teeth, gesture, and shrill ejaculation. Now a withered dame of the country, wrinkled like a russet apple, but healthily yellow, all except her piercing black eyes, with the crimped border of her cap lining her broad-brimmed bonnet of Tuscan straw. Now a French soldier in his baggy dark blue trousers and blue tunic and rakishly-set cap. Now an anæmic English girl from the provinces in a dowdy stuff frock, her Tauchnitz novel in her hand.

Or there appear the dark blue habit and fantastic white calico head-dress of a Sister of St. Vincent de Paul, bending towards an elderly *bonne* in white cap and streaming ribbons. The *bonne* breaks away every now and then from the conversation to shepherd her volatile charges — queer little sallow, bright-eyed, fashionable creatures, among whom a stray English child, with clear skin, golden hair, and straight holland frock, looks like a lily in a bed of tulips. They dart hither and thither, following their jingling hoops and brilliant toy balloons, all skirts, frills, and furbelows, miniature copies of their mamma, who is strolling some paces ahead. Her crinoletted draperies bulge and sway as she plants her high-

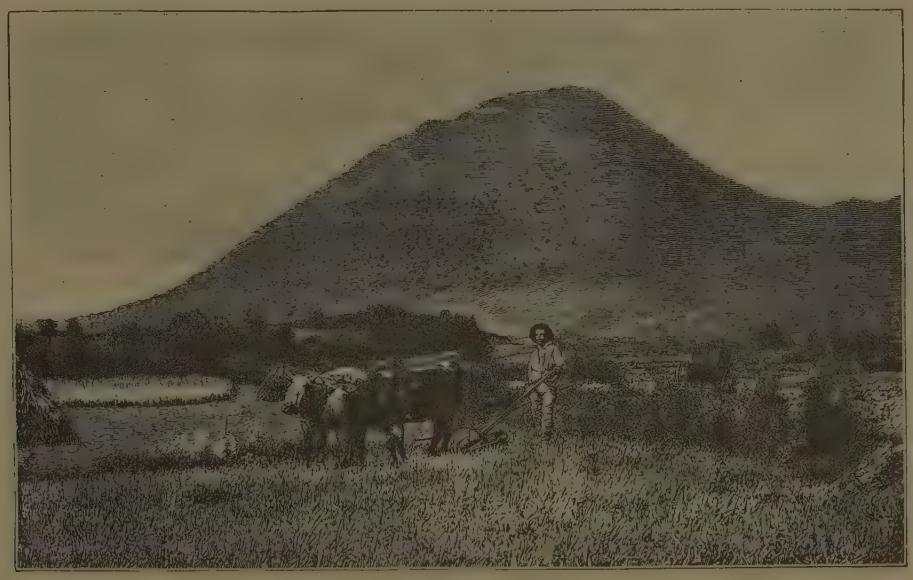
heeled shoes squarely on the ground. Her plump, compact figure, with its too trim waist, too amply defined bust, its square shoulders, and ungraceful neck, is opposed to all the canons of Greek taste, and yet she has a certain peculiar dash and attractiveness summed up in the one word, "French." How different from that tall, aristocratic English girl in her simple white gown, who, in a mysterious manner, suggests the Row in June, Hurlingham, and New Club dances.

One might multiply types indefinitely. Those cheery Auvergne women in striped cotton and picturesque caps, with wings of broad pink silk ribbon standing out from each homely face, must see a good deal of life from their post at the Source Eugénie, just below the entrance to the gardens. They have a smile and a greeting for every comer, and take a benevolent interest even in the casual French tourist, oily, unshorn, and dirty of linen, whose rasping laugh rings out in a kind of saucy self-derision when, having been informed of the particular faculty of the water with which he has experimentally refreshed himself, he hands back the cup: "Hé, hé!—pour l'anémie! —hé!"

They are pleasant creatures, these Auvergne women. There used to be something quite warming and inspiriting in the radiant smile of my bathing-woman when she poked her flat, ugly face, with its white teeth and twinkling black eyes, into the little stone compartment where I was dressing, and demanded, with motherly solicitude, "Êtes-vous bien—hé?—et rouge?—rouge comme un écrevisse?"—the peculiar virtue of the Cæsar bath lying in the fact that one emerged from it pink as the under-side of a boiled crayfish.

was seized with a sense of weird funniness at the sight of certain rows of silent corpse-like figures, wrapped in white linen peignoirs and with hoods like cere-cloths on their heads, which loomed in spectral fashion through the grey mist of the vapour. All bent forward with distended jaws to inhale the steam, and even the vacant seats had a sort of ghostliness, for one might fancy that some lost souls had failed from their lower deep to answer this deathly roll-call.

There was an adorable French girl at the table-d'hôte. She had the sweetest oval face, always bent a little on one side like a drooping lily or a pensive Madonna. She looked as though she had come straight from a convent or the nursery, and her large serene dark eyes had the guileless expression one sees in those of a child. She scarcely ever spoke except in timid appeal to the Marquise her mother, only very occasionally and with a vivid blush and evident effort hazarding a little sentence in her pretty broken English. "Ze wezzare is very fine to-day. You take already bettare face." But the Marquise was always eloquent in the recital of all she had endured from English *bonnes* in order that her children might learn English. She would bend her keen, sharp-featured face close to each new-comer with whom she found any affinity, and gazing intently from her piercing black eyes, and gesticulating with her lean ringed fingers, would proclaim, "Mais vous assure—elles sont tellement 'lady.' Je ne puis plus les supporter." Our table-d'hôte was, for a short time, a distinctly depressing affair. I always prefer listening at a table-d'hôte, and gladly allow others to do the talking for me. Most of the people near me, however, seemed to be of the same opinion, and the result



Puy de Dôme.

Life at Royat seemed, during the first week, to resolve itself into baths, waters, and table-d'hôte. Serious business, frivolity, and humour blend oddly here. I peeped into the Salle d'Aspiration one day, and

was a solemn hush pervaded by an indefinite cackle from lower down.

At our end, the social elements were rather mixed. A queer little French Count sat at the head. He was

wrinkled and yellow as a mummy, and he had a flaxen moustache, a retreating chin and forehead, elaborate little airs, and a dandified manner of dress. His wife was young, and stout, and fresh, with quick-coming blushes. She was very shy, but she had a merry way, and an infectious laugh; and they talked to each other in rapid confidential whispers. Sometimes they would try to extract a little conversation from a family party of Americans next them. Màr-mar, as her daughter called her, was immensely tall, and extraordinarily silent. She wore her thin black hair plastered straight on her shiny forehead, and combed over a huge frizette which it inadequately covered on the top of her head. She had big diamond solitaires, and a diamond crescent like a new moon fastening her linen collar. She sat next the Count. At intervals, her grim face would relax into a spasmodic smile, which did duty for sympathetic assent when anything remotely connected with America was mentioned. Her daughter wore a fresh toilette every day. She was very fragile, and exquisitely pretty; but she was too languid to talk, or perhaps had not much confidence in her French.

When the Count ventured a polite suggestion as to the places of interest in the neighbourhood, Màr-mar answered in a loud, jerky tone, pausing between each word, "You—should—see—New—York."

"Mais—Neu Yah?" interrogated the Count.

"New York," corrected Màr-mar, in superior manner. "N—e—w, New; Y—o—r—k, York; New York. Oui, oui," and she nodded till her diamonds seemed like flickering candles. She never got any further than "Oui, oui."

The general depression lasted till one day when the pink and ice pyramid was brought first to the Count, he maladroitly sliced off the top and let it fall to the ground. His funny look of consternation and his horrified cry, "Mais j'ai guillotiné la glace!" roused us all to a kind of hysterical merriment. Màr-mar's grim severity broke down completely. The pretty French girl's silvery peal was like a fairy chime. The fat little Countess laughed till the tears came into her eyes, and the Count stared at her in a bewildered way, and at last laughed too. The lady of culture and serious views laughed. The ice was broken, in more senses than one, and after this the table-d'hôte became much more cheerful.

There was a learned lady at the hotel, who had the reputation of being able to talk ancient Greek, and was a strenuous advocate of the wrongs of the pit-brow women. Her appearance was that of an elderly Renaissance angel. She had a long, odd, flat face, with no eyelashes or eyebrows to speak of, and soft, flaxen-grey hair. She dressed in clinging, sad-coloured stuff. She was greatly concerned about her health, had consulted most of the doctors in the place and quarrelled with each, and was now pursuing a system of experiment and inquiry in regard to the Royat waters. She was a constant source of amusement to the Marquise, who was not without a sense of humour, and made voluble comments upon the eccentricities of this, to her, undiscovered type.

"I have nevare seen Engleesh like zat. She is so droll. She ask all the persons, 'What you do? Do you take the César bath? Do you go to the Salle d'Aspiration? Do you have the douche froide? What you drink?' Then she say, 'I will do the same;' always to every one. To-day she will take the douche froide. Yesterday she did have the douche Écossaise. She have drunk the Fonteix, the St. Victor, the Eugénie, the St. Mart—all. It would be droll to send her to the Fontaine Pétrifiante. To say to her, 'I am going zere. Zat is the thing for all your douleurs.' And she would sit and sit in ze bath like ze St. Antoine till she was a pétrifaction. I have seen Engleesh, but nevare—jamais, jamais de ma vie—Engleesh like zat!"

I made up my mind that the best way of seeing the country round Royat was from a donkey's back, and one afternoon the concierge poked his peaked cap and pointed beard in at my door and announced, "L'âne est là." The donkey was down in the courtyard, and beside it stood a sturdy, squat Auvergnate in the blue petticoat and cap of the country, and with the brown face and beaming smile of the country also. We were quite a *cortége*. A big black dog and a tiny half-shorn white dog, with a tufted tail, went ahead. Mère Châtaignier—this she told me was her name—walked on one side of the donkey with a long stick, the descent of which she emphasised by shrill but tender adjurations—"Blondine! Blondinette, ma belle! Marchez, mademoiselle! Va! Blondinette, chérie!" And a pretty blue-eyed child of ten—so many of the Auvergnat children are fair and fresh-complexioned—progged Blondinette on the other side, shouting, less affectionately, "Hé, hé! Courez! Allez!" till we got to old Royat, when she darted down one of the crooked by-ways and was seen no more.

Old Royat is a little higher up the valley, and we always stopped in the quaint *place*, with its brown stone lichen-grown fountain, and the ancient cross of grey lava—the pedestal of which is cracked, the inscription undecipherable, and the carving defaced—that fronts the white Mairie. Narrow, winding, rudely-paved streets lead out of the *place*. A walnut-tree grows crookedly from out a grey wall; and here is the curious battlemented church-fortress of which the inhabitants of Royat are so proud. Behind the church are the ruins of an ancient priory, a tangle of underwood covering the broken walls.

Mère Châtaignier had a lively fund of conversation, though when I asked her about her children she became instantly lugubrious. They were all dead. She had nothing left but her donkey and her two dogs—she ignored her husband for the moment; she had had many misfortunes; she was never tired walking the hills now, "Les chagrins que j'ai souffert m'ont dégraissé," she said. She had bought Blondinette with her *économies* of eight years. A workman whom she had nursed in the winter had left her the big dog Turc in payment of his debt. Turc did not add to her *économies*, it was true, but she had not the heart to kill him; and the little dog Minerve was her *bébé*. Her husband cultivated cabbages, which he sold at the hotels. "Et c'est comme ça que nous gagnons notre pauvre vie," she added, with a prolonged sigh, which, however, suddenly changed into a burst of

big laughter. "Voici mes enfants, madame," she cried, pointing to a beautiful grove of chestnut-trees through which we were passing. The chestnuts were in flower now. Every branch lifted feathery plumes of pale yellow that scented the air. Mère Châtaignier had a story to tell—how on the first day her husband had set foot in Royat twenty years ago, he had won ten litres of wine at an auberge where some men who did not know him were talking of their large families. Père Châtaignier wagered that there were more of his name in Royat than the families of them all put together, and when he pointed to the chestnut-trees, they admitted that he had won his bet. Then she went on to relate how, when the time came each year for beating down the ripe chestnuts, the villagers would gather round their house with large poles, shouting, "Hé, hé, Père Châtaignier! Nous allons battre vos enfants."

We used to go along very cheerily, Mère Châtaignier, Blondinette, and I, with Turc and Cléopâtre running in front. Sometimes in some dirty hamlet they would set-to and chase a pig—it seemed to me that the pigs and the peasants, the children and the cows, all live together in Auvergne—till the pig finally tumbled over a nettle-grown wall. Then Mère Châtaignier's great laugh would echo through the gorge, and Turc would growl, and Blondinette would take advantage of the opportunity to stand still and cull a thistle unrebuked.

Château near Royat.

Sometimes Père Châtaignier would appear instead of his wife, and Blondinette always marched at a better pace when he was behind her. He was a wiry little French peasant, with crisp, curling black hair, and a short, brown, merry face. He was always scrupulously neat, and would take off his cap with quite an air. One day when we were winding up to La Charrarde by the Gorge d'Enfer, a heavy storm arose. It had been one of those unnaturally still and oppressive days when scarcely a leaf quivers, and every breath of air seems charged with electricity. Suddenly the thunder began to growl. Before many minutes every pine-needle was shaking with a fierce chill wind, and a torrent of rain swept down the valley and drenched us through to the skin. The mountain path became a little river. All down the hill-side rivulets ran, and tiny cascades dashed over the rocks bearing down dead-fir branches and cones, and loose *débris* of gravel. After a little while, the rain ceased as suddenly as it had begun. As the heavy mist cleared away, there was something intensely exhilarating in the air and the scene. The red boles of the pines glistened; the tender green shoots drank in the moisture; the Tiretaine was roaring loudly; the moss on the banks beneath the firs, which had been so brown and dry, looked fat and soft and satisfied now.

Presently we got to La Charrarde. A band of peasant-women, in blue jackets and caps, ran out to greet Père Châtaignier. One of them lifted me down from the donkey, and catching up a bundle of firewood, made me follow her into a low brown room from which a wooden staircase led to the upper storey. There was a big open fireplace in one corner—or rather a hearth without any distinct division from the rest of the room—on which my hostess laid the faggot. Her name was Madame Grénon, and she was young and comely and fair. A clock in a tall wooden case with brass mountings stood against the wall, and the cream cheeses were spread on rushes below the chimney. Père Châtaignier lighted the bundle of wood, and Madame Grénon took off my stockings and gave them to him to dry. Then she took me up-stairs to another low brown room, where balls of flax hung over the bed, and in which was a large wooden press that she opened, showing piles of neatly folded homespun linen—"not so fine, perhaps," she said, "mais tout-à-fait propre." She clothed me completely, putting my feet into wooden sabots; and when I got downstairs, the children came in, and more peasant-women in caps and sabots, and laughed at my appearance; and Père Châtaignier danced round me and benevolently patted the bodice, lamenting its bagginess, and then he slapped Mme. Grénon's ample shoulders, and made sundry jokes upon her plumpness.

Then they examined my wet gown with deep interest. They were greatly puzzled over the steels and the tapes which tied it back, and the little horsehair cushion at the waist was to them an object of extreme wonder. They pondered over it for a long time, and they pulled about the draperies, and looked down at their own round, straight skirts. Père Châtaignier held the dress to him, and executed a comic travesty of the way the ladies walked in the gardens of the Établissement. Madame Grénon wondered meditatively how "ces pauvres dames" could give themselves the trouble of carrying about so much when they walked. Père Châtaignier supposed that they submitted to the inconvenience in order that they might be distinguished from the peasants; but they all seemed to think "ces pauvres dames" were greatly to be pitied.

Presently Père Châtaignier opened a deep drawer, and with his pocket-knife cut a hunch off a huge round loaf of coarse bread which quite filled the drawer. He halved his piece and handed me a bit between his fingers. Madame Grénon brought a bowl of milk for me, and a bottle of wine for him, and we sat down on a settle by the fire and made a cheerful meal, after which, with many expressions of sympathy and commiseration, Madame Grénon helped me to put on my own still damp gown

over her dry clothes, and mounted me on Blondinette once more. This was not the end of my acquaintance with Madame Grénon. We got to be great friends. One Sunday she came to see me in her *costume de fête*. We exchanged photographs, and promised to write to each other.

SOURCE EUGÉNIE.

The thunder growled still in the distance as we rode back from La Charrarde, but the air was deliciously fresh, and the new-born creeklets murmured joyously. The sun was setting, and there was a haze over La Limagne, so that it seemed more than ever like the sea, while the distant hills were unusually blue and clear; and Père Châtaignier pointed out to me how the fields of ripe corn upon them looked like patches of snow.

It was the eve of the National Fête. Guns were being fired in Clermont, and as we came down through old Royat, men were parading the street and singing the Marseillaise. At the table-d'hôte all the French people were excited about the arrival of General Boulanger and the whispers of a probable *émeute*.

"How happy you are in England to have a Queen and a Court," said the little French Countess pathetically. "Under such a triste Government as ours one never knows what is coming. And with a President who was an avocat!" and she shrugged her plump shoulders. "What is to be done? At a ball at the Elysée now there are none but gens de commerce. All is shaken up in a republic, and the little come to the top."

Royat is, in itself, the least interesting of watering-places, but there are any number of excursions to be made from it, and the enterprising antiquarian may revel in ruined castles and ancient churches, to say nothing of Roman relics and traditions of Julius Cæsar and Vercingetorix. Julius Cæsar is quite a household word among the Auvergnats. "Ah, c'est un grand homme!" Père Châtaignier remarked with solemn conviction as Blondinette climbed the Roman road to Villars; and then as we descended by the Puy de Chateix—"See, this is what he made to bring the water to Royat," pointing to a hollow in the rocky side-path. Père Châtaignier went on to tell how the Puy de Chateix was called the Granary of Cæsar. How Cæsar had stored in the caves corn for his soldiers, and how "when he was killed in battle, or died a sudden death, I do not quite remember," conscientiously added Châtaignier, his stores of corn had been burned, and to this day calcined grains were found.

There is a curious old church at Volvic, almost barbaric in its ornamentation—an odd mixture of the ecclesiastical, the pagan, and the feudal. Two large stone heads, one of which might be the Greek Mercury, support the arch of the chancel. The capitals of the pillars are strangely sculptured, here a graven centaur, and there an Egyptian-like carving of two grotesque birds, their beaks meeting in an Etruscan-looking vase. In one place a mediæval figure in armour holding the scales of justice, and in another a knight, mailed and winged, with something between a battle-axe and a banner in one hand, while the other thumb and two fingers are extended over an enshrined chalice.

An English chaplain, who was of our party, pointed out these curiosities of architecture with professional interest. He had a deep mellifluous voice, and an insatiable appetite for exploration of all kinds. We were driving together—the American lady and her pretty daughter, the cleric and I. Our road led among plumy chestnuts, pleasant vineyards, and gardens. There were wild flowers all along the wayside, golden-rod and clematis, harebells and cornflowers. Sometimes we would pass by a white château with a stiff avenue of poplars leading up to its straight front. Sometimes we went through an old-world town with a gay *place*—they are delightful, these raised, lime-shaded *places*—and dark, narrow streets almost bridged in parts, where one might see a quaint twelfth-century house with arched stone doorway, or curious carved façades of a somewhat later date, fantastic tourelles, and queer bits of sculpture in grey lava,

or funny little bakers' shops, with the long brown twists, and the big round loaves with a hole through the middle,

Madame Grenon.

hanging on nails down each side of the doorway, while at every doorway there would be a group of the blue-gowned, white-capped peasants always busy with their knitting.

At each church we came to, the carriage stopped, and our friend, the chaplain, alighted. But Màr-mar was deaf to the coachman's remonstrances—"Mais, madame, un peu de courage!"

"Well, I presume we saw churches enough in Rome," said Màr-mar stolidly. "I don't see that there's any good in going round another. We've seen a great many ruined castles, and we've been round quite a number of old churches," Màr-mar pursued plaintively, "but somehow it don't seem when we're done as if we'd got any forwarder. It always appears after we've gone that there's something we've just missed everywhere—a picture, or a church, or a statue, or a waterfall, that we'd just ought to have come all the way from America to look at. I presume it's the guides' fault; but that's just so."

We were going to the ruined castle of Tournöel, and after zig-zagging up for a little while, the carriage stopped on a tiny plateau shadowed by chestnuts and enclosed by a crumbling wall, with the bold tower of the castle rising grandly on the summit of the peak.

"There's plenty of romance in me," said Màr-mar, "but I should like something in my stomach to support it." So we had our luncheon first under the chestnut-trees; and the ecclesiastic improved the occasion by a short lecture on mediævalism, troubadours, the age of chivalry, and the doubtful advantages of civilisation, telegraph wire, Birmingham caucus, and all the rest; while the fresh untainted breeze blew upon our faces, and a brood of domesticated fowls clucked round and feasted in cannibal fashion upon the remnants of our cold roast chickens.

It is quite the real thing, this castle of Tournöel—dungeon, oubliette, watch-tower, archers' loopholes, secret winding stair—all in proper form and excellent preservation. White pigeons coo now in the deserted inner courtyard, and float in and out of the sculptured window-frames, and nestle in the old doorway beneath the defaced coat-of-arms. The *salle des gardes* is grass-grown, and only the carved chimneypiece remains in the great *salon*. There was something very dreamy and poetic about it all. We could have lingered a long time on the roof of the big tower, looking down on the shadow-flecked plain, where the towns seemed like little red patches, and the fields and vineyards like irregularly ruled chess board squares, while beyond, one above the other, rose tiers of hills, with here and there the flattened cone of an extinct volcano.

Below Tournöel, the carriage stopped again in a village at the mouth of a ravine; and there came out a troop of peasant-girls, headed by one who carried a long distaff and rapidly spun and wound her flax as she walked. She volunteered to conduct us to the cascade at the end of the gorge—a cascade which was "magnifique," which all the visitors went to look at. The ecclesiastic, always energetic, jumped down, and so did the whole party in another carriage which had followed us. But Màr-mar shook her head, saying that she presumed, as they were going on to Switzerland, they would have plenty of cascades soon, and she guessed that she and her daughter would stop in the carriage till we came back. We others followed the girl with the distaff over the rocks and along a dell closed in with clefted preci-

Château de Tournöel.

pices and projecting granite boulders, and with a tiny stream running sluggishly down its bed. At last the girl stopped in front of a rocky wall, on the top of which were a few rugged pines.

"C'est le bout du monde," she said. That was the name of the ravine, and we might go no further.

"But where is the cascade?" we cried, except the clergyman, who had just caught a purple emperor butterfly in the crown of his soft hat.

"Mais——" The girl shrugged her shoulders and pointed with her distaff to a stain on the rocky wall. "There was the cascade. In the month of May it was superb. There were torrents of water in May. But in July——!"

Mar-mar smiled grimly when we got back to the carriage.

"Well, I did presume we should get the real thing in Switzerland," she said.

R. M. PRAED.

The Ministering Children's League.

"MY hopes are centred in the children," was a passing remark once used in my hearing, and one which has doubtless often occurred to a clergyman when entering upon the grave responsibilities involved in taking over a new parish. The words may have been lightly spoken, but they were not destined to fall unheeded. I was at that time desirous of starting a society to interest the children of the rich in the needs of the poor. In my home circle philanthropic work was often a topic of conversation, and I was constantly hearing of the lamentable lack of workers for labours of love. A very natural way to remedy this evil in the future seemed to be to bring together bands of children as little workers for the poor, so that in years to come they might develop into the needed helpers. When therefore the Rev. C. J. Ridgeway, then the new vicar of the London parish of Christ Church, Lancaster Gate, happened to refer to the children of his congregation in some such words as those which I have quoted, it immediately struck me that possibly he might be willing to lend me a helping hand.

Nor was I disappointed; the aims and objects of the proposed Society were laid before him, and also the simple way in which it was to be organised. He at once suggested that a card of membership should be drawn up, and the Association inaugurated, by calling a meeting of his parishioners, with their children. This was done on the 10th of January, 1885—an inclement winter's day. Some fifty names were enrolled of those who were willing to join the first branch of the new society, the children becoming members; their parents, associates, or guides to the little ones. A local hon. secretary was also duly appointed. The young folks were asked to observe one rule only—"Try to do *at least* one kind deed every day," and to use a short prayer specially drawn up for their benefit. They were enjoined to be helpful and loving at home, to remember the needs of the poor (for whom they were invited to make clothing and useful articles of all descriptions, as well as to buy or mend playthings for little toyless brothers and sisters in poverty-stricken homes), and the members were to regard every day as wasted during which they had not tried to be kind to others.

The "M. C. L." having been thus unpretentiously started, the difficulty next arose of how to spread it—a greater one than some would imagine who have not had practical experience of the reluctance which is felt by people in the country in adopting any new scheme, more especially if the great ones of the earth have not signified their approval of it.

"Nothing succeeds like success," and until this has been achieved it is wonderful how many cavillers crop up to pick holes in a new project. Indeed, in this case I was informed that I should do more harm than good in promoting the cause of the new League, a consideration so painful that I sometimes felt disposed to abandon my part of the enterprise. However, Mr. Ridgeway proved himself to be a true friend to an Association with which he has ever since been identified, and interested many in the League, amongst others the Rev. Dr. Forrest (Prebendary of St. Paul's). The largest English branch (now numbering some 600) has been started in connection with his parish. This clergyman, who is so deservedly beloved by his congregation, has since become one of our heartiest supporters, and the society owes him a debt of gratitude for encouragement given at a time when, at any rate, one of its promoters had many a *mauvais quart d'heure* after listening to real or imaginary objections. The Children's League was destined to have, in the autumn of the same year, a most unexpected impetus given to it. Lord Meath and I had arranged to take a trip to America. Crossing the Atlantic in these days is fast becoming a most ordinary occurrence, at least to our energetic Transatlantic neighbours, who think nothing of travelling 3,000 miles and braving the storms of the ocean for the sake of a few weeks' enjoyment of change of scene. It was not so with me; it was the first time—I sincerely trust not the last—that I had visited the New World, and I was very anxious that the journey should not be wholly profitless. As central secretary of the Ministering Children's League, I had provided myself with papers relating to the Society, and on reaching Canada, I spoke of it to a lady at Toronto, who is president of an Association for benefiting young women. She took a most friendly interest in the scheme, which led to her making the practical suggestion of calling a few ladies together from various parishes, with a view to starting the League in Toronto. This was done, and the results were most encouraging.

At Ottawa the success attending the efforts which

THE YOUNG KNIGHT.

(Drawn by Walter Crane.)

were made, were, if anything, greater. Not only did the wife of the bishop, the late Mrs. Lewis, postpone an intended journey for the sake of a meeting being held in her house, but she became the first president of the many branches which rapidly sprang up. This lady has since died, and in her memory has been established the first M. C. L. Institution, a Convalescent Home for Children. It was known that she desired greatly to see a house established, where ailing little ones could obtain country air. When, therefore, her lamented death occurred, some of those who were most interested in the League, and notably Miss Gordon, its able local hon. secretary, wished to establish near Ottawa such a Home in memory of their first president. This has been actually accomplished; a suitable house has been hired in the meantime, but it is proposed shortly to erect a special building, land having been given for the purpose.

In the United States the little League was equally appreciated. The fact of its being new and almost untried, proved no hindrance. "What a good thing!" was the remark, when I attempted to explain the aim and objects of the League, but exception was taken to the Association being started for the moral benefit of children of the upper classes in a country where class distinctions are not supposed to exist. This difficulty was easily overcome, as it was agreed to establish the League in the United States on the wider basis of teaching all children, irrespective of social standing, to help others. Several ladies were found to volunteer their welcome assistance, and a small meeting was held in a New York drawing-room, the outcome of which was that fourteen branches were, within a short space of time, established in and around New York, whilst Miss Emery, a lady belonging to a family well known as charitable workers, became central secretary to the Association in the United States. Branches spread far and wide; even in the wilds of California were found those who were glad to establish the League in their midst.

In the meanwhile, my husband and I had bidden a sad farewell to our friends in Canada and America, and when crossing the Atlantic, on our return voyage, our thoughts lingered regretfully with those who had shown to us, strangers, such true hospitality.

On my return, my labours of promoting the Society in my own country were positively depressing. To find indifference and lack of energy after having been accustomed to the warm enthusiasm of a people famous for their powers of organisation, was a strange contrast. However, in England, we may take the flattering unction to our souls that if we are slow to take up a new idea, we are perhaps surer than the inhabitants of the daughter country. Now that the League had been fairly started its progress was assured. Seven branches were the outcome of the first year's efforts, forty were established before the conclusion of the next year, whilst this number will be more than doubled in 1887. A new worker came to our aid, the present hon. organising secretary, Miss Blanche Medhurst, to whose faith and unflagging energy in promoting this union for work and prayer for the young, its subsequent success is greatly due. The good example which was set by the brave workers in Ottawa, in establishing an M. C. L. Home, has not been lost upon us, for we are founding a somewhat similar institution in England, a home for destitute children. A piece of land, comprising over seven acres, has been purchased at Ottershaw, a peaceful country village in Surrey, and a picturesque building has been erected, destined to hold twenty little boys. It is not expected that this good work will end here, for it is hoped that a series of houses will be built to form cottage-homes for little ones; the support of each will devolve on the charitable labours of our members.

The number of those who belong to the League has greatly increased since the day when (little more than two and a half years ago) it counted but fifty. It is calculated that not less than fifteen thousand now belong to it, scattered over a wide extent of the globe. Not only in Canada and the United States does it exist, but its members may be found in the West Indies and in Hindostan. Indeed, a good lesson of geography might well be given to our little ones in narrating to them the many and various places where our young Leaguers are learning, we trust, that the surest way to happiness lies in loving self-sacrifice.

Such is a brief sketch of a Society which has been little heard of, except by those immediately connected with it. Readers may possibly wonder if there was any real need for any such Association being established. Some hold that this is a doubtful point, as unselfishness is a homely virtue, taught by every wise parent, and best learnt from a mother's lips. Very true, but it would require a person to be gifted with a singularly sanguine disposition to imagine that all parents are wise, or their offspring always ready to listen to their advice.

Are not children now-a-days proverbially spoilt, and is not the innocent, loving child, content with the simplest of pleasures, and only anxious to share them with others, somewhat exceptional? Some young folks are scarcely emerged from nursery precincts before we learn that they are "awfully bored" and find things very "dull." Far from contenting themselves with home amusements, they require to be taken from place to place in search of entertainment, a somewhat hopeless task where tastes are very fastidious. These *blasé* individuals, in short petticoats or oftener in Eton jackets, are intensely selfish. They have lost the halo which, in olden times, used to be thrown around persons and things in youthful days. They have little respect for parents, contribute nothing towards the happiness of home, and give no promise of turning out useful members of society when manhood or womanhood is reached. They are not perhaps to be greatly blamed, for unconsciously parents, teachers, servants have all combined to make these young persons —misnamed children—imagine that their food, their clothing, their education, and their amusements are the objects of the greatest importance in the whole universe, and it is possible that no one has ever tried to impress upon them the necessity of showing a due regard for the welfare of others. Mercifully, what erring mortals mar, a beneficent Providence moulds. Thus it may often come to pass that the discipline of life, its trials, and crosses transform the spoilt child into the devoted man;

but how much has had to be unlearnt, how much suffering has had to be undergone, and how great has been the loss to the individual of the enjoyment of simple pleasures, sometimes beautifully preserved even into old age! Amongst these, none is purer or more certain to be preserved than that derived from doing good to others, and the sooner in life this lesson is learnt the better will it be for the individual. This lesson the "M. C. L." strives to inculcate upon the minds of even its youngest members. It was, however, more for the sake of helping the poor than for the moral training of the children of the rich that the Society was established.

We are not living in times when any effort in a right direction to ameliorate the lot of the lower orders can afford to be relaxed. On the contrary, such efforts must be multiplied ten, twenty, nay, a hundred-fold. With the growth of wealth in our country has come an enormous increase in our town population, and truly the poet was right when he said, "God made the country, man made the town," for wherever masses of people congregate together misery prevails, and he too often makes the cities which his hand raises the very centre of everything that is vicious. Green fields, trees, flowers vanish, and in their stead rise up large factories, whose tall chimneys pour out smoke and noxious vapours which destroy vegetation. Round the factories are too often seen dirty, over-populated dwellings, and crowded public-houses, out of which issue haggard-looking men and women, whilst pale-faced children play in the gutter, whose ragged clothing cannot conceal their ill-nourished bodies. Brave men and women, exiling themselves from pleasant surroundings, from beauty, from the charms of a peaceful life, are content, almost single-handed, to combat evils which, to outsiders, would appear irremediable. Much encouragement, derived from a sense of nobly-fulfilled duty, must attend the labours of these gallant workers, otherwise they would sink beneath the burden of their voluntarily-undertaken responsibilities; but it is sad that these valuable lives should be shortened, and their work fail to bear all the good fruit which might result from it, because they "who live at ease" will not go to their assistance.

Truly a vast army of ministering men and women are needed to teach the poor to help themselves, and to raise out of physical and moral degradation thousands of English men and women; and the promoters of this League hope that this army will, in the future, be largely recruited from those who once were "ministering children." Time will show if these hopes are doomed to disappointment. We may be pardoned if we do not believe it, and, on the contrary, hold the persuasion—possibly an erroneous one—that if, from some unforeseen cause, the progress of this little society were to be arrested and it were completely to collapse, the lessons of unselfish devotion which have been, however imperfectly, taught to the members, would live on in the hearts of some of the children. "To do a kind deed every day, why, that is the very rule which my mother gave me as a boy, and I have always tried to keep it," said a hard worker in the cause of good, to me in Philadelphia. Is it not possible that in long years to come many a man and woman may say, "I joined the 'Ministering Children's League' as a child, its rule and its prayer first led me to work for others, and if my life has been in any degree a useful one, I owe it to this Society"? In our little League we cannot and may not deal with great things, but we are content to wait and to look forward to glorious possibilities in the future.

M. J. MEATH.

Papers respecting the Ministering Children's League can be obtained on application to the Secretary, 83, Lancaster Gate, London.

Literary and other Notes.

BY THE EDITOR

LADY BELLAIRS'S "Gossips with Girls and Maidens" (William Blackwood and Sons) contains some very interesting essays, and a quite extraordinary amount of useful information on all matters connected with the mental and physical training of women. It is very difficult to give good advice without being irritating, and almost impossible to be at once didactic and delightful; but Lady Bellairs manages very cleverly to steer a middle course between the Charybdis of dulness and the Scylla of flippancy. There is a pleasing *intimité* about her style, and almost everything that she says has both good sense and good humour to recommend it. Nor does she confine herself to those broad generalisations on morals, which are so easy to make, so difficult to apply. Indeed, she seems to have a wholesome contempt for the cheap severity of abstract ethics, enters into the most minute details for the guidance of conduct, and draws out elaborate lists of what girls should avoid, and what they should cultivate.

Here are some specimens of "What to Avoid":—

"A loud, weak, affected, whining, harsh, or shrill tone of voice.

"Extravagances in conversation—such phrases as 'Awfully this,' 'Beastly that,' 'Loads of time,' 'Don't you know,' 'hate' for 'dislike,' &c.

"Sudden exclamations of annoyance, surprise, and joy—often dangerously approaching to 'female swearing'—as 'Bother!' 'Gracious!' 'How jolly!'

"Yawning when listening to any one.

"Talking on family matters, even to your bosom friends.

"Attempting any vocal or instrumental piece of music that you cannot execute with ease.

"Crossing your letters.

"Making a short, sharp nod with the head, intended to do duty as a bow.

"All nonsense in the shape of belief in dreams, omens, presentiments, ghosts, spiritualism, palmistry, &c.

"Entertaining wild flights of the imagination, or empty idealistic aspirations."

I am afraid that I have a good deal of sympathy with what are called "empty idealistic aspirations;" and "wild flights of the imagination" are so extremely rare in the nineteenth century, that they seem to me deserving rather of praise than of censure. The exclamation "Bother," also, though certainly lacking in beauty, might, I think, be permitted under circumstances of extreme aggravation, such as, for instance, the rejection of a manuscript by the editor of a magazine; but in all other respects the list seems to be quite excellent. As for "What to Cultivate," nothing could be better than the following:—

"An unaffected, low, distinct, silver-toned voice.

"The art of pleasing those around you, and seeming pleased with them and all they may do for you.

"The charm of making little sacrifices quite naturally, as if of no account to yourself.

"The habit of making allowances for the opinions, feelings, or prejudices of others.

"An erect carriage—that is, a sound body.

"A good memory for faces, and facts connected with them—thus avoiding giving offence through not recognising or bowing to people, or saying to them what had best been left unsaid.

"The art of listening without impatience to prosy talkers, and smiling at the twice-told tale or joke."

I cannot help thinking that the last aphorism aims at too high a standard. There is always a certain amount of danger in any attempt to cultivate impossible virtues. However, it is only fair to add that Lady Bellairs recognises the importance of self-development quite as much as the importance of self-denial; and there is a great deal of sound sense in everything that she says about the gradual growth and formation of character. Indeed, those who have not read Aristotle upon this point, might with advantage read Lady Bellairs.

Miss Constance Naden's little volume, "A Modern Apostle, and other Poems" (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Company), shows both culture and courage—culture in its use of language, courage in its selection of subject-matter. The modern apostle of whom Miss Naden sings is a young clergyman who preaches Pantheistic Socialism in the Free Church of some provincial manufacturing town, converts everybody except the woman whom he loves, and is killed in a street riot. The story is exceedingly powerful, but seems more suitable for prose than for verse. It is right that a poet should be full of the spirit of his age, but the external forms of modern life are hardly, as yet, expressive of that spirit. They are truths of fact, not truths of the imagination, and though they may give the poet an opportunity for realism, they often rob the poem of the reality that is so essential to it. Art, however, is a matter of result, not of theory, and if the fruit is pleasant we should not quarrel about the tree. Miss Naden's work is distinguished by rich imagery, fine colour, and sweet music, and these are things for which we should be grateful wherever we find them. In point of mere technical skill her longer poems are the best, but some of the shorter poems are very fascinating. This, for instance, is pretty:—

"The copyist group was gathered round
A time-worn fresco, world-renowned,
Whose central glory once had been
The face of Christ, the Nazarene.

"And every copyist of the crowd
With his own soul that face endowed,
Gentle, severe, majestic, mean;
But which was Christ, the Nazarene?

"Then one who watched them made complaint,
And marvelled, saying, 'Wherefore paint
Till ye be sure your eyes have seen
The face of Christ, the Nazarene?'"

And this sonnet is full of suggestion:—

"The wine-flushed monarch slept, but in his ear
An angel breathed—'Repent; or choose the flame
Quenchless.' In dread he woke, but not in shame,
Deep musing—'Sin I love, yet hell I fear.'

Wherefore he left his feasts, and minions dear,
And justly ruled, and died a saint in name.
But when his hasting spirit heavenward came,
A stern voice cried—'O Soul! what dost thou here?'

"'Love I forswore, and wine, and kept my vow
To live a just and joyless life, and now
I crave reward.' The voice came like a knell—
'Fool! dost thou hope to find again thy mirth,
And those foul joys thou didst renounce on earth?
Yea, enter in! My heaven shall be thy hell.'"

Miss Constance Naden deserves a high place among our living poetesses, and this, as Mrs. Sharp has shown lately in her volume, entitled "Women's Voices," is no mean distinction.

Phyllis Browne's "Life of Mrs. Somerville" (Cassell and Co.) forms part of a very interesting little series, called "The World's Workers"—a collection of short biographies catholic enough to include personalities so widely different as Turner and Richard Cobden, Handel and Sir Titus Salt, Robert Stephenson and Florence Nightingale, and yet possessing a certain definite aim. As a mathematician and a scientist, the translator and populariser of Laplace's *La Mécanique Céleste*, and the author of an important book on physical geography, Mrs. Somerville is, of course, well known. The scientific bodies of Europe covered her with honours; her bust stands in the hall of the Royal Society, and one of the Women's Colleges at Oxford bears her name. Yet, considered simply in the light of a wife and a mother, she is no less admirable; and those who consider that stupidity is the proper basis for the domestic virtues, and that intellectual women must of necessity be helpless with their hands, cannot do better than read Phyllis Browne's pleasant little book, in which they will find that the greatest woman-mathematician of any age was a clever needle-woman, a good housekeeper, and a most skilful cook. Indeed, Mrs. Somerville seems to have been quite renowned for her cookery. The discoverers of the North-west Passage christened an island "Somerville," not as a tribute to the distinguished mathematician, but as a recognition of the excellence of some orange marmalade which the distinguished mathematician had prepared with her own hands and presented to the ships before they left England; and to the fact that she was able to make currant jelly at a very critical moment she owed the affection of some of her husband's relatives, who up to that time had been rather prejudiced against her on the ground that she was merely an unpractical Blue-stocking.

Nor did her scientific knowledge ever warp or dull the tenderness and humanity of her nature. For birds and animals she had always a great love. We hear of her as a little girl watching with eager eyes the swallows as they built their nests in summer or prepared for their flight in the autumn; and when snow was on the ground she used to open the windows to let the robins hop in and pick crumbs on the breakfast-table. On one occasion she went with her father on a tour in the Highlands, and found on her return that a pet goldfinch, which had been left in the charge of the servants, had been neglected by them and had died of starvation. She was almost heart-broken at the event, and in writing her "Recollections" seventy years after, she mentioned it, and said that, as she wrote, she felt deep pain. Her chief pet in her old age was a mountain sparrow, which used to perch on her arm and go to sleep there while she was writing. One day the sparrow fell into the water-jug and was drowned, to the great grief of its mistress, who could hardly be consoled for its loss, though later on we hear of a beautiful paroquet taking the place of *le moineau d'Uranie* and becoming Mrs. Somerville's constant companion. She was also very energetic, Phyllis Browne tells us, in trying to get a law passed in the Italian Parliament for the protection of animals, and said once with reference to this subject, "We English cannot boast of humanity so long as our sportsmen find pleasure in shooting down tame pigeons as they fly terrified out of a cage"—a remark with which I entirely agree. Mr. Herbert's Bill for the protection of land birds gave her immense pleasure, though, to quote her own words, she was "grieved to find that 'the lark, which at heaven's gate sings,' is thought unworthy of man's protection;" and she took a great fancy to a gentleman who, on being told of the number of singing birds that are eaten in Italy—nightingales, goldfinches, and robins—exclaimed in horror, "What! robins!—our household birds! I would as soon eat a child!" Indeed, she believed to some extent in the immortality of animals, on the ground that if animals have no future it would seem as if some were created for uncompensated misery—an idea which does not seem to me to be either extravagant or fantastic, though it must be admitted that the optimism on which it is based receives absolutely no support from science.

On the whole, Phyllis Browne's book is very pleasant reading. Its only fault is that it is far too short, and this is a fault so rare in modern literature that it almost amounts to a distinction. However, Phyllis Browne has managed to crowd into the narrow limits at her disposal a great many interesting anecdotes. The picture she gives of Mrs. Somerville working away at her translation of Laplace in the same room with her children, is very charming, and reminds one of what is told of George Sand; there is an amusing account of Mrs. Somerville's visit to the widow of the young Pretender, the Countess of Albany, who after talking with her for some time exclaimed, "So you don't speak Italian! You must have had a very bad education!" And this story about the Waverley Novels may possibly be new to some of my readers:—

"A very amusing circumstance in connection with Mrs. Somerville's acquaintance with Sir Walter arose out of the childish inquisitiveness of Woronzow Greig, Mrs. Somerville's little boy.

"During the time Mrs. Somerville was visiting Abbotsford, the Waverley Novels were appearing, and were creating a great sensation; yet even Scott's intimate friends did not know that he was the author; he enjoyed keeping the affair a mystery. But little Woronzow discovered what he was about. One day when Mrs. Somerville was talking about a novel that had just been published, Woronzow said, 'I knew all these stories long ago, for Mr. Scott writes on the dinner-table; when he has finished he puts the green cloth with the papers in a corner of the dining-room, and when he goes out Charlie Scott and I read the stories.'"

Phyllis Browne remarks that this incident shows "that persons who want to keep a secret ought to be very careful when children are about;" but the story seems to me to be far too charming to require any moral of the kind.

Bound up in the same volume is a life of Miss Mary Carpenter, also written by Phyllis Browne. Miss Carpenter does not seem to me to have the charm and fascination of Mrs. Somerville. There is always something about her that is formal, limited, and precise. When she was about two years old she insisted on being called "Doctor Carpenter" in the nursery; at the age of twelve she is described by a friend as a sedate little girl, who always spoke like a book; and before she entered on her educational schemes she wrote down a solemn dedication of herself to the service of humanity. However, she was one of the practical hard-working saints of the nineteenth century, and it is no doubt quite right that the saints should take themselves very seriously. It is only fair, also, to remember that her work of rescue and reformation was carried on under great difficulties. Here, for instance, is the picture Miss Cobbe gives us of one of the Bristol night-schools:—

"It was a wonderful spectacle to see Mary Carpenter sitting patiently before the large school-gallery in St. Jane's Back, teaching, singing, and praying with the wild street-boys, in spite of endless interruptions caused by such proceedings as shooting marbles at any object behind her, whistling, stamping, fighting, shrieking out 'Amen' in the middle of a prayer, and sometimes rising *en masse* and tearing, like a troop of bisons in hob-nailed shoes, down from the gallery, round the great school-room, and down the stairs, and into the street. These irrepressible outbreaks she bore with infinite good-humour."

Her own account is somewhat pleasanter, and shows that "the troop of bisons in hob-nailed shoes" were not always so barbarous.

"I had taken to my class on the preceding week some specimens of ferns, neatly gummed on white paper. . . . This time I took a piece of coal-shale, with impressions of ferns, to show them. I told each to examine the specimen and tell me what he thought it was. W—— gave so bright a smile that I saw he knew; none of the others could tell; he said they were ferns, like what I showed them last week, but he thought they were chiselled on the stone. Their surprise and pleasure were great when I explained the matter to them.

"The history of Joseph. They all found a difficulty in realising that this had actually occurred. One asked if Egypt existed now, and if people lived in it. When I told them that buildings now stood which had been erected about the time of Joseph, one said that was impossible, as they must have fallen down ere this. I showed them the form of a pyramid, and they were satisfied. *One asked if all books were true.*

"The story of Macbeth impressed them very much. They knew the name of Shakespeare, having seen it over a public-house.

"A boy defined conscience as 'a thing a gentleman hasn't got who, when a boy finds his purse and gives it back to him, doesn't give the boy sixpence.'

"Another boy was asked, after a Sunday evening lecture on 'Thankfulness,' what pleasure he enjoyed most in the course of a year. He replied candidly, 'Cock-fightin', ma'am; there's a pit up by the "Black Boy" as is worth anythink in Brissel.'"

There is something a little pathetic in the attempt to civilise the rough street-boy by means of the refining influence of ferns and fossils, and it is difficult to help feeling that Miss Carpenter rather over-estimated the value of elementary education. The poor are not to be fed upon facts. Even Shakespeare and the Pyramids are not sufficient; nor is there much use in giving them the results of culture, unless we also give them those conditions under which culture can be realised. In these cold, crowded cities of the North, the proper basis for morals, using the word in its wide Hellenic signification, is to be found in architecture, not in books.

Still it would be ungenerous not to recognise that Mary Carpenter gave to the children of the poor, not merely her learning, but her love. In early life, her biographer tells us, she had longed for the happiness of being a wife and a mother, but later she became content that her affection could be freely given to all who needed it, and the verse in the prophecies, "I have given thee children whom thou hast not borne," seemed to her to indicate what was to be her true mission. Indeed, she rather inclined to Bacon's opinion that unmarried people do the best public work. "It is quite striking," she says in one of her letters, "to observe how much the useful power and influence of woman has developed of later years. Unattached ladies, such as widows and unmarried women, have quite ample work to do in the world for the good of others to absorb all their powers. Wives and mothers have a very noble work given them by God, and want no more." The whole passage is extremely interesting, and the phrase "unattached ladies" is quite delightful, and reminds one of Charles Lamb.

"Ismay's Children" (Macmillan and Co.) is by the clever authoress of that wonderful little story "Flitters, Tatters, and the Counsellor," a story which delighted the realists by its truth, fascinated Mr. Ruskin by its beauty, and remains to the present day the most perfect picture of street-Arab life in all English prose fiction. The scene of the novel is laid in the south of Ireland, and the plot is extremely dramatic and ingenious. Godfrey Mauleverer, a reckless young Irishman, runs away with Ismay Darcy, a pretty, penniless governess, and is privately married to her in Scotland. Some time after the birth of her third child, Ismay died, and her husband, who has never made his marriage public, nor taken any pains to establish the legitimacy of his children, is drowned while yachting off the coast of France. The care of Ismay's children then devolves on an old aunt, Miss Juliet Darcy, who brings them back to Ireland to claim their inheritance for them. But a sudden stroke of paralysis deprives her of her memory, and she forgets the name of the little Scotch village in which Ismay's informal marriage took place. So Tighe O'Malley holds Barrettstown, and Ismay's children live in an old mill close to the great park of which they are the rightful heirs. The boy, who is called Godfrey after his father, is a fascinating study, with his swarthy foreign beauty, his fierce moods of love and hate, his passionate pride, and his passionate tenderness. The account of his midnight ride to warn his enemy of an impending attack of Moonlighters is most powerful and spirited; and it is pleasant to meet in modern fiction a character that has all the fine inconsistencies of life,

and is neither too fantastic an exception to be true, nor too ordinary a type to be common. Excellent also, in its direct simplicity of rendering, is the picture of Miss Juliet Darcy; and the scene in which, at the moment of her death, the old woman's memory returns to her is quite admirable, both in conception and in treatment. To me, however, the chief interest of the book lies in the little life-like sketches of Irish character with which it abounds. Modern realistic art has not yet produced a Hamlet, but at least it may claim to have studied Guildenstern and Rosencrantz very closely; and, for pure fidelity and truth to nature, nothing could be better than the minor characters in "Ismay's Children." Here we have the kindly old priest who arranges all the marriages in his parish, and has a strong objection to people who insist on making long confessions; the important young curate fresh from Maynooth, who gives himself more airs than a bishop and has to be kept in order; the professional beggars, with their devout faith, their grotesque humour, and their incorrigible laziness; the shrewd shopkeeper, who imports arms in flour-barrels for the use of the Moonlighters, and, as soon as he has got rid of them, gives information of their whereabouts to the police; the young men who go out at night to be drilled by an Irish-American; the farmers with their wild land-hunger, bidding secretly against each other for every vacant field; the dispensary doctor, who is always regretting that he has not got a Trinity College degree; the plain girls, who want to go into convents; the pretty girls, who want to get married; and the shopkeepers' daughters, who want to be thought young ladies. There is a whole pell-mell of men and women, a complete panorama of provincial life, an absolutely faithful picture of the peasant in his own home. This note of realism in dealing with national types of character has always been a distinguishing characteristic of Irish fiction, from the days of Miss Edgeworth down to our own days, and it is not difficult to see in "Ismay's Children" some traces of the influence of "Castle Rack-rent." I fear, however, that few people read Miss Edgeworth nowadays, though both Scott and Tourgénieff acknowledged their indebtedness to her novels, and her style is always admirable in its clearness and precision.

Miss Leffler-Arnim's statement, in a lecture delivered recently at St. Saviour's Hospital, that "she had heard of instances where ladies were so determined not to exceed the fashionable measurement that they had actually held on to a cross-bar while their maids fastened the fifteen-inch corset," has excited a good deal of incredulity, but there is nothing really improbable in it. From the sixteenth century to our own day there is hardly any form of torture that has not been inflicted on girls, and endured by women, in obedience to the dictates of an unreasonable and monstrous Fashion. "In order to obtain a real Spanish figure," says Montaigne, "what a Gehenna of suffering will not women endure, drawn in and compressed by great *coches* entering the flesh; nay, sometimes they even die thereof!" "A few days after my arrival at school," Mrs. Somerville tells us in her memoirs, "although perfectly straight and well made, I was enclosed in stiff stays, with a steel busk in front; while above my frock, bands drew my shoulders back till the shoulder-blades met. Then a steel rod with a semicircle, which went under my chin, was clasped to the steel busk in my stays. In this constrained state I and most of the younger girls had to prepare our lessons;" and in the life of Miss Edgeworth we read that, being sent to a certain fashionable establishment, "she underwent all the usual tortures of back-boards, iron collars and dumbs, and also (because she was a very tiny person) the unusual one of being hung by the neck to draw out the muscles and increase the growth," a signal failure in her case. Indeed, instances of absolute mutilation and misery are so common in the past that it is unnecessary to multiply them; but it is really sad to think that in our own day a civilised woman can hang on to a cross-bar while her maid laces her waist into a fifteen-inch circle. To begin with, the waist is not a circle at all, but an oval; nor can there be any greater error than to imagine that an unnaturally small waist gives an air of grace, or even of slightness to the whole figure. Its effect, as a rule, is to simply exaggerate the width of the shoulders and the hips; and those whose figures possess that stateliness, which is called stoutness by the vulgar, convert what is a quality into a defect by yielding to the silly edicts of Fashion on the subject of tight-lacing. The fashionable English waist, also, is not merely far too small, and consequently quite out of proportion to the rest of the figure, but it is worn far too low down. I use the expression "worn" advisedly, for a waist nowadays seems to be regarded as an article of apparel to be put on when and where one likes. A long waist always implies shortness of the lower limbs, and from the artistic point of view has the effect of diminishing the height; and I am glad to see that many of the most charming women in Paris are returning to the idea of the Directoire style of dress. This style is not by any means perfect, but at least it has the merit of indicating the proper position of the waist. I feel quite sure that all English women of culture and position will set their faces against such stupid and dangerous practices as are related by Miss Leffler-Arnim. Fashion's motto is, *Il faut souffrir pour être belle;* but the motto of art and of common sense is, *Il faut être bête pour souffrir.*

Talking of Fashion, a critic in the *Pall Mall Gazette* expresses his surprise that I should have allowed an illustration of a hat, covered with "the bodies of dead birds," to appear in the first number of THE WOMAN'S WORLD; and as I have received many letters on the subject, it is only right that I should state my exact position in the matter. Fashion is such an essential part of the *mundus muliebris* of our day that it seems to me absolutely necessary that its growth, development, and phases should be duly chronicled; and the historical and practical value of such a record depends entirely upon its perfect fidelity to fact. Besides, it is quite easy for the children of light to adapt almost any fashionable form of dress to the requirements of utility

and the demands of good taste. The Sarah Bernhardt tea-gown, for instance, figured in the present issue, has many good points about it, and the gigantic dress-improver does not appear to me to be really essential to the mode; and though the Postillion costume of the fancy dress ball is absolutely detestable in its silliness and vulgarity, the so-called Late Georgian costume in the same plate is rather pleasing. I must, however, protest against the idea that to chronicle the development of Fashion implies any approval of the particular forms that Fashion may adopt.

Mrs. Craik's article on the condition of the English stage will, I feel sure, be read with great interest by all who are watching the development of dramatic art in this country. It was the last thing written by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," and reached me only a few days before her lamented death. That the state of things is such as Mrs. Craik describes, few will be inclined to deny; though, for my own part, I must acknowledge that I see more vulgarity than vice in the tendencies of the modern stage; nor do I think it possible to elevate dramatic art by limiting its subject-matter. *On tue une littérature quand on lui interdit la vérité humaine.* As far as the serious presentation of life is concerned, what we require is more imaginative treatment, greater freedom from theatric language and theatric convention. It may be questioned, also, whether the consistent reward of virtue and punishment of wickedness be really the healthiest ideal for an art that claims to mirror nature. However, it is impossible not to recognise the fine feeling that actuates every line of Mrs. Craik's article; and though one may venture to disagree with the proposed method, one cannot but sympathise with the purity and delicacy of the thought, and the high nobility of the aim.

The French Minister of Education, M. Spuller, has paid Racine a very graceful and appropriate compliment, in naming after him the second college that has been opened in Paris for the higher education of girls. Racine was one of the privileged few who were allowed to read the celebrated *Traité de l'Éducation des Filles* before it appeared in print: he was charged, along with Boileau, with the task of revising the text of the constitution and rules of Madame de Maintenon's great college; it was for the Demoiselles de St. Cyr that he composed *Athalie;* and he devoted a great deal of his time to the education of his own children. The Lycée Racine will no doubt become as important an institution as the Lycée Fénelon, and the speech delivered by M. Spuller on the occasion of its opening was full of the happiest augury for the future. M. Spuller dwelt at great length on the value of Goethe's aphorism, that the test of a good wife is her capacity to take her husband's place, and to become a father to his children, and mentioned that the thing that struck him most in America was the wonderful Brooklyn Bridge, a superb titanic structure, which was completed under the direction of the engineer's wife, the engineer himself having died while the building of the bridge was in progress. "*Il me semble,*" said M. Spuller, "*que la femme de l'ingénieur du pont de Brooklyn a réalisé la pensée de Goethe, et que non seulement elle est devenue un père pour ses enfants, mais un autre père pour l'œuvre admirable, vraiment unique, qui a immortalisé le nom qu'elle portait avec son mari.*" M. Spuller also laid great stress on the necessity of a thoroughly practical education, and was extremely severe on the "Blue-stockings" of literature. "*Il ne s'agit pas de former ici des 'femmes savantes.' Les 'femmes savantes' ont été marquées pour jamais par un des plus grands génies de notre race d'une légère teinte de ridicule. Non, ce n'est pas des femmes savantes que nous voulons: ce sont tout simplement des femmes: des femmes dignes de ce pays de France, qui est la patrie du bons sens, de la mesure, et de la grâce; des femmes ayant le notion juste et le sens exquis du rôle qui doit leur appartenir dans la société moderne.*" There is, no doubt, a great deal of truth in M. Spuller's observations, but we must not mistake a caricature for the reality. After all, Les Précieuses Ridicules contrasted very favourably with the ordinary type of womanhood of their day, not merely in France, but also in England; and an uncritical love of sonnets is preferable, on the whole, to coarseness, vulgarity, and ignorance.

I am glad to see that Miss Ramsay's brilliant success at Cambridge is not destined to remain an isolated instance of what women can do in intellectual competitions with men. At the Royal University in Ireland the Literature Scholarship, of £100 a year for five years, has been won by Miss Story, the daughter of a North of Ireland clergyman. It is pleasant to be able to chronicle an item of Irish news that has nothing to do with the violence of party politics or party feeling, and that shows how worthy women are of that higher culture and education which has been so tardily and, in some instances, so grudgingly granted to them.

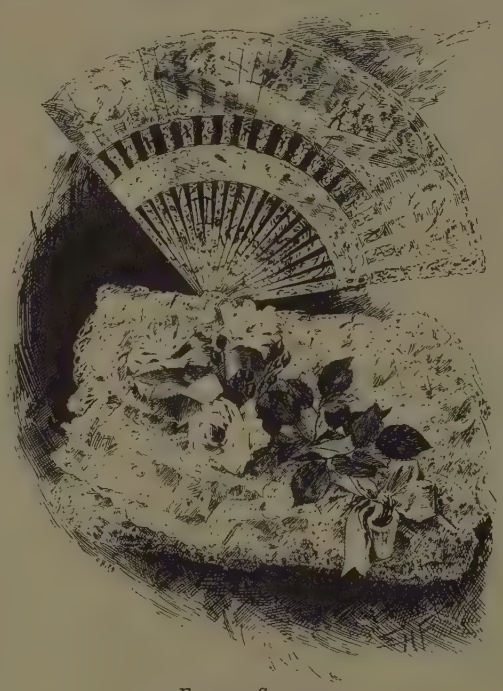
The Empress of Japan has been ordering a whole wardrobe of fashionable dresses in Paris for her own use and the use of her ladies-in-waiting. The chrysanthemum (the imperial flower of Japan) has suggested the tints of most of the Empress's own gowns, and in accordance with the colour-schemes of other flowers the rest of the costumes have been designed. The same steamer, however, that carries out the masterpieces of M. Worth and M. Félix to the Land of the Rising Sun, also brings to the Empress a letter of formal and respectful remonstrance from the English Rational Dress Society. I trust that, even if the Empress rejects the sensible arguments of this important Society, her own artistic feeling may induce her to reconsider her resolution to abandon Eastern for Western costume.

I hope that some of my readers will interest themselves in the Ministering Children's League, for which Mr. Walter Crane has done the beautiful and suggestive design of "The Young Knight." The best way to make children good is to make them happy, and happiness seems to me an essential part of Lady Meath's admirable scheme.

December Fashions.

By Mrs. Johnstone.

If imitation be the sincerest flattery, we in the nineteenth century pay our homage to the past by reproductions of centuries ago. The fan which is figured below is a veritable antique from Flanders, more than one hundred years old. The ivory mounts are inlaid with silver and gold; the figures are delicately painted, possibly by Vanloo. Boucher, Lancret, Gravelot, and Goupy lent the lustre of their art to the fans of their day, and it was Vien, the first painter of the household of Louis XV., who designed that celebrated fan presented to Marie Antoinette by the city of Dieppe, on the birth of the ill-fated Dauphin, which Balzac qualified as "the handsomest and most celebrated in the world." Such fans recall a thousand gay gatherings of fashion, in which as years rolled by they have played their part. They are associated with beauty, art, and love. Leonore d'Este declared her passion by kissing her fan and throwing it to Tasso. Titian immortalised one of curious shape made in open-work parchment, decorated with priceless Venetian lace. In Louis XIV.'s time, the Éventaillistes had their rights secured by a charter of incorporation, and Mme. de Pompadour possessed a fan with a lace mount which cost £6,000, and took nine years to make each section, besides the embroidery being decorated with a medallion bearing a masterpiece of miniature painting. The most fashionable fans now are revivals of antique models.



Fan and Sachet.

Beneath the fan in the sketch is a sachet which would serve for a night-gown, a glove, or a handkerchief case. It is of the book form, about half a yard square, opening out into four sections, each one lined with cardboard and covered with satin, the outside a billowy mass of gathered lace, a rose nestling in the centre. It is scented, and the most durable of all perfumes for the purpose is the peau d'Espagne which Mr. Givry supplies.

There is nothing so comfortable and warm this cold weather as fur. The long fur boas reaching to the feet are still much worn; but there are several novelties under the head of tippets and boas. Some have been made in beaded silk and velvet, and quite a new kind in Iceland wool, to be had in grey, beige, pink, blue, and white; they are soft and pretty, and, being inexpensive, they are likely to be much worn. They have only been recently brought out. Still fur is to be preferred where warmth and durability are desired. Our illustration shows a new form introduced by Messrs. Hayward, of Oxford Street. The fur tippet is laid on a background of velvet of the same tone as the pelt, and is most becoming to the wearer, as it is rounded in such a fashion that it shows off the lines of the wearer's figure to perfection. It is caught together at the throat, widens at the bust, and again diminishes at the waist, ending in a muff which forms part and parcel of it. This muff is curiously shaped. The outside is round, with a circular bordering of fur, having a puff of velvet in the centre; the back is also circular, but is composed entirely of velvet. The boa and muff combined are made in the new moufflon fur—in blue fox, grey fox, and in sable.

Long fur-lined cloaks are useful; they rarely go out of fashion. This season the Russian cloak has been introduced here. It opens down the front with no fastening, and the outside is of cloth or some thick brocaded woollen fabric. The fur lining is continued as a large roll collar, and borders the edge of the front. It is a masculine style of garment, but finds favour with women, especially when lined with Labrador fox fur. It is almost perfect for travelling and as a wrap, but is too heavy and cumbersome for walking and every-day wear. For this, short loose double-fronted sealskin jackets are worn, and many varieties of the original dolman. A good example is seen in our illustration. It looks equally well in sealskin trimmed with beaver, or made of any of the fashionable brocaded cloths, in the new peau de soie, or in matelassé, trimmed with fur and handsome passementerie. There are several new points about it. The basque at the back is cut straight, and meets the elongated panel at the side. The turn-down collar, and the comfortable sleeve which covers the arm, allowing freedom of movement, not pinioning the limb to the side as in a vice, are features not attempted before in this style of jacket.

Fur hats and bonnets to match such cloaks are both more general this winter than they have been, because the shapes have been allowed to follow the prevailing modes more closely than was formerly considered possible with skins. In the present instance the shape is small and close, the fur is lined with stiffening and folded into a sugar-loaf crown, and an appearance of height is attained

by a cluster of ribbon-bows introduced over the face; the ribbon is edged with interwoven gold thread, and the strings come from the back. Ribbons used in millinery are wide and important-looking, watered, and often shot as well as watered. They have substance, durability, and a good appearance — all desirable qualities — and their colourings are of exceptional beauty.

The sketch of fancy dresses offers some suggestions for costumes to be worn at the many fancy balls which are now announced. Such entertainments have been much on the increase of late years, especially about Christmas-time. There is a great paucity of entirely new ideas for costumes, though all periods and many varied sources appear to be consulted by those who cater for the public with regard to such dresses. The demand would seem to be not so much for perfectly new characters as for novel adaptations of old favourites. Hitherto a Puritan maiden has appeared arrayed in demure grey and black, but the Puritan in our picture wears brown of a soft make of woollen, and the slight variation in the make of the dress admits of some diminution of its usual severity, hereby perhaps sacrificing the exact letter of the law to the becoming. Amid a galaxy of splendid robes, such simple ones frequently carry off the palm. When the Prince and Princess of Wales gave their famous ball years ago at Marlborough House, the success of the evening was declared to be the Puritan quadrille. The ladies who took part in it wore gowns of silver-grey satin, bordered with rows of black velvet; the high bodices and sleeves were cut in Quaker fashion, but almost hidden by muslin tippets, matching the muslin aprons and caps. Large velvet silver-mounted bags, with the wearer's monogram, hung at the side, such as few other Puritans have ever worn. The Postillion costume, suitable for a child or a young girl, is carried out in either green and red satin, pink and white, or any other combination most likely to be becoming. The cap suits most young faces. The boots have to be carefully considered. White gloves are quite permissible; they are often seen at fancy balls with characters to whom hand-coverings of any kind were unknown.

The old English dress is one that was worn by some fair dame at the very end of the last, and at the beginning of this century. The soft pink tabinet of which it is made is old and faded, but its tone is much the same as that now known as "vieux rose." Surah of a good thick make would be a suitable material in which to reproduce the dress. It is not so scanty as skirts became afterwards. It touches the ground, and is gathered at the waist. The only trimming is a double row of wadded rouleaux, covered with the tabinet, carried down either side of the front breadth, in a series of toothlike zigzags resembling the ornamentation of an old Norman arch. The bodice is low and folded, the sleeves short; the wide band at the waist is hidden by a sash, which is tied at the back. The hair at that period was

COSTUMES FOR FANCY BALLS.

dressed *à la Grecque* with bands of silver braid, a tuft of curls at the back of the head. The shoes would be black, with pointed toes, and sandals. It is quite a

BOA AND MUFF—MOUFFLON FUR.

simple dress, but a graceful figure would show her charms therein to the best advantage.

There is a rich field for reproduction in the raiment worn less than a century ago, but it must be chosen with care; for some years woman's dress had reached the acme of ugliness, but this was succeeded by simplicity, fine fabrics, and much beauty in colouring. We talk of the Georgian period of dress as though throughout the four reigns—one of them over fifty years' duration—dress was always the same, whereas the changes were frequent, subtle, and decided, and they offer examples of almost every style.

The three pretty women (p. 89) preparing for a ball wear evening dresses which embody some of the newest ideas with regard to gowns suitable for such occasions. Tulle is the material which is generally considered the special one for dancing-gowns, and the usual plain kind is still much used. But there are several new varieties. The barred tulle is made in all colours as well as white, and has broad or narrow stripes interwoven in the fabric itself. Another kind is covered with metal stars or discs, recalling the pantomime spangles of Columbine. Beaded tulles are worn with single beads scattered all over them, and also tassels of beads. If expense is not an object, there are some excellent embroidered tulles, the pattern carried out in tinsel threads of the natural tone of the several flowers, slightly subdued as if with age, the foliage worked in a gold thread that does not tarnish. Young girls are wearing the fronts of the skirt made of a kind of tulle which is worked all over with a Gothic scroll in silver, interspersed here and there with single pearls; or of tulle with narrow watered ribbon introduced in stripes and bordered with beads. There is nothing more fashionable than white, but a number of wonderful colours are worn—Chartreuse, for example, which is a light, delicate, but at the same time vivid green. The bodices are all made low, either of peau de soie or of poult de soie or watered silk, and, for black dresses, of velvet.

The figure on the right, seated while the maid gives the finishing touch to her hair, wears a white tulle gown, made with three flounces, each one edged with a ruche having single rose-leaves threaded and intermingled in threes and fives with the tulle, forming a fluffy bordering. Lilies of the valley would look equally well, and are better suited, perhaps, to a young *débutante*. A wide sash of soft silk is tied round the waist and forms long ends at the back. The bodice is outlined at the neck and down the pointed stomacher with the rose-petals strung closely together. The flowers can be worn as a head-dress by those who care to have one. These floral trimmings for bodices are used a great deal, and are made of many kinds of flowers, or simply of leaves, and are generally intermixed with ribbons. This is quite a ribbon season.

Ribbon is most liberally used on skirts and bodices, and the gown worn by the centre figure is made of very little else. At a first glance the skirt appears to be kilt-pleated, but is in fact composed of single rows of ribbon of a delicate heliotrope tone sewn on a tulle foundation, which is quite invisible. Moire ribbon is

SEALSKIN JACKET, TRIMMED WITH BEAVER.

preferred before any other. A succession of loops of ribbon is carried down one side, while the other is draped with some brocade and heliotrope gauze. The bodice is trimmed with horizontal rows of ribbon apparently tapering in at the waist and widening towards the neck; a cluster of bows at the point. Many dozens of yards would be needed for this ball-dress. The third figure wears blue striped silk gauze, draped with large rosettes or with birds, which in Paris find special favour just now, no conference of womenkind having there vetoed the fashion of wearing them. It remains to be proved whether the decree will be enforced in England. At the present moment hardly a hat is to be seen that has not a couple of wings and a bird's head at the back or in front, with an osprey or aigrette towering above.

EVENING DRESSES.

The skirts of dancing-dresses touch the ground always, and for married women they are made longer—occasionally as a decided train. They widen perceptibly, and are very bouffant at the back. Some of the silk crêpes in light tones are draped over lace or tulle in classic fashion, the tunic, which recalls a peplum, being continued on to the shoulder, whence it falls in long points, encased in beaded tassel ends. No other trimming on the bodice is needed, for to reach the shoulder the crape crosses both front and back, and drapes in easy folds, which are merely secured above the sleeve, and fall down on to the skirt when the dress is taken off. Some of the skirts have a panel formed entirely of roses, with the tulle peeping in between, or occasionally feathers are clustered almost as closely together as the flowers. The embroideries on silk, wool, and tulle, intended to border the hems of evening gowns, are of most artistic designs, copied from Greek and Mediæval models. Some of the more matronly dresses have bands of such embroidery carried round edge and train, or they have front pieces of brocade to match that used for the bodice. This gives importance and stability, but it deprives the tulle of that gossamer lightness which is one of its great charms.

Although we are in the midst of winter, low dresses are worn on almost every occasion for evening, whether it be for dinner, or the theatre or any other entertainment. Square and heart-shaped bodices, opening in front, are going out of date, and the choice lies between a smart tea-gown and full dress. Brilliant red is the colour which has been of late employed for fashionable tea-gowns.

Never has more attention been paid to the build of the alluring costumes known as "tea-gowns." Grey plush, trimmed with chinchilla and steel passementerie, is a favourite combination among smart American women. Combinations of colour are now seen, which were formerly considered impossible, and with the result of being extremely pleasing to the eye.

PARIS.

GREEK, Directoire, and Imperial fashions are likely to be in high favour this winter. There is evidently at present a great tendency towards straight gowns with elongated panels, together with long Sappho robes clinging closely to the figure, and enveloping it in their soft and graceful folds. For quiet morning and walking costumes, in cloth, the formal tailor cut still obtains, but Parisian *élégantes*, objecting to this rather too plain style, smarten it now and then with a broad contrasting band, which usually encircles the hem of the skirt and corresponds with the jaunty waistcoat. Thus, a red band will warm up a black or green material, whilst a figured galon in a subdued tone of yellow would glow on otter-coloured cloth. Pinked-out cloths, too, are still in vogue, and the leading dressmakers impart to these prettily cut-out stuffs a special cachet and originality by skilfully blending, in the "building" up of the costumes, various shades and tints, which managed by inartistic hands would often offer startling combinations—to wit: a scarlet waistcoat enlivening a vest of green cloth, rather showily adorned with broad gold froggings, or a front of admiral blue velvet added to a jacket of willow-green tweed. In better and certainly safer taste is a skirt of grey cloth, surrounded with pinked-out flounces, and partly concealed at the back by a long drapery; in front a short apron is ingeniously serrated to recall a large rose-leaf. The basque of the Directoire bodice is also vandyked, and allows a glimpse of the bright lining in red-brick harmonising with the long cuffs and revers of red cloth.

SARAH BERNHARDT TEA-GOWN.

Elastic or jersey cloths are more than ever in requisition, especially since they are dyed in all the fashionable dark and light colours, and are used for the fancy bodices now most popular. These are either lavishly braided, beaded, or plainly trimmed with a row of gilt buttons, or with galons embroidered with dainty camaïeu silk and glittering tinsel threads. Such trim and glove-fitting bodices are worn out of doors with a Louis XVI. vest also ornamented with embroidery.

satin sparingly striped with wide watered silk ribbon, and opening on a princess front of Pompadour gauze. Still more sumptuous ones are in velvet wrought with gold, and deftly draped in front, from the throat to the feet, with either China crape or Indian gauze, the whole intermingled with cascades of old lace.

The well-known Mme. Morin-Blossier has just forwarded to the young Duchess of M—— a handsome dinner-gown in pearl-grey satin, brocaded with large

EVENING DRESS.

For evening wear the choice of material is simply unlimited and magnificent; it includes every kind of material from splendid lampas to cloud-like tulle, and with this immense variety at their disposal, clever dressmakers create marvellous and elaborate toilettes, which not only defy the pen of the chronicler, but even the brush of the painter. Truly most of the gowns are a perfect maze of folds, waves, scarves, draperies, so cunningly contrived that it is impossible to detect how they are put together; and to such an extent is this complication carried, that the dressmaker herself can seldom reproduce two dresses exactly alike.

Lovely flowing tea-gowns are made with brocaded

lilies of the valley, self-toned, but yet so skilfully woven as to imitate nature to perfection; it displays elbow-sleeves and front in silk gauze, tastefully barred with lace insertions, and dotted with butterfly bows in shrimp-pink glacé silk, like the broad sash negligently knotted at the side. Another successful toilette from the same firm consists of a Louis XVI. casaque, with a princess front, and mounted with gathers at the back of the bodice, appropriately made in delicate cream peau de soie powdered with blooming Rose de Sevres chrysanthemums; a fluffy marabout trimming daintily peeps from under the edge of the skirt, whilst a Swiss belt in pink velvet, fastened in front with antique Dresden buttons, confines

to the waist the artistic folds of a Greek tunic in Indian gauze, exquisitely embroidered. A velvet bracelet terminates, at the elbow, the sleeves in the transparent fabric. A striking example of the truly graceful style is found on the stage of the Théâtre Français in a piece of Auguste Vacquerie, entitled *Souvent Homme varie*. In this comedy the charming actress, Mlle. Pierson, dons a cuirass bodice in resplendent cloth of gold, with a rather scanty skirt in ringdove-coloured damask, over which a scarf of brick-red satin is loosely knotted. A Turkish cap and a satchel, in velvet wrought with gold, give the last Eastern touch to this unique costume.

It may not be too late yet to say a few words about the superb trousseau of Mlle. Alice Rothschild, now Mrs. Sassoon; descriptions of wonderfully rich outfits, gowns, and presents are always pleasing to chronicle. Foremost, of course, is the bridal robe, a masterpiece of Worth's, composed of white satin, with a long train and flounces of old point d'Angleterre, looped up here and there with sprays of orange-blossoms; garlands of the virginal bloom described paniers at the sides. A visiting-dress in golden-brown poult de soie had a Watteau casaque falling quite straight over a short habit-bodice in velvet ciselé, powdered with coffee-berries. On the sides huge pockets sparkled with a rich silk gimp, beaded with mordoré jet.

Brighter-looking apparently was the reception toilette, in embossed copper faille, set off with a draped front in cream silk gauze beautifully wrought with solid and open work, which was well displayed by a lining of turquoise-blue satin merveilleux. At the side floated the ends of a wide sash in blue satin, corresponding with the bows studded all over the bodice. The Redingote Barras must not be omitted, belonging as it does to one of the leading types of the season. This stylish coat in pale lilac peau de soie, checked with tiny wreaths in heliotrope satin, had its fronts turned back to show off the skirt in lilac sicilienne, surrounded from the waist to the hem with a close succession of scalloped flounces, whilst bows of heliotrope velvet slightly raised the skirt on the sides. Antique buttons, set with brilliants, flashed on the velvet corselet as well as on the sleeves, trimmed with velvet ribbon and an elegant gauze drapery. The fichu, in embroidered gauze, was coquettishly arranged round the shoulders in small flat and

EVENING DRESSES.

tapering folds, with the ends knotted on the chest to fall as a jabot down to the waist.

Fickle Dame Fashion has certainly not forgotten young ladies' evening gowns; they are, above all, remarkable for their simplicity, with their skirt cut slightly longer than formerly, just enough to touch the ground. One specimen in kilted China crape is striped with white fabric thrown over a foundation of satin, which softly shimmers through the open meshes of the tulle. The bodice *à la Vierge* is very suitable for these airy toilettes; it is frequently ornamented with tufts of some glowing flowers, which also are arranged to trail along the skirt; or, again, a shower of detached petals is thrown over the snowy skirt, as if fallen by accident.

EVENING DRESS AND VISITING COSTUME.

watered ribbon, which is crossed with narrow gold galon; on one side droops a vaporous puffed scarf, which is carried at the back to disappear under the small pouf, thus leaving the opposite side entirely plain. Bows of the striped gold moire ribbon appear on the low bodice, gracefully draped and knotted on the shoulders and at the waist with these smart bows. The most youthful and exquisite dresses are, however, still contrived with plain, tinselled, or striped net arranged in the ballet style, with several skirts of the diaphonous

The most appropriate cloak for the cold season is evidently the long and well-wrapping pelisse, either in some rich stuff, such as sealskin, watered plush, raised velvet, or in cloth lined with fur. The smaller visite-mantle, with straight sleeves, is more suitable to accompany dressy costumes, which it displays to advantage, instead of hiding and crushing them as the redingotes and pelisses are sure to do.

The same bewildering selection of shapes, materials, and trimmings is noticeable in millinery, as well as in

dressmaking. However, no better guide can be given in this perplexing question than a short report of a visit to the Maison Virot. Quite unique is a Cardinal hat in red molleton, with its soft dented crown and flat brim lined and toned down with black velvet. In front there is a cluster of shaded ostrich-tips intermingled with stiff "ears," deftly fashioned with black watered ribbon. A similar model, reproduced in white felt and trimmed with bronze-coloured feathers and ribbon, would be very stylish for a drive or a matinée. The Lancret hat, in vert-de-gris velvet, has a high crown bordered with a wide brim raised high on one side; a torsade of light-coloured watered silk encircles the crown, and is knotted in front amongst a panache of feathers gently drooping at the back; black velvet with a twist in pink moire silk, and black feathers, is another adaptation of this style. The Fragonard hat has also a soft crown in velvet of the peculiar shot tint known as "fly's wings," adorned in front with a group of bronze ribbon loops, simulating an aigrette, which towers over a military plume, and at the side is placed a high stiff wing, quaintly finished off with a square end. Very ladylike is the Infanta bonnet in black velvet, studded with small gilt flies, the gathered crown edged with a fluting of black lace over gold lace; on the side a fancy aigrette, composed of gold lace loops and black ostrich-tips.

The coiffure of our *élégantes*, like their dresses, is gradually getting longer and narrower. Noirat, the hairdresser of the day, who last year introduced, or at least revived, for full dress the accroche-cœurs *à la Duchesse de Bourgogne*, has brought out a slight addition to the "Diana" knot; three or four long curls, attached at the side of the smooth bandeau, gracefully fall down the nape of the neck and the back. The plain twist still, however, remains the favourite for morning and ordinary wear.

Enough of the always alluring subject of *chiffons*. Let us turn a furtive glance to a highly artistic publication, which is sure to be one of the most welcome Christmas presents. This new book, so temptingly entitled "Les Peintres de la Femme," is published by the Maison Dentu, and bears the signature of Claude Vento, but another pseudonym of the well-known *nom de plume* of Violet, the reporter *par excellence* of the fashionable world. Biographies of painters, such as Henner, Bonnat, Chaplin, Lefebvre, Carolus Duran, Cabanel, and of the sculptor Prosper d'Epinay, will be given in this splendid work, where, in short, will appear numerous notes on a galaxy of living French artists who have acquired any celebrity for their poetical rendering or interpretation of female beauty. Those famous masters themselves have consented to illustrate "Les Peintres de la Femme," which will contain over fifty engravings, mostly reproductions of *chefs-d'œuvre*.

Japanese Art Wares.

WHEN, five or six years ago, Bedford Park was supposed to be the Mecca of æstheticism, a Philistine poet addressed a sarcastic invitation to the faithful to

". . . come and read
Rossetti here
By a Japanese-y lamp."

Much has happened since then. Bedford Park is no longer æsthetic (if indeed it ever was so), and the appreciation of Japanese art wares has long ceased to be confined within its narrow bounds. There is now hardly a drawing-room in the kingdom in which the influences of Japanese art are not felt. Walls are draped and tables covered with the rich brocades of the Land of the Dragonfly; brilliant enamelled plaques have been found a cheap and effective substitute for china, always costly and often of doubtful antiquity. We put our flowers into Japanese bowls; serve tea from Japanese trays; and in the hot summers that have become the fashion fan ourselves, without regard to sex or condition, with Japanese fans. Some of us hang our snuggeries with Japanese pictures; others collect the beautifully illustrated books filled with "figures strange and sweet, all made out of the artist's brain," that have come down from the Nippon of the Mikados. Most of the Japanese wares that are sold in England are exceedingly cheap, and there is consequently some danger that they may become vulgarised. But it so falls out that English taste can endure a good deal of such vulgarisation; and because a Japanese fan or two may brighten a garret, that is surely no reason why they should cease to beautify a boudoir. A much more imminent danger is that the Japanese may themselves become vulgarised by the absurd imitation of European customs and fashions which is at present the rage in their wonderful island. Dress-improvers and Parisian *chiffons* may be essential to the salvation of Japanese beauties, even as frock-coats and tall hats have become necessary to the comfort of their husbands and brothers. But Japanese native dress, especially the dress of women, was charming in itself, suggestive of infinite gracefulness, and capable of the richest and most delicate ornamentation. Much of this there is reason to fear we may lose unless the Japanese can be brought to recognise, before it is too late, that European fashions are oftentimes neither rational nor beautiful; and that even an island in the Pacific, so distant from modern civilisation and so long secluded from outside influences, may chance to possess canons of taste as well worth preserving as any that were ever laid down in the West.

That the large importations of Japanese wares into England during the last few years have had much to do

with the sharpening and elevation of our artistic sense does not admit of a doubt. How large those importations are, would perhaps hardly be suspected by those who have not made inquiry. The cheaper goods are, of course, most in demand; and the pretty little fans and hand-screens that are sold in the streets for a penny each arrive in the port of London in consignments of millions. Hundreds of cases of cheap wooden ash-trays are imported every year; and each case contains 4,000 trays. The large lacquer trays which are used for five o'clock tea, and the smaller ones which are utilised as salvers and card-trays, are sold in numbers which almost equal those of the fans. They are made in scores of sizes, and in the most diverse designs, and they can be put to so many uses that their popularity is likely to increase rapidly for a long time to come. For years past most incomes, even the largest, have been undergoing a process of reduction; and the obtaining of articles of household adornment which are at once cheap and beautiful has become a matter of importance to a great many *châtelaines*. In the hour of need the many delights of Japanese knick-knackery were discovered; and the expenditure of literally only a few shillings will now insure that a room shall be ornamented with many a brilliant stripe and spot which shall add to the gaiety of a summer and increase the cosiness of a winter interior.

The most beautiful products of Japanese industrial art are as yet in comparatively restricted use in England; since, while being strictly speaking cheap, they are relatively much dearer than the articles with which all classes are familiar. Still, even the higher-priced wares have of late been in greatly-increased demand. The Japanese artificers produce nothing finer, more delicate, or more essentially artistic, than the silken embroideries which are now being largely used as hangings for drawing-rooms and boudoirs, as anti-macassars, as covers for cushions, and even as portières, where something light and graceful is preferred to the heavy tapestry-like stuffs which have hitherto been commonly used. These breadths of silk are of very convenient size—their length is ten feet—and they may therefore often be used as window-curtains, for which they are uncommonly effective. The ornamentation consists as a rule of birds and flowers, which are hand-embroidered upon the silk, most frequently in colours, but often in gold. In the higher-class goods the gold used is the actual virgin metal, which will not tarnish. The purchaser of these stuffs can therefore make her mind easy that, so long as the fabric endures, the embroidered figures will retain their original lustre. Many of these silks are of very great beauty, all spangled with birds of gorgeous hues, or sown about with flowers, whose tints have been imitated with extraordinary fidelity. In whites, blues, and golds in particular, the craftsmen who make these stuffs excel marvellously. Antique Japanese embroideries are in great request, and the agents of English importers ransack the Empire for fine specimens, which of course command high prices. A very effective ornamentation of a somewhat similar character consists of quaint human figures in stiff brocade mounted on cardboard. These figures look very well upon the panels of doors, or upon any small space of blank wall.

Much of the most characteristic Japanese art work is executed in lacquer—trays and small boxes for odds and ends being, perhaps, the most familiar articles so made. Of the trays I have already spoken; but it should be added that new designs and shapes are constantly being devised, and that some, at least, of the newer fashions are very pretty and convenient. The small boxes are admirable as ready receptacles for a pair or two of gloves, or for the odds and ends of the toilette-table. But it will not do to entrust anything valuable to their keeping. They are usually furnished with locks and keys; but a Japanese lock is an engine *pour rire*, and the best can be picked in a moment with a hair-pin or a bit of bent wire. These boxes, when not of lacquer, are most commonly made of a kind of black wood, and the lids are fantastically ornamented with dragons, insects, and an endless variety of minute figures cast in gun-metal, and plastered on with a certain order in disorder which aims only at variety. To the class of pretty but useless presents belong the native pipe-cases, similarly ornamented. They are not large enough to contain the more heroic pipes of the West, but they are graceful little trifles.

Upon the great subject of fans I could, of course, say much; but I must confine myself to a brief notice of some of the new designs. And it may here be well to establish the necessary distinction between a fan and the more clumsily-named "hand-screen." The latter is nearly always pleasant to look upon, and is well worth the very small coin that it costs; but in artistic merit and in excellence of workmanship it will not compare with the fan properly so called. There are now in the market a bewildering variety of designs, some very elaborate, others exceedingly simple. Some "variegated fans" which have lately been introduced are most pleasing. They consist merely of the ordinary paper and bamboo; but according as the fan is reversed it is alternately blue, crimson, or gold. A fan, crimson on one side and dead gold on the other, is exceedingly charming. The better examples are hand-painted; but the patterns upon the cheapest fans and hand-screens are stencilled. Then there are yet other fans of recent introduction, coloured in monochrome and intended for painting upon. But perhaps the very newest variety of this description is a series of fans bearing designs embroidered upon satin in colours of great brilliance and limpidity. These are certainly the most beautiful of all the Japanese fans that have hitherto been introduced here.

For purposes of wall-decoration there are few things more effective than the *cloisonné* plaques which are made so well in Japan. They are much less liable to be injured than pieces of china, since the basis upon which the ornamentation is laid consists of brass or copper. The design is laid on with fine wire of silver, copper, or brass, while the colours are enamelled. The depth and delicacy of the tints thus obtained are quite remarkable. These handsome and brightly-coloured plaques can be obtained at very modest prices. To this class of ornaments belong the bronze jardinières adorned with

bands of fantastic tracery, or, more commonly, with the conventional dragons of which the Japanese never tire. Some very handy little bronze candlesticks, suitable either for the writing-table or the bed-room, are somewhat similarly ornamented, and look exceedingly well. In china the familiar Imari ware, with its broad masses of striking colours and its variety of bold designs, is still high in favour, and is sold in large quantities. It is of course understood that this ware is modern. The designs are imitated from old work which, upon the rare occasions that it is met with, fetches startling prices. Also there are cheap imitations of the imitations made in a kind of paste. The red and gold Khaga ware is very decorative, but its effect is a little barbaric, and it would not suit every room. Some of the larger plaques of this ware are hand-painted by artists of eminence in Japan, and they sell in England at £4 or £5 each.

For at least two centuries Japanese screens have had a European fame. Evelyn mentions a room in the house of Mr. Bohun, at Lee, which was wainscoted with Japan screens—of lacquer *bien entendu*—of which the famous *vernis Martin* was an imitation. Screens of Japanese lacquer are now curiosities of price; but still the Land of the Rising Sun sends us a great variety of beautiful screens in materials more easily perishable. Some of the newest importations are delightful. They consist of two or more folds, and the panels are filled in with silk or satin embroidered in gold and colours. Here again birds and flowers form the chief motives of decoration; but one screen of unusual size which I have seen is embroidered with a landscape, with trees in the foreground populous with monkeys in grotesque attitudes. Some particularly rich and handsome screens are of brocade, painted; while others are covered with hundreds of native photographs, very various and entertaining. A great golden dragon embroidered upon a black silk screen is startlingly effective. More costly screens of a semi-barbaric cast are of black wood with carved bases, the upper portions inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl. But for an apartment of ordinary modesty there is nothing more effective than a plain screen of black silk or satin, embroidered with birds of gorgeous plumage, their wings wide-outstretched.

The tale of Japanese novelties is so long that many useful and curious things must be very summarily dismissed. The small grotesque masks that are now seen in so many shops can be put to a great variety of uses. They are to be had, according to their quality, in coloured plaster, in painted wood, or in bronze, and they represent monkeys' heads, heathen deities, and grinning faces of the most diverse expressions. When two are joined together they make very quaint stands for photographs or *menu* cards, and they are sometimes used as handles to bell-pulls; while the bronze ones make excellent paper-weights. Among articles more solidly useful, every housekeeper who studies economy should be made aware of the virtues of Japanese fibre matting. Being about eighteen inches wide, it is admirably suited for stairs and corridors, or for any use to which drugget-ing is usually put. This matting is pale yellow in hue, is very clean and cool to look upon, and is almost imperishable. It is as soft as jute and nearly as strong as whalebone, and it costs only a penny a foot!

To those who like to be very Japanese, I may recommend a not unpleasing form of semi-transparent window-curtain, consisting of the young bamboo and many-coloured beads threaded alternately. The effect is quaint and thoroughly Oriental. We have all along been familiar with the ordinary bulbous patterns of Japanese paper lanterns; but of late a number of new and fantastic shapes have been introduced that have a very odd effect when they are lighted up. One can now illuminate a conservatory or even a garden with gaily-coloured lanterns fashioned in the semblance of ships, lighthouses, fish, animals, and grotesque human figures. These lanterns are to be had in almost any size, from half an inch to five feet in height.

It has of late become possible to purchase large Japanese cabinets of polished black wood, elaborately carved and inlaid, sometimes with ivory, sometimes with mother-of-pearl, and not infrequently with both. It is difficult to conceive of a piece of furniture better suited to the display of china and curiosities of small bulk than one of these cabinets. They contain many quaint little recesses and pigeon-holes, with here and there small drawers for articles that might be injured by constant exposure to the air. A cabinet that is worth having is sure to be expensive, whether it be Japanese or European; but those from Yokohama or Tokio are, relatively, less costly than equally well-made ones of home manufacture would be. For a Japanese cabinet there can be no more effective decoration than a collection of native curios and relics of old Japan. Much *bric-à-brac* of this kind is to be had at figures which are far from exorbitant—ivories, enamels, bits of work in mother-of-pearl, and such-like beautiful trifles. The importers of native work eagerly snap up Japanese antiquities, and they are now to be had in great variety, from twenty-four hour clocks to the daggers with which recalcitrant nobles were allowed, under the old *régime*, to commit the "happy despatch." An appropriate curio for a lady's dressing-room would be one of the antique steel hand-mirrors which have no doubt reflected the charms of many an island beauty in the long ago. Old sword-hilts of gold and ivory have of late become quite an article of commerce: many of them are very fine and delicate, and would be valuable additions to any cabinet of curiosities. The lover of old ivories will find much gratification in the curiously shaped and carved ivory buttons which are now often met with. They could no doubt often be very effectively used upon modern costumes.

The beauty and variety of the art wares which are now being imported from Japan cannot be fully realised without a visit to some great warehouse, crammed from basement to roof with the airy and graceful designs that are produced in such profusion in the Mikado's Empire. Japanese decorations need no longer be confined to the drawing-room and the bed-room. The severe dining-room and the studious library may both be brightened and adorned by the judicious employment of some of the pretty things that come to us from the North Pacific. A little taste and a five-pound note will work miracles in the most sombre and puritanical of houses.

THE WOMAN'S WORLD.

Historic Women.

By LADY WILDE.

YES, they have lived! these women whose great names
Are graven deep on the world's history:
Strong, splendid souls that chafed at human wrong,
And tyranny and servile servitude,
And bonds that strangle nations to the death;
So flung their lives down with a passionate waste,
As incense upon altar sacrifice,
For glory, country, love, or some great cause;
For a whole people merged in nationhood,
Or one, more loved than nations or the world.
Annihilating even womanhood,
With all its soft tears and compassionate grace,
When Heaven had need of hero-hands to strike
For vengeance, people's rights, or liberty.
And who dares judge these women, God-possessed,
With deep prophetic eyes, on whom was laid
The mission to avenge? Strength from the Lord
Was given them. Their words had priestess-power,
Their deeds, though red with crimson cruelties,
Had yet the deep significance of justice,
And taught the world by many a dreadful sign
That sin must be struck down with resolute hand,
E'en though it wear a monarch's mighty crown,
Or feast with us at purple festivals,
Or plead for shelter in our very tent.

See Miriam clashing cymbals in the dawn
For bondage broken and a people freed,
While Pharaoh's hosts are drowning at her feet,
Till up through gilded folds of morning clouds,
By desert Temples and by yellow seas,
Loud hymns of freedom echoed back her words,
And the grand rhythm of the march of men!

Thus, 'mid the clustering palms by Ramah's well
Arose great Deborah's tragic song of scorn;
While Jael stood by fallen Sisera,
Fearful to see—the hammer in her hand—
Even as she smote him sleeping in her tent;
The awful inspiration still upon her
Of that fierce deed by which "the land had rest."
So, Judith, gorgeous in her painted tire,
And loveliness that dazed men's eyes to see,
With jewels twined amid her perfumed hair,
Passed like a glorious vision through the gate
Of sad Bethulia to the Assyrian's tent,
And slew him with her beauty ere she took
The glittering falchion from the golden bed
And freed her people by one mighty stroke.

This must at least be granted to the sex,
That Woman is no coward fronting fate.
Sublime in love, in suffering, in death,
She treads all terrors down with calm disdain,
As stars tread out the blackness of the sky,
In silent grandeur. Such the Roman wife
Who drew the dagger from her husband's hand
And stabbed herself, to teach him how to die;
Then, smiling, said, "It is not painful, Pætus;"
Such the proud queen, who would have flung away
A kingdom for her lover, like a pearl,
Yet scorned to wear the Victor's gilded chain,
Or trail her royal robes in Roman streets,
So, from the asp took swift and sudden death,
Self-slain, in all her splendour like a queen,
With Egypt's crown still resting on her brow.

For strength is in the woman's pliant nature
As iron in the bending grasses. These
The softest wind may prostrate to the earth,
Though storms will fail to break. We trace it plain,
Through all her sad, vain, feeble outward life,
Like steadfast threads of gold in gossamer.
And never failed the race in heroines
When God had need of martyrs, or the world
Of ministrants to pour the wine of life
For the pale athletes weary with the toil,
And fainting in the dust of the Arena.
Through Pagan, Christian, Feudal, Modern times
The Woman is the synonym for courage;
From Artemisia to the Orleans maid,
Whose pyre was lighted with her victor palms;
Or her who stabbed the tyrant in his bath
For love of France, then bowed her fair young head
Beneath the guillotine—content to die,
So Marat's yoke was lifted from the land;

Or Roland's wife, who stood amid the storm
Of surging passions sweeping down a throne,
Calm as that sculptured goddess, on whose brow
The whirlwind drives the drifting Libyan sands.
We see her yet! Her proud, pale features lit
With glory of such dreams as Plato loved,
Strewing red rose-leaves on the wine-cup drained
That last night with the fated Girondins;
Still true to Freedom, holding it absolved
From all the desecrating crimes of man;
Still to the last invoking Liberty,
E'en on the blood-stained scaffold as she died,
The Martyr-Priestess of the Revolution.

But there are gentler memories of Women.
Let us take up the bead-roll reverently,
As holy hands count rosaries with prayer,
Of those whose influence on glorious minds
Have made their own names glorious evermore,
Shining in splendour on the poet's page
Like bright initial letters on a scroll
Made consecrate by saints; or some fair bordering
Woven of shimmering lights like powdered gems
On dark, discoloured leaves of human life.
Vittoria Colonna's marble brow
Still bears serenely as a Phidian Muse
The laurel-wreath of Michael Angelo;
Petrarca's crown is laid at Laura's feet;
While Leonora by that trembling kiss
On Tasso's lips one gentle summer's day
In the duke's garden, as he read to her
His own great story of Christ's Sepulchre,
Has bound the poet's soul with hers for ever.
And radiant Beatrice with starry eyes
Guiding great Dante up from Hell to Heaven,
Until he reached the glory of the Throne,
And saw the circling saints in their white stoles,
Stands yet within the everlasting light,
Her gaze fixed on the sun, immovable,
As Dante saw her in the Paradiso,
The glorified ideal of the Woman.

And still are with us women who can guide
The souls of men to calm, clear heavenly heights
Where clouds and mist roll down beneath the feet.
Heroic hearts are near, deep spirit-eyes
Gleam on us in the darkness of our lives,
As on the shepherds in the midnight gleamed
The star that lit them to the feet of Christ.
The race can never die. Still on our ears
The clear "Excelsior" from a woman's lips
Rings out across the Apennines, although
The woman's brow lies pale and cold in death
With all the mighty marble dead in Florence.
For while great songs can stir the hearts of men,
Spreading their full vibrations through the world
In ever-widening circles till they reach
The Throne of God, and song becomes a prayer—
And prayer brings down the liberating strength
That kindles nations to heroic deeds—
She lives—the great-souled poetess who saw
From Casa Guidi windows Freedom dawn
On Italy, and gave the glory back
In sunrise hymns for all Humanity!

And homage must we give to her who wears,
With the calm grace of God's anointed Queen,
The diadem of Kingdoms on her brow.
Supreme above all women—Empress-Queen
Of countless millions and of half the globe,
Yet blending with her royal majesty
The soft, sweet music of a woman's life.
Gentle, while all her armies shake the earth,
And seas and oceans bear her lion flag,
Strong, with the sacred reverence for truth,
Steadfast for right, and loyal to her land
Through storm and sunshine, splendour, gloom, and tears;
For no unworthy act has ever marred
The holy consecration to the vow
Her child-lips uttered in that solemn hour
When, crowned with sovereignty, she took her place
Amid the sceptred monarchs of the world.

And others, great as heroines of old,
Still breathe our common air. Do we not see
Imperial, beautiful, and gifted women
Reigning by right divine of womanhood,
By angel-goodness, or by queenly grace,
Claiming instinctive homage from the crowd?
Some Sibyl with her shadowed, mystic eyes,
Seems fresh from commune with Divinity;
Or some sweet Sappho with her passionate lute
Wakes the deep inner music of the heart.
Others recall the glory of the Greek
Who ruled with the Olympian Pericles,
And, with Aspasia's genius-given power,
They gather round them in a zone of light
Poets and sages and philosophers,
Golden-mouthed orators, and all whose souls
Burn with the proud ambition to be great.
And some bear high above the people's heads
The starry oriflamme of nationhood,
Chanting their solemn songs of Faith and Hope,
Till all the masses tremble as the leaves
Of forests when a tropic storm sweeps by,
While from the Pythian passion of their eyes
Flow mighty inspirations, such as fired
The souls of Greeks—made heroes when they gazed
On great Athenè of the Parthenon.

But above all creation Woman stands
Sublimely consecrated by His Will
Who chose the maiden-mother of the Christ,

To manifest the full Divinity;
And placed the glorious hieroglyph on high
Of the crowned Woman by the Throne of God,
Clothed with the sun, the moon beneath her feet,
And on her brow a coronal of stars.
Some lesson from the far Infinity
Is shrined within this everlasting sign,
Teaching, perhaps, to all in Earth and Heaven
That far above all might of intellect,
All thrones, dominions, kingdoms, grades, and powers,
Of angels with the trumpets and the seals,
The moral nature symbolised by Woman
Is nearest God's similitude, and shows
The Soul's divinest excellence of beauty.
And still the true Divine is born of Woman,
Still, as of old, she kisses wounded feet,
Cleansing the earth-stains with her pitying tears,
Still pours sweet spikenard upon weary brows,
Still stands beside the Cross to weep and pray
Through the deep gloom of crucifixion hours,
Still watches by the sepulchre to greet
With tender, trustful, radiant words of love
The uprisen soul that casts its grave-clothes by
And springs to freedom from the bonds of sin.
Priestess and victress! through the world's dark ways,
Up the great altar stairs that lead to Heaven,
The torch of Love in her uplifted hand,
Woman still guides Humanity, and best
Fulfils the woman's mission when she tends
The sacred fires of Glory, Faith, and Truth
In human hearts. True helpmeet for the Man,
When with a holy, pardoning, saintly zeal
She draws the erring nature back to God
With bands of love. Still pleading for the Right
In words that weep and tears that speak like prayers;
The guiding angel of a darkened world
Whose only light can come from Faith and Love.

THE HOME OF SIR CHRISTOPHER HATTON.

Kirby Hall.

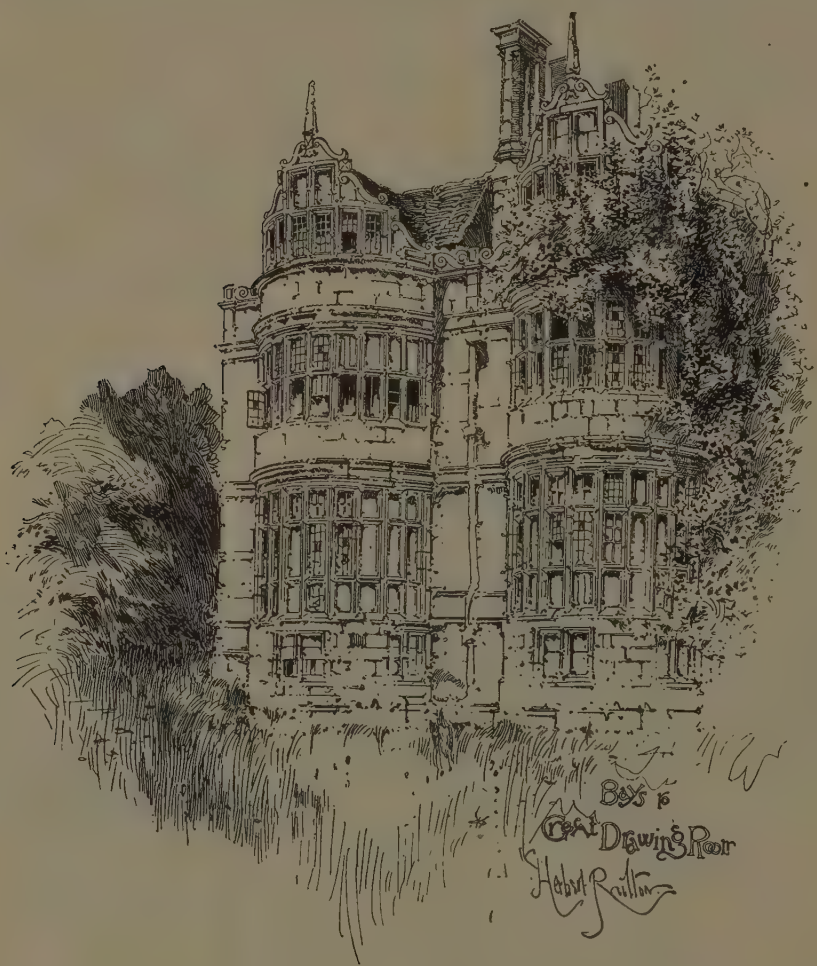
BURIED in lime avenues and lovely woods in the good county of Northamptonshire lay Kirby Hall, the seat of the great Sir Christopher Hatton, Chancellor and favourite of Queen Elizabeth. It was originally built for the Staffords, and completed for Lord Keeper Hatton by John Thorpe—"John of Padua," as he was occasionally called. The arms of the Staffords are still distinctly visible.

It is commonly said that Queen Bess exchanged Holmby or Holdenby House, at the other side of the county, built likewise by John Thorpe (who was also the architect of Burghley House, Stamford, the seat of the Marquis of Exeter), with Sir Christopher Hatton for Kirby; but this must be a mistake, as Holdenby belonged to his family in the reign of James I. As an actual fact, Sir Christopher Hatton not only built Kirby, but Holdenby House also,

in the short space of some five-and-twenty years; and it is small wonder that the man who built two such palaces in so short a time and at such a cost should have ruined himself by his enterprise. In an account of Holdenby House, written by my lamented father, the late Earl of Winchilsea and Nottingham, which I propose to reprint for the benefit of my readers, he says:—"In the Upcott MSS., British Museum, additional MSS. No. 15,891, from which Sir Harris Nicolas quotes so largely in his 'Life of Sir Christopher Hatton,' p. 125, is a letter from Sir Christopher to Lord Burleigh, August 9th, 1579, in which he says, 'Holdenby was built in direct observation of your house and plot at Tybald's, so I earnestly pray your good lordship that by your good corrections at this time it may prove as like the same as it has ever been meant to be.' To this letter Lord Burleigh replies on the 10th of the same month: 'I visited all your rooms, high and low, and only the contention of my eyes made me forget the infirmity of my legs; and where you were wont to say it was a young Theobald's—truly Theobald's I like as my own; but, I confess, it is not so good as a model to a work, and no otherwise worthy in any comparison than a foil. God send us long to enjoy her [Queen Elizabeth], for whom we both meant to exceed our purses in these.'" Never was a truer word spoken—at least, in the instance of the Lord Chancellor, as the event proved.

Kirby was the Lord Chancellor's second house, and together with Holdenby House it cost its builder, Sir Christopher Hatton, so much money that within thirty years Holdenby had to pass out of the possession of his heir as part of his debt to the Crown.

The inner court of Kirby was wrought into its beautiful shape by Inigo Jones for Lord Hatton, Controller of the Household in the time of Charles I., and the huge palace stood in a hollow (surrounded by many stately avenues of chestnuts, beech, and limes) in Rockingham Forest, of which the Lords Hatton were rangers. There were two lines of lime avenues and two of horse-chestnuts, but not on the same side of the house. The trees were magnificent—many of them being contemporaries with the Edwards and the Henrys who had wielded the sceptre of England; and over the soft grassy glades of the vast forest the sturdy yeoman's plough had never passed. All was as God had



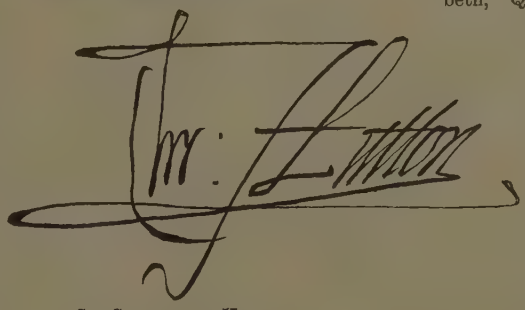
THE BAYS TO THE GREAT DRAWING-ROOM.

created it, without touch of the hand of man to, maybe, mar what He had made so passing fair. Deer and rabbits in numbers were the denizens of the forest, whose soil was fertilised by the leaves when in autumn they dropped off the parent stem on to the rich soil below. The front court was surmounted on three sides by an open-work of stone. The gateway was surmounted by a chevron between three garbs or wheat-sheaves, the insignia of the Hattons. The inner court was square, and enclosed a large range of apartments; Ionic pilasters decorated the façade, the corners ornamented with the Stafford knot, initials, fruit, flowers, badges and crests of corn carved in stone. To the south, supported by great Corinthian pilasters, each terminated by a lofty pinnacle, upon which were squatted quaint stone animals, half bears, half dogs, was the great hall; it was panelled half the height of the walls with oak, magnificently carved in quaint devices: at one end was the music gallery.

The picture gallery, 160 feet long, extended nearly the length of one side of the quadrangle, and was a most beautiful room, though perhaps rather narrow for its length. Numerous pictures hung on its walls; gallant knights, courtly priests, astute statesmen, lovely ladies, in all costumes were there portrayed. There also were rare hangings of tapestry, representing allegorical and other subjects. The wainscoting was of chestnut. The floor was of polished oak, strewn with fresh-gathered rushes; and all down the length of the gallery were ranged cabinets and cupboards of oak, ebony, and ivory, varied by pedestals holding china from the Orient, and statues in marble of men and women bearing in their raised arms large silver lamps. Gilt chairs, the seats and backs covered with rare satin and brocade, others with green leather stamped with golden wheat-sheaves and chevrons, a spinning-wheel of ebony and ivory, and an open harpsichord of rosewood inlaid with silver, with a painting of St. Cecilia on the lid, and an open piece of music (the last *volta* then composed, the favourite dance of Queen Bess and Sir Christopher Hatton), filled up the rest of the room. Under the piazza lay numbers of huge bloodhounds.

To the west of the house was a smooth green lawn, a large garden of many terraces on the right. In the middle of the length of the supporting wall was an alcove surmounted by statues; projecting from the wall as a buttress was a large chimney, admirable indeed in the proportions of its upper parts, and with pinnacles surmounted by stone dragons, from the centre of which it arose.

To this fair palace in Rockingham Forest came a goodly cavalcade one day in 1589, when the chestnut-trees had just donned their bravest array of pink and white spiked fragrant blossoms and tender green leaves. Down the pretty avenue, treading the thickly-strewn carpet of sweet flowers under their palfreys' prancing feet, and thereby causing them as they died to emit their gracious perfume, wound the gay party. First a band playing dances as they came, the musicians attired in scarlet and gold, their surcoats emblazoned with the Royal arms of England; then numerous gentlemen on horseback, each having a lady bravely attired beside him; then many pages on foot, dressed in the livery of the noble house of Hatton; and last, mounted on a splendid white palfrey, whose trappings, bridle, and saddle were of cloth of gold embroidered with real jewels, rode Elizabeth, Queen of England (the Virgin Queen)—commonly called "Good Queen Bess." Her dress was of cloth of silver embroidered with eyes and ears; the sleeves, puffed to the wrists, were divided between each puff with bands of pearls, each one as big as a nut, and finished at the wrists with rare old Venetian point; on one arm a serpent was embroidered in rubies and pearls, signifying "Wisdom." The ruff was of the same costly point, made very stiff, held out by pieces of wood or ivory, and stiffened with yellow starch, first invented in this reign, in 1564, when Mistress Dingham Van der Plasse, a Fleming, came to London, rose into immense reputation, and acquired a large fortune as a teacher of clear starching, for which she charged five pounds (a very large sum at that period), and an extra sum of one pound for showing how to make the starch.



SIR CHRISTOPHER HATTON.

On her head the Queen wore a crown of magnificent

jewels, and the stomacher of her dress glittered with diamonds and rubies; her gloves were embroidered with the Royal arms in emeralds and pearls, finished at the edges with gold lace. Her stockings were of knit black silk, presented to her in 1560 by her silk-woman, "Mrs. Montague." Woven stockings were invented by the Rev. Mr. Lee, of Cambridge, in 1589, twenty-five years after he had first learnt to knit them with needles. Her shoes were of perfumed red leather, redolent with her favourite scent, "Peau d'Espagne;" the toes were very broad, crusted heavily with gold, and "bedight with gems."

At the Queen's waist hung a chain of diamonds, from which was suspended a large fan of peacock's feathers, with a looking-glass let into the back, surmounted by the crown in rubies and diamonds; next to it hung a watch-pocket of cloth of silver studded with pearls, in which was placed her watch of enamel and diamonds (pocket watches were brought to England in 1577); and on her other side hung a large pocket, to which she consigned her letters of importance from foreign potentates, ambassadors, and other persons of consequence. Her handkerchief, of the finest cambric (which she also carried in her pocket), was embroidered with the crown and Royal arms, and trimmed with point-lace a quarter of a yard deep.

The gentleman who walked by her side, holding her bridle, was none other than Sir Christopher Hatton, Lord Chancellor of England, Queen Elizabeth's favourite statesmen and courtier, her true and faithful servant and most devoted lover, the unequalled dancer of her gay Court, and the owner of Kirby and Holdenby and all the broad acres which appertained to them.

Sir Christopher was born at Holmby, and educated at St. Mary's Hall, Oxford, from whence he proceeded to the Inner Temple. He possessed great abilities, highly cultivated by study and business, and he was remarkable for his eloquence and powers of persuasion, which often served his interests well, and made him greatly esteemed and favoured by Queen Bess. It was his well-timed speech, when he was Vice-Chamberlain, that persuaded Mary, Queen of Scots, to come before the Court, which, pleading her dignity, she had before refused to do. All Sir Christopher's greatness, however, was destined to be short-lived.

The Queen suddenly demanded of the Lord Chancellor the summary payment of £42,000 for first-fruits and tenths, which he was not prepared to meet. This claim so greatly harassed his mind that it threw him into a fever, which brought him to his grave, and in spite of her visit to him on the 11th of November, 1591, her coming was of no avail, and he died on the 20th of the same month at his house in Ely Place, Holborn; at which time an extent was laid upon it for the debt due to her—a claim which descended to her successor, James I., and caused Holdenby to pass into the hands of the Crown; for though Queen Elizabeth could comfort her "Lyddes" and "Sheepe," as she called him on his death-bed, we are not told that she forgave him his debt; and in February, 1607–8, his nephew and heir covenanted to convey the great mansion of Holdenby and about 1,768 acres of land (including the park) to the trustees of King James I., the lands being valued at that time at an annual sum of £1,596 13s. 11d.

Let us take a look at Sir Christopher as he appears in the full-length portrait of him at Eastwell Park, Ashford, Kent, which, equally with Kirby, was the property of the Earl of Winchilsea and Nottingham, my dear and lamented father, to whom I am indebted for many of the particulars here written. In this picture he is standing with one hand on his hip. He wears a doublet of white satin heavily barred with gold, a ruff round his neck, and a short black velvet cloak studded very thickly with enormous pearls. Long white silk hose gartered at the knee, and neat black velvet shoes embroidered with pearls, complete his costume. In face he is very good-looking—a smiling mouth, deep blue eyes shaded by long lashes (with a sweet kind look in them), curly brown hair, and a long pointed beard. At his side lies a very small curly white dog.

And thus attired on this lovely May day in 1589 walked Sir Christopher, leading his Queen to his stately home, while hearty shouts of "Long live Queen Bess! may our great Eliza flourish ever! God preserve the Queen!" came from the throats of many a stalwart Northamptonshire man, and resounded through the still forest air.

The reception of her loyal subjects was indeed a hearty one. The Queen smilingly and graciously acknowledged the enthusiasm displayed, and then with Sir Christopher's aid she dismounted, and passed through the quadrangle into the withdrawing-room, and from thence into the library, with its stores of valuable books and MSS.

On a table of ebony and silver stood a silver tray with silver cups full of wine; while carved tables and buffets, first used in this reign, were scattered about. Here Lady Frances Howard, Lady Sheffield, Lady Wodehouse, Blanche Parry (the ally of the famous sorcerer Dr. Dee, and the friend and confidante of her Royal mistress), and the beautiful Isabella Markham (wife of Sir John Harington) had already preceded the Queen, and were reposing upon couches covered with Turkey carpets, now first brought to England. Most of these ladies were attired in white, much in vogue in those days.

After reading the *English Mercurie*, the first newspaper printed in England (in July, 1588), her Majesty retired to her bed-chamber and was seen no more until dinner was served.

As a rule Queen Bess ate very little and drank weak beer, or wine and water; and unless it was a state occasion, such as I have described, she took her meals with a few of her attendants. Before dinner she and her attendants sweetened their dainty persons with rose-water previous to beginning their meal.

Queen Elizabeth's breakfast, except on fast-days, consisted of butter, eggs, boiled steaks soddened with water and thickened with bread, and ale made from the hops now first grown in England. This she partook of at eight in the morning; she dined at eleven off beef, mutton, veal, or pork, and supped at six. In her day

a cow cost 7s.; an ox, 13s. 4d.; a sheep, 2s. 5d.; and a hog, 2s.

She studied much, and if a difficult point arose she sent for some learned man to help her, and argued the matter. After breakfast she transacted business with her Secretaries of State—papers of public interest relating to public affairs were read aloud; she gave the orders she thought necessary in notes by herself or her tutor and secretary, Roger Ascham (who used to teach her Latin, and pinch, nip, and hol [slap] her if she displeased him in the least; he died in 1568). When tired with work she took a matutinal walk with her ladies, if the weather was propitious. She hated a high wind, and seldom stirred out in it; but rain, if not too violent, did not prevent her or her Court from enjoying their usual exercise under umbrellas.

According to Bohun, she would chide her familiar servants so loudly that those at a distance heard her voice, and for small faults she would strike her maids-of-honour with her hand. When Queen Elizabeth took her walks abroad, special officers had to go beforehand on the road she intended to pursue and order away all deformed, ugly, and diseased persons.

Supper-time was when she enjoyed herself most; then she would laugh and talk, and encourage her friends and attendants to do the same. After that she would play on the cittern or lute, or on the virginal (a keyed instrument of one string), listen to a song, dance a coranto, a pavo or pavin (so called after the strutting peacock), or a volta (her favourite dance), or witness a masque, specially performed for her pleasure. When she retired to bed she was attended by all the married ladies of her retinue. As soon as she felt tired she sent them all away, except the lady whose turn it was to sleep in her bed-chamber. A gentleman of good quality sat in the next apartment, so as to be in readiness to awake her should anything extraordinary occur.

Such was Sir Christopher's illustrious guest.

On this evening the banquet was spread in the great hall, the table was covered with gold and silver plate (in many cases enriched with jewels), and every possible delicacy covered the board, which groaned under the weight of its good cheer. After the Queen, Sir Christopher, and their guests had eaten of the dishes which the Queen preferred, the remainder was taken to the ladies of the Court. Huge silver lamps shed a soft ray over the brilliant scene; the band in the gallery pealed forth sweet melodies; in the intervals a blind negro boy played divinely on the lute; the conversation was sparkling and gay; all looked bright, and every one seemed happy.

The banquet over, Sir Christopher led the Queen up the staircase of solid carved oak into the noble gallery, 160 feet long, where they sat down to a game of backgammon or tables.

Then, in the prime of his courtly graces and his noble presence (their game of backgammon being over), "my grave Lord Keeper led the brawls" (figure dances then in fashion), as Gray describes him in his well-known poem, and after the dance he passed with Elizabeth out on the fine smooth lawn.

Sir Christopher and Queen Bess enjoyed the air for a short time, and then they passed into the chapel, with its beautiful carvings of walnut-wood, and heard a few short prayers; then back again to the library, when muscadine and sweetened sack were served in large silver bowls to each guest.

Then once more Sir Christopher besought Queen Bess to walk with him yet again in the beauty of the night, and on her complying he led her Majesty to the front of the lovely old house, and there, where the silver moonlight bathed the whole fair scene—avenues, house, park, deer—in its pure light, Sir Christopher bade his Royal mistress a loving and gallant "Good-night!"

Now what is left of a palace, a house once so very fair? Of all the ruins in the country, the saddest of all is that of the Lord Keeper's second home, stately Kirby Hall. So utterly is it concealed by trees that you may pass within fifty yards of what was one of the finest houses in the kingdom without knowing that a house is there.

Desolate, deserted as it now is, until 1836 it was a habitable house. My grandfather, the Earl of Winchilsea and Nottingham, lived there when he first married; and his eldest daughter (my aunt, Lady Caroline Turnor, widow of Christopher Turnor, Esq., of Stoke Rochford, Lincolnshire) was born there.

Since 1836, when my grandfather left Kirby, it has never been inhabited by any of the family. By a curious will he was obliged to live so many consecutive months in the year at another of his places, Haverholme Priory, Lincolnshire, or else he forfeited it; he had also Eastwell Park, in Kent, to keep up. He did not wish to forfeit Haverholme, and the expense of all these places was too great, so Kirby was sacrificed. Why he did not let it, even if he had only received rent enough to keep it in habitable repair, I have never been able to understand. All that is certain is that he left it empty, thus parting with one of the finest, if not the finest, specimens of that style of architecture extant (so fine a specimen is it that one of the greatest architects of the present day says that it ought to be bought by the Crown and restored); and it has been gradually going to rack and ruin—a process which is now, alas! all but complete.

When Lord Winchilsea left it, his agent (Webster) first lived in it. Then a farmer had it, with the land surrounding the house; and now a labourer lives in the library of one of the finest Elizabethan houses ever built. Roof there is none, except to the library and one bed-room.

At Holmby, time has done its worst; the hard fight for life is over, death reigns triumphant. One can saunter slowly through the gardens, now restored to grazing land again, with a calmness such as one feels in walking by the graves of friends long since "gone before." But to see, as at Kirby, the very action of decomposition going on, the tattered tapestry in shreds on the walls, the pictures half in, half out of their broken frames (these even are now all gone), the crumbling stucco of the ceiling forming a support for the hanging ivy to cling to; to inhale the damp unwholesome air; to hear the rats and

mice scuttling over the organ-pipes and climbing the organ-bellows in the library, where they are the sole denizens of the magnificent room once filled with rare MSS., where used to be the harpsichord whose keys royal Elizabeth's fingers had touched, and the spinning-wheel she had used; to see the machinery of the clock that marked the passage of time in Sir Christopher's day fallen in through the roof of the chapel, of which nothing is left (all the beautiful carved walnut-work is a thing of the past; the seat where Elizabeth knelt has been sold or burnt in sheer wanton mischief by some careless country yokel), and the lovely fresh fronds of green fern sprouting up in the choked gutters; then to see the masonry in all its firmness, without scarcely a stone displaced, the sculpture and devices of the Stafford crest (with fruit, flowers, &c., as sharply delineated as on the first day they were carved), the solid oak staircase yet entire (it is gone now), the quaint stone animals (half dogs, half bears) which in Sir Christopher's time squatted on the pinnacles terminating the Corinthian pilasters, on which the portal of the great hall to the south was raised (they are now gone, with the exception of a few lying buried deep in the luxurious growth of grass and weeds which fills the whole of the inner courtyard), — this is a melancholy (nay, a despairing) sight, without a single redeeming touch of hope, or joy, or comfort. Down that splendid gallery of 160 feet long, in the prime of his prosperity and favour, and the splendour of his handsome person and courtly graces,

THE PORCH OF KIRBY HALL.

> "My grave Lord Keeper led the brawls;
> The seals and maces danced before him."

Could even his lightness and agility and quickness avoid the gaping pitfalls now? Down those slippery green steps (still called by her name) Queen Elizabeth, with stately mien, stepped into the trim pleasaunce below, among the grand old yews, now struggling in brave defiance of the gardener's shears.

In that beautiful old chapel, of which nought remains but a few crumbling planks, where it is dangerous to walk, a loyal household often knelt in prayer for his most sacred Majesty when such prayer was a crime and

the worshipper, if discovered, would have paid for his devotion with his life. From that lovely iron traceried balcony, embowered in ivy (now falling in pieces and worn with rust), did the fair heiress of the Montagues, when hostess here, stepping forth from her dainty boudoir, welcome her coming and speed her parting guests.

THE GREAT COURT OF KIRBY HALL.

Ruin and decay have marked Kirby for their own. Nothing remains of its splendour but its beautiful outside walls; though those who linger among the gables, chimneys, windows, and courts of Kirby will find much to please the eye. The ghost of a dead past reigns paramount over everything: the avenues are all gone, cut down, and sold; the approach to the house is over grass and deep ruts; and we who loved it look on with indescribable regret and longing. The old house, which witnessed the Lord Keeper's gallant and loving "Good-night!" to his mistress and Queen, now sleeps in a sleep which knows no awakening, and it is—

> "Oh! for the touch of a vanished hand,
> And the sound of a voice that is still."

Truly "the tender grace of a day that is dead" will Kirby Hall know nevermore. CONSTANCE HOWARD.

[Lady Constance begs to acknowledge with many thanks the information contained in the *Quarterly Review* of 1857, and also that given her by the Rev. William Finch-Hatton, of Weldon Rectory, Northamptonshire.]

Medicine as a Profession for Women.

THE question whether women shall study and practise medicine as a profession in England has been practically answered in the affirmative within the last thirteen years. When we compare the facilities for medical study enjoyed by the women students of to-day, and the many qualifying examinations which are now open to them, with the almost insuperable difficulties, both for study and examinations, with which the earliest medical women students had to contend, it will be seen that there are few public questions which have progressed so rapidly in the same space of time as this one has done. Eighteen years ago only one woman had succeeded in obtaining such a complete medical education in England as entitled her to

present herself for the examinations of one of the licensing bodies. Without a diploma no one could have their name placed upon the Register of the United Kingdom, for by the Medical Act of 1858 only those could be registered who were licentiates of one of the nineteen licensing bodies, and those unregistered persons who practised were subject to the most serious disabilities. They could not recover charges; they were not entitled to hold any public medical or surgical appointment; and no medical certificate signed by them was legal.

Miss Garrett had tried vainly in many directions before she was admitted as a student at Apothecaries' Hall. After her admission she was, however, excluded from certain classes there, and in order to get all the qualifying courses she was obliged to pay heavy fees to recognised teachers for separate instruction. Her difficulties also in getting hospital teaching were very great; but finally all these were conquered, and in 1865 Miss Garrett was able to register as a Licentiate of Apothecaries' Hall. Immediately after a bye-law was passed by the Apothecaries' Society which had the effect of excluding all other women students. It was resolved that no private tuition would be accepted, but that all instruction must be taken in the general classes; and this was done, knowing that certain of the classes would most assuredly be closed against women. Thus the only door was shut by which women could enter the medical profession in England.

For four years from this time no other woman volunteer came forward to storm the citadel of professional exclusiveness and prejudice. Most people interested in the triumph of liberal views in educational matters were able to follow the history of the action of the Edinburgh University in reference to the women students, by the publicity which was given to it by the leading Scotch journals at the time the events took place. The facts are briefly as follows:—In March, 1869, application was made by Miss Jex Blake to the Edinburgh University for permission to matriculate and attend the medical classes with the view of obtaining a medical degree and registration. At first the request was refused; but after seven months of unceasing effort Miss Jex Blake and four other ladies, who had joined her, had permission given them to go up for the preliminary examination in Arts and to matriculate as students of medicine. This was granted with the consent of all the governing bodies of the University, on the understanding that separate classes should be formed for the women, and that they should guarantee to pay whatever minimum fee the Faculty might fix as remuneration for such separate classes. Immediately thereafter a clause was inserted in the University Calendar, and it appeared there for several successive years, entitled "Regulations for the Education of Women in Medicine in the University." Thereupon the women passed their examination in Arts and matriculated in October, 1869. For the first session all went smoothly. Teachers and fellow-students were alike courteous, and the women worked with comfort and with success—the names of most of them appearing in the prize lists of the class examinations. For although the women were taught in a separate class and at a different hour from the men, the examination papers of the two classes were identical, and answered under precisely similar conditions.

Out of this success arose the first friction between the women and the University authorities. One of the women was first student of her year in chemistry in a class of 226 men, and as such she was entitled to a scholarship. The Professor withheld it from her on the ground that having studied at a different hour she was not a member of "The Chemistry Class." On an appeal to the Senatus it was decided that the women were to have the ordinary certificates as members of "The Chemistry Class" given to them, whilst the successful student was refused her well-earned scholarship on the ground that she was not a member of that class! From this time everything became increasingly difficult for the women students, as a course of active opposition to them was pursued by the medical party in the University. Through the medical vote they had been forbidden admission to the ordinary lectures, and now these same Professors refused to hold separate classes for them, or to authorise any one else to do so in their place. This deadlock was got over by the teachers in the extra-mural school admitting the women to their lectures in the required subjects. On this the ruffianly element amongst the male students broke loose. They mobbed the women at the entrance to Surgeons' Hall, where the lectures were given, pelting them with mud and assailing them in the streets with foul language.

By the arrangement with the extra-mural school two more years were tided over; but at the end of that time the women had had all the classes which are allowed to be taken by any student outside the University. They were again face to face with the old difficulty. In addition, they were refused permission to go on to graduation, on the plea that they had no legal right to do so, as the University Court had exceeded its legal powers in admitting them at all as students. The comment of the leading medical journal on this position was as follows: "Edinburgh stands convicted of having acted unfairly towards seven ladies, whom she first accepted as pupils and then stopped half-way in their career." The case was tried in law, and although in the first instance it was given in the ladies' favour, yet on being carried to a higher court the verdict was against them. Time, labour, and money were all lost to the women. Their opponents had also succeeded in shutting them out of the Infirmary to so great an extent that the only clinical instruction they could get was from some of the friendly Professors at hours when none of the male students were there. This was necessarily quite insufficient opportunity for them to acquire exact knowledge of disease and its treatment. The battle in Edinburgh was plainly over. But the determination to secure their object was not crushed out of the women, and this check was an important step towards final success. In an able *résumé*, by Mr. Stansfeld, of the whole struggle, he says: "It is one of the lessons of the history of progress that when the time for a reform has come you cannot resist it, though, if you make the

attempt, what you may do is to widen its character or precipitate its advent. Opponents, when the time has come, are not merely dragged at the chariot-wheels of progress—they help to turn them. The strongest force, whichever way it seems to work, does most to aid." The bitterness of the opposition and the conspicuous injustice with which the women had been treated in Edinburgh roused a correspondingly strong sympathy with them and their cause amongst a widespread outside public as well as among the larger and more generous-minded members of the medical profession both in Scotland and in England. When, in 1874, Miss Jex Blake resolved to organise a separate medical school for women in London, she found many ready to co-operate with her among the leading members of the profession, and without such co-operation the scheme would have been quite impossible. Ready financial help was also given by both Scotch and English friends, so that in October, 1874, the school was opened at 30, Henrietta Street, Brunswick Square. For two years the new school bravely held on its way, notwithstanding the gloomy fact that it could not give its students what was to them a *sine quâ non*, viz., hospital instruction and admittance to the examinations of some one of the nineteen licensing bodies, so as to enable them to obtain registration and legal status as practitioners of medicine.

In August, 1876, Mr. Russell Gurney's Bill passed in Parliament. The scope of this Act was merely permissive, to enable the licensing bodies to admit women to their examinations. It conferred upon them the powers which the Edinburgh University declared they had not got. All that was now necessary to make the school complete was that some one of the examining boards should avail themselves of the new powers they had acquired by the passing of this Bill and admit the women, and that the school should be affiliated to a general hospital of not less than one hundred beds, that being the minimum size of hospital required for qualifying clinical study. Whilst the women were fighting so hard a battle for liberty of education in England, abroad—in Paris and the other French medical schools, at Zurich and at Bern—all opportunities of study and privileges were freely open to women on exactly equal terms with the men medical students. It was, indeed, owing to the liberality of these foreign schools that many of the English women finally secured the medical teaching and training which enabled them to enter on practice in England, and to pass the examinations of the King's and Queen's Colleges of Physicians in Ireland when that body, in immediate response to the passing of the Russell Gurney Act, generously opened their doors to the women. Even the highest foreign degrees were not registerable in England, and those of the early Edinburgh students who had obtained them, with much expenditure of time and money, were still under the necessity of undergoing in this country for the third time the final professional examinations in order to constitute them legal practitioners of medicine. One year later the last vital point in connection with the solid establishment of the London Medical School for Women was settled favourably by the problem of hospital instruction being solved. Through the wise and unwearied efforts of Mr. Stansfeld and other friends, arrangements were concluded with the authorities of the Royal Free Hospital admitting the women students fully to the clinical teaching and study there. At the present date the association between the school and the hospital has existed for ten years, and has worked admirably. Since the foundation of the school 196 students have been enrolled; so that many women, now scattered all over the world, have acquired in the Royal Free Hospital such a practical knowledge of disease as enables them to lead active lives of usefulness to their fellow-creatures, and at the same time places themselves in happy and independent positions. Early in 1878 the London University voted in Convocation, by a large majority, the admission of women to all their degrees. The degree in medicine of this University ranks so high as to be practically an honours degree; it is therefore more difficult to obtain than the qualification of the Irish colleges. Naturally it is rather the more ambitious of the women who aim at securing it; but it is only those who have good ability, and health to bear a long strain, and who, besides, can afford the additional time and money necessary for the prolonged study, who should attempt it. It is pleasant to be able to record that the six women who have gained the M.B. degree of the University have all been in the honours list in one or more subjects, and two of them have been exceptionally distinguished by being gold medallists. The students at the Henrietta Street School and at the Royal Free Hospital this session number seventy-four—more than ten times the number of the handful of women who led what seemed at the time to be a forlorn hope in Edinburgh fifteen years ago. An unusually large proportion of these students are preparing for the examinations of the London University, and there is good reason to expect that many of them will take as honourable positions in the future lists as the earlier women graduates did before them. The following is a complete list of the British medical examinations which are now open to women on equal terms with men, in the order in which they have been so opened:—

The King's and Queen's Colleges of Physicians, Ireland, in 1877.

The University of London, in 1878.

The Royal University of Ireland, in 1879.

The Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland, in 1885. This examination forms, with the College of Physicians, Ireland, a conjoint board, which gives a triple qualification, viz., in Medicine, Surgery, and Midwifery.

The Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh,
The Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh, } 1886.
The Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons, Glasgow,

These three last-mentioned form also a conjoint board and confer a triple qualification.

When the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland, opened their examinations to women, they announced at the same time that all the lectures were open to them, and that arrangements had also been made to admit of women receiving instruction in practical anatomy in the school of their College. Since that time the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons of Edinburgh

and Glasgow have opened their examinations to women, and classes have been arranged in connection with the extra-mural school in Edinburgh. So that women may now study in London, in Dublin, or in Edinburgh. As yet it is only in London that full clinical teaching can be got by the women; but we cannot doubt that this anomaly will very soon be at an end in Dublin and in Edinburgh, by the hospital authorities making provision for the admission of the women to their wards when there is a sufficient number of students to form a class.*

With most women contemplating the study of medicine the question of expense is an all-important one. Parents are not yet familiar with the idea that it may be as wise, financially, to incur prolonged expense for the technical education of daughters as for that of sons. They want some assurance that there is to be a return for the considerable outlay demanded by a course of study going on for from four to six years beyond the usual period of girls' school-life. Whilst it is quite true that it is impossible to say absolutely of any woman (even if she be a very good student), any more than of any man, that she will succeed in practice—in the sense in which success is understood generally, viz., that she will gain a good position and earn a fair income in a moderate space of time, because there is a certain indefinable something—an unknown quantity in the problem—with which we have to reckon, and which may be called, for want of a better name, the quality of success, yet, so far as the experiment has been made, it seems as if most women of fair ability, who have good health and who are possessed of the essential moral qualities, can very soon earn enough by the practice of medicine to be at least self-supporting, provided they have energy and a capacity for painstaking and for hard work.

The actual cost to a woman of a complete medical education—giving her the triple qualification of the Irish or Scotch Colleges, or the University degree of London or Ireland—is something under £200. This sum includes all school, hospital, and examination fees, and is spread over the whole period of study. Fifty pounds more, it may be calculated, will be required for books, instruments, and private teaching. To obtain a University degree, at least one year more of study is necessary than for the licence of the Colleges, and this of course increases the expense by the additional cost of living.† Abroad—especially in Paris, and in the other schools of the University of France—the amount of fees for classes, hospital, and examinations is very much less than in England; it does not exceed £60. In addition, there are the charges connected with printing and publishing the thesis. These are heavy or the reverse, according to the special thesis. In all ordinary cases a sum of £50 would fully meet them.

There are many advantages to women in taking their medical course in Paris. There is an excellent school there, and everything is open to them exactly as to men. The hospitals are large and varied, and women are eligible for the posts of *externe*, or clinical clerk, and *interne*, or resident house-doctor in the hospital. These posts are filled, after competitive examination, from among the best of the advanced students. As yet, few women have competed for these posts, as it is only recently they have been declared eligible for them. One woman, an American lady, has, however, held the post of *interne* there for more than a year.

Many are now friendly to the idea of medical education for women, who still conscientiously disapprove of the study being carried on by them in the existing men's schools. There has, however, been no serious objection found to the plan of mixed medical education where it has been given a fair trial. It has been in operation in many countries, as the natural arrangement, ever since women were there admitted to the study and practice of medicine. When amongst such widely different races as in Sweden and in India men and women study side by side without any difficulties arising, surely the fear must be groundless that such an arrangement would prove undesirable in this country. On the contrary, women would certainly gain by it. They would have increased facilities for study, as, with larger numbers, a medical school can more easily be kept up to a high standard of efficiency. The larger association would also tend to wider views and to freedom from narrowing prejudices, to which women, from their different training, are more liable than men.

Sixteen years ago the lecturers of the extra-mural school in Edinburgh sent up a memorial to the governors of the Infirmary there. In it they say, as a plea for the admission of the women who had attended their classes to the full privileges of medical students, "In our experience, in these mixed classes the demeanour of the students is more orderly and quiet, and their application to study more diligent and earnest, than during former sessions when male students alone were present."‡ From this it would appear that men, too, might reap a benefit if women were associated with them in their studies.

The two principal objections originally urged against the admission of women to the study of medicine were: first, that they were intellectually incapable of the study; and, secondly, that even if they were doctors, there was no demand for them—they were not wanted and would find nothing to do. No one now questions their intellectual ability for the study; the place many of them have taken in examinations quite disposes of the first objection. But we believe that the practical work they are doing all over the world is not so widely known, and in that work the answer to the second objection is found. Up to the present time fifty-six women have had their names enrolled on the British Medical Register. Of these, thirty-six are in practice at home, and eighteen are abroad, most of them in India and occupying important medical positions there. Some are in France and in Switzerland, one in Germany, and one lady has a good practice in Cape Town, South Africa.

* Such provision is already made in Edinburgh. See Dr. S. Jex Blake's article, "Medical Women," in the November number of the *Nineteenth Century*.

† See "The Student's Guide to the Medical Profession," by C. B. Keetley, F.R.C.S.

‡ See "Medical Women," note *o*, p. 64, by Dr. S. Jex Blake.

There are in the United Kingdom four hospitals and six dispensaries which are officered entirely or partially by medical women. One of these (the New Hospital for Women, in the Marylebone Road, London) has already been moved to larger premises since its establishment, and it is now necessary to remove it again, both on account of the expiry of the lease of the present buildings and also because, as the last hospital report states, "The need of a suitable building and more accommodation is felt more and more. The out-patients have increased to more than double the number that attended when the dispensary and hospital were moved to their present house, and more beds are constantly wanted.' During the year 1886 there were 4,871 patients in the wards and out-patients' department, with 15,360 attendances. This year the proportion of patients and attendances has very much increased, although exact numbers cannot be ascertained till the close of the year. In the same way the other women's hospitals and dispensaries are year by year increasing in their attendances, and, we may infer, in the amount of useful work done by them amongst the poor. They none of them show as large numbers as those quoted above; but they have all been much more recently established than the New Hospital for Women, which dates back to the time when Miss Garrett began to practise in London, now more than twenty years ago.

Three women hold posts as medical superintendents of the female Post Office clerks: one of these in the General Post Office, London, one in Liverpool, and one in Manchester. It was due to the late Mr. Fawcett's action, when Postmaster-General, that these appointments were made; they were the first medical posts in the Civil Service granted to women.

Recently Dr. Barnardo has appointed a lady as medical superintendent of nearly three hundred of the children under his care. These children are boarded out in very many different homes. Each child is visited four times a year, and thoroughly examined as regards its health, hygiene, and general well-being, and then reported on to Dr. Barnardo. Another lady holds the post of medical inspector in the North London Collegiate School for Girls. When the girls enter there as pupils, the greatest care is exercised in examining them as to their health. Their muscular development, the condition of their spine, and their eyesight are all tested. There is a gymnasium attached to the school, where, under skilled supervision, courses of exercise are performed, specially prescribed for each girl, with a view to maintaining, or improving where necessary, the pupil's health. Such a medical superintendence is of so capital an importance that it must soon be demanded in every girls' school where the standard of education is high, and where, consequently, physical development and general health are more likely to suffer. There are other similar posts now unoccupied, and waiting till there shall be qualified women ready to fill them.

However much views may differ as to whether women doctors are wanted at home or not, there appears to be a consensus of opinion that for India, at least, they are urgently required. This necessity has been recognised for many years by native Indian gentlemen and by medical men holding posts under the Indian Government. The first effort to supply this want was made by Surgeon Corbyn, who in 1867 began at Bareilly to educate native women as doctors. As the supply of medical women was quite inadequate to meet the demand there was for them in India, Surgeon-General Balfour in 1872 proposed to the Madras Government a scheme for admitting women to the Medical College in Madras. In his official letter to the Government he urges the case in the following terms: "Of all the Mohammedan women, and of the women of the higher castes of the Hindoos who adopt the Mohammedan custom of seclusion, but a very small part have received the benefit of the medical knowledge available for their sisters in Europe and America; and I estimate that of the hundred million of women in India, at least two-thirds are, by their social customs, debarred alike from receiving the visits of a medical man at their own homes, and from attending for gratuitous advice at the public hospitals and dispensaries. To send among these classes women educated in the medical art seems to be the only means of providing them with scientific medical aid. If a Mohammedan woman or Hindoo of the higher castes be attacked with any severe disease, or have any bones injured, neither of them obtain the benefit of the knowledge which is at their doors, because it is only as yet in the possession of medical men, and men are not admissible into the women's presence."* At the present time all the medical schools in India are open to women on equal terms with men, and many Indian women are studying in them with the view of ultimately practising among their fellow country-women; but for a considerable time to come the want of experienced and well-trained medical women in India must, to a large extent, be supplied by American and English women going out to fill the vacant posts.

Thirteen of the women on the English register, and two Englishwomen who hold the diploma of the University of France, have gone to India. Six of them have gone as medical missionaries, and they are working in many different and widely-separated districts in connection with the several missionary societies to which they belong. In 1883, by the generosity of native Indian gentlemen, a large sum of money was raised in Bombay for the purposes of bringing out women doctors from England, and of establishing a dispensary and building a hospital for women and children to be worked by them. In November of the same year H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught laid in Bombay the foundation-stone of the Cama Hospital for Women and Children. This hospital has been in full working order for some years; it has sixty beds for the treatment of in-patients, and a very large dispensary, which is opened daily. Miss Edith Pechey, M.D., is the head medical officer, and two other qualified Englishwomen are resident in the hospital.

While this hospital was being built a temporary dispensary was opened, and the numbers who pre-

* "Medical Women," by Dr. S. Jex Blake, p. 234.

sented themselves for treatment, from the very first day, were so great that it was necessary to limit the admissions to one hundred each morning. In the report of this dispensary Miss Pechey tells that during the first five months 2,817 patients were treated there. Similarly at Madras, by native liberality, a Women's Hospital has been established, and prospers under the charge of two women doctors.

Another lady is in charge of a hospital at Lahore, and she has a junior woman as her assistant. This last-mentioned hospital is on a somewhat different basis from the other two hospitals, as it is, to a certain extent, supported by the Association for Supplying Female Medical Aid to the Women of India. The Countess of Dufferin organised this Association, under the patronage of the Queen, in 1885. Large sums of money were subscribed in India towards its establishment—as much as £30,000 having been contributed during the first few months of its existence; but the number of medical women required in India is great, and the expenditure so necessarily large that Lady Dufferin writes of the difficulty of placing the women, because of "the terrible question of money." In the last report of the London School of Medicine for Women the following paragraph occurs: "The Council are authorised by the National Association for Supplying Female Medical Aid to the Women of India to offer two scholarships—entitled the 'Jubilee' and the 'Dufferin' scholarships, each of the value of £25 a year for four years—to ladies willing to prepare for the practice of medicine in India, and who require pecuniary assistance to do so. These scholarships will be provided out of money contributed in the United Kingdom towards the Jubilee collection of the Countess of Dufferin's Fund." Many more medical women are wanted for the work of this Association. Medical missionary societies are eagerly anxious to hear of women doctors who are willing to go out to India or to China to work with them in their missions; while at home new openings for qualified women are year by year increasing, and as yet the demand exceeds the supply.

In so short a paper it is not possible to give detailed information as to the position and work of women doctors in America. They are many hundreds in number, and the public are more familiar with the idea of women practising medicine, as it has been customary there for a longer time than here. As early as 1857 a hospital was established in New York by three women physicians. That hospital has now a staff of fourteen women doctors, who visit the in-patients and attend in the out-patient dispensary department. In the same way many other hospitals and dispensaries for women and children have been established by them in the large cities. The women doctors also hold appointments in State asylums as physicians to the female patients. Very many of the American qualified women have gone to work in China and in India, in zenana and missionary work, as organised by the different American missionary societies. Others have gone out in connection with Lady Dufferin's Association to fill vacant posts for which no Englishwomen were ready.

With the evidence of these facts before us we are entitled to say that the battle is won—won in as far as every facility for complete medical education is now gained for women, along with liberty for them to qualify as doctors and to register as legal practitioners of medicine. It remains for the women themselves to show that the battle is also won in a more important sense, by convincing those who predicted terrible loss to society by the deterioration of all womanly qualities, should this great innovation be allowed, that, on the contrary, the world is more likely to be somewhat wiser and better for the work of women who bring to it high and conscientious aims, and who will not rest satisfied with any but a high standard of excellence in their work.

MARY A. MARSHALL, M.D.

The Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

"And when I lie in the green kirkyard,
With the mould upon my breast,
Say not that she did well—or ill,
Only, 'She did her best.'"

THIS verse, written by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," reads now like an appeal to us to judge her work by the integrity of her purpose, rather than to weigh her writings in the balance with those of her contemporary novelists in order to ascertain their relative value. These four words, "She did her best," are the keynote of the whole tenor of the public and private life of Mrs. Craik. She did not work in order to court fame, but to do what she could to put straight the crooked places she saw in so many people's lives. Her desire was to win her way into the affections and lives of her readers, rather than to take a foremost place in the annals of literature. She gained her wish. Her books have had, and still have, a very large circulation, not only wherever the English language is spoken, but also in France, Germany, Greece, Russia, and Italy, into whose several languages they were translated. An Italian friend of Mrs. Craik recently told me that in the Government schools in Italy, of which she is one of the inspectors, Mrs. Craik's books are in constant demand, and are greatly appreciated as prizes. In Italy there is, as my informant remarked, a dearth of books suitable to the wants of young girls, and the works of Mrs. Craik, more than those of any other writer, supply this important need.

To those who had not the pleasure and honour of Mrs.

Craik's acquaintance, a slight description of her as the woman may be of interest, before brief consideration of her as an author. The personal record must needs be meagre, for Mrs. Craik always expressed herself as very averse from the publication of the private details of the life of any well-known person—man or woman. "Say of me only that I am sixty years old, and have been writing novels for forty," she wrote a year ago to an inquisitive correspondent. A few particulars, however, can be given to enable some of her innumerable readers better to realise what manner of woman was she whose fortunate lot it was to solace and brighten the lives of so many of her fellow-beings.

Dinah Maria Mulock was born at Stoke-upon-Trent in 1826, and was of partial Irish descent. She was twenty-three when she published her first novel. Previously to this one or two magazine articles and stories had appeared, among others "Hyas the Athenian," and "Avillion," which were brought out in book form in 1833, under the title of "Avillion and other Tales." It is the opinion of one of our leading critics that these two tales attain a higher level of poetic insight and imaginative conception than any of her later prose writings. During the composition of her best-known book she resided at Camden Town. A portion of the novel was written at Tewkesbury, in the old gabled inn overlooking the burial-ground that surrounds the ancient abbey; and the room that Miss Mulock occupied is still pointed out with pride to casual visitors.

In 1865 Miss Mulock married Mr. George Lillie Craik, one of the partners of the publishing firm of Messrs. Macmillan and Co., and son of George Lillie Craik, the historian and critic. She realised fully on this occasion how genuine and widespread were the respect and appreciation of her readers, from the numerous presents and congratulatory letters she received from unknown donors. One anonymous present in particular delighted her—a gold penholder, whereon was engraved the inscription: "John Halifax." In 1864 she had been granted a Civil List pension of £60 a year, in consideration of her services to literature. One of the most gratifying circumstances to her in her career as an author was her interview with the Queen at Windsor Castle. Her Majesty thanked her, in the name of her subjects, for the incalculable pleasure and benefit her writings had been to them. Since 1869 Mr. and Mrs. Craik resided at The Corner House, Shortlands, Kent. This much-loved home was designed for the authoress by Mr. William Morris, and built practically from the proceeds of "John Halifax, Gentleman." There she died on the 12th of October last, in her sixty-first year. In accordance with her frequently-expressed wish, she was laid to rest in the not far-distant picturesque burial-ground of Keston Parish Church. Her death was due to failure of the action of the heart, a death she had always foreseen for herself, and one which she has allotted to special personages in her novels—Catherine Ogilvie, John Halifax, and the Mrs. Trevena of her latest novel, "King Arthur." The latter was published in 1886, and there is a curious similarity between her own death and that of Mrs. Trevena, a coincidence which suggests that she may

THE CORNER HOUSE, SHORTLANDS.

have had a definite foreboding of what was to happen. Mrs. Trevena succumbs to a subtle form of heart complaint shortly before her adopted son's marriage, and Mrs. Craik's death took place four weeks from the date fixed for the marriage of her adopted daughter. Her last words were, "Oh, if I could live four weeks longer! But no matter, no matter."

These last words were in accordance with the spirit of her life and of her teachings, which, essentially Christian and optimistic, may be summed up in her own conviction and often-repeated assertion, that "We most of us have, more or less, to accept the will of Heaven, instead of our own will, and to go on our way resignedly—nay, cheerfully—knowing that, whether we see it or not, all is well." In accordance with this belief she conscientiously arranged the conduct of her life.

The routine of her life was regulated with the utmost circumspection. Method, order, punctuality, she held to be the only means towards a true economy of time; and against dilatoriness, procrastination, and "the deleterious habit of weakly hesitation from helpless indecision" she preached a constant crusade. "The gift of being able to know exactly what one wants, and the strength to use all lawful methods to get it, is one of the greatest blessings that can fall to the lot of a human being." She arranged her day in set portions, so that domestic matters, literary work, and social duties were carefully attended to in proportion to what she considered their importance.

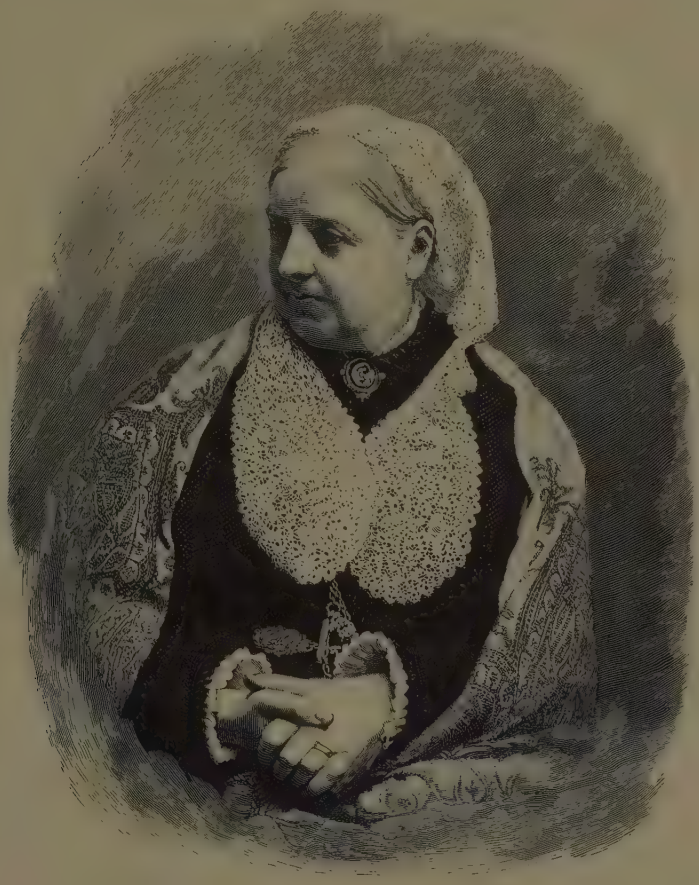
In addition to The Corner House, Mrs. Craik had a pleasant residence at Dover, in the permanent charge of a housekeeper. When not using it herself she lent it to friends, to enable them, when seeking rest from arduous duties and renewal of health in the fresh sea air, to enjoy the additional luxury of home comforts. She was never tired of doing kind actions. Heart and hand were ever open to all in need, whether rich or poor, whom she considered to be deserving of help or advice; but in all cases where she believed no good would result from assistance she refused to give it. Possibly she may have been mistaken (there is none infallible in this respect) in determining that certain evils could not be cured, but she wisely recognised the extent of her capabilities of curing and helping others, and, wherever her sympathies were enlisted, assistance was insured.

THE STUDY.

Mrs. Craik's tastes were many-sided. She may, perhaps, be described as a woman of wide, rather than of deep, culture. She had a genuine love of art, and had herself a certain faculty of portraiture. Her familiar face will be missed at the fashionable spring "private views," especially at Burlington House and at the Grosvenor Gallery. Dr. Westland Marston, one of her oldest friends, has in his possession (I may mention here) a very good portrait of one of his daughters drawn by Mrs. Craik. She was much interested in the development of the drama in this country, and counted among her friends Mr. Irving, Mr. Wilson Barrett, Miss Mary Anderson, and other well-known actors and actresses. But among the fine arts her predilection was for music. She took special interest in the success of Mr. Campbell's

efforts with his pupils at the Blind Normal School at Norwood, instituted mainly through the exertions of the blind head master himself. I am told also that in her youth she was no mean performer on the piano (that long-suffering instrument, whose tortures under the hand of weary, reluctant pupils are so pithily described in one of her essays); also that she sang with taste and even true dramatic expression, and I well remember hearing her sing "Rothesay Bay" with tender sweetness and pathos. The Irish melodies were among her favourite songs, and one in particular beginning, "Drink, drink to her who long has waked the poet's sigh."

In appearance Mrs. Craik was of medium height, with soft grey hair, benign grey eyes, a small mouth with a kindly, placid expression. By nature she was active and cheerful, not lacking in humour, courteous and kindly to all; an interesting conversationalist, possessing the somewhat rarely accompanying quality of being a good listener; a woman instinctively to be trusted; to the end young at heart and the confidant of young people. To her fictitious "Miss Tommy" she has unconsciously given many of the qualities which were markedly her own; so that in reading the description of Miss Tomasina Trotter we find a faithful picture of at least one side of the author's nature. All classes of society were of interest to her; and, in a limited sense, she was democratic in feeling. She welcomed every earnest endeavour wherever she encountered it, and at all times preached the honourableness of all true work. She did what lay in her power to break down ordinary class prejudices, though at the same time she had no desire to upset the existing order of things.



THE LATE MRS. CRAIK.

She always expressed herself strongly against women "trenching on men's careers," with the one exception of the profession of medicine. But she set her face steadily against the party of progress who advocated "Women's Rights," expressing a strong antipathy to women speaking from platforms in order to advocate their own views; for she considered the position too public for the sex whose natural sphere she believed to be within the limits of the home. In this she was curiously out of touch with the great majority of her present audience, and perhaps it is to this more than to any other cause that is due the relaxation of her influence upon thoughtful readers of her own sex. Girls, however, should be taught, she wisely wrote, to fit other states than that of matrimony; they should learn to rely on themselves, and be trained to be thorough business

women, for, adds the essayist, "the only women's right which it is advisable to impress on our girls is the right of independence." It is obvious that the teacher did not wholly realise that the doctrine of independence fully accepted must in many cases lead the pupil to adopt a course of thought or action much opposed to the teacher's principles. Set a stone rolling and it would be rash to predict the exact spot upon which it shall ultimately rest.

Mrs. Craik's writings are the expression of her life's experience—a life ordered in all simplicity and sincerity, gentle, and patient. The same spirit pervades her books. She did not, as she has written of certain authors, present the cream of herself to her public, and reserve only the skim milk for her private life. Her numerous friends can testify how rich and unstinted was the cream of her private life.

"The Ogilvies," Miss Mulock's first novel, was published in 1849, in which year also appeared "Shirley," by Charlotte Brontë, and "Household Education," by Harriet Martineau. It may be of interest to note that Eleanor Ogilvie and her lover Philip were modelled upon Dr. Westland Marston, the well-known dramatist, and his wife. It may here be added that Dr. Marston's son, the late Philip Bourke Marston, "the blind poet," was Mrs. Craik's godson, and that it was for him she wrote the well-known lovely lyric, "Philip my King." The former instance was one of the few in which her fictitious personages were modelled from life. Seven years elapsed after the appearance of "The Ogilvies" before her reputation was immutably established by the appearance of "John Halifax, Gentleman." This book was published in 1857, a year memorable to women for the appearance of "The Professor," by Charlotte Brontë," "Amos Barton," by George Eliot, and "The Life of Charlotte Brontë," by Mrs. Gaskell; "Aurora Leigh," by Mrs. Barrett Browning, having appeared the previous year. "John Halifax, Gentleman," still continues to be the most read of all the author's novels. It was not, however, her favourite novel; she ranked "A Life for a Life" as her finest achievement in fiction. Yet above any of her work in prose she valued what she had accomplished in verse. Her poetry, as I have heard her say, gave her a truer and more permanent pleasure than anything else she wrote or had written. Not improbably most of her readers would disagree with this opinion, yet perhaps as long as any of her novels will such lyrics as "Rothesay Bay" endure. One great charm of all that has proceeded from this writer's pen is the purity of her language and the simple grace of her style. She never used a long word if a short one would express her meaning, nor a foreign phrase if she could find its equivalent in English. She follows in the wake of Maria Edgeworth and of Jane Austen in the delineation of realistic scenes of domestic comedy and tragedy. Jane Austen was more objective in the treatment of her characters, and did not point a moral in her tales. Mrs. Craik's method is also realistic, but tinged with sentimentality, and fettered by her perpetual desire to inculcate some direct teaching. The time had not yet come—when she began to write—for widespread inquiry as to the real scope and value of all the so-called duties of women, or as to the injustice and import of the restricted spheres of action commonly allotted to them.

It may be interesting to relate some of Mrs. Craik's opinions concerning the construction of the novel. She complained bitterly of the mania which prevails of indiscriminate novel-writing. "From the law of cookery up—or down—to the law of divorce, anybody who thinks he has anything to say, says it in three volumes, mashed up, like hard potatoes, in the milk and butter of fiction." She was of opinion that "we should never write at all unless we have something to say." The following extract, taken from her collection of essays entitled "Plain Speaking," gives her own method in detail:—"What other novelists do, I know not, but this has been my way—*ab ovo*. For, I contend, all stories that are meant to live must contain the germ of life, the egg, the vital principle. A novel 'with a purpose' may be intolerable, but a novel without a purpose is more intolerable still; as feeble and flaccid as a man without a backbone. Therefore the first thing is to fix on a central idea, like the spine of a human being or the trunk of a tree. Yet, as nature never leaves either bare, but clothes them with muscle and flesh, branches and foliage, so this leading idea of his book will be by the true author so successfully disguised as not to obtrude itself objectionably; indeed, the ordinary reader ought not even to suspect its existence. Yet from it, this one principal idea, proceed all after-growths; the kind of plot which shall best develop it, the characters which must work it out, the incidents which will express these characters, even to the conversations which evolve and describe these incidents, all are sequences, following one another in natural order; even as from the seed-germ result successively the trunk, limbs, branches, twigs, and leafage of a tree."

"This, if I have put my meaning clearly, shows that a conscientiously written novel is by no means a piece of impulsive, accidental scribbling, but a deliberate work of art; that though in one sense it is also a work of nature, since every part ought to result from and be kept subservient to the whole; still, in another sense it is the last thing that ought to be allowed to say of itself, like Topsy, 'Spects I growed.' If an author's personages are strongly and clearly defined to his own mind, he knows that in whatever situations he places them they must think, act, and speak in a certain way. Events develop character—but character also moulds action and events. Viewed thus, a really good novel in one sense writes itself."

It is a pathetic coincidence that among the latest articles upon which Mrs. Craik was engaged, was one entitled "Nearing the End," in which she gave her views on the subject of old age, and the way in which she considered the gradual departure of youth and strength and the inevitable approach of death should be regarded. She also wrote two articles for THE WOMAN'S WORLD, one on the tendency of the modern stage, which appeared in the number for December last, and another, unfortunately unfinished, entitled "Between Schooldays and Marriage."

ELIZABETH A. SHARP.

The Truth about Clement Ker:

Being an Account of some Curious Circumstances connected with the Life and Death of the late Sir Clement Ker, Bart., of Brae House, Peeblesshire. Told by his Second Cousin, Geoffrey Ker, of London.

CHAPTER IV. (*continued*).

I RECEIVE THE SILVER BOTTLE.

I KNEW him for a good and faithful servant, and I was sorry for him. But the more I thought of his altered, nervous manner and the excited, worried look in his eye, the more convinced I became in my own mind that he was suffering from some purely physical disorder, some derangement of the nerves, of which he was himself unaware. It would be well to have the village doctor called in, I thought; I decided to speak of it at the first opportunity to Lady Ker. But at the first remembrance of Eleanor's name I plunged straightway back into the contemplation of my own private griefs and injuries. I took the same way back along the north gallery by which I had come, but I did not stop to look out of the great end window; I purposely turned my head aside. As I passed the door of the nursery I thought I heard some one call my name, and presently, as I walked on without heeding, I heard a sound of small running footsteps, and my little cousin Janet came darting out after me, her long, fine, black hair spreading out on her shoulders as she ran.

"Where are you going? And where is my cousin Richard? And—and what makes you look so queer, cousin Geoffrey?" the child cried all in a breath, running around in front of me, and then walking backwards.

I looked at her, and was struck afresh by her extraordinary likeness to her father. "I am not going anywhere in particular," I said.

"Where is my cousin Richard, then?"

"I don't know."

"Where is my lady?"

"I don't know, Janet."

"You look," she said again, "as if something had happened. You look as Fräulein Hoffmann did one day when she got a letter from Germany with bad news in it about her brother. He was shot in the war, and he died, you know. She looked so funny; her lips shook just like a rabbit's mouth. I wanted to stay and look at her, but my lady sent me away."

I put out my hand and caught the small, dancing, impish thing by a lock of her floating hair. "Little Janet," I said, "have you been doing anything very wicked that you call your mother my lady? You know she doesn't like it." The child nodded her head gravely.

"Yes," she said, "and they sent for her to scold me; I always speak of her as my lady after *that*. I've tried to do it to papa, I've called him Sir Clement, I mean, but he only laughed and said, 'How do you do, Miss Ker? I hope you are very well this morning? He doesn't mind at all how bad I am. But mamma does."

"Come with me and find her," I said, "then you can give her a kiss and say you are sorry you were naughty."

"She is out on the terrace. She has been walking there for ever so long in the rain; I think she has the headache," Janet said.

"Why did you ask me where she was, then, if you knew?"

She never answered, but slipped her little hand into mine, and we walked down the stairs together. She was a queer little thing in those days, but with me always most docile and friendly. I love all children, and, indeed, I think they know it without the telling, and are as quick and ready to take advantage of the weakness as any of their elders.

As we were going down the stairs she thrust her hand down into the neck of her little dress and drew out a small metal box, or stoppered bottle, a toy about three inches long, very curiously wrought. She held it up to me on the palm of her little brown hand.

"Hallo!" I said, "what's that?"

"I can't open it. You can have it to keep if you like, cousin Geoffrey."

I tried to open the lid, or stopper, but it was stuck fast. "But what is it? Where did you get it" I asked.

"Is it made of silver, cousin Geoff?"

"I should think so; old silver. But where on earth did you get it? who gave it to you, little one?"

"No one; I found it the other day in the grass. Fräulein said I might keep it. But I think some water must have got inside, because you can hear it rattle if you put it up to your ear—so—and shake it hard. Will you try and open it for me, cousin Geoff, and give it back to me if there's anything inside? I want to see what it is."

"All right," I said, slipping the thing into my pocket, "and if it is really silver, why, it will do for the plate-chest of your doll."

How the whole scene comes back to me now as I write this! I can hear the child's infrequent laugh as I pretended to button up my coat, and made a great show of being careful over that wretched, fatal little bottle. Her mother, too, caught the sound and looked up. Lady Ker had just re-entered the house by the side door which opens upon the terrace. She was standing below us in the hall, on one side of the great stairs, still wrapped in her long red cloak. As I looked down at her I was struck by the worn and sad expression of her face—a look at once melancholy and restless; but, her little daughter running down the stairs to greet her, her whole countenance became transfigured and, as it were, rejuvenated by a very sweet smile. She held out both her hands to the child.

"And were you coming to look for me," she said, "my Janet?"

Eleanor's voice to me has always been one of her greatest charms. I listened to it now; I eyed her, I

suppose, as if I had never really seen her, for presently she broke off in what she was saying to the child, and demanded to know my thought.

"What is the matter, Geoffrey?" she said, and I thought she spoke anxiously; "has—has anything happened?"

"He was looking like that when I saw him up-stairs. His face was quite white, and his lips moved as if he were speaking," cries out little Janet, staring up at me with her great eyes.

"Come out on the terrace, Geoffrey; the rain has stopped; the air will do you good, and I—I want a talk with you," her mother added hastily.

She led the way, and I followed; but once out there, Lady Ker seemed to have nothing more to say. We walked the whole length of the terrace, treading the wet, flagged walk in silence. The rain was over. A fresh wind had sprung up, that broke and scattered the massed grey clouds and shook the rain-drops down on our heads from the encircling laurels. The air seemed to grow lighter with every minute; it was like something potent and new-created, a very ecstasy to breathe. I took off my hat and held it in my hand; the smell of wet earth and wet leaves mixed with the fragrance of the roses Eleanor wore in her dress; a gleam of red light began to spread in the sky above the tree-tops, and in the depths of the dripping shrubbery a hundred birds called to each other in sweet, disjointed notes.

I stood still and turned my face to the wind. I felt wretched at the idea of our departure.

"Ah, what a heaven of silence, what a paradise of sweet sounds it is," I cried, "after London!"

"And yet Richard—and yet you hesitated to come," Lady Ker said quickly.

"Oh, that was Richard's doing. I can't answer for Dick. I'm not my brother's keeper—worse luck! Besides," I said, "Dick wanted to stay to look after some one."

"Oh, indeed! I did not know," says Lady Ker, in a queer, constrained voice.

"Yes; and—— By Jove! listen! there's a liquid note for you! Now, what bird is that, I wonder! I thought I knew them all. Now I wonder what bird that can be!"

"'Tis a nightingale, of course."

"A nightingale in September?"

"Well, a lark then; or a thrush; or—or a canary bird, or a pelican! What does it matter?" says my lady, beginning to laugh.

The laugh ended in a sharp impatient sigh. She bit her lip, and turned her face away; I could see only the pale outline of her cheek under her crimson hood.

"Geoffrey!"

"Well?"

For the life of me I could not help my voice sounding ungracious.

She was silent for perhaps half a minute, and I saw her cheek redden; then she turned; she laid her hand on my arm.

"You are only a boy, Geoff," she said in her sweet, low, changing voice, "but you are very quick at understanding things; oh, you are very clever. And I am very anxious, Geoff; I wish you would help me. You don't like me, I know"—I made some murmur of dissent, but she only looked at me, smiling—"You don't like me," she repeated. "Oh, I know these things; I feel them; and yet, Geoff, dear Geoff, you *could* help me if you only would!"

CHAPTER V.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

I CANNOT tell if I was more flattered or angry. At any other juncture my feeling would have been one of joy and pride at the prospect of directing affairs and serving her; but now the appealing touch of her warm hand upon my arm, the look in her eyes under her drooping hood—a look which I couldn't meet, which I was conscious I couldn't long resist—every expression of her personality thrilled my nerves and irritated me. But she gave me no time to answer.

"If you would you *could* help me," she repeated almost wildly. "But first tell me this. I have a particular reason for asking you, Geoff. You were in the dining-room all the time they were talking, I know. You were there when I left, and I watched—I—I mean I saw you come out after they had gone. They would speak before you, and you must have heard what they were saying."

"Yes," I said, "but they did not mean me to hear, and I am not going to repeat it."

My lady's cheek flushed red again; she drew her hand away slowly and let it fall to her side. "Oh, no!" she said in a very small gentle voice; she dropped her eyes upon the ground, still blushing. "Of course not. I was only afraid—— Run and see if you can find mamma a rose, my Janet. See, there are some on that tree still, over there by the balustrade—— I feared that after I left they—they might have some words, Geoffrey. I thought perhaps you might tell me. Clement is—he is apt to be—I mean he is inconsiderate, sometimes." She bit her lip and turned away, tapping the wet flagstones with her little foot. "And yet," she said, "I know that he is fond of Richard."

"He was not fond enough of him to let poor old Patterson off his rent," I observed drily.

"Did Richard ask him that? Ah, but of course he did, I knew he would do it. And paid off that rent shall be, even if—if I have to sell something of mine to do it!" Lady Ker cried out very eagerly. "Yes, that shall be the way, and we will go together to carry him the money, Geoff—poor, poor old man!—you and Richard and I. They never let me do anything here; but, for once at least, I shall have my own way. I shall get the better of—of that odious factor!"

I liked the prospect of this well enough; but, as it happened, I did not know how much longer we might be staying on at Brae. I had an uneasy consciousness that my impending explanation with Dick might have something to do with postponing or deciding the time of our departure. But all this, naturally, I kept to myself, merely suggesting that it was not possible to say how long Richard would be over his work, or how soon we might not go back to town.

"Is Dick—is your brother going away?" Lady Ker asked sharply. She stood still for a minute looking down at the ground. "Have they quarrelled then, Geoffrey? Ah, I was afraid of this. I was afraid." Her lips trembled. The child came running up with her little hands full of roses; she had scratched her face, too, in getting them, but her mother scarcely noticed her. "Yes, my Janet; yes, dear, they are lovely flowers. But now go, do not stand here in the wet; run and play. See if Dixon can have you, darling.——Tell me, Geoff, have they quarrelled?" she said again.

I thought of Dick's confession; of all I had overheard; and there seemed no end to the awkward questions she might ask me. Yet what was I to do? In the end, I told her, reluctantly enough, that so far as I knew, Clement was anxious for us to stay. "But why don't you ask him about it yourself, Lady Ker?"

"Ah, it is Richard's own wish then," she said sighing.

We walked on together a few paces. Janet's small defiant figure was moving very slowly away in front of us; the child was quite deliberately walking through each pool of rain-water on her way. I followed her with my eyes.

"Indeed this is but a dull house for—for both of you," Lady Ker added after a pause; "I ought to have been a more careful hostess and provided—more amusement. As it is, Clement is sure to ask people here very soon. But I hoped—I thought for a little while the quiet might be a pleasant change after London. Yet I ought to have remembered how much men have to occupy them, to fill up their lives. You have scarce been here a day, and Richard is impatient to go back already. Clement said it was dull, but I—I suppose I have grown accustomed to it. I am so much older than you," she said; "I am older than Richard—I have given up asking for new things. There comes a time when one is only too glad if the old things endure and do not desert you. I have given up asking. I can make these trees," she stretched out her arm and plucked at one of the glossy laurels, "I can learn to make them into the utmost boundary-line of all my thinking: of all my wishes even, though hopes die hard enough, God knows."

She walked on again; I believe for a moment she had forgotten my presence.

"And so you both want to go back?" she said presently. She turned her face towards me; her cheeks, ordinarily so pale, were burning red and all besprinkled with rain-drops. "No, they are not tears, Geoffrey," she said with a faint smile, answering my unspoken thought, "although I am disappointed enough in all conscience. I have seen Richard once, just once if you count that day in London, in eight years. When he wrote that you were both coming, I felt as if he were bringing back all the old days with him, as if he were bringing me back my youth. But these are not tears; not tears; only—only the poisoned water from those laurels!"

She called to Janet to come back to her, and taking the child by the hand, began walking slowly towards the house. "Not a word, please, Geoffrey, before—before *la petite*, about the old man's rent," she said presently and speaking in French, "I will see that he gets it. I will go there myself. You can tell your brother so, when you are gone. As you say, he has interests in town which pre-occupy him, but he was always kind-hearted to any one in trouble; nothing can change that. And he will be glad to know."

"*Votre frère*—only I can't say it as you do—that means your brother—that means cousin Richard!" little Janet cried out. "And there he is now, mamma, look! there is cousin Richard coming up the avenue; he is stopping to speak to my father——"

Clement had not yet dismounted. As we walked towards him across the terrace, he turned around in his saddle and called out to Janet, did she want a ride?

"Have you been far, Clement? Poor Pilot! how hot he is! You must have ridden hard," Eleanor said, going up and laying her hand on the horse's neck. She took no notice at all of Richard, who was standing on the step just above her, but continued to stroke and speak to the horse. "Poor Pilot; poor old boy! There sir, there. Look, Janet, he is trying to eat your roses."

"I came home by the village. I have been telegraphing all over the country on your account, Richard," Clement remarked presently in his drawling way.

"What for? Have you been asking for more navvies?" Dick said with a laugh, and, "Oh, have you been asking people to come here?" Lady Ker cried out at the same moment.

"I heard the Miltons were with their yacht at Berwick—— You had better let that horse's head alone, Eleanor; look at the disgusting mess he has made of your cloak—— I asked them to come over and bring anybody they liked. You had better let the housekeeper know, Eleanor. And I've asked Gilbert Ashleigh to come."

"And his sister?" Lady Ker said quickly.

"*For* his sister," Sir Clement retorted smiling—"Gilbert amuses himself; give him a gun or a sketch-book; it's all one to old Gilbert, he's happy. And, as you say, the rest of us can amuse Miss Ashleigh."

"Oh, by all means!"

"By all the means in our power, my dear. But Miss Ashleigh is lenient; for that young lady *tous les genres sont bons, hors le genre ennuyeux*," said Clement with a faint laugh. He sat still in his saddle, looking down at his wife with an air of indolent curiosity and amusement. "I say, Nell, have you heard that Richard wants to leave us?"

"I—that is, Geoffrey told me something about it," says my lady, speaking very quickly.

I did not dare to look at any one; it seemed to me that at every moment the whole story of my hiding and my listening would come out to cover me with confusion before them all. I was beginning, too, to feel very sick of being so angry with Richard, and to hope that he would soon say some word in his own defence which would give me a decent excuse for forgiving him. I looked critically at Clement's neat, meagre appearance, as he sat at ease on his fine spirited horse, before his own big house. I compared the two men in my mind, and my heart gave a great throb of pride and exultation at the thought of my shabby, my handsome Dick. For the

life of me I couldn't help turning my head to look at him then; his eye caught mine, and he gave me a quick bright nod and a smile. He had remained standing all this time on one of the lower steps of the great stair; he was gazing straight before him over our heads, and down the long wet avenue. I could not tell from his face whether he had heard, or understood, Eleanor's speech.

"Yes, Richard talks of going; I tell him it is nonsense. We have nearly had a quarrel over it. It would be the first, and we should both be sorry for it afterwards; don't you think so, Nell?" Clement persisted, smiling, and dragging his voice more than ever. But I noticed that he was watching his wife.

"Indeed, if Richard wishes to leave us, I am sorry," Lady Ker answered very simply.

Dick turned his head and looked at her. "And I," he said, "am a hundred times more sorry if I have to go."

"Well——" began Clement, flicking at the air with his whip; but whatever he had meant to say, he thought better of it. "Come round to the stables with me, Geoff," he said abruptly; "this small child with the scratched face wants a ride."

He got down and put Janet in the saddle; we walked together along the avenue by her side. The rain dripped slowly upon us from the overarching trees; it was growing both chilly and dark. Clement was generally extremely sensitive to cold, and, in spite of all his shooting and walking, as averse to getting his feet wet as any cat; but on this particular evening he trudged along indifferently, striking at the tree-trunks with his whip as he passed. He hardly said a word, or answered any of Janet's questions, till we reached the door leading into the stable-yard. A groom ran out to meet us and take the horse, and when he was gone Clement stood there still, staring in a vacant sort of way about him.

"Do you know this Miss Ashleigh who is coming? Did you ever see her, Geoff?"

Her brother and mine had been together at Oxford; but I had never even heard her name before, and I said so.

"Ah! I wonder what Richard will think of her? You think you could answer that question, don't you, Geoff? Well, well, it doesn't matter much, my boy, so long as you don't carry tales or make mischief."

"I'm not a mischief-maker," I said hotly, "and as for repeating stories about my brother Richard——"

Clement laughed good-humouredly. "It does not matter: what does?" he repeated, looking at me with the strangest, the most melancholy expression in his dark red-rimmed eyes. "Do you suppose that I am suffering the pangs of ingenuous disappointment, my boy? Or that I roll my eyes like Othello when I think of Richard? He says Eleanor knows nothing about it; and I believe him. I believe he thinks so. And as for her—as for my wife, well! who shall answer for a woman's thoughts? At any rate, she has self-control enough—oh, plenty of that! There is no fear of Eleanor letting out what she really wishes. She looks on and keeps silent—unless you can make her jealous: she's not strong enough to stand *that*. I believe, myself, you can imitate any virtue except strength, and that's the one thing you least expect to find in a woman. Ah, that Perhaps, that eternal Perhaps of women! We teach them to make a place for every chance, and 'tis the fatal hole in the sea-wall through which each wave can fling its handful of bitter spray—through which every crab may saunter. Believe me, Geoffrey," he said again a moment later, "believe me, there is no strength, man's or woman's, which can survive a persistent *arrière-pensée*. And with ninety-nine women out of a hundred, all their life is *arrière-pensée*."

I do not know why he made such a vivid impression on me that night, but whenever I think of Clement now, when I try to recall his face and manner of being, the vision rises up before me of that wet empty stable-yard, and I see my cousin's meagre dark-coated figure halted under the yellow light of the swinging lantern in the gateway. "What a fool I am to talk to you, my boy!" he says, with a laugh, and all the time he is speaking he moves his hands restlessly, still flicking at each single one of the big stones in the gate-posts with his riding-whip; "what a fool! And yet you are a good fellow, Geoff. So is Richard. So might I have been, I suppose. I don't know—I don't know; and now it is too late to ask—and, indeed, it doesn't matter."

He laughed again, and would have turned away, but I stopped him with my hand on his arm. "But why," I said, "why should you not change to anything which makes you happier, Clement?"

"Why? Why don't the fowls of the air take up their abode in the sea?" he cried out impatiently. "Why is that fellow over there polishing away at my harness, and that other man rubbing down my horse, while I am master to stand here and watch 'em slaving? Do you suppose they prefer dirty work, on the whole? or that it gives them any sort or kind of pleasure to serve me?"

"It does, if you make them like you," I said boldly.

"Ah!—if! And yet why should they? They know very well I would turn either of them off for a dirty buckle or a missed strap to-morrow. I am master in whatever does not concern myself," said Clement, "but as for compassing what you are pleased to call happiness——" He raised his head and looked about him. Night had fallen as we stood there talking—the dark, mild September night; the rain was over; the low roof of sky above us shone with a hundred quivering stars and points of light. "I remember, when I was a youngster, crying for those very same stars up there. I wanted them then to play with and to cut up into little pieces," says Clement, still laughing, and pointing with his whip; "if I could get hold of one of them now, perhaps that is what I should do with it still. *Bon chien chasse de race.* And you don't ask a tiger cub to grow up into a sleek, comfortable beast of burden—yes, by Jove, though! some people do expect it. *You* expect that sort of domestic miracle to happen, Geoffrey; and so do all women. They think all has been said if their tiger is but stroked down with an occasional 'Poor pussy!' and oh! what a scandal it is, to be sure, when the animal asks for something to feed on besides milk, and something to do besides sit up, wait for its food, and purr!"

Poor Eleanor! As I listened then (and how often since) to her husband's scarce-veiled sneers, I seemed to measure and, in a degree, understand how deep was the division of mind and life between them, how fatally natural a thing it was, and how irrevocable. I have never known another man so entirely unreliable, both in word and deed, as Clement. He would make any assertion or perform any action which happened to please his whim of the moment, as coolly and contentedly as if the world existed for no other purpose than his own convenience. Madmen live in this same undisturbed ignorance of other people's rights and claims; and, indeed, at the bottom of Clement's nature there was a touch of something almost akin to madness; something at once melancholy and desperate, which continually urged him on to restless and reckless experiments with every life which came in his way. He seemed to believe in nothing and in no one, and he had all the unhesitating cruelty of an animal or a savage, living, as he did, altogether without rule; inventing his own experience; experimenting, as I said before, and that with a bewildering frankness of disregard for other people's conclusions or feelings. Indeed, his duplicity and his wilfulness were often so causeless and so open as to appear childish. A man who habitually ignores the existence of love and conscience in the world can't escape very long from making a fool of himself—since to fail in recognising goodness is a stupidity and a miscalculation like any other—and there were occasions on which, for the life of me, I could not help being more sorry than angry with him. I think I felt this more than either Richard or Eleanor. I was the looker-on. I turned from one to the other, from husband to wife; I listened to their different complaints. Boy as I was, they made me, in a way, a judge between them; a judge who never delivered judgment, and yet who, in his own heart, took their measure; listening to accusations, made or implied, in silence, and as silently apportioning out the praise and blame.

But of Lady Ker's character I had at that time a very erroneous impression. Her husband was right when he called her jealous: in all their accounts of each other's conduct there was a large proportion of such bitter fact. The old habit, the old closeness of relationship, had revealed each to the other in a degree which only the presence of love could make endurable, and hence, I think, the origin of much of Lady Ker's inveterateness and heat. She could never be brought to consider her husband's character as in any way the result of his antecedents. On all other subjects gentle and tolerant enough, on this point alone she was haughtily implacable; she made no allowances for Clement: she permitted no defence. She never, in after-days, mentioned his name without distaste; I question if she ever felt for him one pang of genuine pity. There are, it would seem, sacrifices of self which have this fatal power of annihilating the very emotion which prompted them—as if, in the outraged heart, Justice alone survived, to gaze from awful heights of judgment upon the offender, who, all unworthy, has yet accepted supreme gifts. It may be, too, that a new love makes even the gentlest of women cruel: eager to rid her memory of the past, as the old trappings of woe are hustled away into darkness before the new king's coronation I understand Lady Ker better now, and in some degree she, too, has become different; but it would have been no exaggeration to say of her in those days that here was a woman who, for all her intelligence, had never succeeded in realising life, the actual pressure of the moment; she had never succeeded in realising herself. An invincible distrust of her own action; an imperious manner, which really sprang from that gnawing consciousness of hesitation—between these two factors Eleanor Ker's existence wasted like a dream. With no will, and with imagination, she lived all the years of her life projected beyond them; in what was coming, or rather in what might be coming—never in what was. She neither faced actuality boldly nor denied it; she took, so to speak, a profile view of the situation; she knew enough of the real to distrust her own expectations; she imagined enough to rob the real of all vitality. And yet she was no coward. Roused out of herself by any strong extraneous pressure, she exhibited traits of energy, of daring persistence, most unusual. But the pressure had to be extraneous; there was no inner spring. I think no one was ever more conscious of this lack than herself. She understood her own nature, the type to which it belonged, far too well ever to be a very happy woman. A habit of distrust of her own emotion weakened even her joy; and love, pain, even maternity, came to her as blind, half-questionable facts; the mere prelude to what she did not understand, to what she had never formulated, and yet was continually expecting. It was an incomplete nature, yet full of charm; always exciting expectation in others by very reason of its deep, radical hesitation; and this same power of fascination, this same uncertainty, ran through everything she said or did. She had read a great deal—she was, indeed, far better read than any one of us—yet I have hardly ever known her to make any statement about a book which the simplest expression of doubt would not immediately put into question. She walked with the air of a queen, and was, in fact, one of the shyest, the most dependent of women. The great bond we had in common was music. She did not play accurately, as a general thing, but I have heard her render certain passages of Chopin like no one else. To Eleanor, as to myself, music was at once a passion and a compensation. We used to spend hours together over the organ at Brae. At those times she talked to me more, and more fully, than with any of the others. It was, I have often thought since, as if some instinct warned her that I, out of all the people who lived near her, would be the first to discover her secret.

CHAPTER VI.

IN WHICH I COME TO GRIEF.

DICK and I had bed-rooms together upon the second floor; large white rooms with windows overlooking the length and breadth of the valley—so that on a clear day away to the north-east I saw the whole blue range of

the Lammermuir hills—and with a door between that we always kept open.

I went upstairs early that night, making some excuse about my leg troubling me, to get away from the dining-room and the sight, to me unbearable, of my brother laughing and talking and looking over music with Eleanor. Of course, if I could only have brought myself to think the matter over calmly for a little, I must have seen that this was precisely the best line of conduct for Dick to take, and the most natural. What I had heard that day was, after all, no new thing to him, and although I had seen for myself how upset he was by having to speak of it to Clement, it was not to be supposed that he would not very quickly revert to his usual tone and manner. For all his boyishness and his simplicity, Dick was the last of men to wear his heart upon his sleeve; nothing which could ever happen to him would prevent his taking the easy places of life easily, and I knew this better than any one else—only that just then I was too hurt and too hot to wish to remember it.

All the time of dinner Clement had amused himself at my expense, keeping up a running fire of allusions which only I could understand; telling hateful interminable stories about Jacobite plots and others, all of which had been discovered through the agency of concealed listeners—"Not spies, you understand, Geoffrey, but just private gentlemen of loyal minds and of lively curiosity. Scotland was full of such people at that time," says my amiable cousin, turning to me with one of his queer ambiguous smiles, "and 'twas in a largish room they met for the discussion, a room something like this one, Geoffrey—but all these old Scotch halls are more or less alike—and there were heavy curtains over the recess, hanging down, you understand, like those behind you—"

"Oh, come now, Clement, let's have probabilities while you are about it. Conspirators always search the curtains to begin with. Why, it's the A B C of the trade, man," cries out Dick, interrupting him with a laugh.

"My dear Richard, you are thinking of the Surrey stage, I see, and the more vulgar forms of melodrama. *My* conspirators were not villains in shabby black velvet, let me tell you, but just a party of poor simple Scotch gentlemen, used to living in the saddle and on the heather, and with other things in their heads besides the hangings——"

"So they let the curtains hang in place, and before long were all hanging beside them," says Dick again, leaning over to pour me out a glass of wine; "and the moral of it all, Clement, the moral? Somehow, it sounds as if it had to do with housekeeping, and we ought to go upstairs and consult Lady Ker."

And so on. Each time Clement turned to look at me, I felt myself go red and shamefaced. I hated him for the pleasure he was taking in my discomfiture, and yet, even then, I could not suppose that he did it from any personal ill-feeling. It was just characteristic of the man to amuse himself without a shadow of animosity, nor yet compassion. By the time we had rejoined Eleanor in her big lonely-looking drawing-room, his mood had entirely changed; he seemed to have forgotten all about me, and indeed went off very early to his study, leaving the three of us alone, and saying he had important letters to write.

It was with considerable trepidation that I waited for Dick that night by the door of his bed-room. We had never had a real quarrel, scarcely a misunderstanding, since I could remember. All my associations and feelings about him were alive with recollections of confidence and kindness, and yet I was perfectly conscious that Clement had played upon my nerves and irritated me far beyond any probability of self-control. I did not feel sure of myself, and for a moment hesitated whether it would not be better to put off explanations until morning. But even as I hesitated, I heard his familiar step coming briskly down the long passage. The house was so still, I could follow every modulation of the tune he was whistling, a catch from the air which Eleanor had sung; then his hand rattled on the lock of the door.

"Hallo, Geoff! not in bed yet? You're not in pain, are you? But you are awake still; that's what I call luck. I wanted a talk with you to-night."

His voice sounded especially loud and cheerful. I can't explain why, but the sound of it irritated me extraordinarily; I was conscious of a distinct revulsion of feeling.

"And, as it happens, *I* want to speak to *you*," I said grimly. Dick stared at me for a minute or two in silence. The candle he was carrying lighted up his handsome face, then the expression of his eyes changed, he frowned slightly, looking at me all the while, and nodding his head.

"Are you really very bad, old boy?" he said, lowering his voice, and speaking in the kindliest manner; "I say, Geoff, you ought to have sent for me to come up sooner. I had no idea you were anything more than tired. Why didn't you tell me to come up?"

"Oh—I do very well. It would have been a pity to disturb you over your singing. I felt sure you would come—when you had finished talking to your dear Eleanor," I added suddenly.

It was the very last thing I wished to say; it was the most awkward thing I could have said, and I was perfectly aware of this even while I spoke. But it seemed as if my words as well as my voice had quite got the upper hand with me. I listened to my own speech with a kind of stupefaction; I looked across at Dick defiantly, and I even felt my lips twitch in a ghastly sort of smile.

He put down his candlestick on the table. "You *must* be in pain," he said again, quite gently, and as if speaking to himself; and at that, Heaven knows why, it came into my head that he was only playing with me, that he knew very well what I meant, but that he was treating me like a child.

"I wish you would let my feelings alone," I said, speaking with a species of inward rage which made my lips tremble, and not looking at him. "If I am well or ill matters but very little, and matters most of all to myself. It has nothing to do with what you began speaking of. You said you wanted to ask me something. Well, what is it?"

(*To be continued.*)

Greek Plays at the Universities.

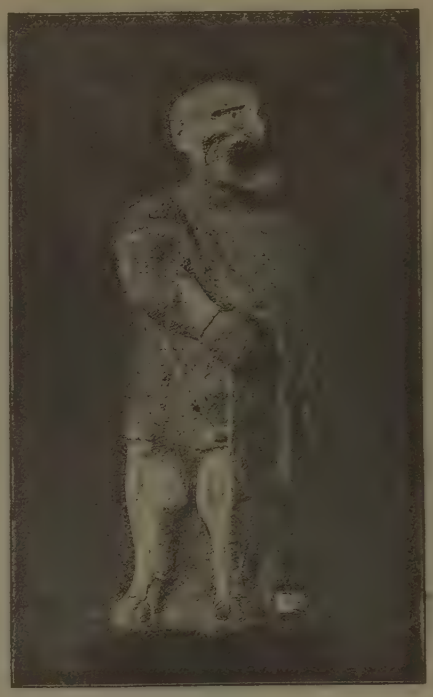
By a Graduate of Girton.

THE representation of Greek plays before English audiences has lately become so common that one not unnaturally seeks some justification for it. To those who have no knowledge of Greek life and thought, whether it be through the old writers themselves or through the imperfect medium of translations, a Greek play is an excitement that must surely soon pall, as to them the interest of it is centred in the setting of the play rather than in the play itself; to the classic, on the other hand, though never devoid of interest, it may or may not be enjoyable, according as the representation is or is not the realisation of his conception; but to the actors it cannot fail to be intensely interesting. To them it means the study of characters in relation to the whole, and of the whole in relation to particular characters, on which must follow a clearer insight into the meaning of the play; and further, if, as was the case when the *Electra* of Sophocles was played at Girton College, the actors are their own stage-manager and costumier, it means a familiarity with detail which wakes a still more lively interest in the reading of other plays. As part, then, of a University education, if on no other grounds, the acting of Greek plays seems amply justified. It was this thought that led some of us, four years ago, to follow the example set by the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and to get up a Greek play at Girton College.

A Group from the "Electra."

The first question that confronts any one who proposes to put a Greek play upon the modern stage is, How far is it possible or advisable to imitate the ancient method? The conditions are so completely different in the two cases that any attempt at slavish imitation

would be simply ridiculous. No one now looks upon play-going as a religious duty; but to the Greeks it was an essential part of the worship of Bacchus. Plays were acted at his festivals, and at his festivals only; the theatre was his temple; the audience were his worshippers, and even the solemn chorus of the tragedy in its greatest days—the days of Æschylus and Sophocles—was in part the outcome of the noisy vintage song sung in honour of the god. The round theatre, too, built for the most part on the side of a hill, its tiers of seats hewn out of the solid rock, with the blue sky overhead, is something that we cannot have, and for which a theatre improvised in hall or gymnasium, or even the little theatres of Oxford and Cambridge, are but poor substitutes.



A GREEK COMIC ACTOR.

In the matter of the stage we do well to copy as closely as we can the form and arrangement of the ancients; for this is the natural outcome of the chief characteristic of the Greek drama—viz., the twofold division of the players into actors and chorus. There must be two stages, one for the actors and one for the chorus. These are connected by two flights of steps, one at each side. The upper stage belongs to the actors, the lower one to the chorus, though the latter sometimes pass from their own to the upper stage, when they lose their distinctive character and take an active part in he action of the play. As for example, in the *Ajax*, which was played at Cambridge five years ago, when the Salaminian sailors set out in search of their missing lord, they left their own stage and joined the other searchers on the upper one. A better reproduction of the chorus stage than there has been as yet in these revivals of the Greek drama was seen at Hengler's Circus, at the performance, under Mr. Godwin's direction, of Dr. Todhunter's *Helena in Troas*, an English play modelled on the Greek form.

The orchestra in this case consisted of the ring of the circus, an open space rather below the level of the lowest seats of the spectators, in the form of a segment of a circle. Here there was ample room for the evolutions of the chorus about the thymele, the altar of Bacchus, that always stands in the middle of the orchestra, and is perhaps the only mark we keep of the origin—nay, more—the very *raison-d'être* of the drama of the Greeks. This arrangement was fairly closely copied in the representation of the *Alcestis* at Oxford. In all the other representations that have been so far given, the lower stage has been simply a repetition of the upper one, by which the distinctive character of the form of the orchestra has been sacrificed.

Scenery on the modern stage is indispensable. The people of the nineteenth century have been so spoilt in the matter of scenery by the constantly increasing realism in scenic effects, that the power of the imagination is weakened through disuse, and it would be too much now to expect from them that they should conjure up their own surroundings and setting of the play, even with the added help of a signboard to denote which is the house and which the wood, as in the days of Shakespeare. Moreover, it seems more than likely that the Greeks themselves from very early days used some sort of scenery, though probably of a more or less simple nature, and that a painted curtain was hung before the wall at the back of the stage, from the balcony which ran between the first and second storeys of the wall, and which served itself as a stage for the appearance of gods in mid-air, or for such characters as the watchman keeping watch on the roof of the palace of the son of Atreus in the *Agamemnon*. But if scenery is used (as it seems it must be used), it should, at least, be kept as simple as possible to be in keeping with the simplicity which characterises the plays of the Greeks, and it should stimulate without tending to monopolise the interest that ought to centre in the action of the play.

To us at Girton, who could not command the services of any of the leading composers of the day, the music presented a great difficulty. Here we must feel that archæological exactness would be out of place. Music is very different now from what it was then in many ways; and probably the only point in which we can imitate the Greeks to advantage is in keeping in view the same principle that was noted in the case of scenic effects, viz., the necessity for subordinating this, as everything else, to the action of the play. We eventually decided upon an adaptation of some of the choruses from Mendelssohn's music written for the *Antigone*. This, being simple and at the same time full of melody, answered our purpose well. These very qualities of simplicity and melodiousness lent a very great charm to the music written for the *Alcestis*, which, while it was always in perfect harmony with the play, was kept throughout subordinate to the action on the stage. In this one point, possibly, it filled its part even better than the music written for the *Eumenides*,

which, by its very beauty and grandeur, giving musical expression as it did to the great ideas underlying this play of Æschylus, and to the emotions to which the ideas give birth, could not fail to become a more prominent element in the representation of the play than was, perhaps, artistically right.

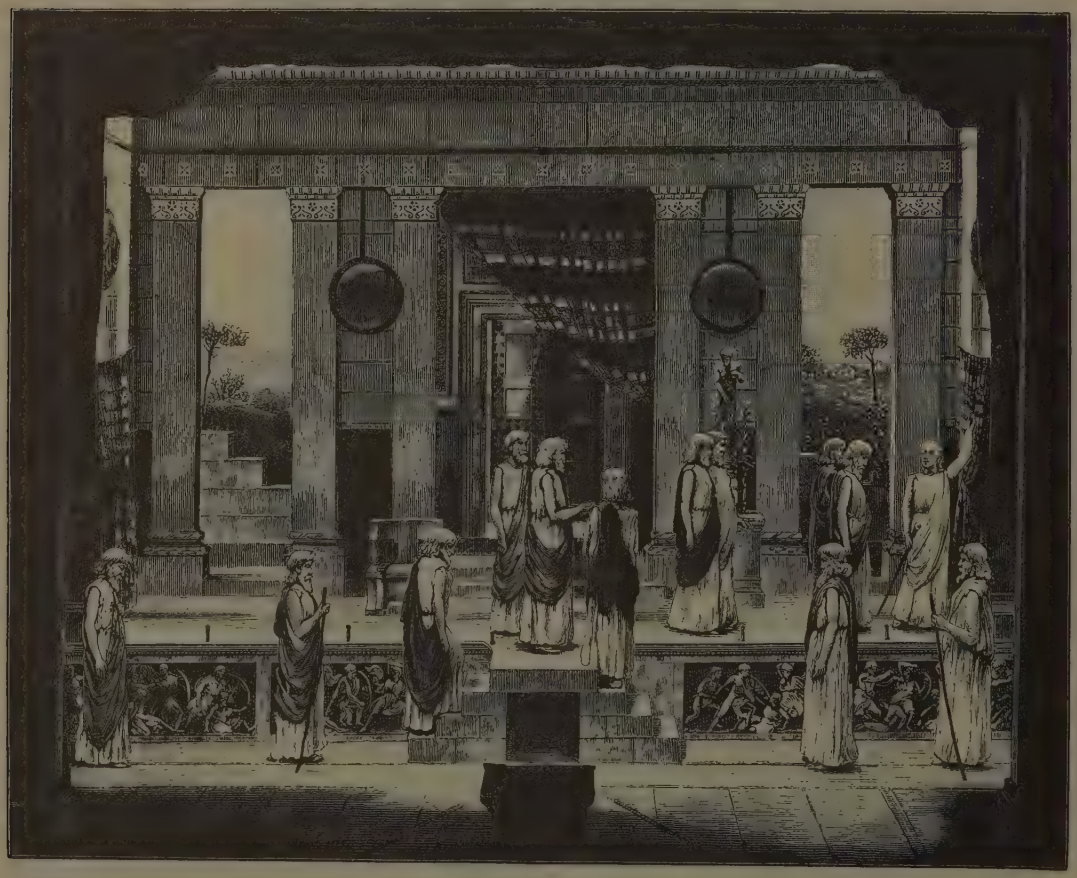
When we come to the question of the costumes we fling all archæological considerations aside. In the first place, here, above all in the ancient representation, we are reminded that the play was part of a religious ceremony. The costumes for all characters irrespective of their individualities were, with but little modification, the festal garments of the worshippers of Bacchus. These dresses consisted of long striped garments falling to the feet, over which were thrown bright-coloured robes highly ornamented with gold and trimmings. Even Herakles was introduced in these cumbersome and highly inappropriate garments, the only characteristic mark of his personality being the club and sometimes the bow also. So each character must have had some sort of distinguishing mark; Mercury had his caduceus, and so on; though in some cases, in such pictures and sculptures representing these subjects as have come down to us after all these years, it is difficult to tell what the distinguishing mark is. There were yet other characteristics of the costumes that it would be futile for us to imitate, seeing that the reason for these characteristics is gone. These were the necessary consequence of the size of the theatre. The theatre at Athens, for instance, was built to hold the whole population of Athens; and more than that, numbers of allies came up to Athens to pay tribute about the time of the great festival of Dionysus, and were probably present at the performances. Then, too, though in all probability the stage itself was roofed,

A GREEK TRAGIC ACTOR.

the main body of the theatre was open to the sky. No actor standing on the stage, however clearly or however loudly he spoke, could have been heard by people at the back. The actors, therefore, all wore masks. These masks were made with features much larger than those of a human being, and were made still more imposing by an elaborate head-dress on the top. The actor must have looked through the eye-holes and so, as the opening for the mouth would fall a considerable way below his own mouth, there must have been a sort of speaking trumpet to connect the two, which would add volume to the sound. The figures of the actors were padded, too, to add to their size, and lastly they wore the cothurnus or thick-soled boot to make them taller.

In our modern representations we throw all this aside and ransack all possible sources of information, and study vases, sculptures, and so on, in our endeavours to reproduce as exactly as possible the costumes of the heroic age as we find them represented in the Arts, apart from the restraint laid on them by the nature of theatrical displays.

These we find to be very graceful and charming. To the uninitiated possibly the apparent simplicity of the Greek dress, notwithstanding its manifold lines and folds, may seem an unfathomable mystery. But it is not mysterious, and it is not difficult to imitate. The technical skill required in the making of a Greek dress is *nil*. It is in adjusting it that grace and art are needed. The under garment is nothing more than a sack of the height of the figure, from the top of the head to the sole of the foot, and about the width of the stretch from hand to hand when the arms are horizontally extended, and open at the top and at the bottom. Sleeves are made by putting buttons and loops on either side at the top of this sack, leaving room for the head in the middle, and for the hands at either end. When this is drawn to the figure by cross-bracings large hanging sleeves are formed, and folds and lines which, if the stuff be soft enough, with a little dainty adjustment may be as beautiful as those that we see in antique sculpture. This may or may not have another garment over it. The upper garment is as simple as the under one. It may be merely a rectangular piece of stuff of the height of the figure, and twice the stretch from hand to hand, draped over the figure in almost any way that is easy and beautiful. If only it is natural, it is pretty sure to be right. A man's under-dress is the same as the woman's in the main, but it is, of course, shorter. Over this he



SCENE FROM THE "ALCESTIS."

sometimes wears the same sort of upper garment, and sometimes a somewhat less cumbersome cloak clasped on the right shoulder with a brooch, to leave the sword-arm free for action. Sandals there must be, and for travellers the soft wide hat, not unlike the felt tennis hats of the present day.

ATHENA IN THE "EUMENIDES."

This, with modifications of more or less importance, such as the addition of armour for warriors, and so on, is the dress we generally find represented, and that we try to imitate, though greater efforts are needed sometimes, as when, for example, a chorus of Birds or a chorus of Furies has to be represented. It is a dress that of itself helps much towards the picturesque grouping of the characters upon the stage. This can never be a very difficult task, since, as a rule, the number of persons on the stage at the same time is so extremely limited. Three actors at the most are admissible in the Greek drama, and mutes and attendants are variable quantities. It is the simplicity which necessarily results from this that sometimes, when unspoilt by the addition of distracting accessories, gives the greatest dignity and beauty to the scene.

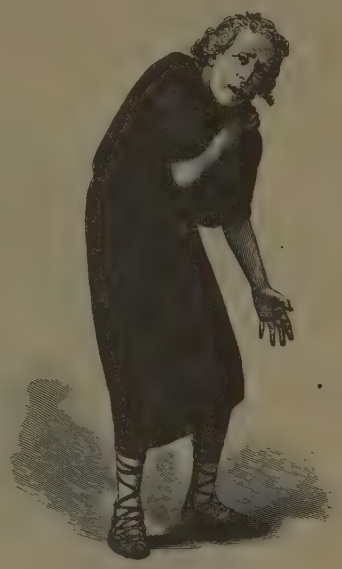
The choice of a play for representation at this time is a very difficult thing; and setting aside practical considerations of ways and means that often have to be taken into account, the time that has lapsed since the plays were written must in some cases, more than others, affect the interest of the on-looker. This, above all, is applicable to comedy. The experiment of putting an ancient comedy upon the stage has been tried at Cambridge. The *Birds* of Aristophanes was undoubtedly a great success. As a spectacle it was charming; but a play replete with allusions to local interests and questions of the time cannot touch a modern audience as do the

deep truths embodied in Greek tragedy, which are the same for all time. A joke that has to be explained in a footnote must needs lose something of its freshness and its point. This same consideration affects our choice, too, even among the tragedies themselves, as some far more than others are touched with local colouring. One other point, too, is of the greatest importance. The complete change in our manner of representation introduces into our choice a peculiar element of difficulty which we must bear in mind.

When we remember that the theatre at Athens was large enough to hold the whole population at once, and that this rendered necessary the devices of the thick-soled cothurnus, the padding of the body to enormous dimensions, and the addition of the mask, which served the double purpose of adding to the size and making a speaking-trumpet for the voice, we cannot but realise that acting among the ancient Greeks can have been little more than declamation. No play of expression could have been seen; no subtle change of voice could have been heard; delicate by-play would have passed unnoticed; indeed, all that we are accustomed to look upon as the very essence of good acting was to them as nothing. We must, then, consider which plays will gain by our imitative method of acting, and which will not only not gain, but actually lose, inasmuch as we now instinctively look for what they do not give—dramatic situations and the play of human feelings.

Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, the greatest masters of Greek tragedy, have each their characteristics. Æschylus is pre-eminently the poet of ideas; the other two are poets of men and women. Æschylus impresses us with a sense of vastness; he

HERAKLES IN THE "ALCESTIS."



A SERVANT IN THE "ALCESTIS."

deals with gods and heroes, and it is not the action and reaction of character upon character that chiefly interests us; we feel rather that the delineation of the characters (which, in fact, sometimes leave upon us an impression of unreality) is wholly subordinate to the exposition of some great idea, which is, for its part, thoroughly developed and set forth in the course of the play. Here is no field in which the modern method may surpass the ancient; the human feelings play comparatively but a small part. We gain little here, then, in manner, while, with regard to matter, we are occasionally wholly losers; for ideas that are sometimes relics of the past—interesting to us mainly for historical or archæological reasons—cannot touch us as they touched a Greek audience, to whom they were questions of the utmost moment. It is not so often the case with Sophocles that an idea is paramount; yet where this is so the interest of a nineteenth-century reader is almost certain to flag, unless he be so imbued with the spirit of the ancient Greeks that the question for the moment becomes to him also a question of living interest. When the *Ajax* was acted at Cambridge, what proportion, I wonder, of the audience felt that at the death of Ajax the real interest had ceased, and that the long altercation of the chiefs over the question of his burial was a little wearisome? And yet to those that can think the thoughts of Greeks this was leading to a crisis of the utmost importance, a veritable question of life and death to the hero, who, in the earlier part of the play, had roused the sympathies of all. As a rule, however, the plays of Sophocles are as full of interest to the modern mind as they must have been to the ancient. His marvellous power of drawing human character appeals to us as it appealed to the Greeks.

Here we feel the full power that we have gained by our modern imitative method of acting. In these plays, that are full of tenderness and pathos, there is every opportunity for delicate acting; and here, at least, the effect must surely be heightened by a realism which can scarcely hope to keep pace with the gorgeous imagination of Æschylus. And so it is with Euripides.

What could be more touching than the picture of the self-devotion of Alcestis in obedience to her ideal of wifely duty, or the gradual unfolding of the character of Admetus under the influence of sorrow? The *Eumenides* of Æschylus and the *Electra* of Sophocles are full of the characteristics of the two poets. Both plays have been acted to a modern audience, the one at Cambridge two years ago, the other at Girton College two years before that. Apart from all question of the relative merits of the acting and the *mise-en-scène* in either case, the *Electra*, as a play, certainly has a better chance of awakening the interests of a modern audience not necessarily imbued with classic feeling, than the *Eumenides*.

The subject of the *Electra* is the return of Orestes to Mycenæ after an absence of many years, to fulfil the god-imposed duty of killing Clytemnestra and Ægisthus in retribution for the murder of Agamemnon. To further his end he sends on before him with a story of his death the old Pedagogue, to whose care he had been entrusted by Electra after the murder of their father. On hearing this story, Electra, who has lived on in the palace under the galling control of her mother and Ægisthus, buoyed up by the prospect of her brother's return, feels that now all rests with her, and forms the plan of avenging her father's death herself. In this she meets with no help or sympathy from her weaker sister, Chrysothemis. At this point Orestes and Pylades appear, feigning to be the bearers of her brother's ashes. Over the funeral urn she pours forth a passionate lament for her brother, to which he listens in silence, deeply moved, and then, learning her identity, he gently reveals himself to her and so turns her grief to joy. Together they carry out their sacred task, and with the death of Clytemnestra and Ægisthus this part of the story ends.

The play is replete with the delicate delineation of character. The character of Electra in particular, varying in aspect according to the character with whom she is in contact, shows Sophocles' peculiar power at its best.

A GROUP FROM THE "ALCESTIS."

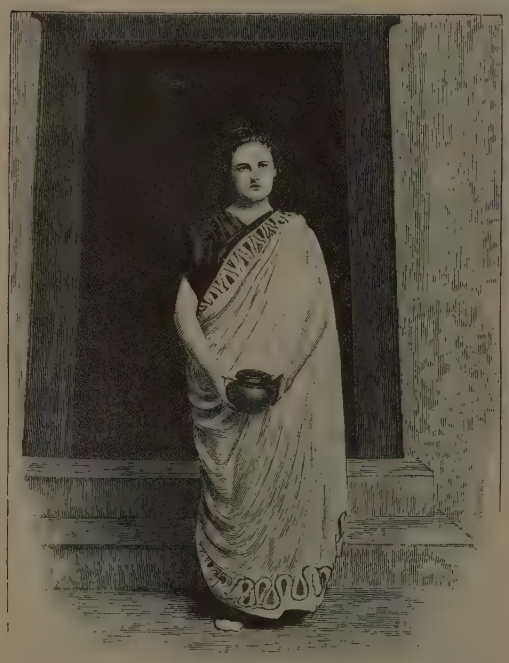
We see her scorn at one moment, and at the next her tenderness towards her timid sister, her loathing for her mother, her gentle deference to the old Pedagogue, her cold contempt for Ægisthus, and throughout we are conscious of the deep and noble love which is indeed the keynote to her character, and which manifests itself above all in her attitude towards her brother and her murdered father.

The whole play is so intensely human that the characters live before us, and we feel that Sophocles with unerring instinct knew the hearts of men and women. A play like this naturally offers all possible scope to the actors; the most delicate shades of acting are effective, and I think we must feel that our modern method gives

us the advantage here over the audiences to whom the play was originally played, who had to feel these subtleties for themselves as best they could without the actors' help.

The next stage in the story is told by Æschylus in the *Eumenides*, where Orestes appears in the character of the Fury-hunted murderer of his mother, seeking, at the hands of the gods, expiation for blood however righteously shed. Its subject is his conflict with, and final victory over the Erinnyes of his mother through the divine interposition of Apollo and Athena. But it is not in the story or in the delineation of character that we must look for the keynote of the play. For that we must look beyond to some deeper thought that underlies the whole and brings it into unity with itself; and it is found in the tempering of justice with mercy, which finds expression in the story of the struggle that results in the emancipation of the house of Atreus from a curse that from generation to generation had been its ruin, through the instrumentality of one of that house that was guiltlessly guilty, and in the subsequent establishment at Athens of the cultus of the Erinnyes or Furies in the new character of the Eumenides or the Gracious Goddesses.

Secondary to this, but still of the greatest interest to the Greeks of old and to all students of the classics, is the spirit of reverence for what is hallowed by age, which we find appearing in all the plays of Æschylus, and in this play in particular. This we see hinted at in his



ELECTRA.

gentle treatment of the Furies, who were of the elder race of gods, and also in his representation of the formation of the council of Areopagus, for the express purpose of trying this case for murder at the very time when its position was threatened, and it seemed about to be deprived by the encroachments of the democratic party

APOLLO, FROM THE "EUMENIDES."

of its especial function of jurisdiction in cases of homicide.

The impression produced by this play must be very different from that produced by the *Electra*. Here the human interest is restricted to Orestes, and we are busied with gods and goddesses, with the dead and the Erinnyes of the dead; indeed, the very fact of embodying in human form the idea expressed by the Erinnyes is strange to us, and lands us in the world of imagination.

There is comparatively little scope for acting in the play. As the action goes on quietly in a succession of scenes, the acting resolves itself for the most part into declamation. This and its strong political colouring give it an undoubted flavour of antiquity; while its intrinsic interest is such that it can appeal only to a limited number, and is even then of a somewhat indirect nature.

Any play may, and indeed must, be interesting; but, taking all things into consideration, it seems that the plays of Sophocles and of Euripides "the human" are likely to appeal most to the hearts and to the imaginations of a modern audience; and so, while any earnest representation is to be welcomed, it is with particular pleasure that we have just seen another play of Sophocles produced at Cambridge.

Alexandra College, Dublin.

ALEXANDRA COLLEGE, founded in 1866 for the higher education of women, has now (in 1887) attained its majority. For this and other institutions the citizens of Dublin are indebted to the stimulus given to benevolent effort by the meeting in their capital a few years previously of the Social Science Congress.

Mrs. Jellicoe, a widow lady gifted with energy and insight, entered into the discussions at the Social Science meeting, and brought before it the idea of securing for her sex in Ireland a more sound and systematic education; one which should fit them to adorn an exalted position, or enable them under adverse fortunes to enter on a career of usefulness and independence. She desired that a solid foundation should be laid, so as to prepare young ladies for higher attainments than mere surface accomplishments, and train them for that struggle for existence which would seem to be thrust on the weaker sex by the exigencies of modern civilisation.

Mrs. Jellicoe's clear and practical mind commended her views to the eminent persons to whom she addressed herself. Foremost among these was his Grace Dr. Richard Chenevix Trench, Archbishop of Dublin, who, when Dean of Westminster, had taken a personal interest in the cause of women's education. His wise and experienced counsel, his wide influence, and his readiness to become the Visitor of Alexandra College, as well as his generous pecuniary gifts, afforded essential aid to the cause which he had at heart, and made him the central pivot of progress in Dublin, as he had previously been in London. Nor were others behind in zeal and goodwill. The Very Rev. the Dean of the Chapel Royal, who became its Warden; the Rev. Robert Perceval Graves, who filled the more onerous office of Vice-Warden, devoted to the infant institution much anxious thought. They have ever since filled these important positions, to the great advantage of Alexandra College, and have ungrudgingly given time and energy, as well as sagacity and experience, to promote its interests. The Provost and Fellows of Trinity College, Dublin, not only subscribed liberally, but rendered other services of value. Many of the most eminent scholars of Trinity College, Dublin, devoted time and labour to the cause of the higher education of women, seeking for no other reward than the advancement of learning and the intellectual elevation of the sex. It would occupy too much space to publish the names of the citizens of Dublin (both men and women) who contributed towards the general expenses of the foundation, advancing money for the purchase of the premises at Earlsfort Terrace, and subsequently for their enlargement; or the names of the distinguished men who have sat on the Council and Committee of Education. It is surely an evidence of the generosity of men of culture that so many were found willing to impart freely from their stores of knowledge to their sister-students, and that professors, lecturers, and examiners were available, actuated by higher motives than mere hope of pecuniary reward.

Alexandra College was soon frequented by the *élite* of Dublin girlhood. The daughters of the upper and professional classes mingled with the children of business men. Nor were young married ladies, desirous of mental improvement, unknown among the ranks. It has been estimated that from the first up to the present time about one in five of the students have been preparing themselves to become teachers; the remaining four-fifths have merely aspired to general culture. Most of them are diligent students; the idle and indifferent have formed but a small percentage. The honours which have been won in open competition are a fair index of the success with which knowledge is imparted.

The daily work is preceded by prayers, in accordance with the doctrines of the Church of Ireland, which are read in the Jellicoe Hall. No religious instruction, however, is compulsory on students. The minority (not members of the Irish Church) are free to devote their time to secular knowledge only.

The Lady Principal is Miss Louisa Digges La Touche, who was elected to that important office on the lamented death of Mrs. Jellicoe in October, 1880. She is a member of the much-respected family of La Touche, resident in Dublin since the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Miss La Touche had herself been a student both at Alexandra College and at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford. Her personal charm of character, her high attainments, and social position peculiarly fitted her for the important post to which she was elected, and which she has for the last seven years worthily filled.

No student is admitted to Alexandra College under the age of fifteen years. Younger girls are received at Alexandra School, Dublin. This school was established in 1873 by the Council and Committee of Education of Alexandra College. It is designed to prepare, by careful elementary instruction, for the more advanced studies of the College. It is working successfully under its able Head-Mistress, Miss Mulvany, B.A., and a competent staff of teachers. Its average number of pupils is about 160. The students of Alexandra College during the last session ending June 30th, 1887, amounted to 210. By far the larger number of these reside in Dublin and its environs; and of the small proportion contributed by the Provinces, more than half come from Ulster.

As Alexandra College and Alexandra School receive day students only, provision has been made for young people coming from a distance by the Residence Houses

—close to the College—which are, as we are informed, admirably managed.

The fees paid in Alexandra College during the session, which consists of three Terms, are, for compounders, who go in for all the classes, including instrumental music, £22, or £8 10s. for a single term. If music be not included the fee is £15, or £5 10s. per term. But in the case of students who take the course of instruction recommended by the Committee of Education, which consists of six subjects, the terms are £14 for the session, and £5 for a single term; and if the student should desire to add to this any additional classes, the charge for each will be £2 10s. for the session, and £1 for a term. It will be apparent, therefore, that the annual cost of a student of Alexandra College, who is contented with the course of instruction recommended by the Committee of Education, will amount to £14. If to this sum be added the expenses of a boarding-house, *plus* laundry, the total yearly charge for residence, board, laundry, and College fees, will amount to £72, at 5, Earlsfort Terrace, or £67 at 4, Salem Place, Adelaide Road, Dublin.

To an able and industrious student there are prizes to be won, with pecuniary advantages attached to them.

The Calendar contains in a long and closely-printed list, a roll of honour, the names of the ladies who have won, in open competition, certificates from Alexandra College, and exhibitions and scholarships, of which many have been founded; and of the successful candidates in the examinations of the Royal University of Ireland. In these there is open competition of both sexes, and students of Alexandra College have won, during the years 1882—1886 inclusive, four scholarships in modern literature, seven exhibitions in the matriculation examination, six exhibitions in the first University examination, one in the second University examination, and one in the B.A. degree with first place. Miss Story's brilliant success in winning the Literature Scholarship is, no doubt, fresh in the minds of many of my readers, and when taken in conjunction with Miss Ramsay's great victory at Cambridge, makes the year 1887 memorable in the history of woman's education.

The Calendar records also the distinctions won by students of Alexandra College at the examinations for women held by the Universities of Dublin and Cambridge, and the Queen's University, also at the intermediate education examinations, and the certificates and prizes of the Government School of Art.

It is to be hoped that the useful work done by Alexandra College may be enlarged and increased before long by a permanent endowment. Hitherto it has been straitened by lack of funds; depending as it does solely on the fees paid by its students, and on the liberality of friends, too often at present cramped by the pressure of the times in Ireland.

No better evidence can perhaps be offered of the interest felt in this institution than is afforded by a simple enumeration of the donors to its library; and by some account of the voluntary work undertaken by ladies of position, as well as by gentlemen, to encourage and stimulate the higher education of women through the agency of this College.

Presentations of books to the library of Alexandra College, Dublin, have been made by H.R.H. the Princess of Wales; Dr. Ball, Ex-Chancellor of Ireland; the Rev. Maxwell H. Close; Lady Cox; Sir Samuel Ferguson; the Rev. R. P. Graves; J. K. Ingram, LL.D., S.F.T.C.D.; W. E. H. Lecky, Esq.; the Rev. H. Lloyd (the late), Provost of Trinity College; Arthur Palmer, Esq., F.T.C.D.; Professor Selss; Miss Margaret Stokes; the Most Rev. R. C. Trench (the late), Archbishop of Dublin; and by Lady Trevelyan.

A society of former and present students, including as honorary members the Lady Principal, the Lady Visitors, and previous and present Professors, Examiners, and Lecturers, and entitled "The Alexandra College Literary Society," has been formed to act as a connecting link between these friends of the institution, and to promote especially the continuance of studies after students have left the College. It has meetings—in a room appropriated to its use at Alexandra College—for special studies. That of Church History was superintended, before her marriage, by Miss Edith Chenevix Trench, now wife of the Bishop of Colombo, and is at present conducted by Lady Stokes. Another class meets weekly for the study of Shakespeare, under my own guidance; and dramatic readings of the plays are occasionally given, in which the class are assisted by the Professors of the College, and to which each member of the Literary Society has the privilege of bringing one lady friend. Miss Honor Brooke conducts a class of students of art, and Miss Henrietta Digges La Touche a similar class, having for its subject the History of Music.

The Literary Society has had on these and on kindred subjects the benefit of lectures gratuitously given by the late Archbishop Trench, Miss Margaret Stokes, Professor Dowden, the late Mrs. Hutton, Professor Mahaffy, Mr. Tarleton, F.T.C.D., Canon Smith, Professor Neilson Hancock, and other well-known writers.

The Literary Society has also, from its funds derived from the annual payment of 5s. by members, been enabled to bring from a distance special lecturers; for example, Professor Waldstein, of Cambridge, who delivered two lectures in 1886 on Greek art; also a lecture by the Rev. Mr. Cotterill on Dante; and, under its auspices, a course has been given in the present year by Professor Selss on German Literature.

It will interest our readers, in connection with the charming portrait of the Princess of Wales in her robes as Doctor of Music, prefixed to the present number of THE WOMAN'S WORLD, to give some account of the brilliant scene on the 10th of April, 1885, when this degree, *honoris causâ*, was conferred on Her Royal Highness by the Royal University of Ireland.

The Prince and Princess of Wales with their sons were then the guests of Earl and Countess Spencer at Dublin Castle, and having signified their intention to visit the Royal University, the Senate asked permission to present an address of welcome and to confer honorary degrees on their Royal Highnesses. They convened for the afternoon of the 10th of April a special public meeting in the large hall of the University. Before

THE PRINCESS OF WALES IN HER ACADEMIC ROBES AS A DOCTOR OF MUSIC.

3 o'clock it was filled to overflowing by the *élite* of Dublin society in their gayest attire. The Senate, Fellows, and Examiners of the University, and a large number of graduates, entered the hall in procession and took their places on the daïs. The Royal party were received on their arrival by the Duke of Abercorn, K.G., Chancellor of the University, and Lord Emly, the Vice-Chancellor; and having robed, a procession was formed to conduct them to the daïs. Their arrival was the signal for enthusiastic cheering, and the National Anthem was played on the organ; and as the Prince received his degree, "God bless the Prince of Wales," followed by the Danish National Anthem when Her Royal Highness was admitted to the degree of Doctor of Music.

In his address, the Duke of Abercorn alluded to the successes of women in the examinations of the Royal University of Ireland as follows:—"All our Examinations, Honours, and Prizes are open to women students on precisely the same conditions as to men, and we are glad to be able to report to your Royal Highness that in this academical competition women have been eminently successful. Several of our highest distinctions, including Mathematical and Literary Scholarships, and Degrees in Arts with Honours, have been carried off by females; and as the result of the last Autumn examination, the Degree of Bachelor of Music was conferred on a young lady, being the first time such a distinction was obtained by a woman in the United Kingdom."

In the reply made by the Prince of Wales, he remarked, "By the admission of women to your degrees, you have supported the view that the gentler sex are capable, not only of severe competition in Science, but of enjoying the benefits and using the power which a well-considered scientific education bestows. It gratified me to learn that you were willing to confer upon the Princess of Wales the Degree of Doctor of Music, and Her Royal Highness wishes me to state on her behalf that she accepted that offer with pleasure, not only because she felt that it was an honour to herself, but because she wished to show her approval of the action of the ladies of Ireland, in accepting the facilities and advantages which you have offered them."

The beautiful and graceful Princess, the cynosure of neighbouring eyes, showed to great advantage in her rich and picturesque costume. Still greater was her charm of winning manner and gentle courtesy. Her sister graduates, who had on that occasion won their degrees and honours, aided her to disrobe, and received her sympathetic words of encouragement and congratulation. All hearts present felt as did the poet of "The Widow's Cloak" when he spoke of

"Denmark's gracious daughter, at head of that array—
Our darling, ever welcome as flowers that come in May—
God, shield the precious creature beneath Thy angels' wings,
And send her lovely nature
Down lines of kings!"

It will be apparent how great should be the influence for good, how improving to the general culture and tone of society in Dublin, must be an institution doing a work such as we have here briefly sketched. Nor can we over-estimate the importance to the community of having in its midst well-educated women, superior to petty gossip and puerile pursuits, to which the vacant mind is especially prone, and secured by an intelligent interest in higher topics from that *ennui*, fruitful of so many and grave evils to the sex. These young people are to be the wives and mothers or the unmarried women of the next generation. Whatever their destiny—whether as companions of life to educated men and the wise and competent trainers of their children; or whether, having survived their own parents, theirs is to be in the future a lonely course—lonely, but not necessarily forlorn—how important is it to themselves and to society that they should be competent to enter on other spheres of usefulness, for some of which single women, untrammelled by home duties, are pre-eminently suited. Is it possible to over-estimate the value of a disciplined judgment, a calm and steadfast mind, habits of application, no less than acquired knowledge, so indispensable to the success in life, and to the true welfare of women, as of men?

Nor should we omit another aspect under which this subject may be considered. Dublin, like Edinburgh, is now a provincial capital only; but, like Edinburgh, it may be made the chosen home of literature and of science. To this distinction it would do well to aspire. As a place of residence for families not prepared, by personal taste or large wealth, for the cosmopolitan life of great cities, it already possesses many attractions. The brilliancy and gaiety of a Viceregal Court, the natural grace and courtesy of Irish manners, and the genial refinement which prevails in the upper circles of Dublin, already make it a delightful abode. We may point out, in addition, the moderate expenditure of money at which these advantages may be obtained; the educational facilities afforded by Trinity College, the Royal University, and Alexandra College; and the learned societies which Dublin possesses for those interested in science, art, and antiquities. The Irish people would do well to increase to the utmost the attractions of their city; to spare no effort to cleanse and beautify it. With its charming environs (so easily accessible that a short drive in any direction—a railway journey not exceeding half an hour will bring the traveller into the midst of beautifnl scenery—sea, mountain, river, or wood—into the heart of a pleasant land, full of attractions for the lovers of sport, of natural beauty, and of historic and antiquarian interest), Dublin ought to afford one of the most enjoyable spots on earth to residents desirous to combine the refinements of life with but a moderate expenditure of money. It is not true—at least in Ireland—that plain living and high thinking are no more. For the bright, healthy, morally wholesome tone which pervades Dublin society we are largely indebted to the studies and pursuits cultivated at Alexandra College; and we anticipate for it, when it receives the well-earned recognition of a permanent endowment, in addition to the Charter recently conferred, a still further extended sphere of usefulness.

M. C. FERGUSON.

Literary and other Notes.

By THE EDITOR.

MME. RISTORI'S "Études et Souvenirs" (Paul Ollendorff: Paris) is one of the most delightful books on the stage that have appeared since Lady Martin's charming volume on the Shakespearian heroines. It is often said that actors leave nothing behind them but a barren name and a withered wreath; that they subsist simply upon the applause of the moment; that they are ultimately doomed to the oblivion of old play-bills; and that their art, in a word, dies with them, and shares their own mortality. "Chippendale the cabinet-maker," says the clever author of "Obiter Dicta," "is more potent than Garrick the actor. The vivacity of the latter no longer charms (save in Boswell); the chairs of the former still render rest impossible in a hundred homes." This view, however, seems to me to be exaggerated. It rests on the assumption that acting is simply a mimetic art, and takes no account of its imaginative and intellectual basis. It is quite true, of course, that the personality of the player passes away, and with it that pleasure-giving power by virtue of which the arts exist. Yet the artistic method of a great actor survives. It lives on in tradition, and becomes part of the science of a school. It has all the intellectual life of a principle. In England, at the present moment, the influence of Garrick on our actors is far stronger than that of Reynolds on our painters of portraits, and if we turn to France it is easy to discern the tradition of Talma, but where is the tradition of David?

Mme. Ristori's memoirs, then, have not merely the charm that always attaches to the autobiography of a brilliant and beautiful woman, but have also a definite and distinct artistic value. Her analysis of the character of Lady Macbeth, for instance, is full of psychological interest, and shows us that the subtleties of Shakespearian criticism are not necessarily confined to those who have views on weak endings and rhyming tags, but may also be suggested by the art of acting itself. The author of "Obiter Dicta" seeks to deny to actors all critical insight, and all literary appreciation. The actor, he tells us, is art's slave, not her child, and lives entirely outside literature, "with its words for ever on his lips, and none of its truths engraven on his heart." But this seems to me to be a harsh and reckless generalisation. Indeed, so far from agreeing with it, I would be inclined to say that the mere artistic process of acting, the translation of literature back again into life, and the presentation of thought under the conditions of action, is in itself a critical method of a very high order; nor do I think that a study of the careers of our great English actors will really sustain the charge of want of literary appreciation. It may be true that actors pass too quickly away from the form, in order to get at the feeling that gives the form beauty and colour, and that, where the literary critic studies the language, the actor looks simply for the life; and yet, how well the great actors have appreciated that marvellous music of words which in Shakespeare at any rate is so vital an element of poetic power, if indeed it be not equally so in the case of all who have any claim to be regarded as true poets. "The sensual life of verse," says Keats, in a dramatic criticism published in *The Champion*, "springs warm from the lips of Kean, and to one learned in Shakespearian hieroglyphics, learned in the spiritual portion of those lines to which Kean adds a sensual grandeur, his tongue must seem to have robbed the Hybla bees and left them honeyless." This particular feeling, of which Keats speaks, is familiar to all who have heard Salvini, Sarah Bernhardt, Ristori, or any of the great artists of our day, and it is a feeling that one cannot, I think, gain by merely reading the passage to oneself. For my own part I must confess that it was not until I heard Sarah Bernhardt in *Phèdre* that I absolutely realised the sweetness of the music of Racine. As for Mr. Birrell's statement that actors have the words of literature for ever on their lips, but none of its truths engraved on their hearts, all that one can say is that, if it be true, it is a defect which actors share with the majority of literary critics.

The account Mme. Ristori gives of her own struggles, voyages, and adventures, is very pleasant reading indeed. The child of poor actors, she made her first appearance when she was three months old, being brought on in a hamper as a New Year's gift to a selfish old gentleman who would not forgive his daughter for having married for love. As, however, she began to cry long before the hamper was opened, the comedy became a farce, to the immense amusement of the public. She next appeared in a mediæval melodrama, being then three years of age, and was so terrified at the machinations of the villain that she ran away at the most critical moment. However, her stage-fright seems to have soon disappeared, and we find her playing Silvio Pellico's *Francesca da Rimini*, at fifteen, and at eighteen making her *début* as Marie Stuart. At this time the naturalism of the French method was gradually displacing the artificial elocution and academic poses of the Italian school of acting. Mme. Ristori seems to have tried to combine simplicity with style, and the passion of nature with the self-restraint of the artist. "*J'ai voulu fondre les deux manières*," she tells us, "*car je sentais que toutes choses étant susceptibles de progrès, l'art dramatique aussi était appelé à subir des transformations.*" The natural development, however, of the Italian drama was almost arrested by the ridiculous censorship of plays then existing in each town under Austrian or Papal rule. The slightest allusion to the sentiment of nationality, or the spirit of freedom, was prohibited. Even the word *patria* was regarded as treasonable, and Mme. Ristori tells us an amusing story of the indignation of a censor who was asked to license a play, in which a dumb man returns home after an absence of many years, and on his entrance upon the stage makes gestures

expressive of his joy in seeing his native land once more. "Gestures of this kind," said the censor, "are obviously of a very revolutionary tendency, and cannot possibly be allowed. The only gestures that I could think of permitting would be gestures expressive of a dumb man's delight in scenery generally." The stage directions were accordingly altered, and the word "landscape" substituted for "native land"! Another censor was extremely severe on an unfortunate poet who had used the expression "the beautiful Italian sky," and explained to him that "the beautiful Lombardo-Venetian sky" was the proper official expression to use. Poor Gregory in *Romeo and Juliet* had to be re-christened, because Gregory is a name dear to the Popes; and the—

> "Here I have a pilot's thumb,
> Wrecked as homeward he did come,"

of the first witch in Macbeth was ruthlessly struck out as containing an obvious allusion to the steersman of St. Peter's bark. Finally, bored and bothered by the political and theological Dogberrys of the day, with their inane prejudices, their solemn stupidity, and their entire ignorance of the conditions necessary for the growth of sane and healthy art, Mme. Ristori made up her mind to leave the stage. She, however, was extremely anxious to appear once before a Parisian audience, Paris being at that time the centre of dramatic activity, and after some consideration left Italy for France in the year 1855. There she seems to have been a great success, particularly in the part of Myrrha; classical without being cold, artistic without being academic, she brought to the interpretation of the character of Alfieri's great heroine the colour-element of passion, the form-element of style. Jules Janin was loud in his praises, the Emperor begged Ristori to join the troupe of the Comédie Française, and Rachel, with the strange narrow jealousy of her nature, trembled for her laurels. Myrrha was followed by Marie Stuart, and Marie Stuart by Medea. In the latter part Mme. Ristori excited the greatest enthusiasm. Ary Scheffer designed her costumes for her; and the Niobe that stands in the Uffizzi Gallery at Florence, suggested to Mme. Ristori her famous pose in the scene with the children. She would not consent, however, to remain in France, and we find her subsequently playing in almost every country in the world from Egypt to Mexico, from Denmark to Honolulu. Her representations of classical plays seem to have been always immensely admired. When she played at Athens, the King offered to arrange for a performance in the beautiful old theatre of Dionysos, and during her tour in Portugal she produced Medea before the University of Coimbra. Her description of the latter engagement is extremely interesting. On her arrival at the University, she was received by the entire body of the undergraduates, who still wear a costume almost mediæval in character. Some of them came on the stage in the course of the play as the handmaidens of Creusa, hiding their black beards beneath heavy veils, and as soon as they had finished their parts they took their places gravely among the audience, to Mme. Ristori's horror, still in their Greek dress, but with their veils thrown back, and smoking long cigars. "*Ce n'est pas la première fois*," she says, "*que j'ai du empêcher, par un effort de volonte, la tragédie de se terminer en farce.*" Very interesting, also, is her account of the production of Montanelli's *Camma*, and she tells an amusing story of the arrest of the author by the French police on the charge of murder, in consequence of a telegram she sent to him in which the words "body of the victim" occurred. Indeed, the whole book is full of cleverly-written stories, and admirable criticisms on dramatic art. I have quoted from the French version, which happens to be the one that lies before me, but whether in French or Italian the book is one of the most fascinating autobiographies that have appeared for some time, even in an age like ours when literary egotism has been brought to such an exquisite pitch of perfection.

"The New Purgatory, and other Poems" (Fisher Unwin), by Miss E. R. Chapman, is, in some respects, a very remarkable little volume. It used to be said that women were too poetical by nature to make great poets, too receptive to be really creative, too well satisfied with mere feeling to search after the marble splendour of form. But we must not judge of woman's poetic power by her achievements in days when education was denied to her, for where there is no faculty of expression no art is possible. Mrs. Browning, the first great English poetess, was also an admirable scholar, though she may not have put the accents on her Greek, and even in those poems that seem most remote from classical life, such as "Aurora Leigh," for instance, it is not difficult to trace the fine literary influence of a classical training. Since Mrs. Browning's time, education has become, not the privilege of a few women, but the inalienable inheritance of all; and, as a natural consequence of the increased faculty of expression thereby gained, the women-poets of our day hold a very high literary position. Curiously enough their poetry is, as a rule, more distinguished for strength than for beauty; they seem to love to grapple with the big intellectual problems of modern life; science, philosophy, and metaphysics form a large portion of their ordinary subject-matter; they leave the triviality of triolets to men, and try to read the writing on the wall, and to solve the last secret of the Sphinx. Hence Robert Browning, not Keats, is their idol; "Sordello" moves them more than the "Ode on a Grecian Urn"; and all Lord Tennyson's magic and music seems to them as nothing compared with the psychological subtleties of "The Ring and the Book," or the pregnant questions stirred in the dialogue between Blougram and Gigadibs. Indeed, I remember hearing a charming young Girtonian, forgetting for a moment the exquisite lyrics in "Pippa Passes," and the superb blank verse of "Men and Women," state quite seriously that the reason she admired the author of "Red-cotton Night-cap Country" was that he had headed a reaction against beauty in poetry!

Miss Chapman is probably one of Mr. Browning's disciples. She does not imitate him, but it is easy to discern his influence on her verse; and she has caught something of his fine, strange faith. Take, for instance, her poem "A Strong-minded Woman":—

"See her? Oh, yes!—Come this way—hush! this way,
Here she is lying,
Sweet—with the smile her face wore yesterday,
As she lay dying.
Calm, the mind-fever gone, and, praise God! gone
All the heart-hunger;
Looking the merest girl at forty-one—
You guessed her younger?
Well, she'd the flower-bloom that children have,
Was lithe and pliant,
With eyes as innocent blue as they were brave,
Resolved, defiant.
Yourself—you worship art! Well, at that shrine
She too bowed lowly,
Drank thirstily of beauty, as of wine,
Proclaimed it holy.
But could you follow her when, in a breath,
She knelt to science,
Vowing to truth true service to the death,
And heart-reliance?
Nay,—then for you she underwent eclipse,
Appeared as alien
As once, before he prayed, those ivory lips
Seemed to Pygmalion.
* * * * * *
Hear from your heaven, my dear, my lost delight,
You who were woman
To your heart's heart, and not more pure, more white,
Than warmly human.
How shall I answer? How express, reveal
Your true life-story?
How utter, if they cannot guess—not feel
Your crowning glory?
This way. Attend my words. The rich, we know,
Do into heaven
Enter but hardly; to the poor, the low,
God's kingdom's given.
Well, there's another heaven—a heaven on earth—
(That's love's fruition)
Whereto a certain lack—a certain dearth—
Gains best admission.
Here, too, she was too rich—ah, God! if less
Love had been lent her!—
Into the realm of human happiness
These look—not enter."

Well, here we have, if not quite an echo, at least a reminiscence of the metre of "The Grammarian's Funeral;" and the peculiar blending together of lyrical and dramatic forms, seems essentially characteristic of Mr. Browning's method. Yet there is a distinct personal note running all through the poem, and true originality is to be found rather in the use made of a model than in the rejection of all models and masters. *Dans l'art comme dans la nature on est toujours fils de quelqu'un*, and we should not quarrel with the reed if it whispers to us the music of the lyre. A little child once asked me if it was the nightingale who taught the linnets how to sing.

Miss Chapman's other poems contain a great deal that is interesting. The most ambitious is "The New Purgatory," to which the book owes its title. It is a vision of a strange garden in which, cleansed and purified of all stain and shame, walk Judas of Cherioth, Nero the Lord of Rome, Ysabel the wife of Ahab, and others, around whose names cling terrible memories of horror, or awful splendours of sin. The conception is fine, but the treatment is hardly adequate. There are, however, some good strong lines in it, and indeed almost all of Miss Chapman's poems are worth reading, if not for their absolute beauty, at least for their intellectual intention.

Nothing is more interesting than to watch the change and development of the art of novel-writing in this nineteenth century—"this so-called nineteenth century," as an impassioned young orator once termed it, after a contemptuous diatribe against the evils of modern civilisation. In France they have had one great genius, Balzac, who invented the modern method of looking at life; and one great artist, Flaubert, who is the impeccable master of style; and to the influence of these two men we may trace almost all contemporary French fiction. But in England we have had no schools worth speaking of. The fiery torch lit by the Brontës has not been passed on to other hands; Dickens has only influenced journalism; Thackeray's delightful superficial philosophy, superb narrative power, and clever social satire have found no echoes; nor has Trollope left any direct successors behind him—a fact which is not much to be regretted, however, as, admirable though Trollope undoubtedly is for rainy afternoons and tedious railway journeys, from the point of view of literature he is merely the perpetual curate of Pudlington Parva. As for George Meredith, who could hope to reproduce him? His style is chaos illumined by brilliant flashes of lightning. As a writer he has mastered everything, except language; as a novelist he can do everything, except tell a story; as an artist he is everything, except articulate. Too strange to be popular, too individual to have imitators, the author of "Richard Feverel" stands absolutely alone. It is easy to disarm criticism, but he has disarmed the disciple. He gives us his philosophy through the medium of wit, and is never so pathetic as when he is humorous. To turn truth into a paradox is not difficult, but George Meredith makes all his paradoxes truths, and no Theseus can thread his labyrinth, no Œdipus solve his secret.

However, it is only fair to acknowledge that there are some signs of a school springing up amongst us. This school is not native, nor does it seek to reproduce any English master. It may be described as the result of the realism of Paris filtered through the refining influence of Boston. Analysis, not action, is its aim; it has more psychology than passion, and it plays very cleverly upon one string, and this is the commonplace.

As a reaction against this school, it is pleasant to come across a novel like Lady Augusta Noel's "Hithersea Mere" (Macmillan and Co.). If this story has any definite defect, it comes from its delicacy and lightness of treatment. An industrious Bostonian would have made half a dozen novels out of it, and have had enough left for a serial. Lady Augusta Noel is content to vivify her characters, and does not care about vivisection; she suggests rather than explains; and she does not seek to make life too obviously rational. Romance, picturesqueness, charm—these are the qualities of her book. As for its plot, it has so many plots that it is difficult to describe them. We have the story

of Rhona Somerville, the daughter of a great popular preacher, who tries to write her father's life, and, on looking over his papers and early diaries, finds struggle where she expected calm, and doubt where she looked for faith, and is afraid to keep back the truth, and yet dares not publish it. Rhona is quite charming; she is like a little flower that takes itself very seriously, and she shows us how thoroughly nice and natural a narrow-minded girl may be. Then we have the two brothers, John and Adrian Mowbray. John is the hard-working, vigorous clergyman, who is impatient of all theories, brings his faith to the test of action, not of intellect, lives what he believes, and has no sympathy for those who waver or question—a thoroughly admirable, practical, and extremely irritating man. Adrian is the fascinating *dilettante*, the philosophic doubter, a sort of romantic rationalist with a taste for art. Of course Rhona marries the brother who needs conversion, and their gradual influence on each other is indicated by a few subtle touches. Then we have the curious story of Olga, Adrian Mowbray's first love. She is a wonderful and mystical girl, like a little maiden out of the Sagas, with the blue eyes and fair hair of the North. An old Norwegian nurse is always at her side, a sort of Lapland witch who teaches her how to see visions and to interpret dreams. Adrian mocks at this superstition, as he calls it, but as a consequence of disregarding it, Olga's only brother is drowned skating, and she never speaks to Adrian again. The whole story is told in the most suggestive way, the mere delicacy of the touch making what is strange seem real. The most delightful character in the whole book, however, is a girl called Hilary Marston, and hers also is the most tragic tale of all. Hilary is like a little woodland faun, half Greek and half gypsy; she knows the note of every bird, and the haunt of every animal; she is terribly out of place in a drawing-room, but is on intimate terms with every young poacher in the district; squirrels come and sit on her shoulder, which is pretty, and she carries ferrets in her pockets, which is dreadful; she never reads a book, and has not got a single accomplishment, but she is fascinating and fearless, and wiser, in her own way, than any pedant or bookworm. This poor little English Dryad falls passionately in love with a great blind helpless hero, who regards her as a sort of pleasant tom-boy; and her death is most touching and pathetic. Lady Augusta Noel has a charming and winning style, her descriptions of nature are quite admirable, and her book is one of the most pleasantly written novels that have appeared this winter.

Miss Alice Corkran's "Margery Merton's Girlhood" (Blackie and Son) has the same lightness of touch and grace of treatment. Though ostensibly meant for young people, it is a story that all can read with pleasure, for it is true without being harsh, and beautiful without being affected, and its rejection of the stronger and more violent passions of life is artistic rather than ascetic. In a word, it is a little piece of true literature, as dainty as it is delicate, and as sweet as it is simple. Margery Merton is brought up in Paris by an old maiden aunt, who has an elaborate theory of education, and strict ideas about discipline. Her system is an excellent one, being founded on the science of Darwin and the wisdom of Solomon, but it comes to terrible grief when put into practice; and finally she has to procure a governess, Madame Réville, the widow of a great and unappreciated French painter. From her Margery gets her first feeling for art, and the chief interest of the book centres round a competition for an art scholarship, into which Margery and the other girls of the convent school enter. Margery selects Joan of Arc as her subject; and, rather to the horror of the good nuns, who think that the saint should have her golden aureole, and be as gorgeous and as ecclesiastical as bright paints and bad drawing can make her, the picture represents a common peasant-girl, standing in an old orchard, and listening in ignorant terror to the strange voices whispering in her ear. The scene in which she shows her sketch for the first time to the art-master and the Mother Superior is very cleverly rendered indeed, and shows considerable dramatic power.

Of course a good deal of opposition takes place, but ultimately Margery has her own way, and, in spite of a wicked plot set on foot by a jealous competitor, who persuades the Mother Superior that the picture is not Margery's own work, she succeeds in winning the prize. The whole account of the gradual development of the conception in the girl's mind, and the various attempts she makes to give her dream its perfect form, is extremely interesting, and, indeed, the book deserves a place among what Sir George Trevelyan has happily termed "the art-literature" of our day. Mr. Ruskin in prose, and Mr. Browning in poetry, were the first who drew for us the workings of the artist soul, the first who led us from the painting or statue to the hand that fashioned it, and the brain that gave it life. They seem to have made art more expressive for us, to have shown us a passionate humanity lying behind line and colour. Theirs was the seed of this new literature, and theirs, too, is its flower; but it is pleasant to note their influence on Miss Corkran's little story, in which the creation of a picture forms the dominant *motif*.

Mrs. Pfeiffer's "Women and Work" (Trübner and Co.) is a collection of most interesting essays on the relation to health and physical development of the higher education of girls, and the intellectual or more systematised effort of women. Mrs. Pfeiffer, who writes a most admirable prose-style, deals in succession with the sentimental difficulty, with the economic problem, and with the arguments of physiologists. She boldly grapples with Professor Romanes, whose recent article in the *Nineteenth Century*, on the leading characters which mentally differentiate men and women, attracted so much attention, and produces some very valuable statistics from America, where the influence of education on health has been most carefully studied. Her book is a most important contribution to the discussion of one of the great social problems of our day. The extended activity of women is now an accomplished fact; its results are on their trial; and Mrs. Pfeiffer's excellent

essays sum up the situation very completely, and show the rational and scientific basis of the movement more clearly and more logically than any other treatise I have as yet seen.

It is interesting to note that many of the most advanced modern ideas on the subject of the education of women are anticipated by Defoe in his wonderful Essay on Projects, where he proposes that a college for women should be erected in every county in England, and ten colleges of the kind in London. "I have often thought of it," he says, "as one of the most barbarous customs in the world that we deny the advantages of learning to women. Their youth is spent to teach them to stitch and sew, or make baubles. They are taught to read, indeed, and perhaps to write their names, or so, and that is the height of a woman's education. And I would but ask any who slight the sex for their understanding, 'What is a man (a gentleman I mean) good for that is taught no more?' What has the woman done to forfeit the privilege of being taught? Shall we upbraid women with folly when it is only the error of this inhuman custom that hindered them being made wiser?" Defoe then proceeds to elaborate his scheme for the foundation of women's colleges, and enters into minute details about the architecture, the general curriculum, and the discipline. His suggestion that the penalty of death should be inflicted on any man who ventured to make a proposal of marriage to any of the girl-students during term-time possibly suggested the plot of Lord Tennyson's "Princess," so its harshness may be excused, and in all other respects his ideas are admirable. I am glad to see that this curious little volume forms one of the National Library series. In its anticipations of many of our most modern inventions it shows how thoroughly practical all dreamers are.

I am sorry to see that Mrs. Fawcett deprecates the engagement of ladies of education as dressmakers and milliners, and speaks of it as being detrimental to those who have fewer educational advantages. I myself would like to see dressmaking regarded not merely as a learned profession, but as a fine art. To construct a costume that will be at once rational and beautiful requires an accurate knowledge of the principles of proportion, a thorough acquaintance with the laws of health, a subtle sense of colour, and a quick appreciation of the proper use of materials, and the proper qualities of pattern and design. The health of a nation depends very largely on its mode of dress; the artistic feeling of a nation should find expression in its costume quite as much as in its architecture; and just as the upholstering tradesman has had to give place to the decorative artist, so the ordinary milliner, with her lack of taste and lack of knowledge, her foolish fashions and her feeble inventions, will have to make way for the scientific and artistic dress-designer. Indeed, so far from it being wise to discourage women of education from taking up the profession of dressmakers, it is exactly women of education who are needed, and I am glad to see in the new technical college for women at Bedford, millinery and dressmaking are to be taught as part of the ordinary curriculum. There has also been a Society of Lady Dressmakers started in London, for the purpose of teaching educated girls and women, and the Scientific Dress Association is, I hear, doing very good work in the same direction.

I have received some very beautiful specimens of Christmas books from Messrs. Griffith and Farran. "Treasures of Art and Song," edited by Robert Ellice Mack, is a real *édition de luxe* of pretty poems and pretty pictures; and "Through the Year" is a wonderfully artistic calendar.

Messrs. Hildesheimer and Faulkner have also sent me "Rhymes and Roses," illustrated by Ernest Wilson and St. Clair Simmons; "Cape Town Dicky," a child's book, with some very lovely pictures by Miss Alice Havers; a wonderful edition of "The Deserted Village," illustrated by Mr. Charles Gregory and Mr. Hines; and some really charming Christmas cards, those by Miss Alice Havers, Miss Edwards, and Miss Dealy being especially good.

The most perfect and the most poisonous of all modern French poets once remarked that a man can live for three days without bread, but that no one can live for three days without poetry. This, however, can hardly be said to be a popular view, or one that commends itself to that curiously uncommon quality which is called common sense. I fancy that most people, if they do not actually prefer a salmi to a sonnet, certainly like their culture to repose on a basis of good cookery, and as there is something to be said for this attitude, I am glad to see that several ladies are interesting themselves in cookery classes. Mrs. Marshall's brilliant lectures are, of course, well known, and besides her there is Mme. Lebour-Fawssett, who holds weekly classes in Kensington. Mme. Fawssett is the author of an admirable little book entitled "Economical French Cookery for Ladies," and I am glad to hear that her lectures are so successful. I was talking the other day to a lady who works a great deal at the East-end of London, and she told me that no small part of the permanent misery of the poor is due to their entire ignorance of the cleanliness and economy necessary for good cooking.

The Popular Ballad Concert Society has been reorganised under the name of the Popular Musical Union. Its object will be to train the working classes thoroughly in the enjoyment and performance of music, and to provide the inhabitants of the crowded districts of the East-end with concerts and oratorios, to be performed as far as possible by trained members of the working classes; and, though money is urgently required, it is proposed to make the society to a certain degree self-supporting, by giving something in the form of high-class concerts in return for subscriptions and donations. The whole scheme is an excellent one, and I hope that the readers of THE WOMAN'S WORLD will give it their valuable support. Mrs. Ernest Hart is the secretary, and the treasurer is the Rev. S. Barnett.

January Fashions.

By Mrs. Johnstone.

"COSTUME," remarks old Fuller, "reflecteth like a mirror the manners of the tyme." It is associated with our joys, our sorrows, our exercises, and our amusements. It is very much affected by our climate. In England we have to provide for cold winds, warm sunshine, and wet weather. Occasionally Father Frost comes in for his share of consideration, but not so often as young England would like. He is appreciated all the more for the rarity of his visits. While Northern Europe, surely reckoning on a long spell of skating, provides pleasant coffee-rooms and dressing-tents at the frozen water's edge, and revels for a while in sledges and sleighing, as well as in skating, we make the most of a few days, sometimes of a very few weeks, in which the healthful exercise may be enjoyed; and the end of December or the beginning of January is the time of year we have most right to hope to be able to skate. Accordingly, a fit and proper dress for the amusement becomes a matter of consideration. It should be light, warm, and allow perfect freedom of limb; at the same time the costume, to be becoming, should boast of a happy amalgamation of tone, and it has come to be considered a matter of course that a skating-dress should be trimmed with fur. In the accompanying costume, designed by Mr. Redfern, golden otter is used for the trimming on a most excellent combination of terra-cotta and fawn cloth. The skirt has no drapery whatever, and comfortably clears the ground. It is mounted into the waist with broad box-pleats, and edged with the fur; a panel of fawn cloth is let into the front, covered with embroidery carried out in copper cord, these tinsel threads and cords being one of the distinctive novelties in the fashions of the season. Great care and artistic skill have been brought to bear in the amalgamation of the several tones, and some of the galons used on dresses and mantles combine green, red, gold, brown, and smoke-coloured tones, so interthreaded with metallic effects here and there that they recall the beauty of some antique metal-work to be found in Florentine palaces. This same copper cord braiding on the fawn cloth appears again as a waistcoat to the jacket, which is also made in terra-cotta cloth to match the skirt, has a roll collar of the golden otter, and is double-breasted, fastening with cord devices and barrel buttons. The fur borders the cuffs, and is a happy contrast to the cloth. Within the fur-rolled collar there is a turn-down collar of velvet about the throat. The toque is made of fawn cloth, and stands up well above the face. A fur aigrette at the side, and a band of otter round the toque, have long been worn, but they differ so much from year to year that no one would recognise them as coming under the same generic term. In the present case, an excellent addition is the point of cloth like a jelly-bag brought down on the left side over the brim. The whole costume

Skating Costumes.

is completed by a muff of the darker cloth, with otter. This dress fulfils all the requirements of the healthy exercise for which it is intended. There is but little weight from the waist, and the jacket, though becoming to the figure, does not confine it in any way; while the hat is soft, and, in case of a fall, could not injure the head.

Children skate well and fearlessly; they have not far to fall, and soon acquire the necessary balance. Good fur tippets, which cover the entire chest, tapering to a point at the waist, should not be dispensed with; and soft felt hats, or, better still, a Tam-o'-Shanter cap, can hardly be improved upon for them.

There are cycles in taste as regards dress, and very little uniformity in the rules that regulate them. Passing fashions from time to time have derived their inspiration from a beautiful queen like Marie Antoinette, a fearless champion of what she considered right like Charlotte Corday, a royal favourite like Mme. de Pompadour, a homely sovereign like Queen Anne, a Roman matron, or a French fashionable dame in the time of the Empire, the demonstrative Court beauties of Lely's time, and Pre-Raphaelite damsels in long, straight folds. Reynolds, Winterhalter, Vandyke, and Watteau, have furnished models with graceful Japanese princesses and Swiss peasants, and in our day we would seem to borrow a little from all. Splendour, both in colour and material, is a characteristic of the period, and fair women have every opportunity of showing off their charms to the best advantage, if they will but give time, thought, and trouble to the subject, as well as money. As says the old distich—

> "Somehow these same good looks
> Make more impression than the best of books."

Balzac speaks of "Une laideur interessante," but, depend upon it, some subtle grace and a perfectly well-chosen toilette had banished any veritable ugliness before it became interesting.

Opera cloaks are one of the articles of dress in which we evince the present luxury of material and profusion of trimming. Mme. Nicole's model (see illustration) is made in vieux-rose plush, lined with crevette satin wadded and quilted; it is bordered with bear, and has two new features, both admirable in their way. The sleeve is drawn together at the wrist, keeping the arm additionally warm, without deducting anything from the grace of the cut. Just at the waist the plush is cut in two short points, and below them the mantle is left open and edged with fur on either side. This gives plenty of room for the tournure and the inevitable fulness of evening gowns. The embroidered galon which starts from the shoulder is carried down the back seams to the waist, outlining them. This trimming is as artistic as the colouring of the cloak, a finely-wrought combination of brown, gold, and vieux-rose cord. It is worn over a dress of ivory velvet brocade, which falls in long, graceful folds without any trimming, save beneath the hem a heavy ruche of two shades of pinked-out silk in heliotrope, which is only seen now and then as the wearer moves. The front of the skirt is composed of alternate perpendicular rows of cream watered ribbon and gold lace insertion, and the flowers which peep from beneath the plush are poppies of the same tone as the ruching with glimmering of gold among the leaves. The bodice, made of the stamped velvet, is cut low, one side only swathed in the white ribbon and gold insertion, a wreath of the flowers carried across the drapery. A fit dress this for an Empress; indeed, in one closely allied to it a crowned head appeared at one of the gay gatherings at Fredensborg Castle this autumn.

The materials now chiefly employed for opera cloaks are frisé velvets and some of those jardinière striped velvets which recall the coverings to antique chairs and sofas in Louis XV.'s reign. Plain velvet, plain plush, brocaded plush, and watered velvet, are used also with some of the peau de soie façonné, and satins richly embroidered in the tinsel threads, combining Oriental splendour with the finish of modern art. Besides the beaded and tinsel galons, much rat-tail chenille fringe is used, and a new kind of feather trimming, which is costly, but has no merit as far as beauty goes, for with the soft fluffy marabout, tufts of feathers are intermixed, which give an unkempt appearance. It takes every shade of colour in dyeing, but even then does not look well.

All trimmings yield the palm to fur, and on this subject women should instruct themselves, and first really understand the merits and good points of fur. The costliness of the skins is often due to the perfection with which they are matched. A tippet belonging to a well-known woman of fashion cost no less a sum than £240, but then it took four years to collect a sufficient number of the exact kind of imperial black fox skins. The best furs for mourning are black fox, beaver, black racoon, and lynx. Sable and seal are only suitable for slight mourning. Nothing is more becoming to a bad complexion than sable. Women who have passed the hey-day of youth are beginning to realise this, and some fashionable dinner, Court, and tea-gowns in cream tones are trimmed with sable for those who can afford it, and with skunk and other dark skins by the less opulent. Fur has a royal look about it, and ermine, which for some years has been set aside, is coming to the fore again. A duchess who was present at the Queen's coronation has just had a white satin tea-gown trimmed with the ermine she wore on that happy occasion, which we are to commemorate this New Year. All deep, bright colours are set off by dark fur, and the coquelicot or poppy shade of velvet is used for many *sortis du bal*, with borderings of black fur. Dark furs also decrease the apparent size of the wearer's figure. In buying, care should be taken to select the length of the hair with judgment. Long, thick furs suit slight figures; a full bust and high shoulders look best in short flat pelt.

There is certainly a great deal in a name, as far as fur is concerned, and if all the fashionable skins were truthfully named, they would need a new nomenclature altogether. Hares, rabbits, monkeys, stoats, all contribute to the demand. The African monkey's skin is grey or black; the Abyssinian smooth, and of a lustrous black. Belgium contributes a full quota of rabbit skins, dyed black or brown, or often grey. The lynx and wild cat's skins are not despised, nor, if the truth were known, the domestic animal's. There are many kinds

of astrakan, some jet-black and wavy, like watered silk, and the black curly variety. It is as well to understand that all naturally black furs undergo some process of dyeing, as there is a brownish hue in the natural tint.

At this particular season clothing for children is an important consideration. It is always a subject of deep consideration to careful mothers, for so much present health and future welfare depend on our young people being healthily arrayed.

The group of little girls shows how admirably Messrs. A. Stephens and Co. apply materials of real art merit to styles of making, which are artistic and pleasing to the eye, and fulfil all the requirements of hygienic wear. Since the useful smock was borrowed from our carters to be adapted to our children, it has undergone many changes and modifications, and the art of smocking has been greatly improved upon. The "Daisy" frock worn by the child emerging from the doorway is apparently divided into two parts: the front portion smocked almost to the waist; the sides quite plain, without any fulness. This can be worn with or without a sash, and the turndown collar is prettily embroidered. The full sleeves are gathered outside the arm at the shoulder and wrist. It can be made of plush or velveteen, with a silk front, or entirely of soft silk or Arabian crêpe, which last-named material has the merit of washing. If woollens are preferred, there is a wide choice, including Kishtewar cashmere (thirty-two inches wide, and sold in forty different shades) and camel's-hair cloth. There is no difficulty in varying the style of making, for yokes are smocked in points, or squares with contrasting as well as uniform colouring, and many revived stitches are employed. Sometimes the smocking is improved by a bordering of embroidered bands in outline stitch, and

OPERA CLOAK.

occasionally the sleeves are cut into a point at the shoulders, so that they come up into the neckband.

The so-called "Maida" frock worn by the second figure shows another characteristic style, which may be carried out in the same materials. The skirt is kilt-plaited; the bodice opens in front to show a vest, laced across with cord. Lapels of velvet cover the shoulders; the sleeves are full, and gathered like the bishop sleeve, named after the Episcopal lawn.

at the wrist by elastic and a button. They are prettier with a double cape and large buttons. But even these must yield the palm of picturesqueness to the original Bluecoat mantle, made in the style which prevailed when Edward the Sixth was king. In bronze green camel's hair, lined with salmon pink llama cloth, it looks specially quaint. The skirt opens in front, and is sewn in folds to the bodice, which comes only to the waist, and is laced together closely in front, a deep cape reaching to

GIRLS' WINTER COSTUMES.

The stage is the mirror of fashion. It is from *Dorothy* (now being acted at the Prince of Wales' Theatre) the idea of the Sherwood coat has been derived. Original, and at the same time suitable, it recalls the Incroyable period, the leading style of the moment. It is made in blue cloth, with a cape, and opens from the waist. It is trimmed with a device in cord and barrel buttons, the Louis XIV. cuff showing a similar decoration. The beaver silk hat with the pointed crown derives its inspiration from the same period, and completes it.

Coats are an improvement on the paletôt for children. Some are made now with a kilted piece of contrasting material down the centre of the front, bordered with fur on either side, and others take the form of a double-breasted ulster made in serge, with full sleeves confined

the elbow, and finished off at the neck with a turndown collar.

Such garments require picturesque hats of felt, or material to match, with high crowns turning up at the side, or with the full gathered Tudor crown and narrow brim.

All these are essentially healthy styles of dress, such as children taught to appreciate active exercise may wear; and they are calculated, at the same time, to encourage a love of the beautiful, for taste in dress, like expression in music, must be felt. The useful and the ornamental are the two pivots on which the whole philosophy of dress turns. Various tones of red, together with dark-blue, brown, terra-cotta, and green, are the leading colours for girl's costumes this winter.

PARIS.

Artists have now returned from their holiday rambles, and are once more confined to their studios, where they are actively preparing some intended masterpiece to be hung this spring, if possible, in the Salon. Many, no doubt, are throwing on the canvas sketches of magnificent conceptions, either as bright reminiscences of their wanderings, or as outcomes of their warlike or peaceful tendencies. But many limners, too, will again this year put all their ambition in portrait-painting, a branch of the art which is sufficiently popular to call for a few practical hints, addressed to women who are anxious to have their portrait taken. An important point to be remembered is that the choice of a good portrayer is as difficult as that of a dressmaker or milliner. Every painter is not endowed with a keen eye for facial types and expression; the graphic delineation of an individual is truly a specialty, which, however, does not always ensure success in every case. Man's plastic ideals vary so much! Cold classicism is quite opposed to enthusiastic romanticism; evidently each method may produce a faithful rendering of the features and attitudes of every human type, but in an entirely different treatment, which contributes more or less to the pleasing aspect of the picture. The name of a reputed portrait-painter is therefore not always a sure guide, as proved by too frequent instances of painters treating in masterly style the sharp accentuations of male figures, and failing entirely in the representation of the soft, graceful, though often insignificant expression of women.

MME. SARAH BERNHARDT IN "LA TOSCA."

Artists mostly treat their feminine models according to their own views, with little regard for the manner and style of the sitter; thus one man, despising every decoration, every accessory, merely draws the likeness with a few bold strokes, set off with sober colouring only. The result may be a wonderful achievement of the portrayer's skill, but it is seldom flattering to the model, whose

defects and imperfections it fully exposes without the slightest attempt at concealment. Another painter, on the contrary, surrounds his model with gay and tasteful draperies, bright flowers, pet dogs, birds, and rich wraps, deftly arranged to conceal some faulty line or reveal some beautiful curve. In this wise, the sitter is represented with her features truthfully drawn, but either embellished or softened down by the accompaniment of the various items which form a part of herself and countenance. Hence women must first study their own peculiar style and carriage, then compare the works of the various

"LA TOSCA" (Act ii.).

celebrated masters of portraiture. Next comes the choice of the dress. Pretty blondes, with sparkling eyes and piquant looks, had better adopt the costumes of the eighteenth century; whilst dark brunettes, with cameo profile and classic type, will look exceedingly well with the Medici collarette and the severe magnificence of the Valois' dress; tall, majestic figures, with refined and regular features, can scarcely do better than don the Louis XIV. style, either with the curls à la Sévigné, or the plain bandeaux of the Duchesse de Bourgogne.

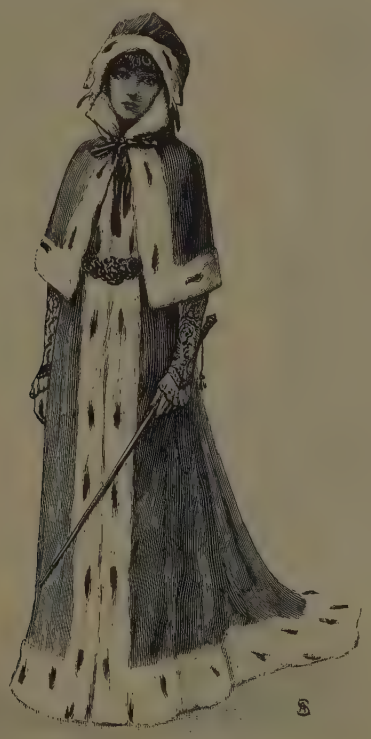
It is well, *en passant*, to remind admirers of the Greek dress that the greatest perfection of lines and profiles is indispensable for wearing with advantage the clinging draperies of this quaint and most graceful attire. Directoire costumes slightly modernised are recommended to all slender women, with no claim whatever to beauty, but endowed with what is far less ephemeral—a certain *cachet* and elegance. In short, the dress selected for a portrait sitter must have a character of its own, and recall some special period; even the bodice à la Vierge, with its soft folds crossed over the chest, and knotted on the shoulders with ribbon, will impart a certain grace to the sitter, which will not be given by the severe cut of a tailor-made bodice. Portraits, thus understood, will never go out of fashion, or weary the eye.

But enough of portrait-painting for to-day. As an agreeable change, let us glance at the charming and yet practical novelties lavishly provided here for the grand present-giving season. The old maison Laferriere, so renowned during the Empire, is still one of the leading firms where we can always apply for reliable suggestions as to the best styles in vogue, and the best to adopt according to individual type and circumstances. Here, too, the show-rooms are full of delightful creations, prepared specially for the numerous festivities given on New Year's Day. A costume for formal visiting is worth mentioning—a bronze velvet redingote with double-breasted fronts, extending as stole ends to the edge of the skirt, which is in kilted faille bordered with a velvet band. And to wear with this quiet and tasteful dress out of doors a cloak is added of glossy brick-coloured plush, shaped at the back as a visite-mantle, and spreading in front in two long straight panels. At the back and in front a pointed plastron is inserted, showily braided in gold, as are the tabs which button over the pleated front and the sleeves. Verily our eyes are dazzled with all the soft shimmerings of the costly materials, the glowing reflection of the colours, and the brilliancy of the jet and tinsel trimmings. Nothing can be more gorgeous than this metallic embroidery, glittering with the brightest shades on a reception gown of olive-green velvet, with its skirt straight at the back, and gracefully draped in front between side panels, round which are arranged the flashing ornaments, as well as along the point at the back and the outside seam of the sleeves. The bodice, opening V shape, can be made quite high at will by a special arrangement of the plastron.

Parisian women are very partial to the easy and flowing princess shape of what in England is called a "tea-gown," and which is here much adopted for home wear. A lovely model of this kind, in pale pink lampas, is cut like a redingote à la Lamballe, and is edged round the hem with a costly marabout trimming, quaintly describing petals of pink carnations. This garment recedes to display a blouse of white lace, brilliant with an outlining of gold thread. The toilettes for evening wear are not neglected, as will be seen by the following descriptions of four models, which can be worn either at the opera, a ball, or dinner-party. A silk gauze drapery exquisitely embroidered, is thrown over a skirt of snowy white satin. This transparent material is also used for the small puffed sleeves of the low bodice, which is like the train in Pekin silk embossed with white and narcissus-yellow velvet; the sash and butterfly bows are in yellow satin, which warm tint sets off admirably the whiteness of the gauze and satin. For a young lady, a pink tulle frock trimmed with Mechlin lace ruchings is most picturesque, so gracefully is it looped up with tufts of

roses. Water-green and pink appear a favourite combination of colours for dressy occasions. This fashionable green, in figured silk, is most effectively crossed with wide stripes of satin or plush, alternately displaying the delicate hues of the tea or Bengal roses, and is caught up à la Dauphine, over a skirt of white China crape, or silk gauze encircled with broad ribbons of pink watered-silk. Matrons in Paris show a preference for rather heavy and costly materials in sombre hues, and for one of these dames a coat has been designed in flax-blue velvet mounted with broad panels, which are slashed on each side to display a skirt of white satin, with a splendid pattern in raised gold. This rich material also forms the stomacher in front of the bodice. A black velvet polonaise is most suitable for half-mourning wear; it opens over a skirt of white satin covered with wave-like draperies wrought with silver.

Long enveloping pelisses in the new moire plush, Genoa velvet, and even lampas, are still in great vogue, for evening receptions, as well as for drives and official calls; they often replace those in seal or otter fur less dressy and yet slightly too heavy for walking. Indeed, the generality of French élégantes prefer the trim little jackets in otter fur or braided cloth; but the fleecy pile is by no means losing its popularity—far from it; it is now largely used by all classes of society on every kind of ordinary and full-dress garments, as it can be bought at a trifling cost, thanks to the wise and untiring energy of manufacturers, who have not only found the secret of dyeing in all tints of the rainbow the skins of many domestic and wild animals, but have also discovered how to imitate by weaving nearly every one of the furs required by Fashion's laws. Long boas encircling the throat, and falling over cloaks or gowns, decidedly prevail this winter, they seem to harmonise well with the Empire fashions, and the turban-folded capotes, and they are universally adopted, as being found most becoming to their wearers, and in correct taste with prevailing styles. They even are to be seen on the stylish morning and tea-gowns in white vicuna or cashmere, which now are ornamented with tasteful smocking on either Indian gauze or silk crape.



"LA TOSCA" (Act iii.).

Wedding toilettes have a charm of their own, and a description of them is always welcomed with delight either by rich or poor, old and young, single or married. At a recent aristocratic marriage the bride's mother was wrapped in a long and narrow cloak, in reptile-green moire silk, stylishly drawn back to show off a white satin skirt barred with bands of gold and silver embroidery, corresponding with the stomacher of the bodice. The lovely little bridesmaids were appropriately dressed in jaunty Louis XV. costumes, carried out in cream watered-silk striped with tiny rosebuds, whilst the tunics, caught up with cream moire bows, exhibited a gauze skirt surrounded above the hem with three rows of cream ribbon. The bride, as usual, wore a most artistic mass of faille, satin, gauze and crape, fashioned in all manner of draperies and panels, skilfully interblended with spider-

web lace and orange-blossoms, without mentioning the diamonds and the pearl ornaments.

In the matter of hats and bonnets there is little that

"LA TOSCA" (Act i.).

is new to report since the explicit directions given last month. At Mme. Virot's there is a good display of small capotes, high and pointed, and decorated with ear-like loops, aigrettes, coronets, and turban folds; they are made in both velvet and cloth, but chiefly in red, white, and otter-brown felt to match the costumes, and further enhanced with birds, wings, feathers, and shot ribbon.

Hairdressing for the present offers no striking innovations. Noirat, the fashionable coiffeur, has not been successful with his narrow and elongated headdress, profusely frizzed on the top of the head, and completed with corkscrew curls falling down the back, and simply adorned with a floral *cachepeigne;* these trailing curls are not at all suited to tailor-made costumes, and are only in good taste when their wearer is in full dress. At the Opera, on the night of the celebration of the jubilee of *Faust*, several handsome women adopted this novel style, which was much remarked, but found trying and unbecoming, hence it is not likely to have many followers. The ordinary high and pyramidal-shaped headdress will yet have a long run with its few varieties; such as the Ceres, in which the nape of the neck is left quite uncovered, whilst the hair, turned up on the top of the head, is rolled in a coronet torsade, the symmetry of which is broken with jewels, soft curls, and either sprays of flowers, or diamond stars fastened in the hair. Then there is the "Phryne à l'antique," with the hair negligently knotted on the top of the head, and slightly inclined on one side to leave room for tiny tufts of flowers nestling amongst a cluster of small frizzettes. For morning wear the hair is still divided into two parts, and twisted at the very summit of the head into the figure of a double 8, joined together with a fancy pin in tortoiseshell. Hair ornaments for evening wear comprise ospreys, flowers, feathers, aigrettes, filigree insects or butterflies delicately blended with loops of ribbon, gauze, net, jewels, and wreaths à la Cérès, the latest device being, however, luxuriant shot velvet foliage, and flowers studded with brilliants.

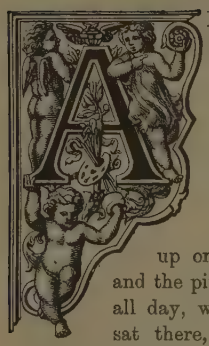
However, the one topic of conversation now in Paris is the marvellous beauty of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's dresses in *La Tosca.* In the first act she wears a lovely Directoire dress of pink crêpe de chine, embroidered all over with rosebuds. A scarf of green cashmere falls from one shoulder, and the large hat is adorned with green and pink ostrich-plumes. In the second act she wears a water-green satin tunic, embroidered with gold, over a gold-embroidered skirt of white satin. For the last three acts she has the same costume—a robe of sky-blue mousseline de soie, exquisitely embroidered—and her two cloaks are real masterpieces of design. The ac-

"LA TOSCA" (Act iv.).

companying sketches have been done specially for THE WOMAN'S WORLD by M. Adolphe Sandoz, the well-known artist, and they give a very perfect picture of the costumes of the great *tragédienne.*

THE WOMAN'S WORLD.

The Lost.



ALL day, where the sunlight played on the sea-shore, Life sat.

All day the soft wind played with her hair, and the young, young face looked out across the water. She was waiting—she was waiting; but she could not tell for what.

All day the waves ran up and up on the sand, and ran back again, and the pink shells rolled. Life sat waiting; all day, with the sunlight in her eyes, she sat there, till, grown weary, she laid her head upon her knee and fell asleep, waiting still.

Then a keel grated on the sand, and then a step was on the shore—Life awoke and heard it. A hand was laid upon her, and a great shudder passed through her. She looked up, and saw over her the strange, wide eyes of Love—and Life now knew for whom she had sat there waiting.

And Love drew Life up to him.

And of that meeting was born a thing rare and beautiful—Joy, First-Joy was it called. The sunlight when it shines upon the merry water is not so glad; the rosebuds, when they turn back their lips for the sun's first kiss, are not so ruddy. Its tiny pulses beat quick. It was so warm, so soft! It never spoke, but it laughed and played in the sunshine: and Love and Life rejoiced exceedingly. Neither whispered it to the other, but deep in its own heart each said, "It shall be ours for ever."

Then there came a time—was it after weeks? was it after months? (Love and Life do not measure time)—when the thing was not as it had been.

Still it played; still it laughed; still it stained its mouth with purple berries; but sometimes the little hands hung weary, and the little eyes looked out heavy across the water.

And Life and Love dared not look into each other's eyes, dared not say, "What ails our darling?" Each heart whispered to itself, "It is nothing, it is nothing, to-morrow it will laugh out clear." But to-morrow and to-morrow came. They journeyed on, and the child played beside them, but heavily, more heavily.

One day Life and Love lay down to sleep; and when they awoke, it was gone: only, near them, on the grass, sat a little stranger, with wide-open eyes, very soft and sad. Neither noticed it; but they walked apart, weeping bitterly, "Oh, our Joy! our lost Joy! shall we see you no more for ever?"

The little soft and sad-eyed stranger slipped a hand into one hand of each, and drew them closer, and Life and Love walked on with it between them. And when Life looked down in anguish, she saw her tears reflected in its soft eyes. And when Love, mad with pain, cried out, "I am weary, I am weary! I can journey no further. The light is all behind, the dark is all before," a little rosy finger pointed where the sunlight lay upon the hill-sides. Always its large eyes were sad and thoughtful: always the little brave mouth was smiling quietly.

When on the sharp stones Life cut her feet, he wiped the blood upon his garments, and kissed the wounded feet with his little lips. When in the desert Love lay down faint (for Love itself grows faint), he ran over the hot sand with his little naked feet, and even there in the desert found water in the holes in the rocks to moisten Love's lips with. He was no burden—he never weighted them; he only helped them forward on their journey.

When they came to the dark ravine where the icicles hang from the rocks—for Love and Life must pass through strange drear places—there, where all is cold, and the snow lies thick, he took their freezing hands and held them against his beating little heart, and warmed them—and softly he drew them on and on.

And when they came beyond, into the land of sunshine and flowers, strangely the great eyes lit up, and dimples broke out upon the face. Brightly laughing, it ran over the soft grass; gathered honey from the hollow tree, and brought it them on the palm of its hand; carried them water in the leaves of the lily, and gathered flowers and wreathed them round their heads, softly laughing all the while. He touched them as their Joy had touched them, but his fingers clung more tenderly.

So they wandered on, through the dark lands and the light, always with that little brave smiling one between them. Sometimes they remembered that first radiant Joy, and whispered to themselves, "Oh! could we but find him also!"

At last they came to where Reflection sits; that strange old woman who has always one elbow on her knee, and her chin in her hand, and who steals light out of the past to shed it on the future.

And Life and Love cried out, "O wise one! tell us: when first we met, a lovely radiant thing belonged to us—gladness without a tear, sunshine without a shade. Oh! how did we sin that we lost it? Where shall we go that we may find it?"

And she, the wise old woman, answered, "To have it back, will you give up that which walks beside you now?"

And in agony Love and Life cried, "No!"

"Give up this!" said Life. "When the thorns have pierced me, who will suck the poison out? When my head throbs, who will lay his tiny hands upon it and still the beating? In the cold and the dark, who will warm my freezing heart?"

And Love cried out, "Better let me die! Without Joy I can live; without this I cannot. Let me rather die, not lose it!"

And the wise old woman answered, "O fools and blind! What you once had is that which you have now! When Love and Life first meet, a radiant thing is born, without a shade. When the roads begin to roughen, when the shades begin to darken, when the days are hard, and the nights cold and long—then it begins to change. Love and Life *will* not see it, *will* not know it—till one day they start up suddenly, crying, 'O God! O God! we have lost it! Where is it?' They do not understand that they could not carry the laughing thing unchanged into the desert, and the frost, and the snow. They do not know that what walks beside them still is the Joy grown older. The grave, sweet, tender thing—warm in the coldest snows, brave in the dreariest deserts—its name is Sympathy; it is Perfect Love."

OLIVE SCHREINER.

The Hermitage.

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

"IN Rousseau's Confessions," write those able critics of French society in the eighteenth century, Messrs. de Goncourt, "we have one man: in Madame d'Epinay's Memoirs we have a whole society—marriage customs, home life, love, intrigues, social institutions and abuses, gossip and scandal—all these are made to pass before us, and are given life."

Nothing is more interesting, nothing, with the knowledge of what lies before us, more impressive, than to study the "one man," standing amidst the brilliant artificial society he was destined to trouble so deeply, to transform, and, in the end, to destroy. Jean Jacques Rousseau, crossing the gaily-lighted stage, where the captivating Madame d'Epinay, her lovers, and her friends acquit themselves so perfectly of the polished comedy of their lives, lends a lasting human interest to these players; who at first might seem worthy only to amuse, amaze, and scandalise us, for a passing hour. The author of the "Nouvelle Héloïse" puts us in possession of the secret of this eighteenth-century society, with its strength of silent stoicism hidden away beneath the lightly-worn mask of extravagance and frivolity. We know that presently, under this man's influence and touch, the smiling mask will fall, and emotions, made tragical by long repression, have their way. And thus these elegant comedians, tearful ecstatic ladies, superfine impassioned gentlemen, accomplished cynics, and libertines of preternatural wit and wickedness, are bathed in an atmosphere of true pathos; for whilst they play their parts, we are made aware of real pain and passion, and of aching hearts beneath the mimic mirth and woe; and of threatening Fates, who stand near and watch the game in silence.

If we wish to understand Rousseau's influence upon the age, we must also realise the influence of the age upon Rousseau. We must remember that Jean Jacques was not, like Voltaire or Diderot, a man born to the profession of letters, who in any epoch would have proved an intellectual force. For thirty-seven years of his life he remained a mere visionary: then, brought into the animative atmosphere of Paris, and into contact with this brilliant and amiable, but sick and suffering eighteenth-century society, he was transformed from a sympathetic observer of life into a strenuous social reformer and prophet. We have only to study the circumstances surrounding him to understand that this was inevitable. On the one side, we have this highly civilised, enlightened, and cultivated France of Voltaire, intellectually free and active, but morally despondent and apathetic, enduring passively, if not patiently, its bondage to a political system, and to social customs, prejudices, and superstitions it knows to be unjust, immoral, and absurd: on the other, we have the untamed man of genius, who has grown up outside of established rules, prejudices, and conventions, in contact with nature and with life; learning the truth of things from personal experience of joy and pain, of sympathy and revulsion, of the expansion of soul and growth in noble feeling that follow every good action, of the heaviness of heart, and bitter memories of remorse, that are the result of every crime. And we must recognise that this society had sterling worth and courage, and an open mind to great ideas, and disinterested passion for truth: and that Rousseau had deep human sympathy and indestructible faith in the natural goodness and nobleness of man. Here, then, we have on both sides the conditions necessary: and we have only to seek the immediate causes that brought flame and fuel together at some given period of Rousseau's life.

This period we shall find to be the years that followed Rousseau's return to Paris from Venice in 1744. By this time he had not only arrived at a consciousness of his own worth—he had to some extent made this worth felt. He was no longer an outsider, but stood in the very midst of the eager intellectual life of the day, on terms of intimacy, and in some cases of friendship, with its leading spirits. "The Citizen of Geneva," as he was called already, had a recognised position in philosophical circles; he did not belong to them, but he was a guest every one delighted to honour, or at least to humour. He excited interest and sympathy. What was more, in a society that dreaded nothing so much as *ennui* he excited curiosity. There were romantic stories afloat concerning him—stories about his unworldliness, his stubborn refusal to sacrifice his independence and personal tastes for the advantages of position or fortune; his bold assertion of his right to please himself in his own way, and not in the way fashion or public opinion decided was pleasant. The brilliant women of the world, as well as the philosophers, found such a barbarian of genius so amusing as to be simply adorable. Jean Jacques was eagerly sought after, caressed, and held in all the more favour on account of his eccentricities. Marmontel, in his own spiteful way, has described the case. "As he was known to be sensitive, susceptible, and easily wounded," Marmontel says, "he was caressed and flattered, with all the delicacy and consideration one might show a vain, capricious, and pretty woman whom one desired to please." But a being so sensitive as Rousseau would soon discover the secret disdain concealed behind the tender consideration accorded him. He felt that he was not taken seriously; and that if swords were not crossed with him as keenly and fiercely as with other combatants it was because his strength was underrated. The truth was, this exuberant genius bewildered a little, and amused not a little, these finished and cultivated intellects, polished after the pattern of Voltaire. This dream-possessed man, who imagined that the same set of laws holds good in the world of ideas and in the world of facts, was a sort of inspired lunatic in their eyes; a lunatic, however, whose delusions were altogether harmless, and sometimes exquisitely amusing, or even sublimely beautiful. "Jean Jacques is a madman," says D'Alembert, "but he is a madman one must not attempt to cure, for he has twice the talent of sane people." Jean Jacques, nevertheless, felt himself to be perfectly sane—perhaps the one sane man in this society; because he was the one natural man: whilst other men were incessantly striving to become, or to appear, what they were not. Exasperated by the indulgent contempt of these philosophers whose philosophy was, as he complains, something foreign to themselves and to human life, he was stirred to mental activity, and compelled to do what, probably, he had never before felt the need of doing—to examine the rational and intelligent foundation of principles he was taught by instinct and experience to believe were true. Thought was always a slow process with Rousseau; his sensibilities were quick as lightning, but the ideas that gave him power to recognise and describe intelligently his emotions and impressions lagged behind. "My ideas arrange themselves in my head with the most incredible difficulty," he says. "They circulate, they ferment and burn within me, giving me palpitations of the heart. Whilst this agitation lasts, I see nothing clearly; I could not write a single word; I have to wait. By degrees this feverish trouble grows calm, order grows out of chaos, slowly things take their true and proper rank. Have you ever been to the opera in Italy? There, during a change of scenes, you have disagreeable confusion on the stage; shifting and sliding goes on, on all hands; the decorations get all mixed up, and you expect the whole business will be a failure. Nevertheless, little by little all comes right; nothing is out of place, nothing is wanting, and you are surprised, after the confusion of a moment back, to find a charming scene displayed before you. Well, this is precisely the manœuvre that goes on in my head before I am able to write." And this same manœuvre was going on within him during these six years when, divided between exasperation and sympathy, he went in and out amongst the salons and clubs and boudoirs where the philosophy that occupied itself with everything but human lives was eagerly sought after and expounded. We have several pictures of Rousseau during these years—sitting moodily silent whilst witty and immoral talk flows round the hospitable board of Baron d'Holbach; breaking out into generous indignation when these polished spirits amuse themselves at the expense of a foolish conceited village curé, who imagines himself a poet; hastily rising from his chair and threatening, like a passionate child, to leave the house when St. Lambert, at Madame d'Epinay's country house, pleasantly demonstrates that the universe has no other creator than chance; and on various other occasions provoking the indulgent amusement of men of the world and the secret sympathy of women by some eloquent outburst in defence of the authority of the human conscience, and the claims of the natural impulses of the heart. There is something very dramatic in the position. Even those amongst these men and women who call themselves Rousseau's friends are so far from suspecting the strength that is in him, and that is slowly maturing itself: and then suddenly, as it seems to them, this stammering slave of his own emotions receives the miraculous gift of speech; and what is more amazing, it is not the eloquence of an inspired barbarian whom trained intellects can afford to despise. Rousseau has leapt suddenly into possession of all their gifts, and can handle their weapons with as much skill as themselves. Voltaire's stirring and keen precision, Diderot's audacious paradoxes, D'Alembert's urbane sweetness, Duclos' brusqueness, St. Lambert's picturesqueness—Rousseau can use all these methods:—and then fling them all away and trust to natural eloquence, like some brave wrestler who refuses to owe his triumph to any weapons skill can teach the use of, but having proved his mastery over all, rejects all to rely upon his native strength.

Here we have the explanation of the sudden change

from affectionate condescension to bitter resentment on the part of the philosophical party. They cannot forgive this dreamer and enthusiast, whom they refused to take seriously, when he proves himself a Force able to drive them all before him. It is not a matter of simple jealousy. They feel they have been cheated. This man they have generously deigned to patronise and encourage now shows himself superior to their patronage; and when they withdraw their encouragement, he continues to grow in fame and public favour in the face of their displeasure.

Rousseau is right when he traces back the change of temper towards him on the part of his former friends to the sudden popularity that, after the publication of his "First Discourse," made him, at one bound, the most famous man in France. But the change did not at once declare itself; and until the spring of 1756, when Rousseau left Paris to occupy the little cottage on Madame d'Epinay's estate that she had so urgently pressed upon his acceptance, there were only scattered hints and veiled insinuations to indicate the singular revolution in the minds of his *soi-disant* "friends," who presently would describe the before-time "virtuous citizen of Geneva" as a "monster unworthy to associate with those who continued to love virtue."

The story of how Madame d'Epinay came to offer the Hermitage to Rousseau is prettily told in the "Confessions." Rousseau had seen this little lodge, in a tumble-down condition, on the occasion of a visit to Madame d'Epinay's château of La Chevrette. The Hermitage was situated at half a league from the château, on the outskirts of the forest of Montmorency.

MADAME D'EPINAY.

Its picturesque situation and isolation so captivated Rousseau that he exclaimed, "Here is the retreat for me." At the time, Madame d'Epinay took no notice of the remark. But some months later, when Rousseau visited the same spot, he found the ruined cottage repaired, and simply but comfortably furnished. Whilst Rousseau was looking round for the favoured inhabitants of this abode, Madame d'Epinay took his hand: "My Bear" (her pet name for the unsociable philosopher), "behold your retreat; you chose it, and your friend gives it you; you cannot refuse it!" Never was anything more kindly meant, nor kind intention more gracefully carried out. Rousseau was both touched and delighted. The place was all he would have chosen: and his friend's

thoughtful attention was the sort of gift to which he never showed himself ungrateful.

But however pleased Madame d'Epinay and her "Bear" may have been by this romantic plan of establishing the most famous man of the day in a solitary cottage on the borders of a forest, the Parisian circles did not view the matter in the same light. Jean Jacques' life had been made a misery to him since his sudden leap to celebrity, by the dictatorial counsels of friends, the persistent curiosity of strangers, and the officious benevolence of would-be patrons and patronesses. He describes his case plaintively in the "Confessions." He could never count on an uninterrupted hour; he was not allowed to work in his own way. He had resolved to live independently on his earnings at his trade of copying music, and a thousand devices were invented to shower gifts upon him from all quarters. When he steadily refused all gifts, small or large, he discovered that Thérèse Levasseur and her even more avaricious mother played the part of Gehazi, and turned to their own profit the presents he was supposed to receive secretly at their hands. It was to escape from these daily worries and humiliations that Rousseau longed to fly Paris; but it will be understood how displeasing this project was to the Levasseurs, who would not find wealthy patronesses in the country to whom to represent their grievances. Old Madame Levasseur, and even Thérèse herself, contrived to get the ear of Diderot, who, perhaps from good nature, but certainly with little sense of what he owed his friend, listened to their complaints, gave them small sums of money, and even made it his task to vex and exasperate Rousseau by remonstrating with him upon his disinterestedness in worldly matters, when these two women were dependent upon him. But it was not only on the grounds of the Levasseurs' interests that Diderot objected to Rousseau's withdrawal from Paris. His affection and admiration for Jean Jacques were always of the patronising sort; under his (Diderot's) superior direction, he believed Rousseau could be of use to the philosophical cause; but left to his own dreams and enthusiasms, Diderot foresaw nothing for Rousseau but mental aberration and decline. There was one other person who had less disinterested motives for objection to Rousseau's establishment at the Hermitage, and this was M. Melchior, afterwards the Baron, Grimm. Readers who wish to understand the curious contrast Rousseau's unworldliness and stubborn independence presented to the sycophancy and unscrupulous time-serving of the typical man of letters in the eighteenth century, should read M. E. Scherer's recent biography of Melchior Grimm, where Jean Jacques's principal enemy is

GRIMM AND DIDEROT.

painted by a not unfriendly hand, that brings out, with unintentional severity, all the features in this despicable character that made the antagonism inevitable, when two beings so antipathetic to each other as Grimm and Jean Jacques crossed each other's paths.

So, then, around Jean Jacques and Madame d'Epinay, full of mutual affection and satisfaction, we have the dissatisfied Diderot, the discontented Levasseurs, and the suspicious Melchior Grimm—all resolved to make residence at the Hermitage as disagreeable to Rousseau as possible. Before any disagreement with Madame d'Epinay had been provoked, Rousseau was harassed by Diderot's reproachful letters, by Grimm's supercilious impertinence, by Thérèse's mischievous tale-bearing. Then the foolish Jean Jacques became entangled in his sentimental love affair with Madame d'Epinay's sister-in-law (Madame d'Houdetot), who had a quasi-matrimonial alliance, in accordance with the custom of the times, with the Marquis de St. Lambert. The Marquis showed no indignation against Rousseau; but learning by some indirect channel what was going on in his absence, he wrote an angry letter to Madame d'Houdetot, who came to Jean Jacques in tears, and threatened to break off their friendship if he did not thenceforth keep to less passionate manifestations of his regard for her. Rousseau, instructed by Thérèse, conceives that Madame d'Epinay has written to inform St. Lambert of his meetings with Madame d'Houdetot, and he accuses his former friend with unpardonable rudeness of this act of treachery. Madame d'Epinay is naturally offended; but this first misunderstanding is explained away, and outwardly the old relations are resumed; but the seeds of mistrust between the two friends have been sown, and Thérèse and Grimm are there to see that they take root and are duly brought to flower. The occasion is found when Madame d'Epinay has to visit Geneva to consult the celebrated physician Tronchin. Hearing of this, the officious Diderot writes one of his dictatorial letters, exhorting Rousseau to accompany his "benefactress," and thus to lessen the weight of his obligations to her. Rousseau, furious at this letter, confides in Thérèse, who has a wonderful story to tell. According to her, Madame d'Epinay's motive for urging Rousseau to accompany her is to make him responsible for the misdoings of Melchior Grimm, and to lead the world to imagine that he, and not Grimm, is Madame d'Epinay's natural protector under the unfortunate circumstances! The stupid Jean Jacques accepts it all literally, and is thrown into a fever of excitement, seeing himself entangled in the meshes of an intrigue devised for his ruin and disgrace in the eyes of his Genevese fellow-citizens. The whole story appears to have been a gratuitous invention of Thérèse. Madame d'Epinay's true malady was cancer, the disease that in the end caused her death, and she seems neither to have expected nor desired Jean Jacques to accompany her to Geneva. Rousseau, however, takes the most injudicious course possible—he writes to his supreme enemy Melchior Grimm a letter, in which he says nothing of the rumours injurious to Madame d'Epinay's reputation, but makes light of the claims she has upon his friendship and gratitude. Grimm, of course, has here the very advantage that he desires. Rousseau's letter is swiftly placed in Madame d'Epinay's hands, and its contents published abroad amongst the lady's friends, who are all aware of the zeal she has shown to promote Rousseau's welfare. In the midst of the storm provoked by this injudicious letter Rousseau leaves the Hermitage; and as though he had not enemies enough, he proceeds to excite the animosity of Voltaire by the most eloquent and artistically perfect of all his writings—the "Letter to D'Alembert"—in which he opposes the notion of establishing a theatre at Geneva. Whilst he is composing this letter, he learns that Diderot has revealed to St. Lambert the whole story of his passion for Madame d'Houdetot; exasperated and sore as he is, he imagines that this indiscretion is a deliberate act of treachery, and he sends out the "Letter to D'Alembert," with a note attached to it declaring that he has lost the severe and judicious "Aristarchus," who was once his counsellor, and quoting from Ecclesiasticus the text that declares that whilst the drawing of a sword upon a friend may be forgiven, the betrayal of a secret banishes friendship without return.

Diderot's case against Rousseau is set forth in detail in his solemn indictment, "Les sept Scélératesses de Jean Jacques Rousseau." So far as Diderot was concerned, "les scélératesses de Jean Jacques" may be summed up under one head; this miserable soul preferred the country to the town, and would, if only he had been allowed to do so, have enjoyed a life of solitude! "Il n'y a que le méchant qui soit seul," declared Diderot: and ceased not during the twenty months of Rousseau's residence at the Hermitage to harass his unlucky friend with proofs that he was becoming "cruel and ferocious," to the sorrow rather than the astonishment of all who knew him. When one recollects that the Hermitage was twelve miles from Paris, that during the summer months the so-called "Hermit" had an electrical Madame d'Epinay in his neighbourhood, that he had all the year round the mischievous Thérèse and her even more hateful mother beneath his roof, that if his Paris "friends" did not often visit him they left no long intervals without sending him scolding letters to keep themselves usefully present to his mind, that by his own complaint he was never secure against the interruption of patronising visitors who, having nothing to do with their own time, had no scruple in wasting that of an eccentric man of genius who excited their curiosity; when all these hours withdrawn from his "solitude" are considered, it may be admitted that not very much time was left to grow wicked in.

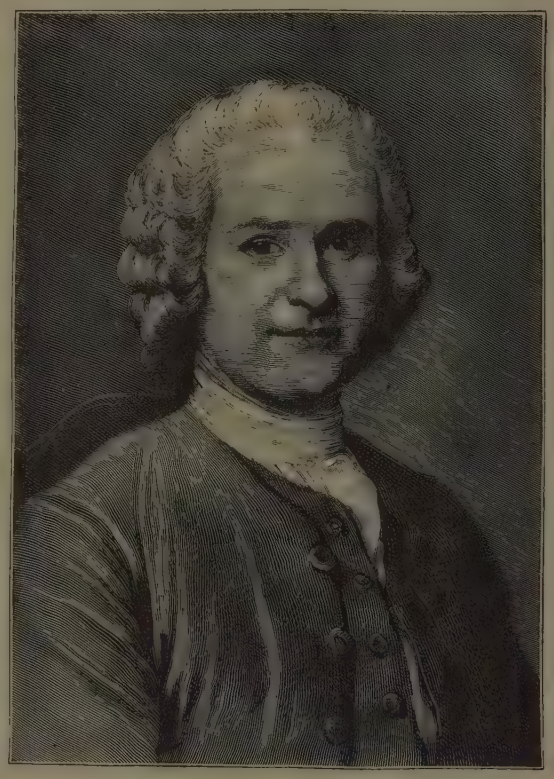
Apart from Rousseau's crime in loving solitude, and his weakness in entering into a sentimental friendship with Madame d'Houdetot, we may compress the remaining charges against him into two: first, that he was guilty of scandalous ingratitude to Madame d'Epinay; and, secondly, that he falsely accused M. Melchior Grimm of malice and treachery. Now, so far as the first accusation goes, we must admit at once that Rousseau behaved ungraciously, if not ungratefully, to Madame d'Epinay. It is usual to exaggerate the actual and

material benefits he had received from this lady, and to employ terms in speaking of his obligations to her that the facts do not warrant. Madame d'Epinay was not Rousseau's benefactress in the sense implied by his enemies; she was a zealous friend who had shown herself eager to render him an attention that derived all its value from the kind and thoughtful affection that it indicated. That the wife of a wealthy farmer-general should permit a poor but famous man of letters to occupy an empty cottage on her estate, was not in itself a favour of a prodigious sort; and although it did not become Rousseau to point out the fact, it is not the less true that Madame d'Epinay, whose eagerness in cultivating the acquaintance of men of talent is proved by her persistent pursuit of the reluctant Diderot,* attained hereby, at no cost of self-sacrifice, the society of one who was vainly sought after by her rivals amongst women of the world, and the queens of literary coteries, and became herself to some extent a celebrity through the association of her own name with Rousseau's. It is true that Madame d'Epinay, carrying further her well-meaning solicitude for the unworldly Jean Jacques, desired to secure him a pension equal to the salary of Librarian at Geneva—the post he had declined for many reasons, amongst which, no doubt, his association with the questionable "Gouvernante," Thérèse Levasseur, was not the least powerful. The letter Messrs. Perry and Maugras suppose to have been written by Rousseau, in answer to Madame d'Epinay's proposal that he should inhabit the Hermitage, was actually his reply to the offer of a pension. This can be established easily by reference to the correspondence,† where the letters upon this subject fully bear out Rousseau's narrative in the "Confessions," and prove the scrupulous exactitude with which he strove to protect himself from pecuniary obligations. He puts beyond doubt the question of whether, with the best will in the world, he had the means of supporting himself at the Hermitage, by explaining ‡ that two thousand francs still remained from the money paid him for his opera, *The Village Soothsayer;* and we have the proof that he continued to work at the trade of copyist of music in his quarrel with Grimm, because that superior person spoke contemptuously of his proficiency in this humble vocation.§ But if Rousseau's material obligations to Madame d'Epinay were less than is generally supposed, he had received from that amiable woman so many proofs of genuine friendship that he could hardly be excused for having listened to evil tales concerning her, had the tale-bearer been any one else than Thérèse Levasseur. For Rousseau to suspect his Thérèse of falsehood was, throughout his connection with her, impossible. Her ignorance, with him, was a sufficient proof of her ingenuousness. How, with his principles, could he conceive it possible that this child of nature, who could not be taught to read or to know the hour by a clock, was capable of fabricating poisonous falsehoods to set division between himself and the friends displeasing to her? In this implicit faith in the honesty and devotion of Thérèse, we have the root of Jean Jacques's later distrust of the whole world. "Cette personne si bornée, et si l'on veut, si stupide, est d'un conseil excellent dans les occasions difficiles"—he says with touching naïveté ||—"Souvent, en Suisse, en Angleterre, en France, dans les catastrophes où je me trouvais, elle a vu ce que je ne voyais pas moi-même; elle m'a donné les avis les meilleurs à suivre; elle m'a tiré des dangers où je me précipitais aveuglément."

At the Hermitage, Thérèse tried her first experiment in plot-making: jealousy of the brilliant, fine ladies who absorbed the inconstant Jean Jacques is a sufficient explanation of her conduct. She contrived to persuade Rousseau that Madame d'Epinay was playing the spy upon him and Madame d'Houdetot, and had attempted every means—bribery, and even force—to persuade her (Thérèse) to steal his letters to "Sophie" and Sophie's replies. But it is impossible to study this typical woman of her century in her own memoirs, and especially in the delightful letters Messrs. Perry and Maugras have given us in their valuable work, and continue to suppose her guilty of meanness, malice, or vindictiveness. It is generally taken for granted that in deciding on the merits of this historical quarrel one is compelled to choose one's side; and that, finding Rousseau excusable, one must, of necessity, pronounce Madame d'Epinay without excuse. But that, as has been said, is not the result obtained by an impartial study of the episode: we find the principal actors entirely without malice, and almost without serious blame; whilst between them Thérèse Levasseur scatters the seeds of mischief; and the cold-hearted schemer, Melchior Grimm, carefully nurses the plant and brings it to flower. Madame d'Epinay's own account of the matter in her letters to Grimm ¶ gives the credible history of the affair: that Thérèse, mad with jealousy of Madame d'Houdetot, came to her with a compromising letter she had found, and that Madame d'Epinay reproved her, and advised her to destroy the letter. Grimm's eager questions about the "loves of Rousseau"** prove sufficiently his curiosity and thirst to obtain all the information possible upon a matter with which it might be supposed he had no possible concern. But at this time Grimm was in close communication with M. de St. Lambert, and when we learn that St. Lambert presently shows himself aware of the sentimental interviews that are taking place during his absence, we feel no longer in doubt as to the reasons that induced M. Grimm to extract these domestic confidences from the unsuspicious Madame d'Epinay, who, without any intention of making serious mischief, was probably the indirect source from which St. Lambert obtained his information. But Rousseau, convinced of the truth of Thérèse's accusations, could only see here deliberate malice and treachery. Nevertheless, divided between indignation at her apparent falseness and the recollection of old kindnesses, Jean Jacques acts much

* See "Jeunesse de Madame d'Epinay;" also "Mémoires."
† Corresp., Vol. I., letters lxxxvi., lxxxvii., xcvii.
‡ "Confessions," Part II., book iv.
§ See "Confessions"; also "Jeunesse de Madame d'Epinay."
|| "Confessions," Part II., book viii.
¶ "Jeunesse de Madame d'Epinay," p. 489.
** See letter from Grimm: "Jeunesse de Madame d'Epinay," p. 489; also "Mémoires."

as one would expect him to do—writes a furious letter on the impulse of the moment; and then, when Madame d'Epinay shows him her distress at his brutality, melts into tears of remorse, and begins to doubt the truth of his own suspicions. Nothing can be more natural than the narrative of the "Confessions," or (in the light of Madame d'Epinay's memoirs and her letters to Grimm) more intelligible. We have to remember the personages with whom we have to deal. How could Rousseau, passionate, impulsive, but incapable of sustained anger, especially before a woman in tears, demand an explanation? How could Madame d'Epinay, affectionate, penitent, yet half indignant that Rousseau could suspect her of deliberate mischief-making, offer one? Aware now that her blind passion for her lover had led her to trust him indiscreetly with the concerns of her friend, she could not defend herself without accusing Grimm; and she may well have thought that Rousseau, who had received so many proofs of her zeal in his service, should, without any explanation, have rejected the idea that she could intentionally injure him. So he might have done, but for Thérèse's calumnies. As it was, out of sight of Madame d'Epinay's tears, he would necessarily recollect that these were not evidences of her innocence. This evil opinion of the lady in whose disinterested friendship he had before believed, would naturally awaken doubts as to the sincerity of her motives in having urged him to inhabit the Hermitage. From the moment that he was made to see in this attention of friendship an effort to assume in the world's sight the position of his "patroness" and "benefactress," the indignant Jean Jacques, who so steadfastly resisted patronage and refused benefits, even from the hands of a king, would feel that this shelter he had been persuaded to accept was an injury rather than a favour. It is true that it was Diderot,* and not the lady herself, who spoke of Rousseau as "over-burthened with the weight of his obligations to her;" and in such sore need of an opportunity of acquitting himself of his "debt of gratitude," that he could not, in decency, refuse to fling all his pet principles and his past professions to the winds and to follow in her train, a tamed Diogenes, led captive in the gilded chains of the wife of a farmer-general to his native city of Geneva! It was under the intense irritation occasioned by this letter that Rousseau wrote to declare that he had done as much for Madame d'Epinay as she had done for him; since if she had given him a house, he had given her his time. Had Madame d'Epinay been actually the false and designing person Rousseau had now persuaded himself to believe her, there would have been very little to blame in this letter, although one would have preferred that it had never been written, and that Rousseau had been contented with his very dignified and temperate reply to Diderot's dictatorial epistle:—"My dear Friend," he wrote simply, "you cannot judge either of the extent or the binding nature of my obligations to Madame d'Epinay; you do not know if she really requires me or wishes me to accompany her on her journey, nor if it is possible for me to do so, nor what reasons I may have for refraining from doing so. I do not refuse to discuss all these questions with you, but, in the meanwhile, admit that to affirm positively what I ought to do without taking the trouble to put yourself in a position to form a right judgment is, my dear philosopher, a most offhand manner of arriving at a decision." Had the imprudent Jean Jacques known how to stop there, he would not have given M. Melchior Grimm the opportunity he was eagerly waiting for of forcing Madame d'Epinay to an open rupture and of holding Rousseau up in the world's sight as a "prodigy of ingratitude."



JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

This brings us naturally to the second charge. So far as Rousseau's suspicions of Grimm are concerned, they are borne out by Madame d'Epinay's narrative; and by Grimm's own letters to that lady and Diderot. We have here sufficient evidence to prove beyond dispute that Grimm, even before Rousseau had come to the Hermitage, was steadily endeavouring to inspire Madame d'Epinay with mistrust of Rousseau. Messrs. Perry and Maugras, and after them, M. Edmond Scherer, whilst admitting—what, indeed, cannot be denied—that Grimm did his best to detach

* See Diderot's Letters, published by M. Streckeisen-Moultous; "J. J. Rousseau, ses Amis et ses Ennemis," Vol. I., pp. 272-281.

Madame d'Epinay from Rousseau, maintain that in acting thus he was animated by zeal for that lady, and his desire to restore to her her good name. But, as it happens, neither Madame d'Epinay's character nor her reputation was injuriously affected by her friendship for Rousseau; and Grimm, who professed to believe that Jean Jacques aspired to fill the post in Madame d'Epinay's household that he did not hesitate to make his own, was acting in the very way he falsely accused Rousseau of doing with regard to St. Lambert—he was driving his friend out of favour, and stepping in to fill the vacant place.

Rousseau's unhappy passion for Madame d'Houdetot, although certainly it does not claim the approval of severe moralists, has generally been regarded as one of the most sentimental love stories the world has known. Mr. Morley, in the seventh chapter of his life of Rousseau, has a new view of the old romance to give us. But does it carry us very far in our attempt to see the man "as he really was"? Perhaps the practical and scientific spirit abroad in the ideal sphere does not bring home results that can be said to widen man's possession of the best that has been known and thought in the world. Mr. Jeafferson's "Real Shelley," Mr. Morley's "Real Rousseau" are more vividly ugly, but not, perhaps, more life-like or instructive pictures than the old ideal ones. It may be useful to turn to a poet's interpretation of the same episode. With Byron, Rousseau's passion was not the love of "living dame," but of ideal woman:—

THE HERMITAGE.

"This breathed itself to life in Julie; this
Invested her with all that's wild and sweet.
This hallowed, too, the memorable kiss
Which every morn his fevered lip would greet
From her who but with friendship his would meet.
But to that gentle touch thro' brain and breast
Flash'd the thrill'd spirit's love-devouring heat,
In that absorbing sigh perchance more blest
Than vulgar minds may be with all they seek possest."

No doubt Byron's view of Rousseau's passion is as much too poetical as Mr. Morley's is too physical. Between the poet and the positivist the impartial critic will arrive at a safe conclusion by comparing the facts of the story with the moral standard of the day. It is impossible to maintain that Rousseau's love for Madame d'Houdetot can be accepted as a pure and ideal sentiment; but faulty though it may be, it yet has the distinguishing characteristic of noble human feeling; it is unselfish, and prefers to forego gratification rather than to injure and degrade its object.

Here then we have the essential and distinguishing characteristic of this much-discussed but little-studied episode; and here, too, we find the man not divided against, but at one with himself. This lovelorn Jean Jacques is the same Jean Jacques who feels more pain than pleasure when the adored Madame de Warens of his boyhood steps down from the pedestal where his reverence had placed her; the same who bursts into tears before the loveliness of the Venetian beauty, when he reflects that this "*chef-d'œuvre* of nature and of love" is bought and sold like a mere chattel in the market-place. What is more, this is the same Jean Jacques Rousseau who wrote the "New Héloïse" and the "Emile"—works that are not free from the taint of the atmosphere in which they were produced, yet works for ever memorable as the efforts of one sick and solitary man to revive and restore to health the life of the affections struck with disease at the very roots. This is Rousseau's position in the eighteenth century. When we have said all that can be said, and that has been said a thousand times, of this man's faults and frailties, we must recollect that in this brilliant and cultivated world, so attractive, and, in many ways, so admirable for its intelligence and devotion to ideas and the things of the mind, he stands out alone as the witness of the forgotten law that healthiness of heart and moral sincerity are necessary conditions for the very existence of the gifts of the spirit. He is not himself free from the universal sickness around him. Like the other men of his generation, he is tempted, and not without sin. But the distinguishing fact in his life and his character is that in the midst of sickness the unquenchable desire for health never leaves him: and that neither his personal miseries nor his personal defects can ever deaden or destroy in him "that depth and fervour of the moral sentiment, bringing with it," as Mr. Morley says, "the indefinable gift of touching many hearts with love of virtue and the things of the spirit."

FREDERIKA MACDONALD.

Our Girl Workers.

HOW to find employment for girls and women has certainly been one of the burning questions of the present century. How to find employment for boys and men may possibly be the burning question which the next generation will have to answer. A very serious subject for reflection is presented to the mind, after a careful examination of the condition of the working classes in some of our large manufacturing towns. Every year it becomes easier for girls to obtain employment in the factories, and each year increases the difficulty of finding employment for men. As a natural consequence, women are fast assuming the position of men as family bread-winners, while men are too often condemned to partial or entire idleness.

That this sad state of affairs is by any means universal, I do not for a moment assert; but to those who watch the signs of the times the tendency of the day is obvious. It seems to me that our duty as women is to do all in our power to discourage girl-labour in those employments which have hitherto been considered the special prerogative of men. It is for our rulers and philanthropists to consider how far girls may exclude men in the labour market without serious detriment to the national prosperity. That the subject is worth consideration is proved by the fact that in factories where a few short years ago men were entirely employed, the work is now done, almost exclusively, by girls and women. As a rule, if the work is at all within the limits of a woman's strength, there you will find a woman. Then the question arises, what has become of all the men who formerly occupied the situations now filled by girls? Have hitherto unknown employments been discovered for them? It is to be feared not, for an employer has only to advertise a vacant situation of any description, and hundreds of men will apply for it before a day is over.

Every one knows that the labour market is overstocked; but it does not seem to occur to many that the more girls are forced into the work which should be done by men, the worse will the overcrowding become. The only employment which is not in a congested state is that of domestic service, and the comparative ease with which a girl finds employment in a factory, has much to do with the scarcity of good servants.

As time goes on this state of things may be expected to increase rather than decrease. Girls are found to be so much more trustworthy and dependable than men that, as their intelligence and strength develop, they will be more and more preferred. Then, too—and this is a very important point with the employer—the girl employée will work for less than half the wage required by the man employé, and do the work almost, if not quite, as well. She does not, as a rule, keep Saint Monday, or take part in strikes, both of which characteristics, I venture to say, have helped to set men on the outside of many a factory gate, instead of being in their proper place inside. That girls would resent any legislation which would exclude them from the factories goes without saying. The attractive evening's freedom is ample compensation for the arduous labours of the day. Even small wage, and injured health, are considered preferable to the restraints of domestic service. That factory life is neither a healthy nor natural life for a girl is proved by the pale, sickly face, and the constant need for medical assistance. If persisted in for many years, it, to a large extent, unfits for the duties of wife and mother.

But not only in factory life does girl-labour threaten the employment of men. Looking back over the space of even twenty years, one cannot but see the enormous changes which have taken place in the employments open to women. In the postal and telegraph offices girls are to be found where men formerly stood; girl clerks are to be seen in the counting-houses of manufactories and retail shops, and few indeed are the trades in which girls are not employed. In the professions, lady dispensers are yearly becoming more common, and lady doctors are certainly not regarded as unusual specimens of the human race. Not for a moment would one wish to prevent women from entering any occupation for which they feel by nature, circumstances, and ability they are suited; but I would ask women of leisure, who are using every effort to throw open almost every walk in life to their sisters, if they are quite sure of the wisdom of such proceedings.

To a looker-on, who often sees most of the game, it seems as if we were fast approaching the period when Charles Kingsley's well-known words will be reversed, and

"Women must work, and men must weep,"

or stay at home and see that the baby does not weep for them. If women go on developing brain-powers at their present rate of progression, the next century may see female orators making speeches in Parliament, barristers in wigs and petticoats, and even a Joan of Arc leading victorious armies to battle.

Great social movements generally gain footing in every class of society, and there is no reason why this women's labour movement should not spread to the upper classes, as it has already passed from the lower class—where it had its origin—to the middle class. At the risk of being condemned as narrow-minded and behind the times, I venture to think that, in urging women into the positions which should be occupied by men, we are taking a long step in the wrong direction. Posterity will surely write it a grave mistake. While it is true that there are many more women in England to be

provided for than men, the more we force women into the money-making occupations of men, the less chance have men of retaining their position in the nation as the heads of families and the bread-winners. As a matter of course, the more applicants there are for every situation the lower must wages become; and so through every profession and trade, the larger the number of competitors the smaller the pecuniary advantages will become. The working classes already feel this—and feel it keenly. Many an industrious working man has to spend a life of enforced idleness, or partial idleness, because, he will tell you sadly, "girls are doing the work for less wage."

In our anxiety to find remunerative employment for women, we seem to lose sight of the fact that we are injuring the prospects of England's young sons, who, after all, are the legitimate supporters of the national prosperity. Surely there are sufficient occupations to employ our surplus population of women, without entering them in the labour market as the rivals instead of the helpers of men. On every side we hear of the scarcity of domestic servants. Would it not be well if women, who have time at their disposal to develop this industry, would use their efforts to persuade their sisters of the working class to send their daughters to service instead of into the factories? Many would gladly do so if they only knew how to obtain the situations, and would welcome warmly ladies who would find good, comfortable homes for their girls. There are thousands of good situations in England, and in Canada a girl is, without doubt, at a premium, either as a servant or a wife. For women of the educated classes there is hospital nursing (which should be undertaken entirely by them), taking charge of charitable institutions, various kinds of parochial and philanthropic work, teaching in families, middle and upper-class schools, national and Board schools; and for the lower middle class there is dress-making, mantle-making, millinery, and many other light occupations, entirely unsuited to men.

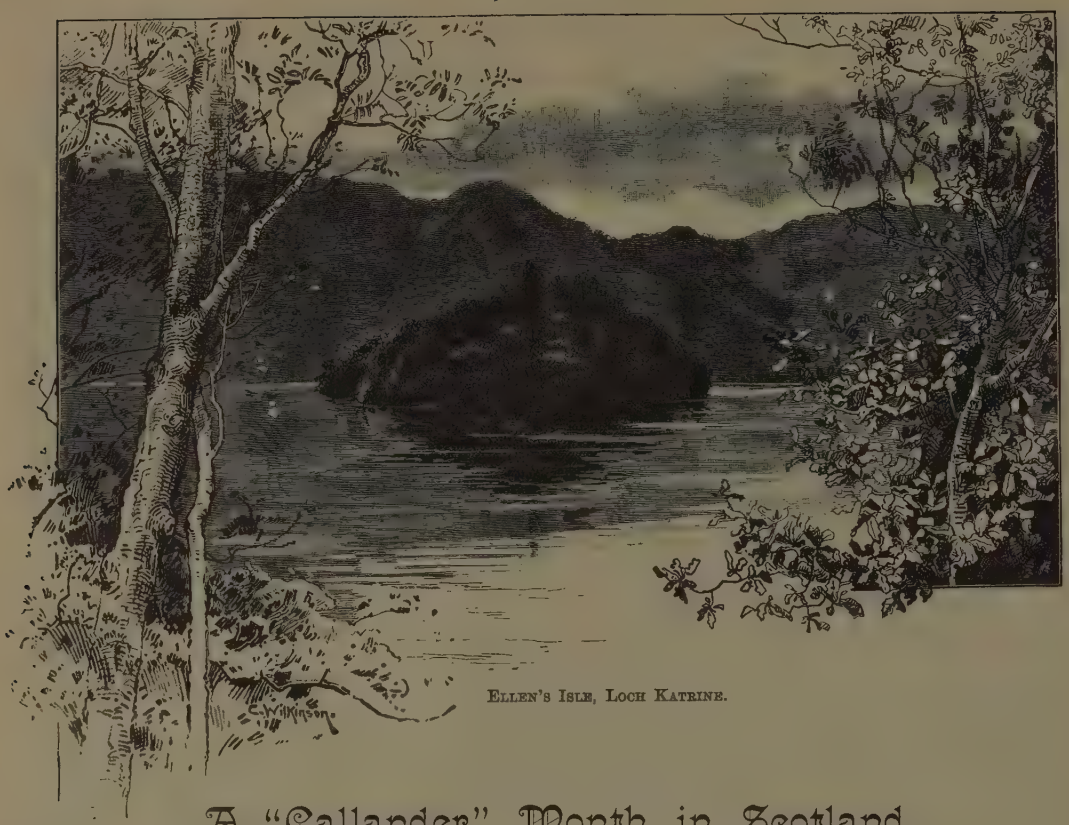
Amongst women workers teaching has not hitherto taken the position which is its due. A lady will undertake the life of a governess in a private family at a stipend which a cook or housemaid would flout with scorn; but she has, as a rule, considered teaching in a national or Board school, with a comfortable stipend, as quite beneath her dignity. Therefore, this most important factor in our national life is relegated to the working classes, who are the least fit for the work. If the girls of the educated classes who are obliged, from adverse circumstances, to earn a living for themselves, would go into training to fit them for teaching in Church and Board schools, they would receive a remuneration which would make them independent of their friends, and confer an incalculable boon on the nation. The refinement and culture of their life and manners would do more to raise and refine the life of the masses than any other agency which could be employed.

The same may be said of hospital nursing. Since women of refinement have entered the field the condition of the sufferers has been as different as light from dark. We may hope to live to see the day when in no workhouse infirmary will the too often merciless and degraded pauper-nurse be found, and no hospital in which the rough-and-ready nurse has a place. Experience goes to prove that the lower classes are not the best nurses for the sick and suffering. Refinement of mind and gentleness of manner and touch are not, as a rule, found amongst them, and these qualities are an absolute necessary characteristic of a good and efficient nurse.

Space will not allow of reference in detail to other occupations of women, but sufficient has been said to point out labour which will not trench on the monetary advantages of men. One cannot but feel that there are thousands of women now earning their own living who should not be doing so, had men done their duty in the past. Woman's place is at home, and in work connected with home life and home needs. And the more a woman develops a capacity for bread-winning the more will she be forced out of her natural sphere. Every one knows that there are numberless men content to spend their days in loafing about the streets, and their nights in the public-house, while the wife and daughters are earning the wherewithal to keep such men and themselves. It is these men who have opened the factory doors to the weaker sex. Manufacturers tell us how, years ago, many a good order was lost through the idleness and drinking habits of the men during the first two or three days of each week. No wonder they betook them to girl-labour, when in so doing they could secure a good worker at a much smaller wage. Most heartily I sympathise with the employer, but, at the same time, I see dangerous "rocks ahead" in the future. A combination of circumstances is bringing about an unnatural condition in the home life of the people, and though it would be presumption on my part to suggest an alteration in what so many wise and good men and women consider a satisfactory result of their efforts, I venture to point out that the introduction of women into the labour-field of men cannot but be fraught with grave danger to the prosperity of the nation at large. In a praiseworthy eagerness to assist the weaker sex, the ultimate weakening of the stronger sex must not be lost sight of. Many jokes are made, and amusing books have been written, about woman filling the place of man; but even in the present day the joke and imaginative story are fast becoming practical realities, at all events amongst the lower classes.

To many the anticipation of this danger may appear sheer nonsense, but let them compare the state of society in the present day with that of fifty years ago, and they will be astonished to find how gigantic is the change in the occupations of women. Have we any guarantee that the changes will not be still greater during the next fifty years? Every year events follow one another more quickly, and in these go-ahead days the most impossible turns out to be the very thing which is possible. Not for a moment do I wish to see woman lowered from the proud position which she occupies in the social and intellectual world, but what I do wish is that, as time goes on, woman may become more and more the guardian angel of the Englishman's hearth and home, instead of becoming his rival in the labour market, college, and professions.

THERESA SHREWSBURY.



Ellen's Isle, Loch Katrine.

A "Callander" Month in Scotland.

WE had been learning geography through Baedeker for so many autumn holidays, that this year it was settled we should learn it through Black, and that a time-table of the London and North Western, instead of an omniscient Bradshaw, should supplement our education. To the otherwise very fairly travelled experience of some of us, Scotland was, oddly enough, an unknown land; and when a Scotch holiday was decided upon, not the least pleasant anticipation concerning it was that a "through" carriage could take us there, since Channel-divided delights lose something of their charm, at any rate in perspective, to some sort of travellers. It was certainly a long stretch of railway between Euston and Callander, and extended, too, for an hour beyond its tabulated limits; but books and a well-filled picnic basket helped us wonderfully over some stages, and even after half a dozen hours of sitting still, and when one might be expected to be growing restless, the run through the Lake Country roused us to think that were the "always afternoon," which had been oppressing us, indefinitely prolonged in that land, it would not be so altogether undesirable a thing. Gently, though somewhat slowly it must be confessed, the sunshiny day faded into starlit darkness, and towards one in the morning the smallest, and what should have been the sleepiest, of our party, stammered out that he felt as if he had been already four or five days in Scotland. But our goal was reached at last, and it seemed but a step from the sleepy, chilly little station to the warm and wakeful welcome that had "sat up" for us. There was a certain romance of anticipation attaching to this resting-place of ours. It was no prosaic "villa" hired through an agent, familiarised by photographs, and grown commonplace through correspondence concerning its drainage, but the happy result of a chance chat at a London dinner-table, and taken literally upon trust. Very fully the trust was justified. Our tired eyes opened gladly enough in the morning on the widest, sunniest outlook of a green, crumpled, fir-dotted valley, with blue misty mountains framing the picture, and hardly less gladly on the nearer view of the most comfortable of chairs and tables and baths.

"Scotland was delightful," one who knew had told us, "when it didn't rain," and that ominous bit of praise had been repeated so often, that one by one our pretty summer "things" had been regretfully glanced at and resigned, till our luggage came to consist mainly of mackintoshes and umbrellas. And such a libel it proved! From that first long sunny day, so many followed of the like; freshened with mountain breezes, refreshed now and again, it is true, by a slanting shadowy shower, darkened for an hour or two maybe by soft grey low-hanging clouds, reminding one of the more clinging mists on the Mürren; but of the steady sullen rains, the penetrating, persistent, rheumatic mists that had been prophesied to us, never a trace fell to our share. Even

on the worst of the one or two really "rainy days" which we had, "at the evening time it was light."

One of the first of our walks was by the little river Leny to the beginning of Loch Lubnaig, when the sun was playing at hide-and-seek with the shadows on Ben Ledi and his brother-mountains, and lighting up the shallows of the pretty pebbly stream in a manner most delightful to us, but hardly, perhaps, so satisfactory to the anglers whom we now and then came across. The lake itself, so long and so narrow and so crooked, looks like an extension of the stream, a wider river Leny; but a lake it undoubtedly is, shut in by severe and rather unsympathetic-looking hills, fir-crowned and heather-clad, but lacking those tiny curls of smoke on the steep sides which are so suggestive of an interest deeper than dappled cows or whole flocks of sheep can ever manage to inspire.

Another sunny saunter over hills "with verdure clad" was to Bracklinn Falls, where

> "Mountain ash and warrior oak
> Cast anchor in the rifted rock;"

and where, as we stood on the little bridge and saw the sunlit water dash down the dark rocks in glistening spray, the net result of our morning's expedition seemed to be an intensified distrust of the geography books, for where were the "bleak hill-sides" which we had been taught to look for in Scotland? I'm afraid some of us stretched the moral a little, using it gravely as an argument against text-books in general, urging that a Bradshaw should be the only manual of geography permitted in Board schools, since it supplied not only the names and situations of places, but advice as to the best means of getting thither, and information to be relied upon concerning the expense, and without dogmatic detail which mostly proves, on personal examination, to be wrong.

The Lady Chapel, Rosslyn.

Another delightful climb we had was over the Callander Craigs, on a morning when Ben Ledi's head, which we used as a sort of barometer, rose clear and cloudless against the bluest of skies. Not very much of a climb it proved, and there was many an almost level field of ferns to saunter through ankle-deep, and many a tempting heathery knoll to rest on and exclaim at the view, before we began the somewhat steeper descent on the other side. But the solitariness and that sense of

"something higher," which is peculiar to all mountain scenery, was out of all proportion to the easiness of the climb. Ben Ledi's "ridge in air," and peak on peak, as green, as sunlit, and as still, shut in our view on one side as we gained the summit; but on the other, Stirling Towers and a bit of silver streak, that must have been the Solway Firth, and further yet, and distinct in the clear distance, the blue Cumberland hills, opened out glimpses of the busy restless world that lay beyond and below these silent heights.

We were most of us tolerably good walkers, but a supplement to our activity was provided in the way of a waggonette on the day of our expedition to the Trossachs. We started early, and, from deference to the libellous imputations on the Scotch climate, though the sun was shining in the most brilliant manner, a formidable bundle of wraps and mackintoshes was given a place by our side. Early in the day it was ignominiously pushed under the seat, and from thence, unopened, it was taken on our return. For throughout that long lovely day, as we drove by Vennachar, which, beach-bordered, "in silver flows," like a broad beautiful pool among the green and violet mountains, or along the wooded road which winds round Loch Achray, or through the wonderful pass of the Trossachs itself, the sun never ceased to throw its glamour over the scene, and to let no element of Nature at her best be wanting. There was mountain, water, wood, and moorland, and, at last, Loch Katrine—

> "In all her length, far winding lay,
> With promontory, coast, and bay,
> And islands that, empurpled bright,
> Floated amid the livelier light,
> And mountains that like giants stand
> To sentinel enchanted land."

Since the Wizard of the North, none may presume to wave their little wands over that "enchanted land," though it be permitted them to enjoy it, and to follow the Lady of the Lake and that much-unappreciated lover of hers in their haunts, even unto the fatal ford where brave Roderick Dhu had the worst of the combat. Poor Roderick! it was always rather a trouble to us in our youth that Ellen should have preferred that milksop Malcolm to the chieftain of the Clan Alpine. Some of us went on the lake, and some of us were content to see it from the shore, averring that no landscape looked well from a watery point of view. But, then, one of our party has slightly hydrophobic tendencies when she approaches anything bigger than a bath. Perhaps we were all a little deficient in tourist instincts proper, a trifle shy of sight-seeing, a little given to the lotus-eater's ideal of a holiday, and of that unphotographic frame of mind generally which is incapable of instantaneous "impressions" and a constant change of plates, inclining to find more satisfaction in a ramble on foot than in a rush by rail, and—even the men of the party—needing no excuse of "something to kill" for a tramp over the moor or a saunter by the stream. Many a lovely opportunity within the five-mile radius does Callander afford to the gratification of such unconventional tastes. One delightful walk rises before the memory where the pathway winds between rail and river, leading one on from wood to waterfall, and uniting the prosaic and the picturesque in the most piquant way, for the train is now and again almost within touch, while the sylvan solitude is unbroken. Another charming walk — but this was some three miles beyond the limits—was a shower-accompanied one by the "banks and braes of bonnie Doon." As usual, we had started in the sunshine, and "at the evening time" it was destined "to

KILCHURN CASTLE, LOCH AWE.

be light;" but on the way, and more than once, we had to stand up under shelter of friendly tree or jutting stone hedge, as the level close sheets of rain came down in the quick uncompromising fashion peculiar to Scotch showers. But it was more than worth while, if only for the sake of the rainbow which was waiting for us, spanning the ruined, roofless walls of Doune Castle. And in another unexpected way that rain did us a service, for it revealed to us a romance. Taking heed to our ways in a very literal sense—for the road, in parts, was almost flooded—we by-and-by became aware of some very clearly-defined footprints that must have preceded us. There was a big, nailed boot, and a trim little india-rubber-soled shoe in close proximity. Side by side, and *so* close, we traced them, constructing, *à la* Owen, mammals from our remains, clothing them with full-sized mackintosh and tailor-made tweed, and endowing them with one umbrella between them. Presently, to our consternation, the tiny footprints turned, and across the double marks came the little shoe, reversed and alone. Had they quarrelled? Had she left him? Would he follow her? We grew quite eager, and stepped into a puddle ourselves in the effort to find "him." For quite a minute we lost *both;* then up came the little shoe again, and presently, under the projecting stump of a tree, we found a confused tread as if the small foot had tapped in impatience, and the big foot had stood firm, and the umbrella had made unconscious and undecided notes, and then—on went the two prints together, and closer than ever, and on we tracked them to—oh, bathos!—the doors of the Temperance Hotel! But after all, we consoled ourselves, footprints in mud can hardly be expected to come to so romantic an ending as footprints in sand or snow. We had but little time left for our castle, which proved to be a castle set on a hill, with the Leith encircling it on one side like a natural moat, and with a fair, peaceful wooded valley stretching out beyond. The ruins, *quâ* ruins, were not remarkable, nor rendered more so by the interpretations of the old soldier who acted as warder and guide. We did not listen long to his reminiscences, for the rain had detained us, and dinner-time was drawing near; so a quick run up the pretty old-world-looking street brought us to the little wayside station.

An experience of quite Swiss scenery and Swiss sunshine combined, and only the snow-peaks omitted—and this lack to some of us, who love the green hill-tops better than the cold white glitter, was hardly a drawback—was an excursion we took one day to Lochearnhead. We drove by the winding wooded shores of lovely Loch Lubnaig, and picnicked under a spreading mountain ash, pressing boulders into our service for tables and chairs, using the whole wide lake for finger-glasses, and, when the wine in our bottle was spent, replenishing it with water from the trickling stream on the mountain-side. And most particular was the despot of our party that no corks and no crumbs from our feast should be left on the spot, so that if the "slight harebell" did not literally "lift her head, elastic from our airy tread," at least the lovely nook we had chosen to lunch in retained no unseemly traces of our presence. Then on we drove through the little stone-built hamlet of Strathyre, some flaxen-haired, bare-footed Highland children peeping out here and there like human stone-crop, and giving a charm to cottages which, to our English eyes, looked somewhat bleak and bare. A mile or two farther on we left the carriage for awhile, and made a small *détour* to visit Balquhidder and the resting-place of Rob Roy. It has been our fortune to see a pretty considerable variety of the free-hold known as God's acre, one of us having rather a morbid liking for graveyards, and defending her taste by asserting that it is the only society she knows where no one speaks harm of anybody. Rarely, however, have we come upon a resting-place more entirely congruous than this little "refuge among the high hills" for the quiet dead, where the stream flows swift and the mountains stand fast beside them. Another three or four miles among the fern and the heather brought us to Lochearnhead, and the sun was still shining in long level rays across Loch Earne as we loitered for an hour or two by its beautiful banks, but the August harvest-moon had risen and silvered little Loch Voil, and turned the trees and the crags into new beauties for us on our homeward way.

In somewhat showery weather we made a longer and a railway excursion to Loch Awe. However, the swift changes from sunshine to rain—and *such* rain!—gave us some delightful cloud scenery in addition to the legitimate "views" which we had been promised, and every now and then the little fleecy white mists resting on the mountain-tops gave a suggestion of snow-peaks. If the fixed blue of southern skies was at all regretfully mentioned, the colouring of these beautiful purple mountains, with their heather and their green and golden bracken, was held to more than make amends, and the living, rain-swollen streamlets, passionately leaping or peacefully trickling down their steep sides, as a matter of sentiment, if not of effect, were preferred to frozen glaciers. The single-line railroad from Callander to Loch Awe takes one through some forty miles of very characteristic country; it runs for some distance on the ridge of suffi ciently steep precipices, and turns the corners of tolerably tall and rugged mountains, and yet manages its engineering feats without tunnels, and so gratefully recalls by contrast some foreign experiences where the sentimental traveller has to enjoy his charming scenery rather under the conditions of a Jack-in-the-Box. Past Strathyre, and leaving far below the smooth waters and green slopes of Loch Earne, looking a little too comfortable and cultivated to be picturesque, the line gradually ascends the wild and desolate Glen Ogle, and then as it descends again the valley widens, and the rocky heather-clad heights open out, now on a deer forest and now on a tarn or stream, but always disclosing something beautiful to exclaim at under the changing lights, till, in full sunshine, we steam into the station of Loch Awe. Some people are rather given to complain that there is a general likeness about lakes, but we fancy that these grumblers are of the same sort who are apt to find their fellow-creatures monotonous. Both are distinctive enough to those who look deep enough, and Loch Awe is quite individual in her beauty, though, like humans again, her general type of feature does not differ from her sisters.

Some low tree-clad hills come close down to the waters, like a fringe to the forehead, of this lake, and its colour seems to shift and vary, giving almost the charm of expression to its silent depths. It is a delightful spot, and evidently a favoured one for honeymoons, for more than one young couple did we meet, with the recent folds from the portmanteau almost bristling in their crisp new garments.

We had grown so in love with the rocks and the mountains that a proposal to shorten our holiday by three or four days of orthodox sight-seeing in Edinburgh was very much objected to by some of us, and though finally agreed upon, it was in a somewhat cool and critical spirit that we took our first walk down Princes Street. But though the prospect of "shopping"—that dear delight of which we had been deprived for a month—did not at first appeal to us, the prospect on the other side of the way did, and we grew speedily enthusiastic over the fairest of cities, and doubtful only as to the comparative fascinations of the old part or the new. Delightful to "shop" with broad beautiful gardens opposite, and Edinburgh Castle peeping down from its crags in piquant contrast to our frivolity; and yet more delightful, perhaps, to lose ourselves in Jeanie Deans' country; to start with her from the Heart of Midlothian, on the site of the old Tolbooth, heeding probably more than she did the many-shaped, newly-washed garments hanging out to dry in their unchanging fashion from the upper windows of the tall, many-storeyed tenements in the Lawnmarket, and forgetting her to give a reverent thought to John Knox as we pass that tiny house of his, which "could tell sorrowful stories" better, mayhap, than many a bigger one. Then with Jeanie again, as we climb Arthur's Seat, and, guide-book in hand, trace her to her midnight meeting-place with Gentleman George, and search amid these modern surroundings for the cottage where she lived, and the square house where dwelt that constant yet consolable swain of hers—the silent Laird of Dumbiedikes.

We did our tourist pilgrimages, too, to Holyrood and to Rosslyn Chapel, to Melrose Abbey and to Abbotsford, caring less for the architectural than the human interest in them all, and inclining to prefer the big beautiful ruins of Melrose Abbey—which, by-the-by, we found can be "viewed aright" as well in sunshine as in the prescribed "moonlight"—to the elaborately ornamented Chapel of Rosslyn, with its famous "prentice pillar." More entirely in harmony did we feel in the historic apartments of Holyrood, and more reverent in Walter Scott's study at Abbotsford. We were taken, too—but this was rather against our will—to the various seats of learning, old and new; first to the serious, substantial University, and then to the technical laboratories and workshops which are now in process of building, to the further extension of the wise schemes of John Heriot, Jeweller, *obit.* 1623, whose hospital and schools still stand in goodly evidence of those

> "——— elder days of art,
> When builders wrought with greatest care."

We had our bird's-eye view too, and as it was a clear day, the view was extensive, of the beautiful city and its suburbs, the glittering bit of sea, and the blue hills all bathed in sunshine, from the top of Edinburgh Castle; and altogether, when the night mail at last transported us in our sleep to Euston, we awoke with a most satisfied feeling at having this year exchanged the edelweis for the heather.

KATIE MAGNUS.

THE SILVER STRAND, LOCH KATRINE.

[The illustrations to this article are taken from photographs kindly supplied by Messrs. G. W. Wilson and Co., of Aberdeen.]

The Truth about Clement Ker:

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF SOME CURIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES CONNECTED WITH THE LIFE AND DEATH OF THE LATE SIR CLEMENT KER, BART., OF BRAE HOUSE, PEEBLESSHIRE. TOLD BY HIS SECOND COUSIN, GEOFFREY KER, OF LONDON.

CHAPTER VI. (*continued*).

IN WHICH I COME TO GRIEF.

"WHY, Geoffrey, old man, what has gone wrong? Have I vexed you? What is the matter?" Dick said again, in his kind, patient sort of way. And then as he saw, I suppose, that I looked confused and ashamed (as indeed I felt), "I wanted to ask you to do me a favour," he said lightly, "but it can wait for the present if you are tired or—or in pain. We can talk it over to-morrow; to-morrow morning will do just as well."

"A favour?" I repeated slowly.

I had guessed in a minute what he meant. Poor old Dick! it was not the first time he had come to me on some such errand. I knew what he wanted perfectly well, and at that moment I was mean enough to rejoice in the knowledge. Since I had discovered (as I kept on repeating to myself) that he did not trust me absolutely, I longed for nothing so much as for the opportunity of marking out clearly before his very eyes the disproportion of our feeling towards one another; jealousy played at love's own game. I would have sacrificed anything to place Dick under some undeniable obligation. I did not want to reproach him with it; I had not yet sunk to that; but I wanted this for my private satisfaction—I wanted to forgive Dick, but I wanted to do it from a superior position.

"A favour?" I said. "Well, what is it?"

"Well——"

He hesitated; his face went red all over; he sat down on the edge of the table beside his candlestick. "Geoff, it's a shame to ask it of you, by Jove, it is! but I've no choice, don't you see? I——" he turned and looked at me straight in the face: "Can you let me have some money, old fellow?" he asked simply.

"There's the cheque we said we would keep; the cheque Clement sent you when he asked you to undertake these repairs. I suppose you might take some of that," I answered promptly. But in my heart I wished he had asked for something more difficult.

"That cheque. Ah, yes; but—but, don't you see——"

"You cashed it, you know, before we left town; and, by the way, that reminds me you never gave me the money you got for it. I don't see much good in asking me to keep the accounts if you don't pay in what money you get."

"Pay it in? Oh, dear!" said Dick, shaking his curly head.

"You cashed it, I know," I said sharply.

"Ay, Geoff, I did, worse luck."

"You have not—— Dick, you have never gone and spent that money too? And without telling me?"

"Ay, Geoff."

"But, Dick, not all of it?—not all that money that was to last us half-way through the winter? You said that yourself. You *can't* have spent it all."

"Ay, Geoff," he said again for the third time.

He kept watching me, and his face got redder and redder. Presently, "I am awfully sorry, you know," he said, in a very quiet voice.

I did not answer him at all for nearly a minute.

"Well, it was your own money, after all. Only don't—please don't ask me to take charge of things in future," I said at last, quite coldly and deliberately.

I got up from my chair and walked away to the window. The moon was up by this time, a livid, belated moon which gave out no light to speak of, hanging low above the dark line of the hills like a piece of lustreless red metal. The sky was blown clear, though, and set thick with stars. I could distinguish all the different clumps of fir and pine and laurel; and, farther away, a long pale streak of lighter colour where the Edinburgh coach road wound up the hillside and crossed the moor. Dick went on sitting quite still upon his table. He had picked up a bit of drawing-chalk, and was jotting some figures down on the fly-leaf of a book. By turning my head ever so little I could see what he was doing; and now by this time my heart began to melt within me: he was looking so penitent and so puzzled. I knew his sums were safe to be all wrong, and I smiled to myself and waited. I felt happier, and my fingers fell mechanically to beating out a sort of tune upon the window-pane before me.

He looked up at that. "Geoffrey!"

"Well?" I said, more graciously.

"I am awfully sorry, Geoff. I had no idea how much I was spending till I came to add it up. Queer stuff, money is. I wonder how some fellows manage to keep it! But, what with one thing and another—we had not had much to spare, either of us, of late, had we? And then there was poor Milner, you see. I promised Mrs. Milner to do something for them the first time I had any luck myself. And so—— Well, there it is, you know. It is all written out," he said, and offered me the book upon which he had been scribbling; "all but one five-pound note, and that—that—upon my word, Geoff, I think that must have evaporated!"

He laughed, and something in the lightness with which he accepted the whole situation irritated me. "Thanks; I don't care for the account. The money is gone, and it was your own to do what you pleased with," I said gloomily. I shut his book and laid it down upon the table.

Dick stood up. "Upon my word, Geoffrey, you—you don't make it much easier for me!" he cried out, with some bitterness. He began pacing the length of the room, up and down. But it is not in Dick's nature to harbour malice. The third or fourth time he was passing by me he stopped; he put his hand upon my shoulder. "I never knew you to take a thing in this way before, Geoffrey. I don't know what to say. I've acted like a fool; I can see that. But you didn't hear Mrs. Milner—that poor little woman with those children! You needs must have done something for them yourself if you had seen her—— And I've taken Clement's money and spent it, which is a punishment in itself; and harder upon me than you know," he added, seeing that I answered nothing. "I have told you twice that I am sorry; and it's all the harder on me, Geoff, since I began by telling you that I wanted your help."

I have about a hundred a year of my own, which was my mother's, and which Dick always insisted was to be kept untouched in case I needed doctor's advice, or for change of air, or some such emergency. In point of fact, and having the management of our common income in my own hands, I was accustomed to use this sum as a sort of stop-gap—a corrective of mistakes—which rarely lasted beyond the first weeks of the quarter. At that moment I had left something under ten pounds, and I told Dick so, adding that there was the amount of it, such as it was, and very much at his service—or the Milners'.

"Don't be hard on me, Geoff, there's a good fellow," he said again, giving my shoulder a little squeeze with his hand.

He began explaining. It appeared that after I had left the drawing-room Lady Ker and he had been talking over old Patterson's difficulties about his rent, and what had happened with Clement that morning.

"She couldn't say very much, you know—naturally; but it was easy enough to see what she felt. And then—then, Geoff, she consulted me about the possibility of her selling something—some jewellery or stuff——"

"And, of course, being so rich yourself, you volunteered to pay off the debts of Clement's tenants!" I interrupted.

"I told Lady Ker not to trouble herself about trifles, when I could attend to them for her," Dick answered gravely, after a pause.

"Well——"

I fell to beating out my march again upon the glass of the window, whistling an accompaniment below my breath. After a minute or two of this, Dick took away his arm; then he moved away altogether.

"That is your story. Now, perhaps, you would like to hear mine," I said suddenly.

And then, still standing with my back to him and without a word of preface, I told him all I had to say; how I had stayed on in the dining-room and listened to his conversation with Clement, and what I thought of it, and of his keeping me in the dark about his feelings for all these years and years, while professing, as he had always done, that there was to be but one mind and one interest between us. "But I know how much *that* meant, now; I know how much I counted for in your life!" I said bitterly.

He heard me to the end in absolute silence, without moving. When I had finished, "If any one else had told me this of you, Geoffrey, I should not have believed it," he said, very sternly and sharply. I had never in my life heard Dick speak so to me before.

I felt the tears rush hot and stinging to my eyes. "And if any one—if any one had told me such a thing of *you*," I said, "Richard——"

The high-pitched tone of my own voice startled me. I heard myself speaking in the same key as Clement. I turned and looked at my brother. "Well," I added in a jeering manner, "if each one of us is disappointed in the other, it does not seem much worth discussion, does it?"

I don't know what he might have answered, for I walked straight away after speaking. I went into my own room, carefully and pointedly closing the door behind me.

I was so tired, and so miserable, that I fell asleep at once, the moment my head touched the pillow. When I woke the next morning, the sun was shining into my room; I had forgotten all about my troubles and difficulties. I sprang up with a light heart. I had been dreaming of listening to music, one air of which was still running through my head. I began humming it to myself, first softly, and then singing outright; when, on turning around, there, straight in front of me, the first thing I laid my eyes on, was that hateful shut door. With the sight of it came the remembrance of Dick's blame and our quarrel. I stopped singing and dressed myself as quickly as I could. I made a good deal of noise too, and I could not help every now and then glancing around behind me, expecting to see the handle turn and the door open to give passage to my brother. But nothing of the sort happened. Indeed, when I went down into the breakfast-room, I found that meal long since over. There was only Clement lounging before the fire with a newspaper. He laughed when I asked after Richard. "What! haven't you seen him this morning? He has gone off for the day. He has ridden into town on business; but I should have thought he would tell you," our cousin said, turning round in his chair and gazing at me curiously with his blank red-rimmed eyes.

I ate my breakfast in silence; but when Clement chose to feel companionable it was not so easy to discourage him. All that day and the next, on one pretext or another, I found myself continually in his company. He could be very entertaining when he pleased. He never alluded again to his wife, but he told me countless stories about his adventures in the East; his experiences in India. During one of his journeys there he had fallen dangerously ill and been cured by a native doctor, and treated, as it appeared, with a mixture of drugs and the ancient imposition of hands — with mesmerism. "It's a queer business, that. I've tried experiments with Eleanor and—and other people since then. It's the sort of game at which one can do more than one understands. I would not talk about it to every one," he said, "not to Tom, Dick, or Harry, you understand." He laughed. "We knew one Dick who wouldn't listen

to it, eh, Geoffrey? Ah, there are a good many things in the world Master Dick disapproves of, for all that he's so plaguy soft-hearted and good-natured. Once lose your place in his confidence, it mightn't be so simple a thing to get it back again, my boy."

"It remains to be seen who would ask for it. People withdraw their confidence as well as lose it. And, perhaps, other people — people who haven't cared to listen—are not always so sure to come off best in the end," I said, with a very majestic air, and a futile attempt at cool dignity which would not have deceived a child of three.

"'Tis but a fancy of mine, after all," Clement remarked easily. "You can see that I would talk to you about anything. Why should we imagine that Richard would do less?"

"Why, indeed?" I echoed, as gaily as I could.

I can't answer for Clement's influence upon any one but myself. So far as I am personally concerned, I know I never talked with him or listened to him, for any length of time, without feeling myself perceptibly depressed in my opinion of things and people. I don't mean that he discouraged me individually, but he invariably lowered all my expectations of good in others. I left him always with my mind full of thoughts which did not belong to me, which were not an outcome of my own experience. In this case I was immensely flattered, I was touched by his confidence; I contrasted it with Dick's silent disapproval, and no doubt this reflection had not a little to do with widening the breach which seemed suddenly to have opened between us. If Dick was proud—why, so was I! I repeated this formula to myself a dozen times a day after my talks with Clement, and I felt he would admire my spirit. I hugged myself in the belief that, whatever happened, I should never be the one to give in. I used to pass Richard on the stairs without speaking; it was not only that he blamed me for having listened (I was ready enough to blame myself), or that he had squandered all the money we were depending on for our living; I could have forgiven that. But he had made me assume the position of grudging it. It was he who had done the wrong, and I who was forced into the ungracious place of mentor. Even now, while I was lost and wandering through all the miserable labyrinth of a jealous resentment, he could go about his daily work quite cheerfully. In those days when he spoke to me with a smile (and indeed he was ever most forbearing and patient), I taught myself to look upon his good-humour as a personal insult; the sign of how little he valued my displeasure; and I checked my impulse to answer, with a glance at Clement and the recollection that even in all the past I had ever been second in Dick's mind to Eleanor. Explain it who can; I should never have borne it to see my brother humiliated, but I could not find it in my heart to forgive him for not needing my forgiveness.

This state of things had lasted for perhaps three or four days, when one morning (having heard nothing further about our leaving Brae, and feeling by this time exceedingly well and strong) I set off on a solitary expedition across the moors.

I have striven to write moderately about all that tract of country, even setting down the fact that most people account it of but small interest, as offering but slender attractions in the way of the picturesque to the average tourist. I myself have seen much of Scotland since those days of which I write, and have visited a hundred places more striking and more memorable than Brae; yet I despair of conveying to any outsider even a remotely adequate idea of its wild and singular charm. It is, as I have said already, an extraordinarily lonely country; I know of no place, not even mid-ocean, which gives me a sense of solitude sweeter or more profound. For miles and miles on every side the ground rises and falls in small round heather-covered hills. You scramble down one of these steep, lonely, and rock-strewn slopes, only to cross the trickling burn at its foot and face an abrupt ascent equally rocky and no whit less desolate. The number and similarity of these countless and indistinguishable hills (it may be that their names are known to the shepherds) end by captivating and impressing the imagination with a magic of monotony quite indescribable. The dry bracken-covered ground is strewn with huge granite boulders, some of them nearly as large as a house, which can furnish shade or shelter for men and sheep. Not a tree or a bush breaks anywhere the rounded outline of the hillside; heather, nothing but heather—deep under foot and purple under the sky—spreads over all the visible world. You may lie on your back there for half a day seeing nothing pass but the free clouds of heaven between you and the sun. The low, drowsy hum of innumerable wild bees rises all about you from the ling in blossom; at intervals the furtive rustle of some small wary creature may make you turn your head; or you hear the quick call of the grouse, the bleat of sheep, and the rattling fall of some misplaced stone, or listen to the lark lost overhead in the blue.

I know not how far I walked nor what paths I took that morning. From heathery ridge to heather-covered shoulder I climbed, finding my way over the rough ground with much more difficulty than a sounder man, yet tasting too, as I think, some finer flavour of satisfaction; able, for once, to laugh at prudence from the altitude of accomplishment and adventure.

When my feet refused to carry me further, I would throw myself down, breathless though triumphant, upon the ground, lying there contentedly for half an hour at a time, feeling the light wind blow across my eyelids, and watching its idle stirring of the tall yellow bracken, and the play of the shadow cast by some tuft of harebell upon the surface of the rock.

For once in my life I was conscious of the full charm of a vivid animal existence. I lived that one day, so to speak, out of another and a stronger man's life. Old snatches of sonorous verse, and passages from books I had long since forgotten, kept coming and going in my mind as freely and as lightly as the great white-bosomed clouds rolling overhead, and I shouted them aloud to the quiet hillside, tasting the very inner meaning of the words, as it were; myself a living and sentient part of all that great bright world.

Towards afternoon, as I topped a ridge somewhat easier of access than its neighbours, I looked across a circular green valley (the greenest thing I had seen that day), to where a thin line of rising smoke marked the position of some shepherd's cottage. The house was built of stones gathered from the hillside, and was so little raised above the ground that I had to look time after time to make sure that this was indeed a human habitation, and not merely another of the big weather-stained boulders, of which I had passed so many.

But the blue peat-reek, with its homely suggestion of a kitchen fireside, very soon began to remind me of the many hours which had gone by since breakfast-time, and a flattering vision of oat-cake and milk seemed to beckon me across to the neighbouring hill. The easiest and the shortest way thither, to my ignorant eyes, was straight across that flat and smooth green bottom, where the heather only grew in patches, and everywhere the white cotton-grass danced and waved in the sun.

I took a last look at my cottage, to fix in my mind its exact direction, and as I did so the door opened and a man's figure emerged and stood out for a minute or so as a dark silhouette against the sky. It was too far off to distinguish faces, but his height and something about his walk put me in mind of Dick, and recalled other pre-occupations; so that I plunged down the hill, and found myself at the edge of that strip of green meadow, without having given the look of the place a second thought.

To my surprise (for my feet had grown accustomed to the dry, elastic resistance of the heather) the ground was soaked with water, and a thin black scum of mud started up wherever I pressed my foot. I fancied I was crossing the bed of some small half dried-up stream, and took three or four hasty strides forward. In less time than I can write it, the clumps of cotton-grass on which I was standing yielded to my tread, giving way beneath me with a slow, sibilant, sucking sound. I felt my feet sink and threw out my arms, making an ineffectual attempt to reach the nearest peat-bog; but my stick, which I plunged desperately in front of me, sunk smoothly up to its handle in the dissolving ground. It was as if the very earth itself, the solid familiar earth, had turned traitor. I cried out and caught wildly at the nearest tuft of nodding cotton-plant and rushes; the hollow green stems broke and slipped in my grasp. For an instant all the surface of that devilish marsh seemed awake—quickened to some hideous sentient life, and I saw sheets and pools and channels of black water all about me on every side, shining like spilt ink in the sun, appearing between the tufts of bog-grass and reeds where I had suspected nothing.

Then all settled back again to its former sunny quiet, the oozy green mask of the marsh was readjusted. The whole thing had scarcely taken a moment. A moment ago I was leaping about among the ferns and rocks over there, as free as any wild animal of the moor, and in a second I had been trapped thus and taken prisoner, and I felt the cold clutch of the bog holding me in the very grip of death. For half a minute longer I fought the infernal thing in silence, and then of a sudden my voice seemed to be forced out of me, to escape, to burst of its own accord from my lips. My first shout seemed to break a spell, and I cried out again and again in my horror. I cried out upon God. I wrung my hands and held up my arms to the peaceful heavens where the great friendly white clouds were solemnly floating. I think for some minutes I went mad with the despair of my own helplessness. And all the while, inch by inch, I could feel myself sinking—sinking—by soundless, imperceptible degrees, down, down, lower and lower, into the cold, the black, the nameless horror beneath.

CHAPTER VII.

IN DURLIE MOSS.

By this time I was sunk in that loathsome slimy mud very nearly to my middle. At every struggle that I made the bog only gained on me the faster; and now at last I was aware of this, and I strove with my despair to remain passive, while I shouted and shouted again for help until all the hillside echoed with my cries; till my throat grew dry as dust and hot like flame; till my ears rang, and my voice broke, and my parched tongue lay in my mouth like a piece of dry wood. When I paused to get breath, all the blood in my body was burning and singing away in my head. I had lost my hat, and the midday sun lay heavy and hot upon my neck and shoulders, but even on that mellow autumn day the bog-water about my thighs was like a band of tightening ice. I bent down towards it, and with averted gaze, and a creeping sickening disgust, I wet my hands and would have moistened my parched lips, but that my very soul seemed to recoil from the touch of that black and yielding death. The smell of the mud on my fingers turned me deadly sick, My head reeled and the white clouds and the hill-tops swam together before me. I have said that at one moment that day I went mad; for one moment I touched despair, and covered my eyes with my hands to shut out the pitiless daylight, and was half tempted to fling myself down on my face and so be over with all for ever.

They say that drowning men see all their past existence pass once more before them, and have time, ere dying, for a hundred desperate hopes and remembrances and fears. I know not how that may be; as for myself, I can say that I thought of nothing and remembered no one. My life, my own life, and the hideous death which threatened me, absorbed all my faculties and all my reason. I don't know how long it was that this climax of despair lasted; it may, indeed, have been but for some few seconds; nor can I tell how it was that it passed away—but pass it did, like a fit of sickness, and I felt the blood rush back to my heart, and my courage rise. I lifted up my head once more and fronted the sunshine, and felt the clear free air blow in my face, and again with all the strength that was in me I shouted and called for help.

All this time I kept looking about me on every side as well as my cramped position would allow. I was not more than five, or at most six yards from the safe solid shore. Not twenty feet off was a great heather-grown rock the size of a farmer's cart, lying just beyond the

margin of the ooze, and I gazed at its rough honest bulk with a physical pain in my heart quite indescribable. Not twenty feet off, and it might have been a thousand miles, so far as any effort of mine could avail to reach it. And yet (and I say this deliberately although I am well aware that the statement may sound like nonsense to any one ignorant of such extremity as was then mine)—yet I verily believe that the mere sight of that big, lasting, trustworthy mass of granite did more to steady my nerves and keep me sane and patient than I can well put into words.

I had no means of measuring the time; I could not have told if this agony of waiting had been a question of hours or minutes; but all at once it seemed to me that I became aware of some slight check in the rising of the slime about me. There must have been some very gradual current deep down, which drifted towards the side of the marsh where I was standing; or possibly my struggles may have stirred and loosened the upper stratum of mud: in any case I was presently aware of some thicker, more solid substance, some foreign body, something heavy and yet floating, hidden out of sight under the black ooze and pressing against my knees. My first thought was of a water-logged piece of timber, something to stand on, to float with until help came, and I thanked God aloud for the deliverance and the mercy. I bared my arm to the shoulder ready to plunge it down into the mud, but it was a minute or more before I could pull myself together sufficiently to carry out my intention of securing the drifting wood. The first idea of escape unmanned me. The reaction of relief was more than I could bear. I forgot all the past anguish to be touched like a child on the goodness of Heaven which allowed me this new chance for life. My eyes filled and brimmed over with tears of pure gratitude. I laughed, I waved my hands and looked about me at hill, and sunshine, and sky, with indescribable emotions of confidence and love. I had become once more a part of that safe and living world; I had come back to life. My knees shook under me, and I had to wait for a minute or two (smiling there all the while to myself like a madman) before I could steady myself for the plunge. All this time the floating object was swinging on the water and pressing hard against my knees. I balanced myself as well as I could with the other arm, and leaned over and made a grasp at it.

My fingers closed and clutched upon something indescribable. Instead of the hard surface of a log, my hand sunk into a cold, soft, sodden mass of wool, which felt like drowned hair; and the bitter disappointment and the horror of it immediately brought on another attack of that deadly shuddering sickness.

It took me scarcely an instant to realise that what I was handling was just the drowned body of some strayed sheep; and since it must evidently have fallen in before I did, and was yet so near the surface, it was apparent that the rate at which the bog swallowed up its victims was much less rapid than I had at first supposed. It was more than probable that my own frantic struggles to get free had very considerably hastened my immersion. Now that I remained motionless the water felt almost stationary about me, and I told myself this over and over again, without succeeding in the very smallest degree in dispelling the new sense of horror which had fallen upon me.

My imagination peopled the place with dead and drifting bodies hidden from sight under the mud, and a thousand times more terror-inspiring in that I could not fix in my mind upon their number or their relative distance from me. I tried not to think of their dead and dreadful faces; I tried to see only the blessed sunshine on the rocks, the bracken in the wind, the big white clouds in the sky; I turned towards them all, and the black water about my middle stirred and gurgled, the dead sheep pressed with a dull weight against my side, and I felt the hot tears trickle down over my face, but with no healing touch of gratitude in them now, only a bitter self-pity over my cruel, my unforgivable abandonment.

For the first time, I think, the remembrance of Dick rose up very vividly before me. The thought of his dear honest face, the passionate resolve that I *would* live to see it again, was what saved me, what roused me at last from the stupor of despair into which I had been sinking. I remembered of a sudden an old signal or call we had used as boys to notify one another of difficulty, and I put my two forefingers to my lips and whistled like a boatswain's mate.

There were sheep grazing on the opposite hill-side; my calling never disturbed them, for all my cries they had never once lifted their foolish heads; but now, all at once, I saw them scatter and then form together again, and run in a white compact mass straight down the slope towards me. Then—and I shall never forget that sound—I heard a dog bark.

"Oh, heavens—if only some man be coming!" I cried out madly. I tore the coat from off my back and waved it high above my head as a signal. Presently I saw a black figure detach itself from the mass of sheep; it was very far off still, but moving among the rocks in my direction. I put all the strength left me into one long desperate call. I saw the man stop and stand and listen, I saw another figure join his, and both set off at a run among the rocks and across the heather. Then I heard a shout, and another. I heard men's voices again. I saw the blessed sight of human faces; I think I even realised somehow that Dick was there—Dick come to help and save me, and with him another man whose face I did not know. They had brought ropes with them, and were dragging down a hurdle. That much I understood; but with the first shock of relief I very nearly lost all sense of where I was and what I was doing. I turned blind in the sun. I staggered like a drunken man, and their voices and their faces were the faces and voices of a dream.

"It is too late," I said very quietly. I heard my own voice saying it, and the sharp barking of a dog which seemed to fill all the air about me, and then the blackness rose up and swallowed me, and engulfed the world and sky.

When I came to myself I was lying with my head on Dick's knee under the shelter of the great heathery rock. First I was aware of his face; then I saw

something big and blue floating above it, and presently the blueness grew steady and arched itself back into the friendly familiar sky. I put out my hand, which somehow did not feel as if it actually belonged to me, and touched the nearest rock; it was good substantial stone, and bedded in real heather. I suppose I must have smiled over that, for immediately a voice said, "Lord forgie us all, but the puir young gentleman is just clean dementit!" and a hand which trembled a bit—Dick's hand—held a brandy-flask to my lips.

I swallowed a mouthful or two of the raw stinging spirit, and presently I sat up and looked about me in a dazed sort of way. All around us the short mountain turf was muddy and trampled and cut up into holes, with the efforts they had made to drag me out of that vile quagmire. The extreme margin of the marsh was torn up like a ploughed field; but a dozen feet out, where I had been sinking, there was not a sign of disturbance, not a mark upon the sunny green surface. I stared at it all without speaking. Then my eye caught sight of a rope which they had fastened about my big rock; I noticed that, but it did not occur to me as yet to thank them. I had gone fairly stupid, what with one thing and another. But while I was still sitting there without speaking, and Dick watching me like a doctor all the while, I happened to raise my head, and the first thing I saw was a gaunt rough-coated sheep-dog, standing like a sentinel on the nearest rock.

"Hallo!" I said, "why, look at that dog up there! Isn't that the same dog that barked for me?" I turned to the shepherd. "And what do you call him?" I asked.

The two men exchanged glances.

"Eh, sirs," said the same harsh voice I had heard before, "it maun verily be that the puir laddie is just clean dementit! Him not five minutes out o' Durlie Moss, wi' God knows what sins it may be still cauld upon his conscience, and him within twa-three inches, as one might say, o' the judgment-seat o' the Eternal, and yet speirin' after the name of a puir dumb beastie! My bonny man," he went on, turning to me and speaking with a considerable show of sternness, "you'd be in a more proper place upo' your twa bended knees, let me tell you, than fashing yoursel' about the name of a puir yowling tyke—and him just naething to speak of; just naething at all in particular."

"How do you feel now, Geoff? Don't hurry yourself, dear old man; take it easy—take it easy," said Dick, stooping down and putting his hand upon my forehead.

I looked up at him. "Oh, Dick," I said, "but how you *have* torn your coat!"

To my immense surprise (for I suppose I had not yet properly recovered the use of my senses; I felt shaken, and trifling facts had got magnified out of all proportion)—to my astonishment, then, I saw my brother Dick's face go quite red when I spoke, and his lips begin to tremble.

"Dear old chap," he said again, "my dear old Geoff!"

He let his arm fall, and it rested about my neck. His eyes were full of tears, and I don't think mine were much clearer.

"Good heavens," he said, "Geoffrey! suppose I had not heard you? or—or come in time?"

He looked at me hard for a moment, then his hand crept up again, and he fell to stroking my hair like a woman. We never had any other explanation. I may as well set it down here, for that was the end of my mistrust of Dick and his affection. After that I was content to take what place in his life he could give me; and, although I did not think of this at the time, nor for long after, on that point, at least, I was delivered once and for all from any further influence from Clement.

All this while the shepherd (whom Dick I noticed called by his Christian name, speaking to him, indeed, as if he were an old acquaintance)—all this time he had been standing silent a few paces off with his eyes on the ground and head uncovered, so that, as I judged by the movement of his lips, he was probably engaged in offering up, on his own account, that prayer which he had already upbraided me for not remembering. Presently he turned round; his face was still very set and gloomy, and he eyed me, as I was aware, with no especial favour. Yet his words were kindly enough.

"I'm thinking, sir," he said, turning to Dick, "that it may weel be with the help of baith of us, ane mon on ither side, the young gentleman might mak' shift without mair waiting to reach the fireside in our bit cottage."

He pointed to the stone hut on the hill which I had been making for just before I stumbled; and, indeed, I was glad enough to carry out his suggestion, being by this time covered pretty nearly from head to foot with the half-dried slime of the pool; though, for the matter of that, the other two were in a state very nearly as lamentable.

After a minute or two I found I could get on quite easily with only the help of Dick's arm. I was more shaken than hurt in any way, although to get me out had required some stiff pulling.

"It wouldn't matter so much if it were not for your bad leg," Dick said, eyeing me rather anxiously. "But the doctor was up at old Patterson's cottage when I came away; if we are in luck we may still be in time to catch him there. He might have a look at you, Geoff; I should like him just to give you a look to make sure you are all right, you know."

The man in front of us turned half round.

"I'm thinking, sir, it will be just oor Jeannie that the doctor was speirin' after there, up yonder? I hae been fra the hoose and on the hill-side since daybreak mysel'," he added, in after-thought and as a sort of apology.

Dick told him, yes, it was for Mistress Jean, and the doctor appeared to be in no way anxious; and with that our companion seemed satisfied and even, in his undemonstrative way, relieved; for I noticed him presently stoop down and pat his dog on the head, while it pressed up against him and licked his hand, as if there was some tacit bond of understanding between them, and each shared in the other's relief.

I let them get a few paces ahead. "Who is Miss Jean? How do you know them, Dick?" I asked curiously.

"Oh, she's his daughter—one of his daughters—don't

you know? Old Patterson—you remember him, Geoff? Clement's old shepherd—well, that's the grandfather, this man's father, and they live in the cottage up there. And, by Jove! I wish for your sake it was down a bit lower."

"Oh, I shall do well enough. Tell me, Dick, what were you doing there? How did you happen to know them?"

My brother gave me a queer look.

"Well, I met this man, James Patterson his name is, out on the hills once or twice when I've been shooting with Clement. I found out where they lived, and then—then as it happened I had some business which took me there this morning."

"Oh," I said very drily—"business."

"Exactly so," says Dick, mimicking the tone of my voice, and at that we both burst out laughing like a pair of schoolboys.

"What a confounded nuisance you are, Geoffrey, with all your looks and questions! You want to know too much, my boy. It's my belief that some day—Well, then, if you must know—Eleanor took a fancy to the old man the morning he came down to Brae about his rent. She wanted to pay it for him. She sent me up there to look after them all a bit—and to take them some money," my brother added lowering his voice and glancing cautiously at the back of our guide. "There, now you know all about it. But it is my belief that some day you will find yourself getting uncommonly awkward answers to your questions, Master Geoff."

"That's all very well, but—— I say, Dick, what do you suppose Clement will make of it—when he hears that the rent has been paid in, you know? I don't understand Clement always, but I cannot help believing, from his manner and all that, he had some reason, some plan of his own for leaving poor old Patterson in a difficulty."

"I don't know about that," my brother answered; "I do not pretend to understand Clement myself." He walked on a few paces in silence. "Eleanor asked me to help those people, and I did," Dick cried out suddenly, with a look and a tone of resentment such as I had never known him display before. "I got the money—never mind how—and I took it to them. I have been there two or three times. After all, what I got was not enough, and they are in trouble. The daughter is ill; the old man has fairly broken down, and has turned half childish—you will see it all for yourself. But I thought it would please her," Dick went on gloomily. (We were both talking in suppressed voices, for fear of being overheard by the man in front; my brother kept striking right and left with his stick at the heather as he spoke.) "I wanted to please her. You—you know something, Geoff, of what I must feel about *that*. She has no one to turn to; no one in all the world to take her part. Why, look at the way Clement has behaved about this very business! Think of his denying all knowledge of these people! You were there; you must remember it."

"Oh, I remember," I said.

"He pretended never to have heard the old man's name—and there wasn't a detail in their family history with which he wasn't conversant. He knows everything; he finds out everything. I will bet you what you please that he knows all about our being here at the present moment," Dick went on, breaking into a savage sort of laugh. "I don't care. For the matter of that, there was no reason in the world for not helping the old fellow openly; only Eleanor was so keen at first about not speaking of it. I think she is afraid that Clement and I may quarrel. She is afraid of Clement, that is what it comes to. She is afraid of him, and she does not trust me."

"Nonsense, Dick!"

My brother looked up. "No," he said, "she doesn't. I can't please her, do what I will. I think she will be glad when this work is finished and we can go away. Our being here tires her, and she affects to believe that it is we who are unsatisfied. She—she is always taking it for granted that I long to be in London. Why, only last night——" He checked himself, and, stooping down, plucked up a piece of heather by the root. "I suppose it is only natural," he said, bitterly enough. "Why, in Heaven's name, should she remember *me*, when she seems to have forgotten every vestige of the old days and the old people? I can't get her to talk about them, Geoffrey. It pains her, I think. It is as if she had some reason of her own for wishing to ignore the past. And perhaps she has," he added abruptly, his voice changing. I turned to look at him, but I could not catch his eye. It was easy enough to see that he was only repeating aloud what had often before this been in his thought, and it was comparatively indifferent to him if I were listening. "Perhaps she has, poor girl! She must have seen so much that she once counted on turn empty and bitter and—and worthless in her hands. You were a boy then," he went on; "you can't remember her as she was—as I remember her. You have laughed at me sometimes, Geoffrey, for expecting too much from the chances of life. You say that I plunge into actions of which no man could foretell the consequence, and that for the mere pleasure and interest of feeling myself a part of this jolly old world; but what am I compared to Eleanor?—to our Nell, as I remember her? There was nothing she did not believe in once, nothing she was not ready for, nothing she did not care about. She expected happiness; she counted upon it. I left her waiting for it, and—and look at her now, Geoff! Look at the expression on her face when she is not speaking!"

He was twisting and bending the tough heather stems backwards and forwards between his fingers as he spoke. He never looked at me, and I was tired, and on that steep hillside could scarce keep up with him.

"I was reading some French novel of yours the other day," he broke out presently; "I forget its name, even, but there was one of the characters in it—a man who boasts about his enemy, '*du moins, je lui ai tué le sourire*——'"

"I know; it is one of Cherbuliez's," I said.

"Very likely; I did not notice the name. But that—that is what I say to myself now every time that I look at her: *on lui a tué le sourire!*"

I thought of all my own surmises about Eleanor; I felt convinced that I had guessed her secret. And what could I answer? I never could bear to see Dick look miserable, and yet—— "It is eight years since you had seen her," I said, stupidly enough. "She is married since then; she has her husband and her child."

"Do you think that I would care, then, if I knew that she was happy? Do you think I would care in this way? I could leave her easily enough, God bless her! and get on well enough without her, too. I'm used to it, and I know how it is to be done. No, it isn't that, Geoff, which troubles me now, and it isn't that I care for her. I think I fell into a habit of loving her years ago," says my poor Dick, with a melancholy kind of laugh. "I would leave her now as if—as if she were my sister; I would go clean out of her way and her life. Frank would find some sort of a place for us if I asked him. You know he has written about it more than once. And I am dead sick of London, though she will always have it that I am longing to be back there. But, Geoffrey, if you knew as much as I know now about Clement! To think of any woman depending upon him——"

I would have asked him what he meant, but that the hot sun on my head (for I had left my hat in the bog behind me) and the exertion of coming up that long hill had brought on a sort of stabbing pain in my side well-nigh unendurable. I was glad enough when we came at last in sight of the "bit housie," as Patterson called it, and well content to rest there for a moment under the wall before entering; Dick going on ahead to announce us, lest our sudden and woeful appearance should disturb the sick woman. It was my brother who could thus break off short in the midst of his own perplexities to remember the comfort of some poor cottage girl; and I suppose that I must have been at that precise moment in a very over-wrought and impressionable frame of mind, for I remember that the sight of him and of his simple kindliness moved me quite unexpectedly. I leaned my head against the rough low wall of the house. Close beside me was the window, and over it, I remember, was nailed the dead body of a large raven, with stiff outspread wings. I stood looking up idly at the gaping beak and drooping feathers. My thoughts were full of other things; I was concerned with all I had heard; I felt miserably anxious about Dick. I stood so for a minute or more; then my glance fell, and there, not a foot away from me, on the other side of the cramped and dingy glass, I looked full into the pure, the sombre, the star-like eyes which belong to the most beautiful face that I shall ever know.

(*To be continued.*)

The Christian Women of Turkey.

THE Christians of Turkey belong to five different races: the Greek, Vlach, Bulgarian, Armenian, and Frank. Though living in close contact with each other, and with the Turks and other Moslems of the country, each nationality has its separate existence, its separate internal government, religion, customs, and costume; and in the towns and cities, its separate *mahallá*, or quarter, outside of which the houses of its members are seldom found.

I.

The Greek women far excel those of other races, not only in personal refinement, but in general intelligence and desire for self-improvement. The classical Greek type is very noticeable in some localities; in others it has suffered from admixture with foreign elements; but we find it again in perfection among the inhabitants of the seaboard of Asia Minor, though the Greeks were there once so crushed and denationalised as to have replaced their mother-tongue by that of the conquering Turk. Smyrna, Gemlek, and Philidar on the coast, and Demirdesh and other places in the interior, possess some magnificent specimens of the Greek race. The Greek women of the upper class are generally clever, well-bred, well-informed, and might rival in accomplishments, culture, and conversational powers, their sisters of the West. And the Greek ladies of "The Phanar" at Constantinople have for centuries been renowned for their ability and acquirements.

The advantages of education are, however, by no means restricted to the upper class, for not only in the towns, but in almost every village where there is a Greek community, schools have been founded in which the instruction given to girls ranges from the simplest elementary lessons to ancient Greek, psychology, and mathematics. Here the children of rich and poor sit side by side in the same class, a practice which, I am assured, tends rather to elevate the tone of the children of the people, than to deteriorate the manners of the better-bred. The teachers in these rural schools are often young women from Athens who have left home and country to improve the condition of their less-favoured countrywomen in Turkey, and are in return idolised by the scholars and their mothers.

The life of women of the shopkeeper and artisan classes in the towns is still very secluded, as it is considered an impropriety to be seen much out of doors, especially for young girls, who must always be accompanied by their mothers or some elderly relative. All occupation in shops is forbidden to them, nor, unless compelled by sheer necessity, will they leave home and take service with others. Some occupy themselves with needlework, lace-making, embroidery, and the home manufacture of various small articles; but it is only in the silk-growing districts of Asia Minor that they are employed in the factories.

The most striking faults in the Greek woman's character are her vanity, fondness for dress and display, and jealousy of the better circumstances of her neigh-

bours. The spirit of ambitious rivalry is often carried to such excess that the real comforts of home life are sacrificed to it; and many live poorly and dress meanly at home, in order to display a well-furnished drawing-room and expensive holiday toilettes to the public. They are, however, very domesticated, make devoted wives, and fond, if not always judicious, mothers.

Family affection is, perhaps, the noblest trait in the Greek character. Nowhere else, I think, does one see fraternal love so strongly developed, nor the women of a family so tenderly cared for. Should the father die, the brothers take his place; and so long as a sister of marriageable age remains unportioned and unwed, they will not think of taking a wife themselves.

It is customary among the Greeks for a girl's parents or guardians to seek a suitable husband for her, either personally or through the agency of a *Proxenétra* (Προξενήτρα). The bride is dowered according to her station, and presented with an ample trousseau, stock of household linen, &c. &c., which have been in preparation for her for years past. The *Arravón* (Ἀῤῥαβὼν), or Betrothal, is a formal ceremony. It takes place in the presence of the relatives of the contracting parties, and is considered almost as binding as marriage itself. The Greek Wedding ceremonies are too numerous to admit of a description here, and are attended with quaint old customs and domestic rites, varying according to locality, which have their origin in the remotest antiquity.

Though the Greek women in the towns have almost entirely discarded their picturesque national costumes, they are still worn in the country. In some districts these costumes bear a great resemblance to those of the Bulgarians, though without their gaudiness of colour; in others they consist generally of a skirt of brightly-striped stuff, and an embroidered cloth jacket, while for out-of-door wear a fur-lined pelisse is added. The hair is braided into numerous tresses, and surmounted by a small red cap decorated with gold and silver coins similar to those worn as a necklace.

A Greek peasant-girl takes an active part in household duties, and helps to spin, card, wind, and weave or knit the wool, flax, and silk used for the garments of the family. She leads her father's flock to pasture, and, under the title of *Voskopoúla* (Βοσκοπούλα), steals the hearts of shepherd-swains, and is by them immortalised in rustic song. On Sundays and feast-days she rests from her toil, and, with her companions, dances the antique *syrto*, or long-drawn dance (συρτὸς χορὸς), on the village green.

GREEK LADY OF LEMNOS.

If there is more than one daughter in a peasant's family, she is sent out to service in some neighbouring town. Very frequently, if the girl is well-conducted, and especially should she happen to be an orphan, she is adopted as a member of the family into which she has entered, as a *psychopaída* (ψυχοπαίδα), or "soul-child." In that case, if still young, she is sent to school for a year or two, is clothed and cared for. She receives no wages, but when she arrives at the age of twenty-five or six, she is dowered and married from the house of her adoption.

II.

The Vlachs form a number of communities established chiefly in small towns and villages. The derivation of their name and origin of their race are questions which have been long and learnedly discussed. As to the latter, the more probable opinion appears to be that they are, with much intermixture, the modern representatives of the ancient Thracians. Their capital, Mézzovo, has a site of the most surpassing picturesqueness in the mountains of Pindus. It was founded in the sixteenth century by Vlach shepherds escaping from Turkish tyranny in the plains of Thessaly.

Some of the Vlachs settled in towns are engaged in trade and agriculture. But pastoral pursuits are so much their speciality, that the word "Vlach" has become in country parlance a synonym for "shepherd." The *Vlachopoúla*, or shepherd-girl, is one of the most prominent figures in Greek folk-song, the subject of many a passionate appeal and humoristic sally. She is handsome, strong, and hardy, and when not tending her sheep, may be seen returning from the riverside with a heavy load of damp linen on her back, a large metal washing-basin on her head, and a barrel of water slung over her shoulders, while her hands are busily employed with her spindle.

The Vlach women are famous for their manufacture of woollen stuffs, which they dye of various colours. Their costume is similar to that of the Bulgarians, made stiff with embroidery, and decorated with large quantities of silver ornaments.

The language of the Vlachs is a dialect of Roumanian, but they are also acquainted with Greek, and the latter tongue alone was taught in their schools until a few years ago, when a Roumanian Propaganda was set on foot by Anti-Hellenic agitators. Their religion is also that of the Orthodox Greek Church, and the women of the well-to-do class can scarcely be distinguished from the Greek women among whom they live, and with whose sons or brothers they occasionally intermarry.

The Vlachs have retained many strange old customs, and among these the observances connected with marriage are perhaps the most interesting. A would-be bridegroom presents himself to the father of the chosen fair, and places in his hand some pieces of gold. If he is accepted, his gift is renewed on the wedding-day.

Eight days before the bridal, the maidens go to the forest to cut firewood for the young couple. They also bring back with them a branch having at its extremity five twigs. Upon the centre one an apple is fastened, and upon the others, tufts of scarlet wool; the former is emblematical of love and maternity, the latter of domestic toil. This *flamboro*, or banner, is carried home with jubilant cries, and fixed on the roof of the bride's abode.

So far the marriage has been a sale. But on the wedding-morn it is transformed in fancy into a love adventure, *à la Romaine*, wherein the bride is carried off by force. The maidens, dressed in their gala costumes, dance round the bridegroom while he is being shaved, singing—

"He found the maiden sitting lone,
Beneath a willow-tree;
And lightly seized her 'neath his arm,
And far with her did flee."

The bridegroom then starts off on horseback to fetch the bride, preceded by a friend who receives on arriving a cake in the form of a crown, pieces of which are struggled for by the rest of the company. This ceremony is repeated on the arrival of the bride at the door of her new home, when a rite of purely Latin form takes place. As she dismounts and is about to cross the threshold, honey or butter is presented to her, with which she anoints the door to signify that she brings into the house peace and joy. The word *uxor*, originally *unxor*, was, we are told, derived from *ungere*, to anoint.

III.

Bulgarian peasant-women are extremely robust and hardy, though they are, as a rule, short of stature. They are thickly set, their chests well developed, and their limbs muscular from constant exercise and toil in the open air. Their Tartar origin shows itself in their high projecting cheek-bones, short snub noses, and little twinkling eyes.

Social life among this class of the population differs from that of the Greeks chiefly in the position of the women. A Bulgarian *bulka*, or goodwife, takes an almost equal share with her husband in the breadwinning, and consequently her word has considerable weight in the family council. Like all women in the East she is sober and thrifty, keeps at least the inside of her house clean and tidy, cooks palatable food, spins, weaves, knits, and sews all the clothes for the family. Her wardrobe consists of two suits, one the gala costume in which she was married, and which will last her lifetime for Sundays and *prasnik*, or feast-days; and one of the same pattern, but more homely material, for working-days. The former consists chiefly of a long linen garment worked round the borders and seams, a cloth coat richly embroidered, a large apron nearly covered with the same ornamentation, but no petticoats; and on the head a bordered white kerchief artistically arranged, and fastened with silver pins and strings of coins.

These dresses, with some carpets, rugs, towels, and sheets, form a Bulgarian girl's trousseau. Among the peasants, a proposal of marriage is made to the father, who accepts the suitor on his promising to pay a sum varying, I am told, from £50 to £100, according to his means. This is the purchase-money for the labour of the hardy maiden, which will, on her marriage, belong to the husband.

These Betrothals are formally ratified in the presence of a priest; but the Wedding does not always immediately follow. For selfish parents sometimes prolong an engagement for years, in order to retain the daughter's services, which represent so much gain to them; and the young couple may finally be forced to take matters into their own hands, and elope together.

In Bulgaria Proper the Wedding observances are very curious and interesting, though the religious ceremony is, of course, that of the Greek Church. In the districts of the principality where the rose is cultivated for the

manufacture of attar of roses, the harvesting of that flower is observed as a kind of *fête*. The nightingales are still warbling among the thickly-planted bushes when at early dawn the light-hearted harvesters—youths and maidens in their *prasnik* costumes—commence their perfumed toil, stripping off the opening buds into the baskets slung on their arms. Children empty these into larger receptacles presided over by the matrons, who sort the roses, seated under the shade of the trees.

The laborious life of these peasant-women, with their well-earned intervals of innocent recreation in the shape of a dance on the village green on *prasnik* days, or a visit to some neighbouring monastery on the *fête*-day of its saint, would seem preferable to the monotonous existence of the townswomen, whom custom keeps much indoors, occupied with domestic matters or needlework: an existence varied only by a promenade, or the paying and receiving of calls on feast-days. Occasionally, however, they have a social gathering called a ball. But the confusion of native costume and manners with attempts at European dress and deportment are almost grotesque; a waltz would be the height of indiscretion, and the polka is only indulged in by married couples or brothers and sisters, who discreetly hold each other at arm's length.

VLACH OF TRIKALA.

The social life of the wealthy class in the large towns is very similar to that of Greeks of the same standing, and the ladies, though less clever, as a rule, than the Greek, are not deficient in manners and attainments. Education is, in fact, becoming more general year by year, and the political rivalry between the Bulgarian and Greek peoples has proved an incentive to national progress.

IV.

The Armenians belong to two classes—the *Kalún*, or "coarse," and the *Ingé*, or "refined." The former are members of the Gregorian, or National, Armenian Church. They are very conservative, and, especially in the interior, adhere rigidly to their ancient Oriental manners and customs, which the *Ingé*, who belong to the Roman Catholic Church, and copy European manners, have in great measure set aside.

In Armenia the women are secluded to the extent of dining and sitting apart from the men, and out of doors they are cloaked and veiled like Turkish women. The Armenian ladies of Constantinople are renowned for their beauty, which consists chiefly in the languor of their dark almond-shaped eyes. As a rule however, the Armenian type is coarse, especially among the lower classes.

In the capital and in Smyrna, where this community is very numerous, the upper classes of both Gregorians and Catholics are well educated, and not much inferior in manners to their neighbours of other races. While residing in the latter city I was invited to an Armenian fancy-dress ball where I was the only European present. Everything was very well arranged, the stewards were perfect in their duties, and the costumes were extremely rich, varied, and picturesque. One pretty girl in particular—dressed in the ancient Turkish costume—made a great sensation, and was deservedly besieged by partners, for she waltzed most gracefully. Many of the ladies and gentlemen present spoke English, nearly all expressed themselves fluently in French, and I was indebted to them for a most enjoyable evening.

In the privacy of their homes the Armenian women of all classes are, as a rule, untidy and slatternly. They are, however, passionately fond of finery, and in the towns, having discarded their national costume, they copy the Parisian fashions. But their natural want of taste seldom fails to make itself evident in toilettes of glaring and ill-assorted colours; while those who can afford it overload themselves with jewellery. Out of doors they wear preposterously high-heeled French boots, on which they totter along the roughly-paved streets; but on returning home they exchange these for slippers down at heel, and their toilettes for petticoats and jackets, the latter of thin calico in summer, and fur-lined stuff in winter.

It is difficult to obtain precise information about the native Armenian schools. But it appears that their number has greatly increased of late years, and that in towns where the community is numerous, girls' schools exist, in which reading, writing, and needlework are taught. In all other respects the education of Armenian girls of the middle and lower classes is much neglected,

and from an early age they are allowed to fall into habits of listlessness and indolence. The wealthy families of the capital and of Smyrna engage European governesses for their daughters, or send them as boarders to the institutions of the German Deaconesses, where they receive a fairly good education, especially in languages. But when this is the case, the study of their native language and literature is entirely neglected. The American missionaries, too, have some flourishing schools in the interior, where they supply a great want.

The Armenian women are thrifty housewives and excellent cooks. Their dishes resemble those of the Turks, and they excel in the manufacture of rich sweet pastry of various kinds.

The degree of seclusion and subjection of Armenian women varies greatly. In Broussa their employment in the silk factories renders them more or less independent, and there they enjoy a certain degree of liberty. In the cities before mentioned they are much on the same footing as the other native Christian women. But in Armenia and the remoter parts of Asia Minor, girls are married when very young, and, in the patriarchal fashion common to Eastern nations, take up their abode in the house of their husband's parents. The deference with which they have to treat these good people is almost unheard of, and a wife may not even speak in the presence of a near relative of her husband without the permission of her father-in-law, which may be withheld for years.

V.

The Franks, or Levantines, as they are sometimes called, are the descendants of the Venetian, Genoese, and other European conquerors and adventurers, who, from the time of the Crusades downwards, have settled in the Levant. They now live under the protection of the Consuls of one or other of the Great Powers; but, as a class, they have no nationality, and consequently are without patriotism or any high and ennobling principle. They belong exclusively to the Roman Catholic Church; and their communities are generally clustered round the religious establishments—church, schools, orphanage, and hospital—of the Brothers of St. Benoit, or the Lazarists, and the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul. The education of the girls is entirely in the hands of the latter, who, while they instruct fairly in modern languages and needlework, inculcate, at the same time, the most bigoted and illiberal ideas. The consequence of this training is that the Frank women, though assiduous observers of all the outward forms of religion, good housewives, and charitable to the poor of their community, are, as a class, devoid of honourable feeling and true refinement, and for the most part have no ideas beyond their own immediate surroundings; while the staple of their conversation is mere personal gossip in its most contemptible form. Like most Orientals, they are polyglots, and are usually acquainted, more or less imperfectly, with French, Italian, and colloquial Greek. But their conversation is generally carried on in a strange compound of all three, in which the verbs, pronouns, and prepositions are chiefly Greek, the substantives French or Italian, and the adjectives from all three languages in turn. One may, for instance, hear such exclamations from them as "Κύτταξε τὴ verdura τῆς montagnas, τὶ magnifique πού εἶναι!" (Look at the verdure of the mountains, how magnificent it is!) In common with their Christian neighbours of other churches or nationalities—terms which in the East are synonymous—Frank women and girls are seldom seen out of doors without proper escort, though in the capital they enjoy a greater amount of freedom than elsewhere.

The contingent to this nondescript population supplied by England consists, in great part, of the descendants of the merchants who, under the name of "The Levantine Company," established themselves in Turkey in the last century. They number some hundreds in Constantinople and Smyrna, and are nearly all Protestants. The girls of the wealthier families are now either sent to school in England or brought up at home by English governesses. The remainder are chiefly educated, like many of the Armenian girls, at the establishments of the German Deaconesses, or by visiting masters and governesses, and become fairly proficient in languages and accomplishments.

BULGARIAN WOMEN.

In spite, however, of all these educational advantages, the accent, style of conversation, manners, and even dress of the generality of these native English ladies, especially at Smyrna, strike a stranger very oddly. But I must add—and I think all travellers in the East will agree with me—that they are unrivalled for hospitality, true kindliness, and the practice of all the domestic virtues.

Sitting in their open doorways in summer, and at their windows in winter, is a favourite pastime of all the Christian women of Turkey. This custom is seen to the greatest advantage at Smyrna—the "City of Beautiful Women"—and it offers a strange contrast to the usual rigidity of manners observed in the East. Though custom forbids the young women to receive the visits of the other sex in the

house, they may, in the afternoons, hold levées at the windows; and the presence of the duenna is often a mere formality, for not only is she usually seated cross-legged with her knitting in the comfortable corner of a divan in the background, but the conversation is frequently carried on in some European language, of which she is completely ignorant.

During the Carnival, however, this licence is by many extended to the evenings, when gay parties of the *jeunesse dorée* of this Asiatic capital roam the streets in disguise, giving notice of their approach by music, or merely by beating the primitive *doûbana*—an earthen jar with a piece of parchment tied tightly over the opening.

ARMENIAN BRIDE.

The windows of the modern houses are about six feet above the street, and below them the masquers station themselves with offerings of flowers or bon-bons for the fair ones, who, with elbows supported on the cushioned window-ledges, lean out above them, eager to discover their identity—no easy matter, unless the disguised ones choose to give some clue. Soon they pass on to mystify others, and are succeeded by fresh groups, still more fantastic, whose costumes represent wild Turcomans from the interior, Greeks from the Islands, Arabs from Mekka, and perhaps a couple of *Kalenders* or Kalenderee dervishes.

Watching these wild figures in the dark, narrow Oriental street, with its mysterious gateways and overhanging upper storeys, one is carried back in fancy to the scenes of the stories of the "Thousand and One Nights."

LUCY M. J. GARNETT.

Emigration.

A TOPIC which has for its object the greatest good for the greatest number, may be reasonably considered a subject of paramount interest for consideration. The migration of a suitable portion of the vigorous manhood and womanhood of the Mother Island, which forms the seedbed and nursery of the race, to the wider spheres of the colonial part of the Imperial Empire, appears so natural and necessary a process, that it is almost inconceivable that it has not been looked upon as a principal factor in the future of Great Britain. The deputation of the representatives of 170,000 working men, who appealed in urgent language to the Prime Minister in February, 1886, for the consideration by the Government of their claims to have emigration and colonisation directed and aided by the State, speaks for itself as to the views entertained by the more sober-minded of this class with regard to the absolute need and positive benefit of such action.

Practical experience in the work of emigration, extending back over some years, shows that the able-bodied, temperate, capable workman, whether farm labourer or mechanic, though his first experience may be sometimes rough and hard, obtains in the Colonies constant work at remunerative wages, that his hours are reasonable, that facilities for saving and opportunities for purchasing property and land are accessible to all who are persevering and thrifty, and that he gives the greatest proof of his opinion of the country by sending back for his friends and relations, and very frequently paying the cost of their passage out.

But what does emigration offer to women? It may be presumed that the time has come when it is an accepted fact that that woman who most fully develops her capabilities, physical, moral, spiritual, and intellectual, is the woman who best fulfils the object of her existence as a unit in the great human family. It is of inconceivably little matter by what process she so educates herself, provided always that she accepts the natural duties which surround her as the proper and legitimate school for her primitive education, that no mistaken notion of what she owes to herself limits and mars her, in her relations to those who, in the inner family circle, or the larger circle of a national sisterhood, claim her duty and her sympathy.

Carlyle says: "All true work is sacred; in all true work, were it but hand-labour, there is something of divineness; labour, wide as the earth, has its summit in heaven."

The ideal condition for womanhood would be that in which work, development, recreation, should each have its proper place, each portion of our triple nature reach its highest goal. The circumstances in which life can be sustained only by excessive drudgery, and in which the idleness of a few must be purchased by the wearisome toil of others, should be so abhorrent to our conceptions of Christianity and civilisation, that the conditions

which produce this state of things should stir our hearts and nerve our hands to uproot and remove them. If emigration offers channels through which women may not only obtain for themselves the reasonable possession of such things as make life worth living, but also greatly improve the status of those who remain in the old country, it opens a double door of prosperity.

At the present moment a considerable portion of the women of England are brought face to face with the problem of bread-winning. The ways and means for earning the actual necessaries of existence press hardly upon a larger number of women than formerly; women's work is under-paid because the supply is so greatly in excess of the demand, that if one worker drops down in the ranks, another stretches out her wasted hands to snatch at the labour which, drudgery as it is, hardly keeps soul and body together. "We do not pretend that you can live upon the pay we can afford to give you," said the manager of a West-end wholesale linen warehouse; "you must make it up some other way. If you don't take this work, there are a hundred more waiting to take it."

The number of women to whom work is a necessity is very far in excess of that in past years, not only from the evident cause of increase of population, but from the depression in agriculture and trade.

The landed gentry with reduced rentals, the clergy who suffer through depreciated glebe lands and lowered tithes, the farmers whose "good times" are a matter of history, the tradesmen who in the agricultural districts are so largely dependent on rural customers, each and all are suffering, and the womenkind of each class suffer also. Women who have never contemplated "doing anything in particular," have to face decreased incomes and very straitened means. Before they have reached womanhood, young girls have to leave their homes, their brave independence making them unwilling to burden father or brother. Every avenue to employment is overcrowded. An advertisement for a superintendent to a Home received 150 answers, and when repeated some years later, many of the number, then increased to 173, had been out of employment since their first application. A "secretary wanted" brought 92 replies, some of them pitiable in their desire for employment.

Lower down in the social scale the surplus of women's labour is still more lamentable, and it is only a too well known and an oft-told tale, that wages are down to starvation prices, that women work from six in the morning to eleven at night and can hardly earn a shilling, and that even work such as this is not to be had regularly.

Can it be necessary that the surplus of three-quarters of a million of women should remain in this country to spend their lives in misery and starvation or worse, when every letter from the Colonies speaks of the ceaseless demand for women as servants?

To many, perhaps, it may be as the revelation of a new gospel, to grasp the fact that emigration of women and children, wisely arranged and thoroughly protected, would greatly affect the condition of the unemployed in England.

Happily, the best openings and the greatest calls from the Colonies are those which affect the largest numbers of workers. The class most wanted are those who are content, by some personal sacrifice of liberty, to earn their living and make their savings out of domestic service. The demand for household servants is consecutive, perpetual, insatiable, and this because of their absorption into each Colony as the wives of the settlers. The preponderance of the male population in every Colony requires a very large immigration of women before the country can be settled up to the best advantage under the conditions of family life. For instance, in Canada in 1881, in a population of 4,344,810, there were 52,898 more males than females; in Queensland in 1882, there were 73,249 males, as against 41,362 females, showing a male surplus of 31,887; and out of 128,258 single adults who emigrated from this country in 1885, no less than 84,577 were men.

These remarks as to the undue male element do not apply to the labouring class only. The well-educated woman who can use her hands, and who adds a practical knowledge of household duties to her accomplishments, will be a far more suitable companion for the younger sons of old England than the smart "young person" whom he is often driven to marry in his loneliness and need for womanly sympathy.

The blunder which has been made by some mistaken philanthropists of sending out our failures is cruel and unpardonable, and severe comments are hurled back upon such bad advisers. The history of a colony is very different from the slow evolution of a race; utility and success are the demi-gods of a self-made people. The vigour which created a Melbourne, with its magnificent public buildings and a population of 350,000; an Adelaide, with its beautiful square and parks, and its 170,000 inhabitants; a Brisbane, with its 50,000 to 60,000 souls, all within half a century, cannot be thwarted or impeded by any imported feebleness.

No living being who needs propping, morally or physically, should be allowed to emigrate; for them the crutches of civilisation are needed, and the old country must bear the burden of the improvidence and thriftlessness of her moral failures, as well as of the enfeebled organisms of her overcrowded great cities.

The question which is perhaps the most interesting, and on which absolutely reliable information is necessary, is the amount of available openings for middle-class and highly educated women.

From Canada, the result of an inquiry made on this point is as follows:—The great difficulty of obtaining servants, and the large amount of work which has to be done by mistresses, points to the possibility of well-educated women, who have had practical experience of domestic duties, getting employment as "mother helps."

In 1886 I received a letter from Montreal, in which the writer stated, "that from force of circumstances mistresses have to pass so much time with their servants in getting through the work, that they would greatly benefit by their domestic duties being shared by persons with whom intercourse would be carried on with advantage on both sides;" this letter goes on to indicate

that middle-class women, who have qualified themselves by actual household work, who are good cooks and good needlewomen, and who possess qualities of good temper, industry, and general adaptability, might find employment, if they are prepared to accept a simpler form of life, and to conform to the customs of a new country. Applications have been received by me from other parts of Canada asking for "mother helps," at salaries of from £20 to £52.

Quite recently, in answer to an inquiry as to an engagement for a capable person in British Columbia, my correspondent writes, "There are comfortable homes (for those of moderate desires and requirements) where such a 'mother's help' would be the greatest boon, and yet it is regarded as unattainable. About thirty dollars a month would be the highest salary which any one about here would offer."

A well-educated young governess who could ride well, has found life on a ranche, with high-spirited pupils, far pleasanter than schoolroom hours in London; her salary soon permitted her to pay off the loan incurred for her passage. While, in rather another grade, good accountants are sometimes applied for as managers of hotels, and situations may be obtained as nurses in hospitals, or sub-matrons in institutions. This statement must, however, be guarded by adding that there must be ascertained vacancies before it would be prudent to leave England.

By arrangement with the Immigration Committee in Montreal, a lady could be temporarily received into the Home there pending negotiations, and by the system of correspondence organised by the Council of the United Englishwoman's Emigration Association, reliable information can be obtained on this matter. For the members of the Girls' Friendly Society engagements are made through their own organisation.

As regards the Australasian Colonies, the words of the President of the Y. W. C. A. in Sydney may be taken as representing the most hopeful view:—"With regard to governesses, employment in Sydney can, as a rule, *be obtained only by those who are highly educated and specially qualified.* But there is a greater demand in the country, where governesses are much needed, and where such situations generally afford comfortable homes, though not always, in respect of living, of a style equal to that which is usual in the towns. It is well also that a governess in the country should be prepared, on an emergency, to make herself otherwise and generally useful."

On the other hand, a thoroughly practical educated girl, who would be a nursery governess in England, if she can make up her mind to emigrate as a child's maid, being competent to cut out and make clothes for the children, as well as to undertake the actual care of them, can get better wages than in England, and in a few years would settle in comfortable circumstances.

It is not generally known that persons paying their own passage-money to Queensland can obtain land warrants of the value of £20, convertible into cash in a year's time—a conversion made in many instances to pay for a trousseau; in others available to repay the loan incurred to procure passage-money.

A scheme for the employment of women has been for some time under consideration, and information has been obtained direct from correspondents in the Colonies, which will assist in developing it. Many educated and refined women have very considerable taste in dressmaking and millinery; they are obliged to support themselves, they detest and are unfit for the drudgery of teaching, and few have the strength of mind to face going into business in England.

Paris fashions are in as great request in the metropolis of each Colony as in London, but fashions and materials alike have been hitherto somewhat absurdly attached to special shipments and consignments, and it is stated by ladies who have come to England that first-class dressmaking and millinery are much sought after, and most highly paid, whilst extraordinary prices have been given for Paris-made costumes.

It is not inconceivable that a plan might be thoroughly matured by which a lady, who would be both a good financier and an agreeable chaperon, should place herself at the head of a group of well-born women of taste and capability, ready to begin life in the Colonies on the principles of a co-operative and profit-sharing community. It would, of course, be necessary that these workers should have had skilled instruction, and an experienced forewoman must accompany them.

It is an integral part of this scheme that social life should not be neglected, that the building selected should contain, besides its work-rooms, its show-rooms, its dwelling and sleeping-rooms, adequate recreation and reception-rooms; and that introductions to society should be obtained and received for the residents by the lady at the head of the establishment, who would practically fulfil the part of a mother to her adopted family.

Whatever may be thought of this scheme, the ascertained success of the working woman in our Colonies leaves no room for doubt that the overplus female population in the old country finds its happiness and use in the younger parts of the Empire.

A few instances from the various Colonies need no comment. Prosperity and contentment ring out in their simple details; and though colonial life has its temptations in the greater liberty allowed to servants, no self-respecting woman is the worse for it. It is absolutely free from the pressure of abject poverty and the hopeless enervation of a profitless drudgery which are here such terrible causes for degradation.

From Queensland a Hampshire girl, who emigrated in 1883, marries, and writes home in 1886 that "they have only got one hundred and sixty acres of land, and that her husband wants her father to come out badly, as he wishes to take up some more land, but cannot do it in his own name for five years; and she adds that they have plenty of ducks and fowls, cats and dogs, four horses, and are going to get some pigs."

E. B., another young person, who was full of complaints, on first landing, that she did not like the situations offered her at ten shillings per week because they "were with emigrants like ourselves, who had come out only a little while ago," and who could not see in this ascertained and rapid prosperity the promise of her own success, changed her tone within a year, when she writes with the importance of a married woman:—"I am

housekeeping now for the first time. A. had £2 10s. a week, and they gave me 25s.; but he would not let me stay." And soon after, in another letter, she says that she and her brothers are sending for the father, brother, and two sisters, and adds:—"You need bring no money with you more than you will want to defray expenses and enough clothing for the voyage, as I will give you all you want."

From New Zealand, B. C., a workhouse girl of sixteen, gets ten shillings a week, is treated quite as one of the family, has a horse to ride, has put £4 15s. in the bank, and naïvely says that she has had two offers of marriage, but thinks herself far too young to marry at present.

So great have been the domestic difficulties in this Colony that, on news of a vessel being signalled, a servantless mistress drove her dogcart twenty-six miles, without waiting for her breakfast, down to the port; but all in vain, for every one of the 131 servants was engaged and carried off before she arrived. This lady, a personal friend, quaintly described the importance of her own charwoman and laundress, who, on her late mistress's second visit to the Northern Island, came to offer to let her one of her villa-residences, having gone into a larger one herself on retiring from business.

A letter from an emigrant to Sydney, written at the end of a few months, states that she has put £2 7s. in the savings-bank, and hopes to send some money home very shortly.

In Canada a young girl who went out from a training home in 1886 had, before the end of the year, repaid part of the loan advanced for her expenses. From all parts letters come back telling of happiness and success. The work is undoubtedly harder and of a more general kind than in the old country, but, provided it is undertaken with a good heart, the result is certain.

But how, it may be asked, does this emigration of women affect the working classes generally? With regard to Queensland, its action is very simple to point out, and, in a more or less degree, the same plan is at work in other Colonies.

No sooner has the young woman passed six months in Queensland, than she can nominate out her friends on a payment of from £1 to £4 per head, according to their sex or age, and the information she acquires on the spot of course enables her to judge what demand there really is for their respective kinds of labour. The extreme value of reliable knowledge, unbiassed by a selfish determination to keep up wages, is forcibly shown in a letter from a young bricklayer in Queensland, who writes to his mother:—"Don't take any notice of what other people say; it is I, your son, who advise you to come out."

Assuming, then, that the important bearing which the emigration of women has on the whole subject has been sufficiently demonstrated, the question arises as to the safety and supervision of young women on the voyage and on arrival.

Philanthropy is working hand-in-hand with the colonial authorities in this matter. Careful regulations and special quarters on board, under experienced matrons are provided wherever the boon of free emigration brings the travellers under Government authorities. Emigration societies engage matrons and secure escorts in those cases of self-paying passengers where their advice is sought; whilst all passing through the hands of careful emigrators have their service characters sent out on a regular list to the colonial correspondents *before* the emigrants sail. These correspondents are requested to meet them, and have also undertaken the responsibility of receiving them and placing them in situations. The organisation is complete enough, when it is inquired into, to establish confidence.

The United Englishwoman's Emigration Association has its associates in most of the counties of England, and its colonial correspondents.

Through the system of the Girls' Friendly Society, its members and their friends have emigrated to the number of over 550 since 1883. This society includes women of all classes. The Colonial Emigration Society, which has been at work for some time, gives assistance by advice and information to all applicants.

Edith Simcox, in her important paper on "Women's Work and Women's Wages," writes:—"There is a clear generic difference between unproductive charity—money given, that is, to meet some particular want, which is spent and done with, leaving just the same want to present itself again next day—and money invested in furthering a movement which gathers impetus as it proceeds, and looks forward to uprooting the very seeds and germs of social distress." These words apply with double force to money spent upon promoting emigration. The future of our little island depends upon it, for there is no other mode of relieving the misery which underlies the condition of the unemployed and of the under-paid that comes near this in its practical and healthy action. It relieves misery without pauperising the recipient, it absolutely prevents recurrence of such terrible calamity in the future, and it does not wait to reform criminals or reclaim penitents after lives which might have been pure and noble are branded with vice or steeped in degradation. We dare not leave this patching and tinkering-up of spoilt humanity undone. But thousands of lives need never be damaged if they opened where work is well paid, where recreation comes to all, where savings can be easily converted into freehold property.

Child-life in Canada cannot be touched on within the limits of this paper, but it contrasts forcibly in its happy results with the child-life of our great cities. For the sum of £10, at the outside, orphan and deserted children can be placed in established receiving-homes, whence they are planted out into happy family life, about one-third of them being adopted.

A far smaller sum provides ship-kit and other expenses for the passage of assisted female emigrants to the lands of prosperous workers. The expense may be reckoned as from £1 to £5 per head.

If the pressure upon the masses can be relieved by wisely-directed emigration before this pressure becomes absolutely unbearable, our country may be saved from many of the convulsions which threaten it. ELLEN JOYCE.

LEGEND OF THE BLUSH ROSES
LITTLE LOVE
was running wild
In a garden of roses,
When some white ones he espied;
Like snow green earth encloses.
II
"But colour they need", said he,
"For oh they are far too pale!"
And kneeling down beside them.
He told them a whisp'ring tale.
III.
Then all rosy did they blush_
So love's story supposes_
The blush it still doth linger_
That's why they're called Blush-roses.
BEATRICE CRANE

The Poetry of Christina Rossetti.

A WOMAN-POET of the first rank is among those things which the world has yet to produce. Even the broken, beautiful strains which float up to us from Lesbos, tell of a singer whose lyre had few strings; whose voice, exquisite as it must have been, but few notes.

Only twice, I think, has Mrs. Browning achieved excellence—in "Sonnets from the Portuguese" and the "Great God Pan;" and when we have named Sappho and Mrs. Browning, who remains to be added to the list of poetesses with any claim to a place in the first class?

But if no woman has grown to the stature of a Dante, a Homer, or a Shakespeare, it cannot be denied that, within the narrow limits imposed by her hitherto narrow range of vision, of emotion, of experience and opportunity, woman has produced work which will bear the severest test. The creator of "Come unto these Yellow Sands" need not have been ashamed to acknowledge,

Ἕσπερε, πάντα φέρεις, ὅσα φαίνολις ἐοκέδας αὔως;

nor he who sang "Ye banks and braes of bonnie Doon," to claim as his own the tragedy-lyric of "Auld Robin Gray." If I may be allowed the paradox, there has been no excellent woman-poet, but much woman's poetry of excellence.

The name of Christina Rossetti stands high among the producers of such poetry. With unusual opportunities of culture, breathing from the first an atmosphere almost uniquely favourable to artistic production, she had never to contend with those obstacles which are apt to confront her sex at the outset of a literary career. On the other hand, steeped as she must have been in strong and peculiar influences, she ran the risk of losing her artistic individuality. These influences, indeed, have left their mark on her work; but it is always her own voice—no echo—her woman's voice, curiously sweet, fantastically sad, which floats up to us as we listen to her singing.

Miss Rossetti was born in London, in 1830, of Italian parents. As in the case of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, her talent was a precocious one, and as early as 1847 she appears as the author of a book of poems, "Verses," dedicated to her mother, privately printed at the press of her grandfather, Mr. Pollidori, at 15, Park Villas East, Regent's Park.

This modest little volume, which may be seen by the curious in the Large Room of the British Museum, is introduced by a preface from the printer, who explains that the poems are printed by his own desire. As the work of so young a poet, they are, indeed, remarkable. Those qualities which stamp the work of her maturity—the quaint yet exquisite choice of words; the felicitous *naïveté*, more Italian than English; the delicate, unusual melody of the verse; the richness, almost to excess, of imagery—are all apparent in these first-fruits of her muse. And not less apparent are the mysticism and the almost unrelieved melancholy which we associate with Christina Rossetti's better-known poetry. Indeed, there is here to be found that youthful exaggeration of sadness, that perverse assumption of the cypress, to which a half-complacent, half-mournful poet of our own time has alluded—

> "Our youth began with tears and sighs,
> With seeking what we could not find;
> Our verses were all threnodies . . ."

Miss Rossetti's verses, at this period, were all threnodies, more or less.

"The City of the Dead," the most important poem in the "Verses," contains many passages of great beauty, and testifies throughout to the strong imagination of the writer, no less than to her power over her instrument. A little poem, dated as far back as 1842, is interesting; it will, perhaps, be remembered by some that another woman-poet, a sweet singer, as undervalued in our day as she was overvalued in her own—Mrs. Hemans—chose the same subject for her first poetic effort. Here are Miss Rossetti's lines:—

> "TO MY MOTHER.
>
> "To-day's your natal day;
> Sweet flowers I bring;
> Mother, accept, I pray,
> My offering.
>
> "And may you happy live,
> And long us bless;
> Receiving, as you give,
> Great happiness."

In 1850, our poet, under the name of Ellen Alleyn, contributed several poems to the *Germ*, that wonderful little periodical whose career, as short-lived as it was glorious, is now a matter of history. Ellen Alleyn's verses have, with one exception, been found worthy a place in the latest edition of Christina Rossetti's poetry. "Repining," the longest, in some ways the most important, though distinctly the least *réussi* of them all, has never, I believe, been reprinted. Vague, mystic, melancholy, it contains passages stamped with the right stamp. I quote a few lines, which seem to me unmistakable, coming as they do from a poet of twenty:—

> "What is this thing? Thus hurriedly
> To pass into eternity;
> To leave the earth so full of mirth;
> *To lose the profit of our birth;*
> To die and be no more; to cease,
> *Having numbness which is not peace.*"

The italics are my own.

It was not till fifteen years after the printing of the "Verses" that Miss Rossetti came before the public with a volume of poems. "Goblin Market, and other Poems," appeared in 1862, a dainty little book enriched by two beautiful designs from the pencil of her brother, Dante Gabriel Rossetti. This was followed, in 1866, by "The Prince's Progress, and other Poems," also with two designs from the same hand, and, in 1872, by "Sing Song," a charming book of rhymes for children; and, in 1881, by "A Pageant, and other Poems." Besides the little masque of the months, which gives its name to the book, this last volume contains many poems of considerable interest, including a series of Petrarchian sonnets, written from the point of view of an imaginary Laura.

"Had the great poetess of our own day," says Miss Rossetti, "been unhappy instead of happy, her circumstances would have invited her to bequeath us, in lieu of the Portuguese Sonnets, an inimitable *donna innominata*, drawn, not from fancy, but from feeling, and worthy to occupy a niche beside Beatrice and Laura." Few of us, I think, would wish to have reversed the decree of Fate in this respect.

The list of Christina Rossetti's works includes, besides those mentioned, two volumes of prose tales, and several volumes of devotional pieces in both prose and verse. But it is with her poetry alone, and moreover with her best poetry, that I have to deal. This latter is undoubtedly contained in the two volumes of her maturity —"Goblin Market" and "The Prince's Progress." These, with but few additions or alterations, have been reprinted in one volume; and with this volume the general reader who wishes to make acquaintance with Christina Rossetti's poetry may content himself.

"Goblin Market," which occupies the first twenty pages of the book, is a whimsical fairy fancy, full of beauties, yet curiously unequal. Here and there, as in other productions of the poet, we are reminded of the magic notes which rang out for us in "Christabel" and "Kubla Khan;" though, indeed, the sweet music of our minstrel, weird, exotic, vaguely fascinating as it is, tinkles faintly within sound of those mighty strains.

For "The Prince's Progress," a vaguely allegorical poem of some length, there is not much to be said as a work of sustained imagination; it contains, however, occasional felicities, and concludes with a passage of such rare beauty that I cannot do better than quote some of it here. The Prince, who has been variously tempted to linger unconscionably long on his journey to his betrothed, arrives at last at the palace to find the Princess dead—worn out by waiting. Her maidens reproach him—

"Too late for love, too late for joy,
  Too late, too late!
You loitered on the road too long,
  You trifled at the gate:
The enchanted dove upon her branch
  Died without a mate. . .
The enchanted princess in her tower
  Slept, died, behind the grate;
Her heart was starving all this while
  You made it wait.

* * * *

"Is she fair now as she lies?
  Once she was fair;
Meet queen for any kingly king,
  With gold-dust in her hair.
Now these are poppies in her locks,
  White poppies she must wear;
Must wear a veil to shroud her face,
  And the want graven there;
Or is the hunger fed at length,
  Cast off the care?

"We never saw her with a smile,
  Or with a frown;
Her bed seemed never soft to her,
  Though tossed of down;
She little heeded what she wore,
  Kirtle, or wreath, or gown;
We think her white brows often ached
  Beneath her crown. . . .

"Her heart sat silent through the noise
  And concourse of the street;
There was no hurry in her hands,
  No hurry in her feet;
There was no bliss drew nigh to her
  That she might run to meet.

'You should have wept her yesterday,
  Wasting upon her bed:
But wherefore should you weep to-day
  That she is dead?'"

But it is, perhaps, when she is least mystic, least involved—when she is simplest, most direct, most human, that Christina Rossetti is at her best.

"A Royal Princess," while retaining all the writer's indescribable charm of manner, glows throughout with genuine passion;

"Shows a heart within, blood-tinctured of a veined humanity."

It is terribly appropriate reading for these days, the tale of the luxuriously-reared Princess whose castle is attacked by the starving mob. I quote, with reluctance —for no quotation can give an idea of the beauty of this poem—the last stanzas:—

"'Sit and roast there with your meat, sit and bake there with your bread,
You who sat to see us starve,' one shrieking woman said;
'Sit on your throne and roast with your crown upon your head.'

"Nay, this thing will I do, while my mother tarrieth,
I will take my fine spun gold, but not to sew therewith,
I will take my gold and gems and rainbow fan and wreath;

"With a ransom in my lap, a king's ransom in my hand,
I will go down to this people, will stand face to face, will stand
Where they curse king, queen, and princess of this cursèd land.

"They shall take all to buy them bread, take all I have to give;
I, if I perish, perish; they to-day shall eat and live;
I, if I perish, perish; that's the goal I half conceive."

In "Maude Clare" is again apparent the dramatic power which gives life to "A Royal Princess." This little poem is worthy to take a place in our ballad-literature, the traces of whose influence it so deeply shows. In a few vivid verses we are told how the

stately Maude Clare followed her faithless lover and his bride to the church, overwhelming the one with reproaches, the other with taunts :—

" 'Take my share of a fickle heart,
Mine of a paltry love :
Take it or leave it as you will,
I wash my hands thereof.'

" 'And what you leave,' said Nell, 'I'll take ;
And what you spurn, I'll wear ;
For he's my lord for better and worse,
And him I love, Maude Clare.

" 'Yea, though you're taller by the head,
More wise, and much more fair,
I'll love him till he loves me best,
Me best of all, Maude Clare.' "

Only a woman could have written this poem.

Almost perfect, in their way, are "The Hour and the Ghost," "The Ghost's Petition," and "Wife to Husband." Who that has read them can forget these lines (from the last), with their plaintive refrain ?—

" Blank sea to sail upon,
Cold bed to sleep in :
Good-bye.
While you clasp, I must be gone
For all your weeping :
I must die.

" A kiss for one friend,
And a word for two :
Good-bye.
A lock that you must send,
A kindness you must do :
I must die.

" Not a word for you,
Not a lock or kiss :
Good-bye.
We, one, must part in two ;
Verily death is this :
I must die."

I should be disposed to place this group of poems—"A Royal Princess," "Maude Clare," "The Hour and the Ghost," "The Ghost's Petition," and "Wife to Husband"—very high in our literature. And of great excellence are Miss Rossetti's more purely lyric poems—for instance, the lines beginning, "When I am dead, my dearest," and those headed "A Birthday," both of which have been made familiar to us by their musical setting. Nor must it be forgotten that Miss Rossetti has been among the numerous writers of our day who have ventured frequently within the sonnet's scanty plot of ground. Many of her sonnets are good, but none, I think, of that supreme excellence which gives to such productions their *raison-d'être.*

There is a fatal fascination about sonnet-writing, to which too many of our poets have succumbed. The critic who objected to sonnets on the ground that they looked like bricks, was undoubtedly a crude person, but not altogether without his perceptions. Certain dramatic and descriptive qualities notwithstanding, it is as a lyric poet that Miss Rossetti must be classified ; that is to say, if we are to occupy ourselves with terms and labels in the matter. Hers is, at best, a poetic personality difficult to grasp, difficult to classify. As with Shelley and Coleridge, she is at one moment intensely human, intensely personal ; at another, she paddles away in her rainbow shell, and is lost to sight as she dips over the horizon-line of her halcyon sea.

A fervid human spirit ; a passionate woman's heart ; an imagination deep and tender ; a fancy vivid and curious ; is it to be wondered at that the poet in whom such qualities are met should elude the hard and fast measurements of the critic ? Her muse personifies itself for us, an elfin sprite with iridescent wings, and eyes that startle us with their mournful human gaze.

I hesitate to pronounce what should seem to be meant for a verdict on Christina Rossetti's poetry, still less to indulge in prophecy as to its power of resisting the action of the waves of Time. If, indeed, the art be not always worthy of the artist ; if the vessel, at times, obscure the flame within ; if manner grow here and there to mannerism, *naïveté* to bathos, subtlety to thinness ; it must be remembered how delicate, how fine, how unique is that art at its best. Christina Rossetti stands alone, as Dante Gabriel Rossetti stood alone. From the branches of a wondrous tree, transplanted by chance to our clime, we pluck the rare, exotic fruit, and the unfamiliar flavour is very sweet. It is not here the place for criticism of the author of "The House of Life." But of Christina Rossetti let it be said that if she is not great, at least, artistically speaking, she is good.

AMY LEVY.

Literary and other Notes.

BY THE EDITOR.

"CANUTE the Great" (George Bell and Sons), by Michael Field, is in many respects a really remarkable work of art. Its tragic element is to be found in life, not in death ; in the hero's psychological development, not in his moral declension or in any physical calamity ; and the author has borrowed from modern science the idea that in the evolutionary struggle for existence the true tragedy may be that of the survivor. Canute, the rough generous Viking, finds himself alienated from his gods, his forefathers, his very dreams. With centuries of Pagan blood in his veins, he sets himself to the task of becoming a great Christian governor and lawgiver to men ; and yet he is fully conscious that, while he has abandoned the noble impulses of his race, he still retains that which in his nature is most fierce or fearful. It is not by faith that he reaches the new creed, nor through gentleness that he seeks after the new culture. The beautiful Christian woman whom he has made queen of his life and lands teaches him no mercy, and knows nothing of forgiveness. It is sin and not suffering that

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

(From a Crayon Drawing by Dante Gabriel Rossetti.)

purifies him—mere sin itself. "Be not afraid," he says in the last great scene of the play—

> "Be not afraid;
> I have learnt this, sin is a mighty bond
> 'Twixt God and man. Love that has ne'er forgiven
> Is virgin and untender; spousal passion
> Becomes acquainted with life's vilest things,
> Transmutes them, and exalts. Oh, wonderful,
> This touch of pardon,—all the shame cast out;
> The heart a-ripple with the gaiety,
> The leaping consciousness that Heaven knows all,
> And yet esteems us royal. Think of it—
> The joy, the hope!"

This strange and powerful conception is worked out in a manner as strong as it is subtle; and, indeed, almost every character in the play seems to suggest some new psychological problem. The mere handling of the verse is essentially characteristic of our modern introspective method, as it presents to us, not thought in its perfected form, but the involutions of thought seeking for expression. We seem to witness the very workings of the mind, and to watch the passion struggling for utterance. In plays of this kind (plays that are meant to be read, not to be acted), it must be admitted that we often miss that narrative and descriptive element which in the epic is so great a charm, and, indeed, may be said to be almost essential to the perfect literary presentation of any story. This element the Greek managed to retain by the introduction of chorus and messenger; but we seem to have been unable to invent any substitute for it. That there is here a distinct loss cannot, I think, be denied. There is something harsh, abrupt, and inartistic in such a stage-direction as "Canute strangles Edric, flings his body into the stream, and gazes out." It strikes no dramatic note, it conveys no picture, it is meagre and inadequate. If acted, it might be fine; but as read, it is unimpressive. However, there is no form of art that has not got its limitations, and though it is sad to see the action of a play relegated to a formal footnote, still there is undoubtedly a certain gain in psychological analysis and psychological concentration.

It is a far cry from the Knutlinga Saga to Rossetti's note-book, but Michael Field passes from one to the other without any loss of power. Indeed, most readers will probably prefer "The Cup of Water," which is the second play in this volume, to the earlier historical drama. It is more purely poetical; and if it has less power, it has certainly more beauty. Rossetti conceived the idea of a story in which a young king falls passionately in love with a little peasant-girl who gives him a cup of water, and is by her beloved in turn, but being betrothed to a noble lady, he yields her in marriage to his friend, on condition that once a year—on the anniversary of their meeting—she brings him a cup of water. The girl dies in childbirth, leaving a daughter who grows into her mother's perfect likeness, and comes to meet the king when he is hunting. Just, however, as he is about to take the cup from her hand, a second figure, in her exact likeness, but dressed in peasant's clothes, steps to her side, looks in the king's face, and kisses him on the mouth. He falls forward on his horse's neck, and is lifted up dead. Michael Field has struck out the supernatural element so characteristic of Rossetti's genius, and in some other respects modified for dramatic purposes material Rossetti left unused. The result is a poem of exquisite and pathetic grace. Cara, the peasant-girl, is a creation as delicate as it is delightful, and it deserves to rank beside the Faun of "Callirhoë." As for the young king who loses all the happiness of his life through one noble moment of unselfishness, and who recognises as he stands over Cara's dead body that

> "—— women are not chattels,
> To deal with as one's generosity
> May prompt or straiten. . . ."

and that

> "—— we must learn
> To drink life's pleasures if we would be pure,"

he is one of the most romantic figures in all modern dramatic work. Looked at from a purely technical point of view, Michael Field's verse is sometimes lacking in music, and has no sustained grandeur of movement; but it is extremely dramatic, and its method is admirably suited to express those swift touches of nature and sudden flashes of thought which are Michael Field's distinguishing qualities. As for the moral contained in these plays, work that has the rich vitality of life, has always something of life's mystery also; it cannot be narrowed down to a formal creed, nor summed up in a platitude; it has many answers, and more than one secret.

Miss Frances Martin's "Life of Elizabeth Gilbert" (Macmillan and Co.) is an extremely interesting book. Elizabeth Gilbert was born at a time when, as her biographer reminds us, kindly and intelligent men and women could gravely implore the Almighty to "take away" a child merely because it was blind; when they could argue that to teach the blind to read, or to attempt to teach them to work, was to fly in the face of Providence; and her whole life was given to the endeavour to overcome this prejudice and superstition; to show that blindness, though a great privation, is not necessarily a disqualification; and that blind men and women can learn, labour, and fulfil all the duties of life. Before her day all that the blind were taught was to commit texts from the Bible to memory. She saw that they could learn handicrafts, and be made industrious and self-supporting. She began with a small cellar in Holborn, at a rent of eighteen-pence a week, but before her death she could point to large and well-appointed workshops in almost every city of England where blind men and women are employed, where tools have been invented by or modified for them, and where agencies have been established for the sale of their work. The whole story of her life is full of pathos and of beauty. She was not born blind, but lost her sight through an attack of scarlet fever when she was three years old. For a long time she could not realise her position, and we hear of the little child making earnest appeals to be taken "out of the dark room," or to have a candle lighted; and once she whispered to her father, "If I am a very good little girl, may I see my doll to-morrow?" However, all memory of vision seems to have faded from her before she left the sick-room, though, taught

by those around her, she soon began to take an imaginary interest in colour, and a very real one in form and texture. An old nurse is still alive who remembers making a pink frock for her when she was a child, her delight at its being pink, and her pleasure in stroking down the folds; and when in 1835 the young Princess Victoria visited Oxford with her mother, Bessie, as she was always called, came running home, exclaiming, "Oh, mamma, I have seen the Duchess of Kent, and she had on a brown silk dress." Her youthful admiration of Wordsworth was chiefly based upon his love of flowers, but also on personal knowledge. When she was about ten years old, Wordsworth went to Oxford to receive the honorary degree of D.C.L. from the University. He stayed with Dr. Gilbert, then principal of Brasenose, and won Bessie's heart the first day by telling at the dinner-table how he had almost leapt off the coach in Bagley Wood to gather the blue veronica. But she had a better reason for remembering that visit. One day she was in the drawing-room alone, and Wordsworth entered. For a moment he stood silent before the blind child, the little sensitive face, with its wondering, inquiring look, turned towards him. Then he gravely said, "Madam, I hope I do not disturb you." She never forgot that "Madam"—grave, solemn, almost reverential.

As for the great practical work of her life, the amelioration of the condition of the blind, Miss Martin gives a wonderful account of her noble efforts and her noble success; and the volume contains a great many interesting letters from eminent people, of which the following characteristic note from Mr. Ruskin is not the least interesting:—

"Denmark Hill, 2nd September, 1871.

"MADAM,—I am obliged by your letter, and I deeply sympathise with the objects of the institution over which you preside. But one of my main principles of work is that every one must do their best and spend their all in their own work, and mine is with a much lower race of sufferers than you plead for—with those who 'have eyes and see not.'—I am, Madam, your faithful servant, "J. RUSKIN."

Miss Martin is a most sympathetic biographer, and her book should be read by all who care to know the history of one of the remarkable women of our century.

"Ourselves and our Neighbours" (Ward and Downey) is a pleasant volume of social essays from the pen of one of the most graceful and attractive of all American poetesses, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton. Mrs. Moulton, who has a very light literary touch, discusses every important modern problem—from Society rose-buds and old bachelors, down to the latest fashions in bonnets and in sonnets. The best chapter in the book is that entitled "The Gospel of Good Gowns," which contains some very excellent remarks on the ethics of dress. Mrs. Moulton sums up her position in the following passage:—

"The desire to please is a natural characteristic of unspoiled womanhood. 'If I lived in the woods, I should dress for the trees,' said a woman widely known for taste and for culture. Every woman's dress should be, and if she has any ideality will be, an expression of herself. . . . The true gospel of dress is that of fitness and taste. Pictures are painted, and music is written, and flowers are fostered, that life may be made beautiful. Let women delight our eyes like pictures, be harmonious as music, and fragrant as flowers, that they also may fulfil their mission of grace and of beauty. By companionship with beautiful thoughts shall their tastes be so formed that their toilets will never be out of harmony with their means or their position. They will be clothed almost as unconsciously as the lilies of the field: but each one will be herself, and there will be no more uniformity in their attire than in their faces."

The modern Dryad who is ready to "dress for the trees" seems to me a charming type; but I hardly think that Mrs. Moulton is right when she says that the woman of the future will be clothed "almost as unconsciously as the lilies of the field." Possibly, however, she merely means to emphasise the distinction between dressing and dressing-up, a distinction which is often forgotten.

"Warring Angels" (J. Fisher Unwin) is a very sad and suggestive story. It contains no impossible heroine and no improbable hero, but is simply a faithful transcript from life, a truthful picture of men and women as they are. Darwin could not have enjoyed it, as it does not end happily. There is, at least, no distribution of cakes and ale in the last chapter. But, then, scientific people are not always the best judges of literature. They seem to think that the sole aim of art should be to amuse, and had they been consulted on the subject would have banished Melpomene from Parnassus. It may be admitted, however, that not a little of our modern art is somewhat harsh and painful. Our Castaly is very salt with tears, and we have bound the brows of the Muses with cypress and with yew. We are often told that we are a shallow age, yet we have certainly the saddest literature of all the ages, for we have made Truth and not Beauty the aim of art, and seem to value imitation more than imagination. This tendency is, of course, more marked in fiction than it is in poetry. Beauty of form is always in itself a source of joy; the mere *technique* of verse has an imaginative and spiritual element; and life must, to a certain degree, be transfigured before it can find its expression in music. But ordinary fiction, rejecting the beauty of form in order to realise the facts of life, seems often to lack the vital element of delight, to miss that pleasure-giving power in virtue of which the arts exist. It would not, however, be fair to regard "Warring Angels" as simply a specimen of literary photography. It has a marked distinction of style, a definite grace and simplicity of manner. There is nothing crude in it, though it is to a certain degree inexperienced; nothing violent, though it is often strong. The story it has to tell has been frequently told before, but the treatment makes it new; and Lady Flower, for whose white soul the angels of good and evil are at war, is admirably conceived, and admirably drawn.

"A Song of Jubilee, and other Poems" (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.) contains some pretty, picturesque verses. Its author is Mrs. De Courcy Laffan, who, under the name of Mrs. Leith Adams, is well known as a novelist and story-writer. The Jubilee Ode is quite as good as

most of the Jubilee Odes have been, and some of the short poems are graceful. This from "The First Butterfly" is pretty :—

> "O little bird without a song! I love
> Thy silent presence, floating in the light—
> A living, perfect thing, when scarcely yet
> The snow-white blossom crawls along the wall,
> And not a daisy shows its star-like head
> Amid the grass."

Miss Bella Duffy's "Life of Madame de Staël" forms part of that admirable "Eminent Woman Series" which is so well edited by Mr. John H. Ingram. There is nothing absolutely new in Miss Duffy's book, but this was not to be expected. Unpublished correspondence, that delight of the eager biographer, is not to be had in the case of Madame de Staël, the De Broglie family having either destroyed or successfully concealed all the papers which might have revealed any facts not already in the possession of the world. Upon the other hand, the book has the excellent quality of condensation, and gives us in less than two hundred pages a very good picture of Madame de Staël and her day. Miss Duffy's criticism of "Corinne" is worth quoting :—

> "'Corinne' is a classic of which everybody is bound to speak with respect. The enormous admiration which it exacted at the time of its appearance may seem somewhat strange in this year of grace; but then it must be remembered that Italy was not the over-written country it has since become. Besides this, Madame de Staël was the most conspicuous personage of her day. Except Châteaubriand, she had nobody to dispute with her the palm of literary glory in France. Her exile, her literary circle, her courageous opinions, had kept the eyes of Europe fixed on her for years, so that any work from her pen was sure to excite the liveliest curiosity.
>
> "'Corinne' is a kind of glorified guide-book, with some of the qualities of a good novel. It is very long-winded, but the appetite of the age was robust in that respect, and the highly-strung emotions of the hero and heroine could not shock a taste which had been formed by the *Sorrows of Werther*. It is extremely moral, deeply sentimental, and of a deadly earnestness—three characteristics which could not fail to recommend it to a dreary and ponderous generation, the most deficient in taste that ever trod the earth.
>
> "But it is artistic in the sense that the interest is concentrated from first to last on the central figure, and the drama, such as it is, unfolds itself naturally from its starting-point, which is the contrast between the characters of Oswald and Corinne."

The "dreary and ponderous generation, the most deficient in taste that ever trod the earth," seems to me a somewhat exaggerated mode of expression, but "glorified guide-book" is a not unfelicitous description of the novel that once thrilled Europe. Miss Duffy sums up her opinion of Madame de Staël as a writer in the following passage :—

> "Her mind was strong of grasp and wide in range, but continuous effort fatigued it. She could strike out isolated sentences alternately brilliant, exhaustive, and profound, but she could not link them to other sentences so as to form an organic whole. Her thought was definite singly, but vague as a whole. She always saw things separately, and tried to combine them arbitrarily, and it is generally difficult to follow out any idea of hers from its origin to its end. Her thoughts are like pearls of price profusely scattered, or carelessly strung together, but not set in any design. On closing one of her books, the reader is left with no continuous impression. He has been dazzled and delighted, enlightened also by flashes; but the horizons disclosed have vanished again, and the outlook is enriched by no new vistas.
>
> "Then she was deficient in the higher qualities of the imagination. She could analyse, but not characterise; construct, but not create. She could take one defect like selfishness, or one passion like love, and display its workings; or she could describe a whole character, like Napoleon's, with marvellous penetration; but she could not make her personages talk or act like human beings. She lacked pathos, and had no sense of humour. In short, hers was a mind endowed with enormous powers of comprehension, and an amazing richness of ideas, but deficient in perception of beauty, in poetry, and in true originality. She was a great social personage, but her influence on literature was not destined to be lasting, because, in spite of foreseeing too much, she had not the true prophetic sense of proportion, and confused the things of the present with those of the future—the accidental with the enduring."

I cannot but think that in this passage Miss Duffy rather underrates Madame de Staël's influence on the literature of the nineteenth century. It is true that she gave our literature no new form, but she was one of those who gave it a new spirit, and the romantic movement owes her no small debt. However, a biography should be read for its pictures more than for its criticisms, and Miss Duffy shows a remarkable narrative power, and tells with a good deal of *esprit* the wonderful adventures of the brilliant woman whom Heine termed "a whirlwind in petticoats."

Mr. Harcourt's reprint of John Evelyn's "Life of Mrs. Godolphin" (Sampson Low and Co.) is a welcome addition to the list of charming library books. Mr. Harcourt's grandfather, the Archbishop of York, himself John Evelyn's great-great-grandson, inherited the manuscript from his distinguished ancestor, and in 1847 entrusted it for publication to Samuel Wilberforce, then Bishop of Oxford. As the book has been for a long time out of print, this new edition is sure to awake fresh interest in the life of the noble and virtuous lady whom John Evelyn so much admired. Margaret Godolphin was one of the Queen's Maids of Honour at the Court of Charles II., and was distinguished for the delicate purity of her nature, as well as for her high intellectual attainments. Some of the extracts Evelyn gives from her Diary seem to show an austere, formal, almost ascetic spirit; but it was inevitable that a nature so refined as hers should have turned in horror from such ideals of life as were presented by men like Buckingham and Rochester, like Etheridge, Killigrew, and Sedley, like the King himself, to whom she could scarcely bring herself to speak. After her marriage she seems to have become happier and brighter, and her early death makes her a pathetic and interesting figure in the history of the time. Evelyn can see no fault in her, and his life of her is the most wonderful of all panegyrics.

Amongst the Maids of Honour mentioned by John Evelyn is Frances Jennings, the elder sister of the great Duchess of Marlborough. Miss Jennings, who was one of the most beautiful women of her day, married first Sir George Hamilton, brother of the author of the "Mémoires de Grammont," and afterwards Richard Talbot, who was made Duke of Tyrconnel by James II.

William's successful occupation of Ireland, where her husband was Lord Deputy, reduced her to poverty and obscurity, and she was probably the first Peeress who ever took to millinery as a livelihood. She had a dressmaker's shop in the Strand, and, not wishing to be detected, sat in a white mask and a white dress, and was known by the name of the "White Widow."

I was reminded of the Duchess when I read Miss Emily Faithfull's admirable article in *Galignani* on "Ladies as Shopkeepers." "The most daring innovation in England at this moment," says Miss Faithfull, "is the lady shopkeeper. At present but few people have had the courage to brave the current social prejudice. We draw such fine distinctions between the wholesale and retail traders that our cotton-spinners, calico-makers, and general merchants seem to think that they belong to a totally different sphere, from which they look down on the lady who has had sufficient brains, capital, and courage to open a shop. But the old world moves faster than it did in former days, and before the end of the nineteenth century it is probable that a gentlewoman will be recognised in spite of her having entered on commercial pursuits, especially as we are growing accustomed to see scions of our noblest families on our Stock Exchange and in tea-merchants' houses; one Peer of the realm is now doing an extensive business in coals, and another is a cab proprietor." Miss Faithfull then proceeds to give a most interesting account of the London dairy opened by the Hon. Mrs. Maberley, of Madame Isabel's millinery establishment, and of the wonderful work done by Miss Charlotte Robinson, who has recently been appointed Decorator to the Queen. "About three years ago," Miss Faithfull tells us, Miss Robinson came to Manchester, and opened a shop in King Street, and, regardless of that bugbear which terrifies most women—the loss of social status—she put up her own name over the door, and without the least self-assertion quietly entered into competition with the sterner sex. The result has been eminently satisfactory. This year Miss Robinson has exhibited at Saltaire and at Manchester, and next year she proposes to exhibit at Glasgow and, possibly, at Brussels. At first she had some difficulty in making people understand that her work is really commercial, not charitable; she feels that, until a healthy public opinion is created, women will pose as "destitute ladies," and never take a dignified position in any calling they adopt. Gentlemen who earn their own living are not spoken of as "destitute," and we must banish this idea in connection with ladies who are engaged in an equally honourable manner. Miss Faithfull concludes her most valuable article as follows:—"The more highly educated our women of business are, the better for themselves, their work, and the whole community. Many of the professions to which ladies have hitherto turned are overcrowded, and when once the fear of losing social position is boldly disregarded, it will be found that commercial life offers a variety of more or less lucrative employments to ladies of birth and capital, who find it more congenial to their tastes and requirements to invest their money and spend their energies in a business which yields a fair return rather than sit at home content with a scanty pittance.'

I myself entirely agree with Miss Faithfull, though I feel that there is something to be said in favour of the view put forward by Lady Shrewsbury in the present number of THE WOMAN'S WORLD, and a great deal to be said in favour of Mrs. Joyce's scheme for emigration. Mr. Walter Besant, if we are to judge from his last novel, is of Lady Shrewsbury's way of thinking.

I hope that some of my readers will be interested in Miss Beatrice Crane's little poem, "Blush-roses," for which her father, Mr. Walter Crane, has done so lovely and graceful a design. Mrs. Simon, of Birkdale Park, Southport, tells me that she offered a prize last term at her school for the best sonnet on any work of art. The poems were sent to Professor Dowden, who awarded the prize to the youthful authoress of the following sonnet on Mr. Watts's picture of "Hope":—

"'HOPE.'

"She sits with drooping form and fair bent head,
Low-bent to hear the faintly-sounding strain
That thrills her with the sweet uncertain pain
Of timid trust and restful tears unshed.
Around she feels vast spaces. Awe and dread
Encompass her. And the dark doubt she fain
Would banish, sees the shuddering fear remain
And ever presses near with stealthy tread.

"But not for ever will the misty space
Close down upon her meekly-patient eyes;
The steady light within them soon will ope
Their heavy lids, and then the sweet fair face,
Uplifted in a sudden glad surprise,
Will find the bright reward which comes to Hope."

I myself am rather inclined to prefer this sonnet on Mr. Watts's "Psyche." The sixth line is deficient; but, in spite of the faulty *technique*, there is a great deal that is suggestive in it:—

"'PSYCHE.'

"Unfathomable boundless mystery,
Last work of the Creator, deathless, vast,
Soul—essence moulded of a changeful past;
Thou art the offspring of Eternity;
Breath of his breath, by his vitality
Engendered, in his image cast,
Part of the Nature-song whereof the last
Chord soundeth never in the harmony.
'Psyche'! Thy form is shadowed o'er with pain
Born of intensest longing, and the rain
Of a world's weeping lieth like a sea
Of silent soundless sorrow in thine eyes.
Yet grief is not eternal, for clouds rise
From out the ocean everlastingly."

I have to thank Mr. William Rossetti for kindly allowing me to reproduce Dante Gabriel Rossetti's drawing of the authoress of "Goblin Market;" and thanks are also due to Mr. Lafayette, of Dublin, for the use of his photograph of H.R.H. the Princess of Wales in her Academic Robes as Doctor of Music, which served as our frontispiece last month, and to Messrs. Hills and Saunders, of Oxford, and Mr. Lord and Mr. Blanchard, of Cambridge, for a similar courtesy in the case of the article on "Greek Plays at the Universities."

February Fashions.

By Mrs. Johnstone.

"'LADIES have ladies' whims,' said crazy Ann, when she draggled her cloak in the gutter." So runs a Danish proverb, which teaches that opinions differ regarding the dictates of fashion. The gift of "seeing ourselves as others see us" is ofttimes denied to those who follow the styles. Now, if she goes with the times, she will call to her aid choice old prints, or, at all events, photographs of famous pictures, and books of costumes of all ages and all countries, taking a hint from one and another. There is scarcely a famous female portrait of the Louis

Ball-Dresses.

deed too closely, or stout women would not favour huge checks, nor tall women decided stripes; nor would fat round faces appear from beneath infinitesimal bonnets. These are quite as ridiculous as poor deluded Ann, who thought she bespoke herself a lady by besprinkling her cloak with gutter-mud.

There is little excuse in the present day for wearing unbecoming garments. Dress-designers take their inspirations from every imaginable source. In old times, when the all-important question of the make of a gown had to be discussed with the dressmaker, she produced only a few current fashion-plates while suggesting XIV., XV., and XVI. periods in France that has not contributed its quota to current styles, nor a stuff which the famous queens and courtesans of those days wore that we have not resuscitated.

In the illustration of a tea-gown on page 187, Mr. Sykes, of Regent Street, has taken advantage of Oriental types. The long sleeve through which the arm is thrust at the elbow, with pendant ends, has many a duplicate in Turkish harems; the form of the belt and the tone of the embroidery savour also of the shores of the Bosphorus, being very delicately worked in multi-coloured beads and tinsel thread, displaying the mellowed tints

of some Eastern carpet. The belt is duplicated by a pointed collar-piece at the neck, which confines the soft fulness of the gathered Oriental silk, forming perpendicular folds, while at the skirt such folds fall horizontally. The "Princesse" dress is made in plush or velvet. It admits of many variations of colour. Ruby, with a light pink front, harmonises well with the class of embroidery employed; a galon to match borders the opening of the sleeve, and appears again as an epaulette, being carried up the shoulder in a point; a gold-broidered band encircles the throat. This is a dress calculated to show off to the best advantage the graceful outline of figure for which Englishwomen are distinguished. It is lined throughout with faint pink Surah, which shows as the wearer moves. Tea-gowns would seem to gain favour more and more. At country-house parties they are universally worn at tea-time. After a long walk in the lanes, or even after a long drive, it is delightful to cast off heavy woollen dresses, with thick boots, and don the easy, soft, flowing tea-gowns, which are at the same time becoming. In London they are the fashion for home dinner wear, and probably this is why they are made at all events to appear to fit more closely than they originally did. It is not considered that they are in good style if in any way they suggest a dressing-gown or wrapper; and they are nearly all trimmed now with the costly tinsel galons, in which the metal gives just a sufficient feeling of metallic origin to assert itself without glitter, subduing and mellowing the tints. Very wonderful tea-gowns appear on the stage, but perhaps the most splendid of all is that worn by Mrs. Bernard Beere in *As in a Looking-Glass*, principally composed of red crêpe, which swathes the limbs in most graceful fashion. She tears it open in the death scene, showing a white silk vest beneath, invisible before. Red tea-gowns are worn much, but, save for the embroidery upon them, there is no admixture of colour. A leader of society has just ordered one in China crêpe, trimmed only with a thick ruche of the same carried up the front and round the hem. The intricacies of draping involved in the arrangement of this particular gown, however, are altogether indescribable.

Lent begins the 15th of this month, and in the fortnight previous to this date there promises to be more than a fair amount of gaiety. Something original and unlike the general style is what women mostly desire for a ball-gown, and this has been attained in the toilette worn by the young girl in our picture on page 185. It is composed of the softest maize tulle, with a panel entirely made up of Gloire de Dijon roses without foliage, set as closely together as possible, the panel widening towards the feet, and diminishing towards the waist, where it is united to a garland of the same roses in a single line, crossing the bodice after the manner of a sword-belt. This bodice is made in moire or peau de soie, which is veritable leather-silk, that appears to be moulded to the figure and never by any chance gives at the seams. It is cut square, and has no other trimming save an ambitious bunch of flowers on the left shoulder—a universal fashion. Where there are no flowers they are replaced by bows of ribbon, or a feather aigrette, matching the "perky" little aigrette and bows, which are placed far back at the side of the head, so that they are almost invisible from the front. The more airy and gossamer these are, the more fashionable; and, as often as not, they are formed of tulle, shaped as much like a butterfly as possible, with a tuft of osprey surmounting the whole. Young girls and matrons both wear them, the latter with as many diamonds as they can muster. Occasionally a very tiny wreath of roses forms such an aigrette, and this would be appropriate with the rose-panelled gown, which has a row of roses and petals on the opposite side of the skirt, and a close ruche of roses at the feet in front. This arrangement requires to be managed with great skill; the roses must nestle softly in a bed of tulle, and not stand out demonstratively, or they spoil the outline. With care they give that most necessary effect, a good appearance from the front, and show off the feet well, diminishing their apparent size. Single sprays of flowers, and detached petals scattered all over the tulle draperies, are worn, and these appear also in the foot-ruches. White still remains the chief favourite, but tulle gowns are worn of the Baltique tone (the new and tender green), heliotrope in many shades (some, like fleur-de-pêche, are specially delicate and becoming), light pink, blue, and pearl-grey. Dark tulles show off medium complexions best, and at the last Sandringham ball, where women generally dress extremely well, there were deep dark green, blue, brown, and red toilettes, the married ladies blending lace and brocade therewith.

The accompanying figure is a young matron, and as such wears a handsome self-coloured brocade dress intermixed with light pink tulle. The brocades of a uniform tone are newer than any other, and they rival the revivals of the Louis XVI. period, when drab and cream grounds showed tiny floral sprays in faint but natural colouring. Such ball-skirts are cut wider than last year, and either the tulle falls in four or five layers, one above the other, or is mounted on satin, when one, or at most two only are necessary, as the satin is allowed to show through. Of course the skirt must be bouffant at the back, *cela va sans dire;* any indication of flatness is suggestive of dowdiness. The manner in which the bunch of chrysanthemums is disposed on the skirt shows the natural way in which the flowers are worn; they should appear to be growing naturally, as they might do against a wall. The little mantelette which accompanies this dress is made of pure white satin, with white ostrich-feather trimming; it fits the figure, and just comes below the waist, and cannot crush the tulle. It falls longer in front, but the ends are light, and will not destroy the airy freshness of the fabric. It is much the sort of mantelette that was worn early in the century, but then it was often accompanied by a hood. The pure white contrasts charmingly with the delicate heliotrope tulle of which the gown is composed. Fancy tulles of all kinds have come into fashion. These are beaded in many ways, and embroidered in gold and silver. Everything will be silver this year, owing to the celebration of the Prince and Princess of Wales's silver wedding. Newer in idea are the tulles with interwoven stripes,

arranged sometimes horizontally, sometimes in such a way that the draperies are horizontal in front, perpendicular at the back, and diagonal at the side.

For many years the artistic dressmakers have been teaching their lesson of a wise combination of tones, freedom of limb, and grace of outline, as well as redemption from the old conventional and undesired models; but for a very long time they have preached to deaf ears, and found patrons only among a select few. Now, however, fashionable modistes (who have hitherto ignored all but Parisian inspirations) are quietly adopting their ideas, and a successful picture-dress, according to the slang of the day, is what all desire to attain. Mrs. Nettleship, of Melbury Terrace, has been one of the most fortunate and popular pioneers of this new state of things, and the two dresses of her designing illustrated on page 188 have the great merit of undoubted originality. The first is made of a material which hitherto has been difficult to find, Indienne silk zephyr—a soft silky fabric not unlike grass-cloth, with a firm tenacity of thread peculiar to pure silk and rarely found but in raw silk. It is interwoven with gold in conventional and floral designs. In the present instance the ground is of a delicate heliotrope, with floral sprays of gold all over; but the material is produced in beige, red, and other tones. The waistcoat, introduced into the front of the bodice, is entirely composed of gold embroidery. It can be raised, if desired, in such a way as to form a high bodice with but little trouble; while the bodice itself is so soft and well draped that it can be drawn down to just the point of the shoulder, and thereby be made to look more dressy. A woman travelling with such a gown has a full dress or one for demi-toilette ready to hand, a mere touch of the fingers only being required to make the transformation, and no tiresome tacking needed. The difficulty of making one bodice do the work of two bodices has seldom been more skilfully met. There are other points of originality in the gown. The skirt is caught up at the side with long ribbon streamers, but has no distinct drapery. It is trimmed with gold galon worked on the stuff itself. The belt crosses, forming natural folds, being edged and trimmed with gold. If the wearer has a large waist, a darker shade than the rest of the bodice is chosen to diminish the apparent bulk. There is a square ruff-like collar at the back lined with a darker tone. This is the class of gown with which antique and uncommon jewellery can be worn—a point which those who make dress a fine art are beginning to study. The happy possessors of suites of amethysts, pink topaz, crocidolites, garnets, and other kinds of ornaments, which of late have not been much worn, are bringing them back to favour by having special dresses made to go with them, thereby rendering them unique and perfect. Uniformity is so well appreciated now!

The accompanying dress in our picture is made of a dark and handsome silk brocade, with a velvet collar of a still darker tone, matching the band attached to the novel form of sleeve, forming a wide turnback cuff. This sleeve is gathered slightly into the arm, and is full at the elbow, giving perfect freedom of movement to the arm, and not in any way impeding the circulation, which cannot always be said of the coat-sleeve, often made so close fitting that the wearer could not comfortably raise her hand to her head. The drapery is cut and arranged in quite an unconventional manner, being gathered to the front of the square yoke-shaped aperture, which can, by an easy transition, be drawn up to the neck, where the side-lapels of velvet cross over at the throat. A sash-belt may be added, defining the figure. The gown is throughout cut in one piece, the length and fulness being carelessly caught up at the back of the waist. There is a new drapery for an upper skirt which is worthy to be described, being not only excellent in appearance but easily arranged. One long piece of the stuff is needed, the two front ends being caught up and turned back, forming paniers; these can be lined with a contrasting colour or material, but any way they fall well and easily about the figure. The Watteau pleat is a revival of old days which has many patrons; but there is a new arrangement by which the centre of this double pleat is allowed to droop, giving it an added grace borrowed from Greek examples.

TEA-GOWN.

Tucks are an easy addition to skirts, and tulle tucks are run with floss silk, which gives substance to the material; but mousseline de soie, coloured crapes, and soft embroidered fabrics of all kinds are also tucked. Panels of such materials so treated are often introduced now into the moire bridal gowns, which open the entire

length of the skirt to show this novel addition. White cloth is, however, the newest idea for wedding-dresses, and sometimes these are pinked and embroidered in pearls and silver, giving a most regal magnificence to the stuff. Wadding is introduced into tucks and the edges of dresses generally, especially where the material is not very thick and there is any likelihood of it clinging about the feet. This is a good idea, for it adds considerably to the importance of the skirt, and is not difficult to manage, even by amateur dressmakers.

ARTISTIC DRESSES.

Many morning and evening bodices made of soft stuff have the fulness kept in by bands of inch-wide ribbon at the waist, which cross each other, forming a couple of diamonds in the centre of the front, thus diminishing the apparent size of the waist, which is one of the aims of a clever dressmaker.

Wool is the dominant material, but it is trimmed in such costly fashion, and so mixed with richer stuffs, that the gowns, mantles, and other garments of the day are by no means inexpensive. Velours de laine is one of the new and costly stuffs used for mantles; but it has so much to recommend it that the buyer is easily persuaded to the necessary outlay in order to possess it. It is as soft as velvet, and has a bloom upon it like a well-grown peach, being light and warm. It is made in various neutral tints. Brown tones are trimmed with furs and with gold ornaments, but the soft smoke-greys show best with handsome black passementerie ornaments.

In arranging for the spring a redingote may be safely ordered, for it is the garment not only of the immediate future, but also of the present. It looks best in velvet, or in some of the large-patterned woollen brocades, now that cloth is beginning to be considered too winterly; though, in good truth, we have some of our coldest days in the spring, and we cannot do very wrong in ordering a habit cloth until April is well on its way. The redingote opens sufficiently in front to show the underskirt.

PARIS.

"LA TOSCA," now being played in Paris, has, without doubt, brought in the fashions worn during the first Empire. The great success of Sarah Bernhardt, her indisputable elegance, enhanced by the coquettish

costumes of Joséphine de Beauharnais and Queen Hortense (charmingly carried out for her by Mmes. Morin-

TEA-GOWN AND WALKING-COSTUME, BY MR. WORTH.

Blossier), prove that even slight women can wear short dresses and narrow skirts, and lose nothing of the charm of their appearance.

Nevertheless, it is well-nigh impossible that a revival of these bygone fashions can ever become general, for even for women whose more ample proportions the Empire modes would especially suit there is seemingly an insurmountable obstacle to their adoption, namely, the corset.

This corset, to which successive generations have become accustomed, has by slow degrees deformed the

figure. The body, through whalebones and tight-lacing, has been compressed and has lost its harmonious elasticity, ceasing to develop according to the laws of nature.

The "wasp-waist" has forced the shoulders up till they project almost sharply, and the waist is lengthened disproportionately. We inherit liver complaints, we give ourselves heart disease, and we squeeze our bodies as we squeeze our feet.

This raises the question (the figure having altered from wearing stays for three-quarters of a century), What, in the new arrangement, will support the skirts? Yet, on the other hand, although a woman's waist in the reign of Louis XV., and even in that of Louis XVI., was as long as it is at the present time, the fact did not prevent any one from adopting the new fashion when Joséphine (who was a Creole, and consequently beautifully formed) discarded the popular French modes of the day for what is now recognised as the Empire style. Besides, corsets were not worn at that period. Women had adopted a kind of corselet of either coarse linen or coutil, which formed braces crossing in front. Sarah Bernhardt avoids the difficulty, and replaces this corselet by a close-fitting vest of fine and pliable kid-skin. Some illustrations of the costumes worn by her in *La Tosca* were given in the last number of THE WOMAN'S WORLD.

The Empire dresses could now only be worn for in-door evening toilettes, and it is probable that many women will reluctantly resign themselves to this sudden change in their style of dress. But other *élégantes* will remain faithful to the traditions of Marie Antoinette, and will still keep to their satin puffings, their coquettish furbelows *à la Trianon*, their light draperies, and their rich plumes.

Take as example the beautiful Duchesse d'Ossuna, whose magnificent Court robe (recently forwarded from the Rue de la Paix) is arranged thus:—There is a petticoat of Parma violet satin, with glittering interlacements, fastened at the side with tufts of feathers tied with moire ribbon. The train is of figured Parma violet silk embroidered in silver. On the bodice there is a fichu bretelle of violet crêpe, kept in place with a slanting ladder of violet ribbon loops descending to the point in front, and finished off with bows at the waist. On the right shoulder there is an aigrette of feathers.

Another toilette is in delicate green tulle, with a train of bengaline to match, and a long sash with ends of a yellowish-green silk. The low bengaline bodice is trimmed in front with a plastron *à la Duchesse de Berry*, which forms a fan of pleated tulle. Round the throat is worn a moire ribbon tied at the left side in a large bow, and on the right shoulder there is a bunch of maiden-hair fern.

Leaves of a very pale shade of green without floral blooms are most fashionable, such as fern-fronds, sprays of maiden-hair, and wreaths of ivy with berries in gold. Noirat uses them for the hair with almost every toilette. They look as well with pale blue as with pink or lilac crêpe, with embroidered silk or white moire.

Again, for the Duchesse d'Ossuna, Worth has despatched a toilette in the Louis XVI. style, which is intended to be worn when paying afternoon calls. It is of dove-coloured moire shot with violet. The skirt turns back at the side, after the style of the period, and is fastened with silk cords enriched with pearls and amethysts. The bodice, opening in front over a waistcoat of white crêpe, is trimmed with similar jewelled cords.

A theatre-dress for the same Duchesse consists of a long coat in sky-blue moire, trimmed on the shoulders with a long-pointed collar. A half-sleeve of mousseline de soie forms a point on the arm. The skirt is draped with mousseline de soie, and gathered into the waist with a broad white moire ribbon.

But more beautiful still is a splendid ball-dress that the Duchesse wore at some of the New Year fêtes. It is in white Indian gauze spangled with silver. The draped petticoat opens in front over a broad straight tablier of silver embroidery. The train, to match the low bodice, is in white figured silk and silver, gathered in very much at the back with large bows of white satin. The bodice opens *en cœur*, both in front and at the back, over a pleated chemisette of spangled crêpe crossed with bands of silver embroidery. The silvered bretelles that pass over the shoulders are continued down the front of the bodice. The sleeve, in spangled crêpe, is transparent, and reaches to the elbow.

Dancing is much the fashion this season in Paris, and short dresses are worn by women under thirty. Small and early dances are now given, and we wait until Easter for the large and ceremonious balls. The minuet, the pavane, the mazurka, the redowa, the cotillon, and, generally speaking, all figure-dances, are in vogue; the galop, and even the graceful waltz, are out of favour.

Young ladies now emulate ballet-girls, and dancing-masters from the opera are called in to teach the most intricate and difficult steps. It is as though Louis XIV. and his Court were with us again.

There are Bals-roses and Bals-blancs; the former for young unmarried women, the latter for girls who have but recently left the schoolroom. At both varieties of entertainments dancing is carried on, no longer in tame spiritless fashion, but in truly energetic style. Even in the salons of such leaders of society in the Faubourg St. Germain as the Duchesse de Maillé and the Marquise d'Hervey de St. Dénis, not only are the stately minuet and the pavane danced, but the fandango and other international dances of a realistic kind are patronised. The dresses worn on such occasions are short; the utmost care is taken to secure well-fitting shoes and stockings; sleeves are all but ignored, so as to leave the arms uncovered, and the hair is generally arranged in La Vallière style. The dresses are either white, old rose, or yellow tulle, and sometimes a white moire bodice trimmed with gold lace will be worn with a yellow tulle skirt. Rather large flowers are affected for trimming, such as poppies, thistles, roses with thorny stems, and clusters of fancy grass intermixed. The shoes are of satin to match the dress, and the silk stockings correspond in colour; a paste buckle or a lace bow with pearls ornaments the shoes. A small tulle pouf, or a graceful aigrette with a flower, or a pompon of marabout feathers, usually forms the head-dress—though jewelled and gold hair-pins are

by no means out of favour. The long gloves are of either white, cream, or light tan undressed kid.

Gauze petticoats and floating draperies of tulle are most fashionable. The Maison Morin-Blossier has designed some pretty models. One example has a skirt of pink tulle covered with rose-petals. Over this is worn a long Merveilleuse coat in pink faille. In the bodice is inserted a large fichu of puffed tulle fastened with roses. The sash is of pink velvet kept in place with diamonds.

Another is in white silk flowered with large golden campanulas. The tunic, with straight panels, opens in front over a gold-coloured tulle petticoat, covered with a network of small pearls. The bodice, *à la Sapho*, and the sash, in white velvet, are braided in gold and draped *à la Barras* round the hips.

Still a third model in white lampas brocaded in gold. The front, in gold tulle striped with pearls, is fastened with bows of gold braid and white moire. The low, pointed bodice, with fichu bretelles, is in gold tulle; and a Directoire corselet in white moire and gold braid forms the waistband.

A green satin dress of the shade known as "lumière" has a skirt of cream gauze embroidered in Renaissance style, with flowers, in chenille and gold. On the bodice is a plastron *à la Vierge* and chemisette of the same gauze. The tunic is straight and of plain satin; the scarf-sash and the bows are of white velvet.

So much for ball-dresses. In costumes there is a pretty example in vieux rouge cloth, intended for the Duchesse d'Albe, and made by Mme. Deshayes. It has a Princess tunic at the back. The front is draped *en blouse* under the double panel of a redingote of black moire, which falls to the edge of the skirt. The blouse is gathered in with a sash tied at the waist.

MORNING DRESS, BY M. WORTH.

Another costume is in white jersey embroidered in silver. This, when worn under a sealskin pelisse, is very elegant. The light skirt is barely visible beneath the dark fur, except when the wearer moves, and it has a charming effect.

A third example is in mouse-grey cloth. The draped tunic is bordered with narrow silver passementerie, and slashed over a puffed velvet petticoat that matches in colour. The bodice, cut in front as a sailor-jacket, is

likewise trimmed with silver, and opens over a velvet plastron, draped *à l'antique*, and simulating a waistband.

A most graceful in-door toilette consists of a redingote of pink lampas with velvet flowers, opening over a gauze blouse embroidered in cream-colour. The sleeve is puffed into the armhole and pleated below. It has a Byzantine necklace and sash, the latter falling to the edge of the skirt. The bracelets, of Byzantine silk, are embroidered in gold. This is a French tea-gown *par excellence*, and is the style of dress worn at five o'clock to receive those friends who gather for a gossip round the daintily-laid table, upon which sandwiches, cakes, sweetmeats, and richly-coloured Bohemian glass are conspicuous.

Another tea-gown made by Worth is also a redingote of vieux rose lampas, with a Princess back, and straight panels in the front of the skirt. The armholes are edged with lace, forming epaulettes. An under-dress of gauze, cut at the throat *à l'enfant*, is mounted in gathers and falls to the feet over the petticoat, which is of pink satin.

A third model from the same house which is worth describing is an elegant robe-de-visites *à l'Agnes Sorel*. It consists of a closely-fitting over-dress, laced at the back in brick-red cashmere, studded with silk spots of the same shade. The sleeves, with epaulettes reaching to the straight collar, are in vieux rouge velvet, embroidered and laced with silk and gold. The skirt is caught up with a gold sash, showing the petticoat of vieux rouge velvet. With this dress is worn a Valois hat in brick-red felt, lined with vieux rouge velvet. The high crown is covered in velvet; and flame-coloured cock's feathers, fastened with gold pins, ornament the front.

Yet another model is of blue-black velvet. The polonaise is cut *en cœur*, and crossed as a shawl. The narrow under-dress, over which it opens, is in slate-grey cloth, ornamented in zigzag pattern with black and silver galon. The polonaise also opens at the side to show the skirt, which is trimmed with silver lace and tassels. The sleeves are grey, and have bands of velvet and silver lace to match the bodice.

Worth has also designed a dress in the fashion of the Empire. It is simply made in green, blue, or red faille, and is a Princess robe, fitting the figure loosely, although extremely narrow. A cross-cut revers in velvet, to match the rest of the costume, is embroidered with gold, and follows the line of the figure to the throat. The dress is extremely tasteful, and becoming to a well-proportioned woman.

Beyond the dress, which is the principal item in the toilette, there are the thousand trifles which complete it, such as the fan, which for demi-toilette is now made in faille of the same shade as the dress. Bordering the leaf of the fan is a garland of such flowers as poppies, irises, large pansies, carnations, &c.

Visitors to Paris—especially English and American women—are sometimes at a loss what to wear at our operas and theatres. At the Grand Opéra there is a diversity of toilettes. The occupants of the first and second tiers of boxes wear full evening toilettes—low bodices and jewels; in the amphitheatre, some ladies may be seen wearing hats specially designed for theatre wear, and daintily trimmed with feathers, while other women (equally elegant) appear with their heads uncovered, but the hair carefully and fashionably arranged. At the Opéra Comique and Théâtre Français, a difference is made on ordinary and subscription nights. On the latter occasions, the best-dressed Parisiennes adopt square or heart-shaped bodices and few jewels, but their large cloaks are as a rule magnificent. The materials used are either figured silk lampas, or velvet, with flowers of natural colours on satin grounds. The linings are either of chinchilla fur, or white Chinese crinkled lambskin. Shaded silk plush is also used for evening wraps.

The pet dog being now the inseparable companion of every woman who has any pretension to elegance, I conclude by describing some novelties prepared by Mme. Ledouble.

First, the souris collar, in red, blue, or grey velvet, with little silver mice running along the velvet.

Secondly, the Limousin paletot, in striped plush, which can be tightened, if necessary, by three ribbons in casings, tied at the centre of the back.

Thirdly, the Carme paletot, in white woollen, with a pointed hood, the whole embroidered in red silk.

Fourthly, the Tosca paletot, in waterproof silk, made with three capes, forming a carrick.

THE WOMAN'S WORLD.

Apropos of a Dinner.

I AM told that in the volumes of "Reminiscences" lately published by Mr. Frith he says that he dined with me long ago in London, and no doubt, if he says so, he did so, though I have no recollection of thus entertaining him. But when, as I am informed, he goes on to say that at my dinner-table smoking began *with the oysters*, I must protest. No such abomination can have been perpetrated at any dinner of mine. Then, as now, whenever people dine with me, I let them have cigarettes after the *rôti:* never before. To have smoking with oysters and soup would be a concession which no one would be grateful for, however inveterate smokers they might be. I do not smoke; I never have smoked; and it is, I think, a silly and injurious habit (*pace*, all my dear friends who smoke all day long!) which has become, to so many, one of the chief necessities of life. But, as men are constituted nowadays, they are not happy without smoking; they do not talk well without it; and therefore, for pity's sake, let them smoke! and, if Turkish cigarettes come in after the *rôti*, there is no excuse or occasion for that after-dinner smoking which, in England, keeps the men drinking by themselves in a very gross and barbarous manner, and, in every other country, makes them take themselves away from the drawing-room to the smoking-room at intervals throughout the evening.

No spectacle confirms a foreigner's invariable impressions of the want of politeness in England like that procession of a dozen ladies streaming out of a dining-room without a man's arm offered to any one of them, and climbing up the melancholy staircase by themselves, critically inspecting the folds of each other's trains, and inwardly depreciating each other's coiffures, fans, and jewels, while a dozen men remain behind to drink more claret than is good for them and to smoke the tobacco for which their souls are sighing. If cigarettes came in after the *rôti*, this ugly and ungallant custom would of itself lapse into desuetude.

Let some few women of influence introduce smoking after the *rôti* in London, and they will be able to do away with this boorish habit of leaving the men alone after dinner, which strikes all foreign visitors so unfavourably, and makes a dull and stupid break in the evening of every dinner-party in an English house, whether in town or country.

Dinner-parties are the speciality of modern society; balls are not popular except with the "dancing people" of both sexes; receptions everybody hates; but dinner-parties are generally liked, and in London, as a rule, very well done, though they are, generally speaking, too large. The perfect dinner-party should not exceed eight or ten, and should be gathered about a round table; the seats, moreover, should be much lower and easier and more capacious than they usually are. Dinners of twenty or thirty people are terrible; every one is bored at them, and, though they may be banquets fit for the gods, and *corvées* inevitable in the season, yet they are wearisome burdens to both host and guests.

Dinner-giving is one of the obligations of social life, and, like all other forms of pleasure which have become obligations, tends to become tiresome. Benjamin Constant, in his journal, writes: "Je comptais dîner aujourd'hui chez Allard. L'amour de la solitude m'a pris, et j'ai dîné chez moi. Et au fait, qu'aurais-je fait à ce dîner? J'aurais eu des bougies qui m'auraient fait mal aux yeux, des gens dont je ne me soucie pas, et j'aurais dit des choses dont je me serais répenti. J'ai dîné seul; je n'ai rien dit; et j'ai mis des écrans devant les bougies. Cela vaut bien mieux." And it is a kind of comparison which might often be drawn between solitude and society, with advantage to the former; but there are few who admit this, or have the courage to act on their conviction of it. It is the habit to be *dans le train;* it is fashionable never to have an instant of leisure or repose; and so people dine out, or give dinners, most evenings of their lives.

It may be said that the dinner-party has killed the *salon*. The dinner-party and the clubs together have made such *salons* as were open in Benjamin Constant's days nowhere to be found; nowhere in London certainly, possibly nowhere in Europe, even in Paris. The lateness of our dinner-hour makes men and women indisposed to go afterwards where they can only listen or converse. The whole tenor of modern life makes people impatient of any form of entertainment where they are not very well fed. They are cynically critical of the goods provided

for them, and if any one thing is amiss, that one thing is mercilessly noted and treasured up, and made game of in half a dozen other houses. There is neither hospitality nor gratitude for hospitality in our days. If the party be dull, or the *menu* a blunder, we are inexorably wrathful at our time having been wasted at such a failure, and we go away, early and irritated, wondering why people will do things at all if they cannot do them well. This is perhaps unamiable; but is it not natural, when there were half a dozen other invitations which we refused for the sake of this one which has turned out so ill?

In London, the dinner has a foe in its predecessor and imitator, the luncheon. A certain great gentleman having a liking for two o'clock luncheons, fashionable London gathers itself at them perpetually. Now, though I am not unmindful of certain charming luncheons for which some charming houses are justly famous, I must think that these two o'clock luncheons are a mistake. They cut up the day; they and the five o'clock tea tire people before it is time to dress for dinner. The luncheon *menu* is very often almost as long as that of the dinner, and it is four o'clock before those present at this so-called mid-day meal can get away from it and rush somewhere where silver kettles are singing and *caviare* sandwiches are offering themselves. It makes too much eating between two and ten p.m. when the long hours of the eight o'clock dinner come on the top of one of these Gargantuan luncheons. The twelve o'clock *déjeûner* of the Continent is far lighter, more reasonable, and better-timed for the digestive powers; but in London it would interfere with the morning riding in Rotten Row, and everybody would grumble at it.

If people talk as well as they do on the unceasing amount of rich food which they absorb in London, how admirably would they talk if they would only eat less! It is marvellous that any wit at all remains in England under the daily burden of unceasing food with which men and women please their palates, and generate in themselves uric acid and nutritive plethora. Sir Henry Thompson preaches in vain to a deaf generation, and it is with our world, as with the world of Ecclesiastes, "by surfeiting many perish."

A very great lady, capable of leading society, might perhaps make it possible to *tenir salon*, and gather into one focus the many wandering rays of conversational brightness. But there is no leader of society in the old sense of those words. There are "political women" and "smart women," as the jargon of the day calls them, not very politely; but there is no one person so pre-eminent that she can prescribe social laws and be obeyed. No one has all the qualifications needful. Those who have the position, have not the *esprit;* those who have both these, have not the money necessary; those who have the money, have not the intelligence or the power required; and so society in London remains like a vast army, which has a large staff, but no commander-in-chief; like a scattered fleet, drifting aimlessly, without a flagship and signals. The traditions of the first Lady Granville, of the omnipotent Lady Jersey, of the notable Lady Ashburnham, of the terrible Lady Holland, remain traditions; no one has taken up their social sceptre. It is a fact to be regretted; for there are a very great many good things said, in the course of every twenty-four hours in London, which are frittered away unobserved at luncheon and dinner tables. Unhappily, women are, as a rule, the foes of good conversation: above all of conversation which is impersonal. They want to flirt, or to hear news, or to be flattered and admired, and they dislike brilliant, intellectual discussions which go on to their exclusion. But some women can talk well and gracefully, whilst those Englishmen who are also men of the world in the fullest sense of the word, converse with eloquence and wit. In these the materials for the construction of a *salon* are to be found; but where is the woman who can make one the fashion in London?

To *tenir salon* requires innumerable qualities, and, above all, much self-denial; for it is no more a *salon* unless it be open every evening so long as the season lasts in the capital where it is held, and to keep it open thus would entail on the hostess the renunciation of all "going out" on her own part.

To return to the matter with which these discursive remarks began: Mr. Frith is not the only writer of "Memoirs" who does me the honour to quote a dinner of mine. Serjeant Ballantine, who never dined with me but once, did the same thing, I believe, in his "Reminiscences." I ought, no doubt, to be flattered; yet I cannot but shudder at the thought that everybody who has ever dined or breakfasted with me anywhere, may have treasured up the fact to bring it out in print long years afterwards!

It was said that Lord Campbell's "Biographies" added a new terror to death; but this freshly-invented martyrdom of having one's living personality dragged into the "Reminiscences" of distant acquaintances adds a new and fearful horror to life. Who shall venture to issue a card of invitation if it may entail on us unpermitted and undesired notice in some book where we figure without our knowledge, perhaps utterly to our displeasure? Shall we ever offer an oyster to a guest, if we remember that he will reproduce that oyster to a gossip-loving public, and describe it (incorrectly) as accompanied by a cigarette? One asks people to breakfast and dinner as naturally, and inconsequently, as one asks the barometer how the weather goes. Shall this innocent, harmless, thoughtless act lead us to the pillory of a record in "popular Memoirs"? Might not courtesy dictate to these writers of their own memories (and imaginations) that it might be well to ask those whom they desire to parade in their pages whether such productions of their names would be agreeable to them? Is every act of social courtesy or hospitality to be made odious to the doer of it by being served up in a sort of *pot-pourri* of recollections to a greedy and gaping public?

If this, indeed, is to be our doom, let us close our doors; let us dine alone, like Benjamin Constant; let us never dare to sign our name to a note of invitation; and let us burn every letter we possess from every friend who has, like ourselves, the fatal attraction of a name of which others can make use! OUIDA.

VENETIAN POINT.

(Made by Miss Keane's Workers, Cappoquin.)

Lace-making in Ireland.

AS margarine to the butter-maker, an oleograph to an artist, or a cast-iron well-cover to a Quentin Matsys, so is machine-made lace to the lace-lover. This observation may seem unnecessary, but, as Philistines abound and flourish who insist that machinery has superseded the old and laborious methods of lace-making, it is well that the relative positions of the two productions should be explained.

Lace-making takes rank high amongst the lesser arts. Those who produce it may be classed with the skilled goldsmith, jewel-setter, or enameller. In all these arts the design passes from the artist's hands to the workman's, and by the degree of the latter's sympathy with the former the amount of excellence in the result will be decided. Mere mechanical skill will not suffice. Any one who has supervised lace-making must know how one worker turns out a piece of lace, slightly uneven, faulty here and there, but sympathetic; the stitches are set to suit the curves of the patterns—all seems to flow as if designer and worker had had one thought between them. Another worker brings her lace. Very good; stitches as perfect as possible, no loose threads; and yet, as the artist said of his pupil's painting, "No fault to be found, but it wants *that*."

These remarks apply more exactly in speaking of point lace, where the materials used are entirely under the worker's control, every stitch being placed separately with several movements of the carefully-held needle. In pillow lace the materials will, to a certain extent, work their own way, a slight thickness in the thread, or flaw of any kind, being less noticeable to the worker as she twists and plaits her bobbins, winding her threads amongst her mysteriously grouped pins.

The object of this article is to give an outline of the rise, growth, and present position of lace-making in Ireland.

The preceding remarks will enable the reader to understand how much supervision the establishment of the lace industry requires amongst a peasant population perhaps more untrained than any other people to appreciate what is beautiful. This remark is not lightly made. One who has lived amongst them cannot fail to notice the utter absence and entire want of appreciation of household gods of any kind. Of this people it cannot be said that house-pride is their besetting sin. They spin and weave in regions far from shops cleverly and well; in places where the ladies of the district have exerted themselves progress in this way has been made. But only the ruder kinds of stuffs for bodily clothing are yet attempted, and carvings, fine linen, or plate (guarded as heirlooms in the peasants' houses of Normandy and Brittany) are unknown.

The history of the country has doubtless partly produced this state of things; but that is a delicate subject, and one about which too many empty words have been spoken. Forbid it that more noise should here be added to the unseemly clamour! Rather let us turn to the unostentatious work that is being done to change these uninteresting homes, by giving to the women a trade which (speaking from the standpoint of many years' experience) has a distinctly civilising and refining effect on the character.

This last remark refers to the difficult and intricate kinds of lace-making. It is a curious fact that this has not been the result produced by the easier kinds of work, such as the coarse deteriorated Limerick lace or crochet-work, which is easily learnt and can be thoughtlessly produced. The effect in these cases is distinctly the reverse.

Communities such as convents are most suitable for the carrying on of this industry. To improve the eye and strengthen the feeling for form and delicacy of texture in one worker, and to correct the mechanical carelessness of her more tasteful sister, is a never-ending task. In a community, from the hourly intercourse, the necessary knowledge for this difficult post of teacher

passes almost imperceptibly from one to another. Here may the remark be made that in this lies both a power and a weakness, for good or bad traditions seem almost harder to eradicate in communities than in individuals.

Unfortunately, in this country the traditions as regards design have been more inspired by sentiment than knowledge of art. A distorted harp, a few caricatured shamrocks, occasionally an Irish deerhound, with a round tower placed beside him, as though it were his kennel — these oddly-assorted emblems furnished the stock-in-trade of many a designer.

Since the connection of the lace schools with the Schools of Art an era has opened for all remote centres, and good teaching is to be had for all who desire it.

In the Cork Exhibition of 1883 Lady Colthurst and Mrs. Ludlow Beamish had, amongst other women's industries, an exhibition of local lace. All who understood the matter looked and shuddered to see so much clever, dexterous handiwork so wasted. The Committee did more than shudder; they prevailed upon the South Kensington authorities to send over Mr. Alan Cole to lecture, and show good specimens of ancient lace. Through this means, and the very great patience, kindness, and perseverance of Mr. Cole and Mr. Brenan, R.H.A., head of the Cork School of Art, a peaceful revolution has taken place.

LIMERICK LACE.

(Made by Mrs. Vere O'Brien's Workers.)

Special rules were made at the Schools of Art to enable nuns who could not leave their convents to acquire the knowledge they wished for; and all through the South of Ireland, Mr. Brenan travels at certain periods from convent to convent, holding classes for instruction in designs, as far as Dingle in Kerry, and lending specimens and photographs of lace provided from South Kensington. Mr. Cole's visits continue from time to time, and for the hearty way he has helped on this movement the Irish lace-makers cannot be too

grateful. A system he has started for giving prizes for new designs has succeeded admirably, and many people, both here and in England, have become interested in this special branch of the movement, showing their interest by supplying funds for the prizes awarded.

Government has within the last two years appointed Mrs. Power Lalor as inspector of the work done in convents, and her energy has given new life to the commercial side of the undertaking, a kind of energy much wanted, which is every day more appreciated by those somewhat exhausted in the process of having their lace sent off so as to do credit to their classes.

Before giving a short account of the different schools, it may as well be stated that a certain philanthropic Lady Arabella Denny is said to have established many lace industries in this country. Beneficial at the time, they ceased with her death, before the beginning of this century. She appears to have worked in the Carrickmacross district, as it is stated in a short history of that school, after mentioning her name as beginner of the work, that lace-making was there revived in 1820.

Foremost of the convent lace schools is that of the Poor Clares, at Kenmare, Co. Kerry. The enterprise and self-improving spirit shown by the nuns cannot be too highly praised. Feeling they had much to learn that their laces might successfully compete with those of France, Belgium, and Italy, they have left no means untried to gain knowledge of design and of their subject in all its technicalities, and were amongst the first to avail themselves of the offer of Mr. Cole's valuable visits. Point lace was first made at their convent about twenty years ago, being begun by the late Rev. Mother Abbess O'Hagan. Hard-working girls through this means keep themselves above the reach of want. The industry in Kenmare is thoroughly established,

LAPPET OF POINT LACE.

(Made at the Convent of Poor Clares, Kenmare, Co. Kerry.)

and buyers are ready for the laces the moment they leave the workers' hands. Since the connection of the convent with South Kensington, in 1884, the Sisters have received many prizes for designs: a bronze medal, six Queen's Prizes, also the first prize in the recent design competition for lace to be presented to the Pope by the Irish bishops, for an altar-fall, a rochet, and an alb.

Point lace is also made at a Killarney convent, where the same self-improving spirit is being shown. They have connected themselves with the School of Art in Cork, and intend to turn their attention chiefly to copies of Reticella, commonly called Greek lace.

At Newtownbarry, Co. Wexford, Mrs. Hall Dare has a small but admirably-managed class of workers. This school was founded in 1868, and in the same year Miss Keane began to teach lace-making at Cappoquin, Co. Waterford. These schools have something in common, as both ladies have invariably copied old Italian laces, thereby avoiding many pitfalls. At Newtownbarry perfect reproductions of Reticella are made. Mrs. Hall Dare learnt this work in London, and so was able to teach her village girls. In Cappoquin one or two women had a slight knowledge of point lace stitches, probably derived from Youghal, only sixteen miles distant. Miss Keane and one of the women unravelled some old Venetian rose point, and so learnt the method of working. Only Venetian laces and the finest kinds of Reticella are made at this school.

In the convent in Youghal the lace called Irish point is made in large quantities, and the industry is there well established. Latterly the authorities have shown a desire for new designs, and have connected themselves with the Schools of Art and South Kensington. The work in this convent was started in 1849 by Mrs. Smyth, a member of the community, who acquired

her knowledge of lace-making in the same way as Miss Keane, by the careful destruction of some old specimens. About eighty girls are here employed, many earning a livelihood.

Mrs. Kavanagh, of Borris, had for many years a well-managed school, but it appears to have dwindled because the lace was of a kind that only satisfied a passing fashion. Point lace is also made at the convents of New Ross, Co. Wexford, and of Merrion, near Dublin.

At Innismacsaint, Co. Donegal, there is a factory where Italian laces are copied in large quantities.

This completes the list of schools where point lace is made.

Many other kinds are produced throughout the country, principally at Limerick, where this once well-known work has been revived. Thirty years ago Messrs. Forrest, of Dublin, had a large factory there, and beautiful work was done under their supervision. This was of two kinds: tambour-work on net, and darning in patterns on net, the latter being the more delicate and difficult kind. When their factory ceased to exist Limerick lace quickly deteriorated, and, with the exception of that still made at the Good Shepherd Convent (which is altogether for Church purposes), the fine kinds were abandoned. Limerick lace lost its prestige, and was relegated to the use of dressing-tables and curtains. At present Messrs. Cannock, drapers in Limerick, have a factory chiefly for the tambour-work; and within the last few years Mrs. Vere O'Brien has collected some of Forrest's old workers, has put herself in connection with good London shops, provided good designs and materials, and renovated the drooping trade. She is beginning to add young hands to her veteran band of workers, and hopes thoroughly to re-establish the industry, with its old character for good taste.

At Carrickmacross, Co. Monaghan, much lace is made. It appears to be the oldest of the schools, for in 1820, at Dunamoyne, Mrs. Gray Porter, wife of the rector of that place, taught her maid to make Brussels lace. This being shown to a lady of property, Miss Dora Reid, inspired her with the idea of establishing a school, where she had lace-making taught.

In 1846 Mr. Tristram Kennedy, a land-agent on Lord Bath's estate, seeing the benefit to the poor of Miss Reid's school, built seven others, one at Carrickmacross, the natural centre of the district on the Shirley Estate. These are known as the Bath and Shirley Schools. To them a grant was given by the Lords of the Privy Council of £100, and a further grant of £50 annually till the year 1883, or perhaps to the present date. Through these means lace-making is thoroughly established throughout the district. This work cannot be exactly classed with point lace, for, although the two kinds have many stitches in common, it (like Limerick lace) has a solid foundation to begin upon: in the latter case, net; in the former, linen or muslin. However, they have both been known as Limerick and Carrickmacross lace for so long that one must ignore the mixture of embroidery in both, and let the technical mistake pass, for fear of being accused of pedantry. This school also is working from patterns produced under the new South Kensington scheme, with most excellent results.

Pillow lace is not much made in Ireland. The Sisters of Mercy at the convent, Birr, King's County, have taught it to the children in their industrial school, and Brussels and Honiton sprigs are copied and applied with much success. Here, at one time, point d'Alençon was attempted, but abandoned as too tedious and trying to the sight.

Mrs. Dawson, Houndswood, Cong, is now making torchon, a most useful and comparatively cheap kind of pillow lace. At the annual Exhibition of Industries at Lismore Castle for the cottagers on the Duke of Devonshire's estate, specimens of Maltese lace (black and white) are still shown, the workers being the remnant of a number once employed at the convent, Tallow, Co. Waterford. The work there appears to have languished for want of a renewal of patterns and ideas, but enough remains to rebuild the industry, if an enterprising manager could be found.

GREEK LACE.

(Made by Mrs. Hall Dare's Workers, Newtownbarry.

Valenciennes lace was once well made at the Dowager Lady de Vesci's school, Abbeyleix, Queen's County; but that, too, has been abandoned (as so many enterprises of the kind inevitably are), either through the death of the originator or some other cause.

In fact, unless some scheme for a central agency in Dublin (now talked of) can soon be carried out, much of the valuable work being done by private philanthropists must be irretrievably lost. The first stages of drudgery are over in most of the schools, and a consecutive commercial policy is required, in order that the next generation may take up the work already begun, and go straight on in their struggles after perfection.

A few years ago an Irish copy of a point d'Alençon flounce was shown beside its beautiful model to one of the principal Paris lace merchants. "Ah!" said he, "one is a smile; the other a grimace."

We do not mean to be satisfied till we, too, can smile in a perfectly captivating manner.

If this sketch of the rise and present position of lace-making in Ireland should contribute to awaken general interest in the subject, another step will have been gained. Those who wish to know more will have an opportunity of judging for themselves whether we are making progress, in the women's section of the Glasgow Exhibition of 1888. H. E. KEANE.

Swiss Goblins.

IN the Vaudoises Alps the house-fairy is called the *servant*. Elsewhere he bears other names: *Bergmœnnli* in the Grisons, *Follaton* in the mountains of Neuchâtel, *Coqzwergi* in Canton Valais. This last name is significant; *zwerg* means dwarf, and *coq*, cock—the "kobold" or goblin being believed to be produced, like the cockatrice, from an egg laid by a cock. A well-known family in the Valais is called De Cocatrix. If you wish to have a "servant," you must first get the egg and then hatch it carefully by holding it under your arm. It is occasionally possible to purchase a fully-developed sprite, but they seem to object to being sold. Once a proprietor wished to get rid of his "servant" who had become idle, and thought to make some money by him; he fastened a chain round him and set out; he was seen making his way, tugging furiously at a chain to which seemed to be attached—nothing! The "servants" are, in fact, generally invisible, and their movements are noiseless, whence they derive yet another designation: *Nion ne l'oû* ("No one hears him"). Some favoured mortals have seen them jumping about on the roofs, or among ruins, or from branch to branch in forests. They are observed to have a small tail. A reference to this peculiarity occurs in a version of the universal sleep-spell, or evening prayers, which is current at Les Ormonts. "In my white bed I lie down; three angels stand beside me, who bid me sleep and have no fear of fire or flame, of polished steel or pointed stick, or broken stone, or pecking hen, or sprite with his little tail in the air. God bless the milch goats, and the kids, and all who are in this house."

The Alpine "servants" are vindictive when offended; but it is easy to keep on good terms with them, if you speak of them civilly, or better still, if you do not talk about them at all. To make them understand that their presence is agreeable to you, set apart a little of the mid-day broth—the first helping is best—and of the evening milk. This should be placed on the roof of the châlet. The "kobold," thus placated, looks after the children and the flocks, frightens away robbers, and performs a variety of useful services, even to sweeping the kitchen floor while the goodwife sleeps, or bringing in the wood ready to light the fire.

If the "servant" be neglected or ruffled, most horrid noises are heard at night, and all sorts of mischief is to be expected. At last, perhaps, he deserts the house altogether, and takes up his abode in some tumble-down cabin, where he is heard to sigh and groan from dusk to dawn, and where sometimes he may be seen under strange disguises. At a place called Ponton one such was seen about the year 1813. He resembled a white cat with an eye in the middle of its forehead, and he had the reputation of being very mischievous. In the archives of Vevey there is mention of a remarkable "servant," who seems to have much exercised the townsfolk in 1551. His headquarters was a certain tower (no longer standing), where he played all kinds of tricks. The Town Council, after due deliberation, came to the wise resolve of ordering that a mason should be engaged to brick up all the doors and windows of this tower, so that if the "kobold" were outside it could not get in, and if it were inside it could not get out.

Formerly on the mountains of Villars there was a house frequented by a "servant" familiarly called "La servan à Hugonin." He was properly fed, and the food set out for him punctually disappeared; yet his temper was not good, nor were his practices exemplary. A poor knife-grinder was once passing over these heights, when his wheel, which he carried on his back, began to turn round of itself. The inference was clear: the "servan à Hugonin" was up to one of his pranks. Convinced that the sprite was sitting on his shoulders, the poor man was seized with such a fright that he fell dead. A neighbouring peak was called after him the "Crêt du Molare" ("molare" meaning knife-grinder), a name it bears to this day.

In a field on the slopes of these same mountains of Villars, there was a famous hole called "le Trou de Lindaz." It was once very deep, and, although now

filled up, the trace of it is still visible. According to tradition, this hole was closed on the night when the last male heir to the once-powerful family of La Tour breathed his last. It was believed that his familiar spirit returned into the earth through the opening, and that then it closed over him. The disappearance of the "servant" contemporaneously with his master's death is worth the notice of the student of folk-lore, for it brings these "kobolds" within the order of the personal fate or clan genius. Though, however, the "servant" of La Tour has vanished, he is thought to be alive. The waters of a spring near the hole are sometimes strangely troubled, and this and other uncanny phenomena are attributed to him.

As instanced by the course taken by the Municipality of Vevey, it is generally considered that a "servant" enclosed in brick and mortar can by no means effect his escape unless a kind mortal comes and lets him out. In an old house at Montreux it is pretty sure that there is a "servant" shut up somewhere in the walls, but no one has as yet troubled himself with his deliverance.

One "servant" lived deep down under the foundations of a lonely dwelling near the village of Corbeyrier. He notified his whereabouts by beating a little drum, which could at times be heard distinctly. He would reply to questions put to him, just like more fashionable spirits when interrogated by a medium. "How many are we in the room?" "How many buttons has Jean on his gaiters?" The desired information was promptly rapped out, and was always correct. The house was at last pulled down in order to find out the cause of the mysterious drumming. Nothing was discovered, and for a time nothing more was heard; but no sooner was it built up again than the sounds recommenced. About the year 1860 a very grave and much-considered person was called in, and he succeeded in conjuring the "servant" to take his leave. How he did it, deponent sayeth not.

At Bex there used to be several notorious "kobolds," whose memory is still preserved. A local writer, who began life as a shepherd in the mountains, received a rich store of wonder-tales from his grandmother, who was wont to tell them through the long winter evenings as she sat in the kitchen of the châlet with her son and his children. She had known many persons who had been waited on by "servants," and she firmly believed in the circumstances she related. She knew of good "kobolds" and bad. Of the former category was one which inhabited a gentleman's house in the great Square of Bex. The cook could not praise it enough for its useful service in preparing the coffee, sweeping out the kitchen, putting all to rights, so that she had nothing to do when she came down in the morning. Of the second class was a "servant" who tied the horses' tails together in the stable. The old lady positively vouched for the following anecdote. During the day a cow had been slaughtered at her father's farm-house, and at nightfall what was the horror of the family on seeing one of the feet of this cow begin to walk deliberately about the kitchen. Meanwhile shouts of laughter were heard, which showed plainly to whose agency the uncomfortable occurrence was due. Search was made for the "servant," who was at last detected sitting at the top of a tall ladder in the barn. In the hope of getting rid of him, the barn was sold to a farmer who lived at some little distance, and, in fact, after the sale the "kobold" betook himself to the house of his new master.

The road from the village to the cemetery of Bex is called *Serveina*, "the Way of Servants." What their connection was with the dead does not precisely appear.

At Ormont-dessus the sprites were particularly well-affected. They led the cows to the pasture, and never did one fall down the rocks. Somebody was so ill-advised as to put some dirt in the portion of milk reserved for the little workers, and "after that," said the old cow-herd who told the story, "I never saw them again."

Well-disposed "servants," sometimes, take charge of deserted châlets or lonely buildings, where hay is kept, far from all human habitations. If any one dares to hide in such a place, the "servant" tells his master. A man who ventured to go to sleep in an old hay-loft, sure that no mortal eye beheld him, was startled next Sunday by the proprietor asking him, "Well, Emanuel, how is my hay getting on?" They also tell their master where the labourers or servants of flesh and blood have hidden stolen goods. Some men employed in digging in an orchard thought they would appropriate the crops borne by a fine apple-tree. No sooner said than done. The apples were picked and hidden under the hay in the barn. The master came soon after and went straight to the spot. "There's something very hard here," he said, giving the hay a kick. "It's a bad look-out," muttered the labourers; "*L'otro* (the other) has told him." *L'otro*, which here refers only to a "servant," is often used when speaking of the devil.

A man named Jean, who lived a little above Aigle, got tired of his "servant's" doings—the sprite opened his windows when it was cold and shut them when it was hot. A mountaineer, who was going to market at Aigle very early one morning, thought that Jean's house was on fire as smoke was coming out of all the crannies. When he approached, he met Jean with a dish of burning charcoal in one hand and an old cavalry sabre in the other. "What are you about?" asked the wayfarer. "I am trying to get rid of the little wretch that torments me," replied Jean. "He plays me all kinds of tricks in the house and in the barn. I wish I could find out once for all if he steals anything. Yet there are times when it is handy to have a 'servant'—don't you think so?"

A terrible story is remembered of the vengeance of a justly incensed "servant," who lived in an old châlet on the borders of Lac Lioson. Originally the "kobold" had rendered many services to the mountaineers in return for his little portion of the first cream skimmed night and morning. Once it happened that the head cow-herd went away for the day; "above all," he said, at starting, "don't forget to help the 'servant.'" But alas! one of the young men left behind had the fatal idea of saying to his companion, "It would be fun to see what would happen if we put nothing out for the 'servant.'" This was accordingly done. In

twenty-four hours the old man came back; everything appeared to be in good order, but he felt a foreboding of evil. He lay down to rest, but he could not sleep. By-and-by, the calm which prevailed gave place to a fearful storm. After passing an anxious night, disturbed by strange voices which seemed to call him, the peasant arose with the earliest rays of dawn, and what was his dismay to see no trace whatever of his herd! He called together his people and they went forth in search. The wind had fallen, all was still, but not a sound of a cow-bell struck on the quiet air. At last marks were seen of hoof-prints which seemed to bear witness to a desperate flight, and which led straight to a precipice. There, indeed, at the bottom of the ravine, lay the herd, a mangled heap of lifeless beasts! The "servant" was avenged.

As has been already stated, the Swiss goblins occasionally take the form of animals. A man of Château d'Œx was passing an empty house after dark, when he was surprised to see a light shining in the window of the upper storey. He gently put a ladder to the wall, and crept up to see what was going on. A fox was spinning at a distaff by the light of a small lamp. When the fox noticed the spy it made faces at him. Of course it was a "servant" in disguise.

Presuming on this well-accredited belief in the metamorphosis of "servants," a sceptic of Aigle was guilty of the following jest. It should be premised that a very celebrated "servant" was reported to have dwelt in an ancient building at Salins, near Aigle. In 1866 an old man named Pierre-Abram, an excellent good fellow, once a carabineer, always a poacher, a capital shot, a labourer, bricklayer, and fiddler, and, for the rest, a confirmed believer in goblins, ghosts, and flying serpents, chanced one day to shoot a marten—one of those pretty little creatures which were once common, but are now extremely rare in the Alps. He was skinning the animal when his superior friend came up, and, having himself never seen the like, he asked what manner of beast it could be. "Goodness!" exclaimed the joker, with the most serious air, "you have done a precious piece of work—why, you have killed the 'servant' of Salins!" Pierre-Abram was seized with such a trembling fit that the knife fell from his hand.

Whoever wishes for fuller information about the Alpine sprites, as well as much interesting news of fairies, demons, witches, ghosts, and treasure-finders, has only to consult M. Alfred Ceresole's "Légendes des Alpes Vaudoises." M. Ceresole remarks upon the curious fact that while the legends of Savoy teem with pious allusions and miraculous appearances of saints, the legends of the Canton de Vaud are almost purely pagan. The breath of the Reformation swept away all trace of Catholic tradition, but left untouched the older roots of the mythology which preceded it. A belief in witchcraft and the Black Art still holds its own in spite of the schoolmaster. Old copies of the "Grand Grimoire," or the "Grand" and "Petit Albert," are treasured away here and there; and if the idea that their possession gave miraculous powers is not now avowed, still they are not willingly parted with, or even shown to the profane. It used to be said that should the "Grand Grimoire" be opened at a certain page by an uninitiated hand, the room would fill with a legion of strange birds, come no one knew how or whence. "Grimoire" seems to be derived from grammar, which, in the popular speech, means anything unintelligible. The book contains a number of senseless formulæ for summoning or conjuring demons and spirits, for selling one's soul, and so on. The two "Alberts," greater and lesser, are no less childishly foolish, but their day is by no means wholly past. In the south of France the "Petit Albert" is still current, and it is known to be the text-book of the witch-doctors who terrorise over the colony of Mauritius. We have heard that they keep it so secret, that even the police have never been able to obtain a copy in the island.

To return to our Swiss necromancers. A bookseller at Lausanne received in August, 1869, the original of the subjoined letter. It was badly written and worse spelt, and no doubts were entertained as to its *bonâ fide* character:—"Sir, I write these two words as I desire to make your acquaintance. For a very long time I have heard speak of a book called 'The Great Book.' This book must deal with several arts; they even say that by it one can speak with the devil, transport wine from one place to another, catch chamois. They also say that with the 'Book of Black Magic' one can do many wonders. Many say that these books are fabulous, but if you have any such in stock I beg you to inform me of the price, and whether really they enable one to do something supernatural. Will you send me anyhow some small magical secret, so that I may see if it is worth while to get the rest—yes or no? Requesting you to give me an immediate answer, pray accept my best regards. I remain for life, yours faithfully, ——"

This letter is a curious mixture of lingering superstition, and a shrewd apprehension of being "taken in." We will conclude our gleanings with a story which puts ghost-seeing in an entirely new light. At Chesières, in 1864, a poor bell-ringer was cited to appear before the Juge de la Paix, to answer the charge of having asserted in public that he had seen his cousin's ghost. He had duly attended the funeral, and he probably supposed that he had seen the last of his deceased relative, but three weeks later the ghost met him on a lonely road by night, and obstinately dogged his footsteps. He called in the assistance of a friend who had formerly followed the profession of treasure-seeker, but this friend said nothing at all. "See! there he is! He's moving his lips. What eyes! one would say that he was going to speak." "Well," suggested the treasure-seeker, "ask him what he wants." "*I* speak to him? Heaven forefend!" Now the family of the dead man took it amiss that he was thus described as haunting the neighbourhood instead of lying quietly in his grave, and the bell-ringer was called upon to retract his statements, which he stoutly refused to do. They might do what they would with him, but he would not deny having seen what he had seen. At length, on the recommendation of the judge, the charge was withdrawn, and the ghost-seer was suffered to depart.

EVELYN MARTINENGO-CESARESCO.

Culture versus Cookery.

ONE of the most marked features of this present decade of the nineteenth century is the amount of consideration that has been bestowed on the working classes, the culture that has been brought within their reach. But I doubt if they even recognise, much less appreciate, the sacrifices generous, philanthropic, and intellectual men and women have made on their behalf; how earnestly they have worked to add some "sweetness and light" to their very dreary lives; how ardently they wish to share the blessings of culture with their less favoured brothers and sisters. Perhaps there is no self-sacrifice greater, no self-discipline harder, than that of a thoroughly cultured man or woman devoting his or her energy to the cultivation of a mind utterly barren, utterly devoid of "sweetness and light;" devoid, possibly, of the capacity for understanding what such things mean; yet to this almost superhuman task men and women have come bravely and done their best. Literature, science, music, art, have all been brought within the reach of the working classes; rational amusement, one of culture's greatest boons, has been offered them freely; they have had lectures by the cleverest men, libraries selected by the most intelligent, experiments shown them by the masters of science; they have had poetry, painting, and music; and yet one cannot help perceiving that, as far as culture is concerned, the working classes are very much in the position they were in many years ago.

True, culture at the best of times is a plant of slow growth, and finds its least congenial soil amongst the working classes; and that fact suggests the idea that it would be as well, perhaps, to enrich the soil a little before attempting to grow so sensitive a plant. While feeling the most sincere respect and admiration for all that has been done in the way of lectures, libraries, and pleasures, I still think that a little previous attention to minor details might have paved the way for happier results. The East End of London is macadamised with good intentions, but the people remain very much the same. One worker after another says, "It's no use; I can't do anything with *the people*."

Here I may remark that the endeavour to improve *the people*, not *the person*, must of necessity prove a failure and disappointment. It is only by acting on the *individual* that any real benefit can be conferred on a working community. One grain of example is worth a pound of precept; one neat, orderly house in a sordid, uncleanly, neglected "row" of twelve, does more to stimulate neatness and order than a dozen lectures on "the beauty of order." It is pleasant to a lecturer to see a hall full of eager, listening working men and women. They enjoy his fine-sounding words, just as some other people enjoy the sound of "Mesopotamia;" but it is only sound, "signifying nothing." They go back to their untidy, neglected homes, not a whit the better or the wiser practically; that is, they do not *do* anything to make them better and more cheerful: and the end of woman (as well as man) "is an action, not a thought, though it be the noblest." In short, to attempt to cultivate the mind at the expense of the body is an absurd and useless endeavour; and yet that is what is practically being done by many very well-intentioned men and women. No amount of energy, self-sacrifice, or good intentions can inculcate a love of poetry, music, or art—that is, a living, reproductive love—in a person wholly devoid of the first principles of honesty, justice, and domestic economy. "Sweetness and light" (otherwise culture) can have no communion with carelessness, waste, and extravagance; and those are the three diseases from which our working classes suffer most. The waste of an ignorant man makes the wealth of a wise one; the extravagance of the poor is, in many instances, the source of income of the comparatively rich.

It is amongst working women that the greatest waste and extravagance, and the greatest ignorance as to the value of labour, money, and food, exist; and very severely do they suffer for their shortcomings.

I will not touch here on the condition of working women from a pecuniary point of view (that is a matter in itself, and requires special treatment), but I will simply point out that a working woman gets some wages, and venture to ask, What does she do with it? Has she ever been taught to understand that of the proportion of such wages spent on food she frequently *wastes one-half*, sometimes *two-thirds?* I do not for a moment mean that she does so wilfully, or that she spends too much on food (indeed, I grieve to say she frequently spends too little), but I do say that she has not the remotest idea of how to obtain the full value for her money, and not the faintest notion of how to get the greatest amount of nutriment from the food she does buy.

In fact, the absolute *waste* of nutritious food amongst the working classes (and other classes) is enormous, and almost incredible. I do not mean what is absolutely uneaten or thrown away, so much as the food that is *misapplied;* for I hold it to be *waste*, and something worse, to eat food which does not nourish and strengthen the body, renew the blood, repair waste of tissue; food that taxes the digestive organs to the utmost, produces headache, heaviness, and disinclination for action of any kind, and a desire for stimulants of one sort or another (from tea to gin and bitters). Food that cannot be assimilated is the worst kind of waste, for it does no good, but is certain to do an immense amount of harm; unsuitable and badly-cooked food produce fully one-half the ills from which our working people suffer; and ignorance concerning food and the manner of cooking it

tends largely to the gains of other classes—notably the publican, the butcher, and, perhaps, the doctor. With a working man and woman the primary consideration is, or should be, good health; but how few ever give it a thought? who among our great *working* populations ever asks him or herself, when eating supper at night, "How will it fit me for to-morrow's toil?" Certainly, "a good dinner" on Sunday (and that is the British workman's and workwoman's idea of happiness) and semi-starvation for the remainder of the week is not the royal road to good health, good digestion, and good temper. Still, this "good dinner" is the fixed principle of hundreds of thousands of our poorer workers all over the country, as well as in London, and nothing but a long, patient course of teaching and explanation can ever make them think any differently. The principle of eating what we like is, if possible, more firmly fixed in the English mind than of "doing what we like;" and merely to tell an average working woman or the wife of a working man that a mutton chop (not overdone) and a piece of sound, wholesome, rather stale bread would be much more nutritious and far cheaper than roast pork, sage-and-onion stuffing, baked potatoes sodden in fat, and a quarter-cooked suet pudding discoloured with unsound currants, washed down by salty beer—would be simply waste of words; she *wouldn't believe you.* Pork and its concomitants mean "a good dinner;" a chop and a piece of bread have nothing tempting or tasty about them. Once, a few months ago, I ventured to remonstrate with a woman who gave a husband suffering from a complication of internal disorders a pork chop. She said, with a sort of pity for my ignorance, "You know, ma'am, it's so *satisfying!*"

The miseries that inevitably follow such dinners, eaten by people who live in close, crowded streets and take no regular exercise, can be more easily imagined than described; but, strange to say, those agonies of indigestion are never attributed to their rightful cause; indeed, I think in many cases they are seized on as an excuse for some more beer, or other stimulant: and the dinner that does not produce a very marked "thirst" is considered a failure. It is well known that a dull Monday follows a full Sunday, and such a mode of living must, of necessity, be wasteful, extravagant, and injurious. The cause is simply ignorance, and no amount of so-called culture will improve the minds of working people till they are first taught how to take care of their bodies; no legislation, no co-operation, no philanthropy will materially benefit them till they learn how to make the most of what they already possess. Such an education would most undoubtedly benefit the working classes, for if a working woman can procure for two shillings as much good and nutritious food as she has hitherto paid four shillings for, she is not only two shillings the richer in money, but a gainer in health and strength, and better able to do her work; and such economy must, of necessity, be good for the community. It is very difficult to make working people understand that the very best food, used judiciously, is also the very cheapest; it is the saving of waste that will most effectually benefit the working classes in London and other large cities. The amount of waste in small things that goes on daily in the world is almost incredible, it does not bear thinking about; and yet the saving and utilisation of waste, or so-called waste material, has laid the foundation of some of the largest fortunes in England: and the prevention of waste amongst our workers would unquestionably place them in a better position, and therefore less at the mercy of their employers. If working men and women had a little more independence, if semi-starvation were not everlastingly staring them in the face, they might demand higher wages, not as "an imperfect favour, but a perfect right."

Therefore I think on every possible occasion some instruction should be given to working women on the use and abuse of food, and the methods of preparing it. I think that THRIFT (not the sort of *thrift* that puts two shillings a week into the Post Office Savings Bank, and lives on bad bread, worse cheese, and pernicious cheap beer for the remainder of the week, with pork, perhaps, on Sundays) should be insisted upon. Women cannot work and keep healthy on such food, and though I would not for a moment advocate the dietary of some of our Continental neighbours—such food would not suit either the English climate or constitution—I still would insist that lighter and more nutritious food should be substituted for the everlasting bread and cheese, pork and sausage; and most earnestly advise that girls be taught the respective values of the different sorts of food, and the rational methods of cooking. I would like to make them understand that it is worse than folly to allow the best of their meat, as well as the best of their fire, to go up the chimney (especially when meat and coals are both so dear), and help to increase our dreadful smoky greasy fogs. I would like to make working women comprehend that at the best of times the potato is not a very inutritious vegetable, still it would be better not to throw the very best portion of it on the fire or dust-heap; to convince them that a strong infusion of currant or sloe leaves, barely coloured with milk, is not a healthful or invigorating beverage. In short, I would like every child to know how to cook cleanly, economically, and wholesomely, and recognise fully how much their health, happiness, comfort, and independence depend on what they eat and drink, and then help them to apply such theoretical knowledge to every-day life.

Mere lectures will never do this, nor cooking classes, nor individual examples, nor socialism, culture, philanthropy, nor the People's Palace. It must become a part of primary education, and might, with great advantage, take the place of some studies (such as geography or history) in our elementary schools. It appears to me that necessary knowledge should be acquired first of all. Before the mind can be advantageously cultivated, the body should be taken care of, and in some places amongst working women I'm afraid there has been an attempt made to substitute "culture" of a certain kind for cookery. While it cannot fail to be gratifying to the "diffusers of intelligence" in the East End to find three or four hundred men listening attentively to their lectures, watching their experiments with the most vivid interest, it is the very reverse of gratifying

to hard-worked and ignorant wives to be told that they should do things they never even heard of before, or to be reproached for not having cheerful tidy homes, smiling, healthy, happy babies, tempting dinners, when such things are only names, mere empty words, signifying nothing; especially as in all probability their cultured and reforming husbands had clamoured for the very things they now set their faces against, and not infrequently resented their absence with frowns, perchance blows. The information gathered from a lecture by a working man, and retailed to his untidy wife, is not by any means conducive to domestic "sweetness and light."

There are few sadder sights in the world than to see an intelligent, sober artisan married to an ordinary domestic servant (such unions are very common), and observe the progress of their lives, say, for a year. They have both saved a little money, and take a cottage, which they furnish, "not wisely, but too well," and commence life under, apparently, the most favourable circumstances.

They have delightful breakfasts and dinners. Jack never lived so well in his life, even when a single man, and he thinks what a real treasure he has found in "Jill." She loves him devotedly, thinks she can never do enough for him, and that nothing is too good to give him to eat. She had "helped in the kitchen" in her last place, and being an observant girl, with a prospect of a home of her own, she watched cook, and certainly learned a good deal. But, unfortunately, she had picked up, not only cook's skill, but her extravagance, and when Quarter Day came round Jack remembered, with a start, that they had both forgotten it, and also the uninteresting but undeniable fact that boots and clothing wear out, and there was no provision at all made for replacing them. They had been very happy, and enjoyed themselves very much, and Jill declared that they really had "nothing out of the way, after all;" only she forgot that the style of cookery practised in a rich man's kitchen is not suitable for a poor man's cottage. Fried fish need not of necessity be an expensive dish, but, according to modern methods of cookery, it is, and exceedingly indigestible into the bargain, soaked as it generally is with lukewarm fat, and half smothered in a semi-cooked mess called "melted-butter," one-half of which is invariably wasted.

Then there is total ignorance with regard to the use of fire. Three times as much coal as is really necessary is burned; saucepans, frying-pans, and kettles get worn out in no time. These may seem sordid and uninteresting details, but to the working man's wife they are, or ought to be, matters of vital importance, and should be taken into consideration; for if all the wages are spent on being comfortable and having things nice, there is a good chance of poverty coming in at the door even before love has looked towards the window.

And yet in such a case the woman is scarcely to be blamed; she means well, but *she knows no better*. She imitates to the best of her ability what she has seen presumably better-informed persons do, but she is absolutely ignorant both as to the value of the food she buys and cooks, and also the proportion of wages that should be spent on it. In fact, domestic servants make about the worst, instead of the best, wives for working men, for they have ideas beyond their means. With better training—with any training—they would understand that what might be a very appropriate "dish" for a wealthy idle man, would be in no way suitable for a poor hard-working one. If economy were practised amongst the wealthy classes, the poor would unquestionably soon benefit by it. If servants were properly trained and children properly educated, much of the sinful waste that goes on every day would be avoided, and poor people would be much healthier and happier. There is hardly any class (unless the very wealthy) who do not suffer, more or less, from extravagant cooking and waste. In lodgings, to persons with fixed incomes, it becomes a very serious matter: milk, butter, eggs, sugar, cheese, spices, and such things vanish in the most astonishing way, though the landlady and the servants may be most scrupulously honest. They have simply got into a wasteful way, and until that way is amended no amount of culture or amusement or increased wages will improve the domestic condition of the wives of working men or the homes of working women. The mere question of living is such a difficult one at present that it seems as if people could not help being careful and economical. The necessity for getting the full value for every hard-earned shilling is imperative, and that can only be done by technical training. But in the East End of London such training is either entirely wanting or lamentably inefficient. To introduce culture—to add some sweetness and light to the very dreary, unlovely lives of the women who work in our great cities—is most desirable and praiseworthy; but to teach them how to take care of their bodies (with regard to what they eat and drink and wear) should be not a pleasure, but a duty. A healthy body will, in all human probability, contain a mind more open to artistic influences, more likely to be benefited by pleasant surroundings, than an ill fed and ill-nourished one; and method, order, and economy practised at home will unquestionably pave the way for the spread of the culture supplied to the working classes abroad.

HARRIETTE BROOKE DAVIES.

THE GREEN ROOM OF THE THÉÂTRE FRANCAIS.

(*Drawn by Paul Destez.*)

"Les Premières."

"FIRST NIGHTS" IN PARIS.

IT would be exceedingly difficult to make the British public understand the real importance of "first nights" in Paris, for they have grown into events of social import, and there is as yet in England no state of social decomposition such as can make these kind of assemblages almost necessary. The Opéra and the Théâtre Français are neutral ground, where hostile factions come together and each exercises the overseership of its enemy. Salon-life, which was the great feeder of Governments till 1830, ended in 1848. "Society" itself was broken up by the Empire, and as the Bonaparte *régime* was never adopted by what constituted the higher civilisation of France, by what was wisest, most brilliant, and best—in other words, most distinctly French—the elements of society had to seek some place of congregation elsewhere than under this or that private roof. From 1852 till the present day, "Society" in Paris, instead of staying "at home" for the "world" to come to it, has gone abroad, not for the sake of any larger mingling with humanity, but chiefly for the sake of spite upon a larger scale. Above all the audiences at "first nights" are feminine, and the *sexe laid* has relatively a very small share of activity or importance. In the two theatres above mentioned, the grandest of these *funciones* are held; and on one or two occasions even, impressions have been received, presentations permitted, feuds envenomed, whence incidents of public importance have ensued.

On the "first" of *L'Étrangère* (in 1879), a delicate-looking, not handsome but graceful, woman in black was universally remarked for the intense attention with which she followed every word of the Duc de Sept Monts, and above all the celebrated speech of the *savant* who describes "*Monsieur le Duc*" as a "*vibrion*" or mere atom, which, when "it" dies, disappears with a whiff into thin air, leaving no trace of its existence behind. The lady in black who thus "watched" was the Duchesse de C——, and it is on record that when, after the third act, Alexandre Dumas was presented to her by her desire, her first words were, "*Mais, Monsieur! vous l'avez donc connu?*"—"*Qui, Madame?*" is reported as the answer, to which "*Mais lui, mon mari, le Duc de C——*" is said to have been the rejoinder.

There are many *day* entertainments at which the female portion of *le monde Parisien* can forgather; but that is not the same thing. For in the day-time there are only heads without shoulders; and, as Mme. de T—— once said, "A woman without her shoulders *n'est qu'une femme à demie!*"

Now, in the full glare of the gas you have them all within lorgnette-range, all in their full war-paint; undraped, unveiled, with bodices shorn of all sleeves, and

open at the back most disadvantageously ("proper," respectable backs are, as a rule, *scraggy*), and plenty of yellow hair and quantities of jewels. There they are of all kinds, and each makes out her enemy at a glance.

It is not now as it was even some sixteen years ago, when those who were undeniably "somebody" used to execute *les autres* with the withering phrase, "*ça n'existe pas!*" This form has ceased with crinolines, and *bandeaux bouffants*, and close bonnets, and sundry other external signs of what is called polite life. Not only is the material existence of the adversary (unwillingly) admitted, but it has become an object of study and reflection, and the still disdained, if they go to examine and imitate the still disdainful, are equally in turn subjected to the liveliest curiosity on the part of the latter. One of the most eventful "first nights" of the last few years was that of *Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie*, because before the curtain rose nobody knew exactly where that particular "*Monde*" might be, where *ennui* was supposed *not* to reign.

As a matter of fact, the title was ill-chosen, as a few venerable remnants of the *élite* observed at once. The "*Monde*" in which the *right* to be bored exists, was far from the "*Monde*" shown to the French public that night, this being simply the most decidedly *mezzo ceto*, and possessing amply on the contrary the privilege of amusing itself if it only knew how. But into the genuine Elysian fields of the most exalted boredom comic playwrights do not enter in France, so your dramatic satirist must e'en take his models where he can. The true criticism of the piece was made on that very "*première*" by a young, lovely blonde woman, whose whole air pronounced her a type of what French *grandes dames* once were. After the end of the second act, turning to a man whose appearance was that of a *diplomate*, and addressing him in a somewhat sleepy, disappointed tone, "but," said she, "who are these people who are trying so hard *not* to be amused? I thought people were only bored in *our* set" (*Je croyais qu'on ne s'ennuyait bien que chez nous.*)

These words of the beautiful, intellectual, and sharp-witted Comtesse de L—— (one of the last of the *historical* noblesse of her country) went before the piece was over from box to box, and remain to this day the true judgment upon the title of the popular play. But a little further on another scene was being played in a box nearer the stage. A very young man, a kind of *demi-élégant*, was discussing the merits of the piece and trying to seem as if he appreciated them, only his praise seemed somewhat strained; he "did protest too much," and when he left the party he had come to visit, "What a little snob!" exclaimed the showily-dressed lady who had seemed bent upon "drawing out" her "departing guest" while he was present; "why, instead of seeming to ignore that it is his own mother who is made publicly ridiculous as Mme. de Lauron, why isn't he busy horse-whipping the author?"

"*Que voulez-vous?*" sneered a Deputy known for his cynicism. "The author dines at his mother's house to-morrow."

During the whole of the most fashionable of "first nights," however, it is not the "*premières loges*" only that are the centres of attraction. If you want to see where the stronger sex comes in for its share of importance you must watch the *stalles d'orchestre*, and even the *strapontins*, for there you will see those for whom the actors (above all, the actresses) do their best. Foremost among all, lurching and shouldering his way in, and at last subsiding with a thud into his seat, is Sarcey: *the* critic, the head and chief of all dramatic criticism in France; the man who reigns supreme, and whom the entire population of the theatrical world would regard with fear and dread, were he not so good-natured *and so just.*

Yes, there is the reason of Sarcey's supremacy. He has the "gifts" of the great critic, and he obeys them, nor tries to override his natural masters. Sarcey has the sense of the *public*, of its instincts, of its feeling, to such a degree that he could not if he would express any other than the public mind. The public is incarnate in him, and he is incapable of sustaining a mere personal preference against what is the supreme judgment of the unbiassed crowd.

Witness his impartiality in the case of Sarah Bernhardt. She was his own invention; he found her out, and knew what the public feeling would be towards her, long before the real public had ever seen her; for she played first at the Odéon, miles away then, before M. Porel had transformed it into the important factor it has now become in the dramatic life of the Parisians. Sarcey told what then lay in Sarah Bernhardt's power, and she appeared at the Théâtre Français. In *Mlle. de Belleisle* she was so overshadowed by Delaunay's new creation of the Duc de Richelieu, that all the *then* delicacy and spontaneousness of her play was but half appreciated. Soon after she made her real mark in Marie de Neuburg, the Queen in Victor Hugo's *Ruy Blas*. *That* was, indeed, a magnificent "*première*," though it was but a revival. It was, in truth, a "first night"—not alone for the representative of his Reine Marie.

M. SARCEY.

No one who was present (it was the spring of 1878) can ever forget Sarcey on that night. He then saw the realisation of his

dream; it might not be—it was not exactly—high art; it was not Greek tragedy, but it was such a perfectly beautiful *genre* picture as has never been seen since.

"*Elle se joue elle-même!*" was the word that went from mouth to mouth. "She is herself!" it was the

M. Vitu.

universal thought. The languid, serpentine grace, the far-off wandering look, the slumbrous, drawling, but so melodious voice, the *voix d'or* (which was yet undemeaned to any coarser metal), the enchanting restfulness and repose of the whole: it was in good truth a triumph for Sarcey, who alone had proclaimed what Sarah Bernhardt would prove to be if she were tried. And he showed in every whispered word, in every movement that night, as he showed in his *feuilleton* that followed in the *Temps*, what a personal delight and pride he took in his discovery, and in the treasure he had brought to the "house of Molière" and to the public.

Yet when, within the space of two years, it was but too clearly seen that the "Idol's" feet were of clay, that the religion of true art was wanting, and that the "eccentric" predominated over everything else, the very first to seize the danger was Sarcey; the first note of warning—long before the public felt the decadence—was raised by Sarcey, who ruthlessly pointed to the defects, above all to the want of conscientiousness, and the failure of respect to the public. As earnest as he had been in praise of the promise, so earnest was he in his blame of the non-fulfilment; and when, through a long series of ever-increasing faults, defective diction, false inflexions, glaring discrepancy between gesture and speech, when at last the actress, who might have risen almost to the height of Rachel herself, sank to that of a *tragédienne du Boulevard*, and became, as the severer sentence was formulated, an "*article d'exportation*," then Sarcey, in *his justice*, condemned, as much in sorrow as in indignation, but condemned, and above all mourned over, the once beautiful voice that had, in the end, been destroyed by the gymnastic exercises, the screechings, and bodily contortions imposed by M. Sardou and other *pantomimists* in such parts as Fedora or Theodora.

But there is Sarcey still, the embodiment of dramatic criticism, because the sincere passion of what he does lives in him. He *loves* the drama, and loves it as *it is in France*, loves the *répertoire*, the plays of the *grand siècle*, and maintains that they are beloved of the public too; in which experience would recently appear to bear him out. When Sarcey disappears he will not be replaced in a century.

Now Vitu, who is one of his kind (not his rival, for he has no "rivals"), *knows* Molière *better* even than Sarcey, but he will not make *you* know him, which is just what Sarcey does. You may trust Sarcey blindfold; read his *compte rendu* of anything he understands, and if, on the strength of what he has said, you go to see the performance, you will agree with every word he has uttered, for he transmits to you *real living life*. We must repeat, "what he understands," for he is too *true* to touch what does not come home to him. He does *not* understand Shakespeare, and is honest enough to say so simply. "*Il me passe*," he frankly admits; and in this present age, when all France is plunging headlong into Shakespearean studies, and desirous of seeming to understand and admire, this is a further proof of Sarcey's uncompromising truthfulness. As he sits on his *strapontin*, which is the particular seat he affects, you are not at a loss to recognise the *chief*; a little group of followers are round him (*Tous Normaliens!* as they ostentatiously affirm), and to a certain degree are familiar (the big, burly creature is so *bon enfant*), but now that poor Edmond About is gone, there is only one whom he treats as an equal, and that is Vitu.

But here there is nearly a generation to go back to; there are a good fifteen years between Vitu and Sarcey. Vitu was a young man during the last years of Louis Philippe's reign, and acquired his real knowledge of the French drama of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and his intimacy with "*la Maison de Molière*," during the closing period of the really great "stars" of the company, that still counted in its ranks the inimitable Sanson and Regnier, Provost, Firmin, Monrose, Mlle. Plessy, and, planet among stars, la Rachel! Delaunay was but just beginning, Got was *rising*, Mlle. Mars was but lately dead, Mlle. Favart was not yet heard of. It was still the remainder of one of the most brilliant periods the theatre has ever known in France, and very different in its exquisite perfection from anything the last sixteen or eighteen years have seen, although the period of the Empire witnessed the reign of the Brohans, and of

M. la Pommeraye.

Bressant, and the full excellence of Delaunay and Mlle. Favart, whose theatrical fame can never be separated.

From the moment Vitu entered upon journalistic life in Paris he showed a decided bent towards the really

æsthetic appreciation of dramatic art. Villemessant, who was at that time founding the *Figaro*, saw from the first what could be made of this new recruit, and monopolised him. Vitu is a *safe* guide, because he possesses a fund of information for which the majority of his *confrères* care but little. He has no "*chic*" in what he writes, no brilliancy, no life; but he *knows* enormously, is accurate, makes no mistakes, is familiar with *tradition;* and Sarcey respects Vitu for his knowledge, and for the ten years during which he saw, with his own eyes, the things and people of which Sarcey has only heard tell.

"*Les comédiens,*" however, do not play for Vitu, and they *do* play for Sarcey; for so sure as any one of them has the wee-est little weak point, so surely does that *one* "good eye" of Sarcey's (the other is, alas! lost) discern it clearly, and point it out to the public for the good and the glory of art! There are two other *fines lames* of the critical tribe who never miss the "*premières*"—Albert Wolff and Aurétien Scholl, the latter belonging, besides that, to the *fines lames* of a more material kind, and ranking among the ablest swordsmen in Paris, where there are many such. La Pommeraye should also be noted; but he is "indulgent," and has therefore less influence in the theatrical world.

MME. ADAM.

Wolff is by birth *and talent* a German—a Rhinelander; and, though his French is amusingly incorrect, he has in him the gift of "phantasy" that only Teutons of the modern school possess, and that lends to whatever they produce an inexpressible attraction. Wolff, though with no pretension to approach the Master, walks in the footsteps of Heine, and through his own very imperfect performance you still catch a trace of the great model; you perceive that he has himself felt the pity that underlies the hardness, the sweetness masked by irony, the deep and *genuine* Teutonic originality of the One, Inimitable, of the poet whose lyre had *every* chord, from the saddest to the most irresistibly comic. The sense that he *has* so appreciated Heine tells upon what would not otherwise be worthy of note, and distinguishes Wolff from his fellows whose French prose is otherwise so far superior.

In his way, Wolff is also somewhat of a playwright himself; but his *genre*, conceivably enough, is *l'opérette*, as giving more scope to pure fancy, or, it might be truer to say, *fancifulness*.

Such as they are, these men have considerably helped to make the French *feuilleton* what it is; and the French *feuilleton* has reacted powerfully upon the dramatic art of France and upon her actors and actresses. Their successors will have far less to say for themselves. Too much *realism*, as they are pleased to call it, has spoilt all delicacy and all repose (without which no dramatic art exists), and there, where the shadow of Zola has fallen, can never rise up a Mars, a Rachel, a Delaunay, or a Got.

Aurétien Scholl is of a different description altogether. He aims at being a manner of "*gentilhomme-plumitif,*" and can, when he chooses, assume all the ways of well-brought-up, well-bred men. He is, beyond compare, the most *spirituel* of the lot. Wit, real wit, the ready, brilliant *esprit*, whose sparkling flash never failed the social gatherings of Paris in bygone times, having utterly died out with the various struggles and anxieties of the last half-century, any one who is possessed of the genuine "gift" stands out prominently from amongst his companions, and is soon marked down for universal fame.

The two last men who truly dispose of this dangerous, if much envied faculty, are at present Alexandre Dumas and Scholl. The former is undoubtedly *the* wittiest man in France, but it is a scathing fire, a dread plaything, which scorches those it touches. Dumas is an executioner who towards man and woman wields his sharp tongue as an axe. No one escapes its bright edge, and, as society is not stingy of the legitimate victims she furnishes, the Salon-Justiciary keeps his hand in, and his blow never fails; no cut ever needs to be made a second time. Dumas is, perhaps, the only man whose wit is as pungent, and as cruelly always to the point, whether in writing or speaking. He cannot open his lips (though he is anything but a *bavard*) without saying something you would wish to remember, and the fierce *éclat* of his most celebrated dialogues on the stage is more than equalled by the unceasing *aperçus* and *reparties* that in conversation dazzle the listener and invariably strike home.

Now Scholl is of a different mould—continues rather the tradition of Nestor Roqueplan, who was also, some twenty years ago, a founder of the *feuilleton de théâtre*, and *magicien* of dinner and supper tables. Roqueplan dated from the days of Jules Janin and Balzac, neither of whom was ever "witty," properly so speaking. But Roqueplan's passion for things *spectacular* carried him away into theatrical management, wherein he ruined himself and became renowned for the creation of the phrase "*faire grand,*" whereby also he ruined the Grand Opéra. Scholl is of Nestor Roqueplan's school, far more witty in conversation than with his pen. But his wit is never ferocious, and does not hurt from "malice prepense." It is of a more playful sort, sharp but pleasant, and (what is not common in Frenchmen) good-humoured; there is plenty of "give-and-take" in it.

Perhaps the grandest of all "first nights"—certainly the most complete of the last quarter of a century—was *not* at the Théâtre Français, but at the Opéra (or

A "FIRST NIGHT" AT THE THÉÂTRE FRANÇAIS: THE FOYER.

(Drawn by Paul Destez.)

more correctly denominated the Académie Nationale de Musique) on the occasion of the execution of *Aïda* under Verdi's own superintendence. This was really a sight to have seen and never to forget, for the coldest and least excitable of European audiences was suddenly electrified, as it would seem, and gave way to enthusiasm such as one rarely meets with out of Italy or Spain or (sometimes) Vienna. The Italians, as a nation, are not popular in France, and least of all in Paris; and Verdi, of all men, had played so prominent a part in his country's recent history, was so militant an Italian, and altogether so fiercely independent in his ways (not to say aggressive), that no one knew exactly how the ceremony of the "*première*" would fall out *vis-à-vis* to the great composer himself; for he was to be brought into direct contact with the public, having promised to lead the orchestra on the three first nights.

"All Paris" did, as a matter of fact, crowd to the Académie Nationale that night, and, what is more, donned its best and gayest. The various *sets* were in presence, and the eye could wander from the "Jockey Club" open box, filled with half a dozen celebrities of *la haute-gomme*, to the closed Presidential one, where sat, eager and impatient, the dark-eyed, olive-skinned girl who was then Mlle. Grévy, and has since become Mme. Daniel Wilson. Further towards the centre were to be seen Mme. Adam, the Princess B——, the Marquise de St. P——, the rotund little Vicomtesse de J——, the bony Meg-Merilies-looking Marquise d'A——, and all the tribe of amateur *cantatrices* and *pianistes* of this terrible city, where, as poor Verdi himself said, "*On peut faire ce qu'on veut mais on ne peut pas éviter le musicien et la chanteuse de salon!*"

The curious thing was that the entire house was crammed to overflowing before the orchestra was entirely assembled, for what Paris had really come to see was Verdi. "*L'entrée de Verdi*" was what they were waiting for, and you might note the strain of anxious

M. Albert Wolff.

anticipation upon every face. Above all, two female countenances were to be remarked. On the right of the stage, in the *avant-scène* of the Elysée, sat, as aforesaid, the daughter of the President of the République, all alive with deep and genuine artistic emotion, longing for the enjoyment to come and vibrating to it in advance; and opposite, in the first open box to the left after the Proscenium, sat the Marquise de P——, stern, pale, beetle-browed, and, as it were, in judgment. This

M. Scholl.

lady, the daughter of the Marquis du H——, the most famous duellist in Europe, holds her place at the Grand Opéra in virtue of an inherited foundation-claim, and never misses her constant attendance during the season. On this occasion, and comparing the subject of the opera with Mme. de P——'s Coptic features, an *habitué* of the "Baby Club" opined that she was there "*par droit d'Égyptienne*," adding, "She is evidently come to judge Rhadamès."

Well, a few moments passed, the house was hushed and breathless, when the door to the right under the orchestra opened, and a tall dark figure appeared and mounted the steps. Such a roar of welcome as greeted the master at that moment was assuredly never heard within the walls of any French public edifice since; and, of a truth, the man thus greeted looked every inch a *master*—a master of men in every sense. Proud, unbending, self-possessed, Verdi proceeded to his desk without, as it were, taking heed of the clamour he had raised: save when the persistent homage continued, nor consented to subdue its loud expression, obliging him *once* to acknowledge the tribute—save that once, Verdi never turned his head, but riveted each sense upon the space before him, and seemed with his "wand of state" to evoke his spirit-offspring, and draw them from cloudland to the stage.

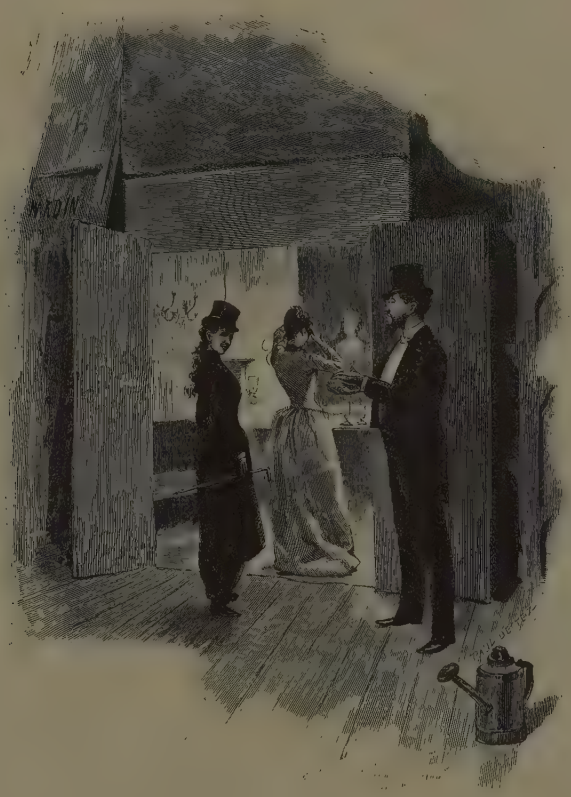
The representation was a splendid one, as need scarcely be recorded. Mme. Krauss surpassed herself; Maurel, as Amonasro, deserved what the composer, albeit ungiven to excess of praise, repeated to every one he met: "*Comme diction rien au monde n'est comparable à cet homme là;*" and Sellier's glorious voice, under the implacable direction of the *maestro*, was transformed into the instrument of a genuine *singer*, of an *artist* knowing the secrets of a lyrical "phrase." All was super-excellent. But no one took heed of this. The "world" had come to see Verdi, and had Verdi as its *point de mire*, and during the three nights that he led

the orchestra the public of the Opéra, from pit to ceiling, paid attention only to him, and repeated its first ovation each time. It may be said that Paris on that particular occasion enjoyed a "*première*" three times over. And (parenthetically may be added) "no wonder!" for when, on the fourth representation, Verdi's place was filled by the ordinary conductor, the charm was gone, the spirit, the soul had fled; and, the *demoniacal* energy of the creator having vanished, *Aïda* remained a magnificent work, admirably "got up," but it was a different *Aïda* altogether.

It must be repeated, "first nights" in Paris are a "social function," and are not to be likened to "first nights" in any other quarter of the globe. They have replaced the *Cours la Reine* of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and the *Longchamps* of the Restoration. Two hundred years (and more) ago, the Duchesse de Montbazon and the virtuous Sevigné crossed Mlle. de Champmeslé and Mlle. Béjart on the Promenade of the banks of the Seine, and Mlle. Duthe's golden *carrosse* was eyed (and envied) by the Court dames under the reign of Louis XV., whilst *Longchamps* called together far more celebrities of the same origin and kind was far more confined to the denizens of what styles itself the "real world." Later on, the *juste milieu* affected more puritanical appearances, and to a certain degree "kept itself to itself," whilst with the *tour du lac* of the Empire—better known under its *slang* title of "*Le persil*"—the medley of all "sorts and conditions" of people was re-inaugurated without limit, and the "worlds" of every description—"worlds" that *were* and those that were not; "*demi*," and "*quart*," and "*demi-quart*"—were jostled together in an earthly plurality of worlds as numerous as are those that are said to exist among the stars.

Since the war of 1870, the theatre has become the universal place of meeting for the "classes." It is a *champ de manœuvre*, but the *élite* of the army is composed of women. The men are there to judge the actors on the stage, but the women are there to judge (and condemn) the women who fill the house. "First nights" in Paris, at the Grand Opéra or the Théâtre Français, are especially field-days—the *jours de grande revue* of the female population.

SOPHIE DE MAUCROIX.



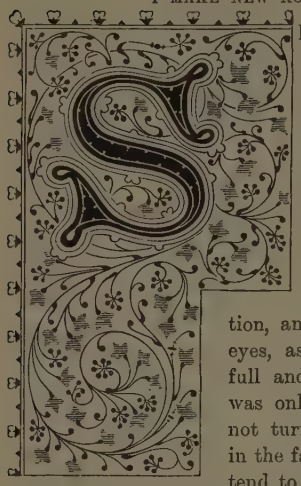
LE GUIGNOL.

The Truth about Clement Ker:

Being an Account of some Curious Circumstances connected with the Life and Death of the late Sir Clement Ker, Bart., of Brae House, Peeblesshire. Told by his Second Cousin, Geoffrey Ker, of London.

CHAPTER VIII.

I MAKE NEW ACQUAINTANCES.



HE was sitting in, what I knew afterwards to be, her invariable place; on a high wooden bench in the angle beside the window. She had been working, but at that moment her small meagre white hands rested on the table in front of her; her head was turned in my direction, and her beautiful dark blue eyes, as I have said, were fixed full and steadily upon mine. It was only for an instant. She did not turn away confused and red in the face, nor yet laugh and pretend to start back, as our country lasses use, but after perhaps some thirty seconds or so of this grave yet not unfriendly scrutiny, during which time I think I must have fairly held my breath, the expression of her glance changed and grew more animated, her rosy lips quivered and parted; she turned her face away; she was, no doubt, speaking of me to those who were with her in the room; but otherwise she had not changed her attitude, and I could still see the outline of her dark curly little head against the glass (the sunshine which streamed into the chamber through the open door on the farther side of the cottage making a kind of dusky aureole of the loose curls about her forehead, as I remember); and I could see, too, the movement of her hands, for she had taken up her work again, and the pink cotton handkerchief knotted closely about her throat.

That faded little cotton handkerchief alone ought to have been enough to explain to me her position in the household, had I been in a condition to understand anything. As it was, I followed Dick into the low smoke-embrowned kitchen with my mind so pre-occupied by the meaning and the authority of her glance (I call it that, since I can find no better word to describe its clear and beautiful challenge), that at first I could scarcely distinguish between the people who now crowded about me with loud exclamations and many questions concerning my late adventure, all spoken in broad Scotch, and mixed up with profuse offers of hospitality and help.

There was one young woman indeed—and I judged by the look of her that she was the sick daughter of the house—who would take no refusal, but kept on pressing me to step ben the inner room, and shift myself with some of the gudeman's Sunday gear, until at last I could find no other way but pleading a great hunger and an over-mastering desire for hot food, in order to free myself from her importunity. At that, nothing could exceed the eagerness and goodwill with which both this poor creature and an elder woman—who looked like her mother, and who was, as I soon found out, the wife of James Patterson, our late guide—busied themselves in my service. Their natural generosity and kindliness seemed increased a hundredfold by the sort of affectionate confidence with which they evidently regarded Dick; even our late surly companion relaxing somewhat of his habitual sternness when he had occasion to speak to my brother. Excepting always the girl with the eyes (she had not moved from her place since I came in), and the white-haired grandsire dozing in his high-backed chair in the chimney-corner, so sunk in the apathy or lost in the melancholy dreams of extreme old age, that it was difficult to say if he were even aware of our presence, there was not one of the family who was not presently fully occupied in doing something for our comfort.

And now, the smallest barefooted boy having been despatched by a short cut to the "Four Corners," there to await the doctor with his gig, I had time to look about me. The kitchen, which was also evidently the chief dwelling-room of the whole family, was a larger place than I should have expected from the look of the cottage outside. There was very little furniture in it, only some benches, with a long wooden table against the wall, and a smaller one before the window (where *she* sat); the raftered roof was black with peat-smoke, so was the huge corner cupboard to which the women went, at every moment, to fetch out bowls and dishes. The door stood wide open to the sun; from where I sat by the fire I could look straight out upon the wide open country, all rocks and heather; and along the walls the fleeces of sheep and lambs found dead upon the mountain had been nailed up to dry.

I sat looking at these, and occasionally stealing a glance across at the window, while I dried my mud-soaked boots before the bed of glowing coals, but her eyes were fixed again upon her work, and, except that she had made some answer in a very low voice to Dick's greeting, she had not spoken since our entrance.

But presently James Patterson coming in, followed by his dog, and with a fresh armful of peat for the fire, I drew his attention to the line of empty skins. Had it been an unusually unlucky season for the flocks? I asked him idly.

He muttered something in answer, stooping over the fiery coals.

"Seasons?" says he. "Now the seasons come and gang as the Lord wills; there's aye sunshine enough to ripen the har'st upon the hillside; there's aye water enough i' the burn to droon the mon whose appointed time is upon him, without speaking of luck gude or ill—which is but a wanton and papeestical word—as I take it

—the excuse of such as cumber the ground wi' their own shortcomings, and nae fit and sober speech i' the mouth o' God-fearing men."

"I'm sure I meant no harm. 'Twas only those skins up there," I said, "which made me think of asking."

And then, chiefly to break the embarrassing sort of silence which had followed my apology, I began telling them of my adventure with the drowned sheep which had floated up against me in such curious fashion down there in Durlie Moss. Before I was half through with my story the women of the house had put down their work and drawn near me; I saw them exchange looks. "Now mither, mither, Gude keep us and save us frae a' sic ill meetings," the sick daughter cried out suddenly, and with that she seized her mother's hard brown hand in both of her own, and I thought for a moment that she was on the point of going off into a fit of hysterical crying. Even James Patterson wore a face of unusual concern; he stood leaning against the wall, frowning and biting the end of his beard with every appearance of distress, and a deep though suppressed agitation. But when I expressed my hope that this might be no fresh loss of theirs of which I had been unconsciously speaking, "Nay, sir, 'twas nae belonging of me or mine," he said drily.

"But it *was* a sheep, James. I felt it; I had my hand upon it—in its cold wet wool. I couldn't have been mistaken about a thing of that kind, you know," I persisted; for I confess that I felt curious to understand such dark and anxious looks.

"'Twas nae sheep of mine," the man repeated doggedly.

It was plain he would have spoken no farther about it; he turned to the women now, to bid them, sternly enough, see that the young gentleman got the sup of hot parritch for which he was there waiting, and quit all idle whimpering and havers; but at that same moment the old man opposite, who had been quietly sleeping hitherto, to all appearance, lifted his head, which had sunk far forward upon his breast, and fixing upon me the wandering glance of his blue though faded eyes, "Wha is it?" he demanded in an uncertain but perfectly audible voice, "Wha speaks o' droonin' and o' droonded men in Ker's ain country?"

Nobody spoke for a moment, or attempted to answer him, until at last James' wife, a decent, tidy-looking woman, with a pleasant manner and a joyless face, looked up from the saucepan of boiling oatmeal that she was stirring, and observed that she hoped I would not be offended at the old man's strange ways. "He is often like that, sir, nowadays. He will go on for half the morning telling stories about Sir Clement and the family down at the Hall: about the old Sir Clement, I mean, the present gentleman's grandfather. You see, sir, he's been in the family's service until he can't well think of anything else—if, indeed, he ever heard of anything else," she added in a lower tone, and glancing up at me doubtfully.

There was something about her way of speaking which struck me then.

"But surely," I said, "you are no Scotch woman yourself? I mean, you know, that you speak as if you were English."

She turned away her head, pulling at her apron. "You are right, sir," she said, in a dry sort of voice, "I am English."

"Aye?" said I, "and where from?"

I thought for a moment that she had not heard my question.

"Mr. Ker, he asked me the other day. I come from Warwickshire myself, sir. But it's a long time ago," she said at last, rather reluctantly, and with that she sighed, and then threw a hasty glance over at her husband. "Your porridge is ready whenever you will please to eat it, sir, and Jean here has brought you in some fresh milk to sup with it, though it's a poor enough food to offer you at the best, and so I am afraid you will find it, sir. It's not what you are accustomed to, but we have nothing better in the house."

"I've had nothing to eat since morning. I could ask for nothing better," I assured her, heartily enough; but she only shook her head in reply, pinching up her lips.

"It is very kind of you to say so, sir, but there is nothing else we could give you in all the house."

I moved over to the table. Dick was standing all this while just outside the door, smoking his pipe in the sun, but he only shook his head when I called out to him to join me, saying he would stay where he was, he had eaten already; he would stay there and wait for the doctor; and so, perforce, I fell-to alone upon my hot milk and porridge, and a hearty meal it was that I made of it.

Nobody spoke to me while I was eating. My experience is that people as poor as these do not talk to each other over their food, and indeed, when one remembers how all their life and energy has gone to the bare acquiring of it, so that a sufficient meal has come to signify to them little less than the success or failure of all their living, one cannot wonder at such moroseness. But now, as I laid down my spoon on the wooden table and looked up, I caught the old grandfather's eyes fixed on me again, and this time, as I thought, with something more of speculation in them.

"Ye'll just be ane o' the family ye sel', sir; sae I'm thinking," he began in his old quavering voice, which seemed to get firmer as he went on speaking, "an' ye hae been here before, and brought help and siller to the house when it was at its poorest. I mind me now. I should ha' minded it sooner, but there has been a muckle distress among these poor folk of late, and whiles I forget things of mair consequence, so taken up am I with reflecting on their misery—the lang, lang misery they have to bear."

He waved his large trembling hand in the direction of his son and daughter-in-law and of his grandchildren as he spoke; it was evident that he did not recognise their relationship to himself, nor even their faces.

I remembered the old man's imposing presence, the dignity of his attitude, as he spoke with Clement so short a time since in the dining-room at Brae, and I found no words within me strong enough to express how shocked I was to witness such a transformation.

"But, good heavens!" I said, "what has happened here? What—what is this thing that has been done to him? Can any one tell me?"

There was a moment of dead silence. Then the girl sitting by the table opposite to me raised her face from her sewing.

"My grandfather went down to Brae Castle to have speech with the Laird, yesterday was a week," she said, very slowly and carefully, and with the air of a person deliberately choosing words. "He went to ask for help, for we have been sore pressed, sir, of late, and had not—not wherewithal to satisfy the factor; and what passed between him and the Laird, that he could never tell us. But it was late night when he returned, and pouring wet—and him a man hard on ninety."

I was perfectly innocent. I had nothing whatever to do with it; but I felt my face burn and my heart beat faster under the fixed, the authoritative severity of her glance.

"And he—has he been like this ever since?" I asked humbly enough.

But at that, "Whisht, Ailie!" cried out her sister angrily, starting up from her chair. "Whisht, woman! Whisht! will ye no do as I tell ye? or hae ye gone clean daft? What gars ye cast it up at the young gentleman in this fashion? and us with his ain brither's gold still clinking warm in oor pockets, so to speak—and him the Laird's own blood-cousin, mair by token?"

"Weel, weel!" said Ailie, with some impatience, and thrust her hands straight out before her on the table.

I noticed even then how small and frail they were, and how curiously passive she seemed while all the rest of the family were stirring. Her sister's rebuke had brought a faint tinge of colour, as faint and transparent as the inside of a shell, which deepened by degrees and spread slowly all over her face and throat. But when I had repeated my question about her grandfather: "He went for help; he came back with empty hands—back from the house he was serving before any one of us here was born," she said, lowering her voice more and more, until I could hardly catch the meaning of the words as she pronounced them. "An noo, sir," she broke out, her English deserting her suddenly, "noo, sir, ye ken what he was like ane short week syne; ye can just see till him and hark till him yourself'!"

"I am very sorry," I began; and then, yielding to some impulse I could not define, I got up from my place at table (which was instantly filled by two of the younger children, a boy and a girl, who, nothing loth, attacked the remains of milk and porridge), and crossing the room, I went and stood before her. "You know I am sorry?" I repeated steadily.

I saw her give her bowed head a little shake.

"Aye, sir, I do suppose so. Aye, sir, I ken it fine," she added an instant after, without looking up: but for all that I could see how the fingers which held her work were trembling.

While this talk was going on about him, old Patterson took no notice of any of us, but remained passively in his chair, staring into the fire, muttering words and broken sentences to himself that no one could distinguish, and every now and then breaking out into a low whimpering kind of laugh, which was, to me at least, and coming from a man of his antecedents, most painful to hear. But I judged by the composure with which the rest of the family were now each one returning to their separate pursuits—the mother engaged in settling some loud-voiced claim of preference among the younger children, while the married daughter sat by, indifferent, rocking herself to and fro upon the wooden bench by the door, where her father was standing in the sun, talking to my brother Dick—I was soon convinced how much the use of a few days had hardened these poor people to the evidences of the old man's condition; not from any lack of affection, as I think, but from a habit of accepting wretchedness as the natural order and condition of life: a habit of mind which grows only too quickly upon the unhappy, and the recognition of which has ever had the power to move me deeply.

I was thinking something of this sort when the old man spoke again.

"Did I dream it?" he began in a more determined voice, and keeping his eyes fixed upon me with the same curious pertinacity which had struck me before; "did I dream, or did I hear folk say it? did I hear of it from living folk that old Sir Clement, my old master, was out on the heather with his men and his dogs and his guns this bonny day?"

"Sir Clement—my cousin, Sir Clement, has ridden into the town," I said, after a little pause, not knowing too well how to answer him. But he did not seem to attach very much meaning to my words.

"Aye, sirs," he went on, as if to himself, "there was a braw young gentleman here once, who brought siller—siller for this unchancy folk. He was one of the Kers, he said, and ye yourself', sir, when I speer at ye closlier, ye wad seem to favour him a bit; though you have no his bonny smile, nae his bonny fine presence. They had aye a fine proud presence first and last, laird and lady, Christian and Papist, from the first Ker of all, who came riding down from the Highlands, as I've heard tell, rieving an' thieving, slaying an' burning, with a black, black trail left behind, so that folk who wanted to find him might have a good road to travel by, so his saying went. That was the first of the name ever was in this country. An' they've been here langer than Durlie Moss, folk say."

"Durlie Moss?" said I, "come! let's hear about that."

But to my disappointment the old man only gave one of his low, half-cunning chuckles. "Eh, sirs, but there's nae one o' the family, nae one of the real Kers wad need to ask of anither mon to tell him the rights o' *that* story. Na, na. Soon or syne they have a' heard of it and a' given the moss a wide go-by."

"I am one of the real Kers fast enough. But I don't live here," I said; "my brother and I, we come from England—from London."

His only answer to this was to shake his trembling head, while with the help of both arms he managed to turn completely round in his chair, so that, for the first time since we began speaking together, he faced me fully. And what a face it was to look upon! His cheeks and forehead, furrowed, scorched, and weather-beaten by all the storms of more than eighty years, were now a dull

and livid brown, of an equal and an unnatural tone. His lips only, and the finer skin about the orbit of his eyes, had retained the capacity of paleing, and were strained and blanched; his pinched and severe lips, I remember, making a distinctly lighter-coloured line across his face. He nodded his head in silence, the long white hair which fell in abundance over his old and troubled brow, his large knotted hands, whose knuckles too had whitened, every appearance about him of past dignity and great strength, only serving to make the contrast of his present condition more pitiful.

Involuntarily I turned to look at Ailie. She was leaning a little forward, her hands clasped upon the table in front of her, with parted rosy lips, her little lilac handkerchief stirring on her breast as the quick breath came and went.

"Do you think, sir, he would perhaps eat something if you asked him? You can speak to him different, sir, from our way, and it may be that he would mind you. For we can get him neither to eat nor yet to drink," she said.

I looked at her eyes. "It is very easy to try," I answered, and I spoke in the same hushed voice as herself.

But when I would have done this thing to please her (yet wondering a little in my mind, even as I reached for the platter of oat-cakes, that never once since I entered there had she stirred from her place by the window, or taken any part in the serving and waiting of the house)—when I would have placed food before the old man, he but waved my proffered help aside, the light of intelligence coming back to his countenance as he did so, and with it something of his former speech.

"Aye, it's a fine family to serve! aye, and a grand hoose, yon! Man, it's a muckle grand hoose to belong to or to visit. And I ken it weel, I tell ye, simple as ye may here see me. I ken it ower weel." He was silent for a minute, letting his white head fall forward upon his breast. "They've a' been kind to me, kind and considerate folk in that hoose hard on sixty year. And I've served them faithful, I have, and given gude honest wark for the honest gude will that was between us. It is young James is the mischancy one, do ye see? Nae mysel'. Hoot, sirs, it was nae mysel'. Na, na—I hae given them a' my life, I'm telling ye, and what for no? Can ony one of you answer it? If I had twal' lives to give to the Laird, am I no one of his ain men? Have I no eaten of his bread and drunk of his cup? have I no lived on his land these three-score years and ten, that ye should a' be bidding me to think nae mair upon what's come and gone between us?"

As he spoke the last words, the low and crafty look which I had already noticed was gone from his face altogether. He even made an effort to rise to his feet, as if to give to his words the utmost force of which they were capable, but (although I sprang forward to help him) it was plainly to be seen that this was more than he could possibly hope to accomplish.

And at this moment my brother Dick put his head in at the open door. "It's all right, Geoff, old man, at last; here's the doctor coming. I can see the gig and the old brown horse. He's whipping him up. Hurrah!" He knocked the ashes out of his pipe. In all the morning I had never once seen Dick looking so cheerful.

"Now, bravo, Dr. Wauchope!" he called out; "well driven, sir! and—— Oh, by Jove! 'ware ruts! For Heaven's sake, doctor, don't let me see you making an accident of yourself across that heather."

CHAPTER IX.

IN WHICH I HEAR NEWS.

DR. WAUCHOPE was an active-looking little man, with a round red face, and thick bristling hair just streaked with grey. He came of a very respectable Midlothian family. His father, and his grandfather too, had been confidential agents and factors on a great ducal estate not far from Edinburgh; and in his boyhood the little doctor had been often had up to the great house;—"so that my success in my profession, such as it is, is but the result of some years of hard work, and a little native intelligence and application—the same amount of application which another man will give to learning how to twist his legs about a horse's sides, and stick on while the beast goes jumping over fences," the little man would remark in rare moments of confidence. "But my taste, d'ye see, my unerring instinct, as I may call it, for good society—by which I would have you know I mean the society of my betters—having been from my youth upwards of the Socratic mind, that the wise man will want to be ever with him who is better than himself—*that*, my dear sir, is innate; it was born with me; a gift direct from the gods, if I may so express myself, and for which I can never sufficiently thank the gracious Providence to which I owe it." Saying which, he would offer one a pinch of strong snuff. It was the only form of tobacco he ever allowed himself since the day he was called in to attend some dowager aunt or cousin of his first noble patron.

This foible apart, he was full of common sense and generosity; a kinder-hearted, more unselfish man never breathed. He was skilful enough in his own line, I believe, and he was for ever, and at any hour or in any weather, at every one's service. For twenty miles around the poor people had no truer or more helpful friend, or one who could be more relied upon, than this little bustling, red-faced doctor.

He had met Dick before, it appeared. For the matter of that, Dick always seems to have met everybody.

"Tut, tut, sir!" he began calling out almost before his tall brown horse had fairly landed him at the door; "tut, tut, sir! What's this mad story I hear of you, Mr. Ker? I was called back from my business to attend to 'a drownded gentleman,' I would have you know; but, man alive! it's more the services of a washerwoman than a doctor you would seem to want, to look at you!"

Dick laughed. "Come in and see my young brother, doctor. We have been fishing him out of Durlie Moss. I am afraid you will find he does need some looking after."

"Durlie Moss, eh? Why, bless my soul! that's no

place for a Ker to choose: no sort of a place at all.—Here! you boy there, what's your name? Oh, you're Jamie, are you? Weel, Jamie, my man, just you go and stand in front of that horse's head, d'ye hear? Ye can cry out upon the doctor, my laddie, if e'er the puir beastie makes a show o' leaving. And now, Mr. Ker, by your leave, sir, we'll just have a look at our patient."

They came in together, and it was pretty to see the way the women's faces lighted up when he spoke to them.

"Aweel, Jeannie, so it's no yoursel' this time. My heart was in my mouth, I can tell ye, my woman, when first I heard the laddie come skirling after me down the hill.—And this young gentleman will be your brother, Mr. Ker, I'm thinking?"

Dick told him yes; and I added that I should be all right soon; I was only a trifle stiff and strained after my ducking.

"Tut, tut, sir! that's *my* business. We'll see about that presently," says the little man, taking snuff. He made me stand up.

"Hallo," he said, "how's that? What are you walking lame for, eh?"

I told him; and all the while he listened he held his head on one side, and kept eyeing me with round peering glances like a bird.

When I had finished, "I see," he said drily. But there was a very kind, compassionate sort of look on his face. "Well now, Mr.——"

"My name is Geoffrey Ker."

"Mr. Geoffrey Ker. Thank you. I should advise—I may say strongly advise—you to let me drive you down to Brae at once, before we examine any further into the evil effects (if there be any) of your accident. I would I had a place in my trap to offer to both of you gentlemen."

I thanked him, and at that all the family, old and young, clustered around me again with loud good wishes, much in the same way that they had done at my entrance. But with what a difference of feeling I listened! My last look was for Ailie. She had not moved to say good-bye to me, no more than at my entrance; but her large sombre blue eyes rested upon me now, or followed my movements about the room with an air of quiet good-will, very different, too, from the expression they had worn when first she spoke to me about her grandfather.

I made them a dozen promises to return before many days, and followed the little doctor to his carriage. As we were turning off the heathery track into the high road, it occurred to me that here was an opportunity of asking him a few questions. I began about the Pattersons.

"I saw the old man a week ago, when he came down to the house to speak to my cousin. Such a noble-looking old fellow as he was then," I said. "I never was so surprised, so—so shocked in my life as when I first recognised him to-day."

"Aye," said Dr. Wauchope very drily, "I dare say."

"But can you explain how it all happened, doctor?"

The little man blinked doubtfully.

"As you say—as you say, Mr. Ker, the Pattersons are a fine, healthy, well-grown, and well-built family, taking them all round." He touched the brown horse with his whip. "But the best of them all—and I've known them these fifteen years, mark you—the best of them all, to my mind, is just that little Ailie. That girl, sir"—he slipped the reins between his knees, and felt with both hands in his tail-pockets for his snuff-box as he spoke—"that girl, sir—I cannot tell you what she is like. No one knows that girl. No one understands her; except, it may be just now and again, her mother. She—she is like a steadfast crag." Here he took snuff. "She is one of those women God sends down upon this wicked earth (I speak it in all reverence) for reasons of His own just fairly inscrutable."

He winked hard with both eyes, and cleared his throat, rubbing his nose with the back of his fat little hand.

"You don't take snuff, Mr. Geoffrey? No, of course not. Well, it's a bad habit, though, indeed, I say it who shouldn't, considering who it was that first advised me to it. You will have heard of that lady, no doubt, Mr. Geoffrey, even in London; or it may be, indeed, that you have met her"—here he looked doubtfully at my old coat—"or seen her driving in the parks. I speak of the Dowager Lady R——."

I told him no, I knew nothing about her ladyship (at which he seemed mightily disappointed). "But you were speaking," I said, "of Ailie—Ailie Patterson. It is a beautiful face. I think I never saw one more beautiful."

He nodded his head. "Aye, poor lass! poor lassie!"

"I noticed that she did not run about like the others. But, do you know, doctor, I should never have fancied from the look of her face that she was ill," I said boldly.

"Run about? Ill? Why, my good sir, that girl has never once in her life set her foot to the ground. Run about? She is paralysed in both legs—she is like a dead body—born so. If you liked I could give you the name and cause of the malady. I could give you the name, but not all the medical science between this and—France is competent to help her."

He was silent for a moment. "You have seen the girl's face for yourself. And what can a man say, Mr. Ker, but it's just fairly inscrutable?"

As for me, I was so moved to pity, so overcome by the mere statement of this misfortune (and in especial by a sort of remorse which fell upon me and shamed me when I remembered my own surprise at her unwillingness to bestir herself or serve me), that for some minutes I could do nothing but sit there in silence, watching the little cloud of dust which rose before the tramp, tramp of the horse's feet, and staring automatically at the low sedgy meadows divided into innumerable green squares by lines of stone wall and high five-barred gates: one gate after another, and all painted red; for by this time we were drawing near to the big house, and it was one of Clement's fancies to be very particular about his gates.

We were driving along the Edinburgh coaching road; but for all that, the highway seemed very nearly as silent and deserted as the moor. In all that distance we passed only one farmer's cart, as I remember; Dr. Wauchope saluting it with a grunt of recognition and a

wave of his whip as it rattled by—"for it's my belief there's not a lonelier tract of country inhabited by Christian men this side of John o' Groats," the little man went on grumbling to himself as we turned in at the lodge, and he sent the lean brown horse spinning up the avenue. "Do you like these dark Scotch firs for an entrance-way, Mr. Geoffrey? Fine, well-grown trees, but gloomy, sir, in effect. I should say gloomy."

He gave me a sharp glance out of his round observant eyes. "So, as you were telling me but just now, it would appear that my old friend, James Patterson, made shift to come all the way down here last week, eh? Well, well, it's a long expedition for the old man; but no doubt (I don't quite recollect at this moment whether you actually said so); but I dare say he wanted a quiet talk with Sir Clement over his bit of rent, and all that?"

I saw the drift of his remark plainly enough, but I could not resist the temptation of asking him just one question.

"It is a curious case—that old man," I observed as carelessly as I could. "I wonder, now, if there is any simple way of accounting for it, such as over-excitement or over-exertion, you know; or—or even a mental shock? I suppose, at his age, any great mental shock would have been enough to upset him?"

Dr. Wauchope here took snuff. "Mental shock is certainly a thing which, as a medical man, I should advise my patients to avoid as much as possible, Mr. Geoffrey."

"Then you think——?" I said, looking at him hard.

The little man's eyes twinkled in his head. "As a medical man again, as a country general practitioner, and as a bachelor, I have made it a rule for many years, Mr. Geoffrey, for many years, to confine my thoughts very strictly to the details of my own profession," he retorted, with a dry little smile over his own humour.

And with that our conversation ended.

As we drew up before the hall door, solemn old Bright himself came hurrying down the steps to meet us, breaking out as he ran into a hundred ejaculations of surprise and expressions of respectful solicitude over the lamentable appearance which, by this time, I presented. "And Mr. Richard, too," he said—"Lord help us, Mr. Geoffrey, but you *do* look bad, sir!—it's an hour or more since my lady has been sending Parker all over the grounds to look for Mr. Richard. The house is full of company since you left, sir. Lord Milton is here, and my lady, and Mr. and Miss Ashleigh; they all came by the same train to Galashiels, Mr. Geoffrey. My lord is in the library now, with Sir Clement. They gave orders to know the moment you came in, sir, but—Lord, sir, you *do* look worse and worse every minute! I should think, now, if you was to go straight to your bed, Mr. Geoffrey——"

"And that's a very sensible man's thought, Bright, and one that does you credit," the little doctor added cheerily, coming up and slipping his hand under my arm.

I was a full head taller than either of them, but glad enough of their help, for all that. The strain, the hot sun on my bare head, the alternations of terror and excitement through which I had passed that day, had been too much for me. From head to foot I felt sick and hurt. Moreover, I was so dizzy that when I tried to get out of the carriage the great stair seemed to rise up bodily and spread over the front of the house. I heard Dr. Wauchope say, "Come, come, sir!" and old Bright's voice crying out, and then I suppose I must have fainted, for the next thing I knew I was in my own room, lying on my own bed; it was a week or more before I even attempted to leave it.

During all this time of my illness the house was continually full of people coming and going, many of them county magnates, who drove over from the neighbouring estates (there were none very near) to dine and spend the night. Dr. Wauchope used to take infinite pleasure in telling me all their biographies; nor was he my only visitor during this time; it became a regular practice for the young men staying in the house to spend half an hour in my room when they came in from shooting; and every morning after breakfast appeared Eleanor and Lady Milton, sometimes together and sometimes separately, charged with all the news and gossip of the day.

At first, both these ladies were inexhaustible in their anecdotes concerning the pretty Miss Ashleigh. She was very young, as I gathered, being indeed scarce eighteen, and her *naïveté* and her fascinations had fairly taken all the men in the house by storm. "You should see how she manages Clement! Lord Milton is nearly as bad, and—and Richard," Eleanor remarked one morning.

"Last night she was confiding to them all three the details of her last broken engagement. The affair has only been off a month, she says; but I can't say our young lady looks broken-hearted. All the men fall in love with her, and she accepts them all—from principle, I suppose," Lady Ker added, with rather a forced laugh. "She is really very gentle and well-meaning, you know. She wants to do everything from principle. The men are all wild about her; she gets up at impossible hours in the morning and makes tea for them; she makes eyes for them, too——"

"Oh, she is all inexperience—and eyes! For my part, I am just a little bit tired of those big, big eyes. They bore me. They are not—not good form," cries out Lady Milton, tossing her smooth, well-brushed head. Her ladyship's own orbs were watchful enough, in all conscience, even if they could boast of little other beauty. In truth, when these two young women chanced to fall of one accord on such a subject (which was by no means always the case, the relationship between them being ever, or so it seemed to me, more intimate than friendly), a man, looking on, was moved to no small compassion for the unlucky culprit. But in time I had my own opinion of Miss Ashleigh.

It was a day or two after that, perhaps, the men had come in with fairly good bags, and were standing about in my room, and before my fire, discussing the day's sport, I being still in bed, when some chance speech of Clement's reminded me to ask him if he knew, and could tell me, the story of Durlie Moss.

"Oh, yes," he said promptly. "Wait a minute: I may have forgotten the date, but it is the place where

one of us—one of us Kers, you know—stabbed his elder brother and his brother's child in order to marry the widow. I can't give you the exact year for it, but the fact is historical. You will find it all written out in those old MS. books down in the library. She was an heiress, too, by the way. It was through that marriage we came into possession of this house."

Gilbert Ashleigh looked up from the pipe that he was lighting. In those days Ashleigh was still quite a young painter, of about the same age as Dick; indeed, Dick, Milton and he had all been at Oxford together. Ashleigh had the reputation then of being the best-trained boxer in all the 'Varsity; he was, I think, the strongest man I ever saw; of average height, but with the chest and shoulders of a professional prize-fighter. He was exceedingly selfish, exceedingly good-natured, and very fond of doing kindnesses to other men. His abounding animal spirits supplied here the place of imagination; he could understand and dislike every form of physical and material restriction. Everything about him, the quality of his voice, his direct glance, the pressure of his hand—each detail of his personality, down to the very growth of his short thick hair, gave this same attractive impression of expansiveness and vigour. He painted; but his work was not interesting. He called all men indiscriminately by their Christian names. He stayed at a great many country houses, and knew a great many people. For my part, I have never met a man who took a sincerer interest in discussing his own affairs with you; women used to talk of his *empressement;* the fact was, he cared for no one but himself; on the other hand, he did all things, he even forgot you, with the utmost cordiality.

Such was the man who now looked across the fire-place at his host.

"Jove! that's a cheerful kind of beggar to have in one's family, Clement. A man shouldn't tell such yarns about his venerable forefathers, my boy. What is the good of you swells, with your long pedigrees, if not to keep up our illusions? Almost thou persuadest me to be a democrat—a sensitive democrat, you understand, with nice little tastes—like Milton."

"I *should* like to see you turn sensitive," Lord Milton said, with a laugh.

"The people hereabout have rather a good version of that same story," Clement remarked languidly, putting up his hand to smooth his hair. "According to them, Ker induced his brother to join him on a hawking expedition. There was no quarrel between them, but when they got to where the bog is now, he drew rein in the noontide, as the old chronicle has it, and in their blood he slew father and child; some say with his own hand—some, with the help of his servant. But when they rode back to the castle there was a fine hue and cry, I can promise you, with half the country-side up in arms to look for the bodies. The widow herself headed the search, so the story goes, but when they reached the foot of Durlie Hill, there, instead of good honest heather, was a deep green pool, and the murdered man's dog wandering round and round the edge of it. The devil, to whom my venerable ancestor, as Ashleigh calls him, had pledged his soul, had apparently stuck to the bargain."

"*Bon diable* that!" said Ashleigh, standing up and stretching out his arms; "but how about the ancestor, eh, Clement?"

"There was no proof against him; no dead body; so he cut the dog's throat and married the wife, I imagine. She cursed him too, publicly by the pool, but in those days men did not stand upon ceremony. I wonder, though, if he thought it all worth while after he had done it," Clement added, yawning. He poked the fire with the heel of his shooting-boot. "The people on the estate believe the family to be accursed still, you know. The dead man waits under Durlie water for the coming of another of his name. Geoffrey here ought to be able to tell us something about that."

I remembered James Patterson's face when I had spoken of feeling something in the water. "I'm sorry for the local tradition; I'm not drowned yet," I said.

"Clement, how much do you really believe of that stuff—that spiritualism and stuff? By Jove, though, I shall never forget Lady Ker's face last night in the drawing-room!"

Clement smiled. "I believe in nothing; or I believe in a great deal," he observed sleepily.

It had grown dusk while they talked; the blazing log lighted up his pale face.

"Look here," Ashleigh persisted, "take one thing. Take this story you have just been telling us. There's no accounting for Scotch superstition, but do you mean to affirm to me that you—you sitting there in your right mind, in a coat built by a London tailor—believe there is anything more in that miserable bog, anything more grievous than the water and the mud which makes it?"

"I should not take my chance of it," Clement answered, rather reluctantly. Then he added, in a still lower voice, "Not if I knew what I was doing."

"And that's a very safe conclusion," Milton broke in hastily; "at any rate, as regards bog-water."

I saw him glance first at the door which Dick had just opened, and then at Ashleigh, who seemed to comprehend the hint and was silent.

Richard had come straight in from looking after his workmen. He looked both grave and tired, I thought; he wore some old clothes; his hat was still on his head, and the sleeve of his coat all over dust and plaster. He glanced across at me as he came in, and nodded with a faint sort of smile, but without speaking. He walked over to the window, which stood half open; there was still some light in the sky, bars of rosy cloud, and little Janet's high-pitched voice was distinctly audible as the child laughed and chattered with her governess on the terrace below.

"Some of the lot of men I engaged—four of the best workers—are leaving to-night," he said abruptly. "Have you given orders about it, Clement?"

"No."

Dick turned round at that and stared at him hard.

"Come along, my boy, time to dress," says Ashleigh, springing up and slipping his arm through Clement's.

They went out of the room together, Milton looking after them but making no move to follow. He stood leaning against the mantel-piece, fidgeting with the

different books and pipes and pencils with which the shelf was strewn; from time to time he cast an inquiring glance in my direction, but he no more than Richard seemed disposed to speak.

I don't know how long this silence lasted. Dick woke up out of it at last as if from a dream, and with a sort of start.

"How are you to-night, young 'un?" he said. "I believe I never asked you. I say, do you really want this window left open?"

"Oh, the fire keeps the room warm enough, Richard. When you are all gone I like to lie here and look at the stars."

My brother nodded. "I say, Geoff, while you are not using it, I wish you would lend me your watch?"

"It is on that table."

I raised myself on my elbow among my pillows, and looked to see if he would find it. "Be careful of it, won't you? It was my father's watch, you know."

"All right," says Dick, slipping the chain into his pocket.

"But what has become of your own swell affair? that dandy thing you brought from Oxford."

He laughed. "Not much of the dandy left in me now, is there, old chap?" he said, going up to the fire and laying his hand on Lord Milton's shoulder.

The other man looked up with his pleasant smile. "Well—you *might* be a bit cleaner," he remarked in his pleasant deliberate voice.

As I lay there on my bed watching them, I was struck—as I had been before this—by the likeness—a likeness of expression between their two young, honest faces.

"What is it, Dick? What is the matter with you?" Milton asked quietly.

"I am tired, I think. I shall go and dress; go and clean myself. Some one has been tampering with the men; contradicting my orders. I have had to take strong measures with them. And I believe I am out of temper," Dick added with a laugh.

As he shut the door behind him Lord Milton turned round.

"I don't want to make mischief, Geoffrey, but I don't like it. I don't like the look of things in this house. I don't like the way they are going on, my boy. I don't like it at all," he said.

I asked him why, but he did not seem disposed to give me a plain answer; he did nothing but fidget with the pipes and shake his head.

"You get Lady Milton—get my wife to tell you. Ask her to describe to you what went on last night in the drawing-room. I wasn't there all the time, you know, and she is a better hand at telling stories than I am—and she likes Dick. 'Twas she first spoke to me about it," his lordship added, wagging his head. "But you saw me stop that fellow Ashleigh just now? I did not want any more of that spiritualistic nonsense, or magnetic rubbish, or whatever you call it, talked before Dick."

I sat up in my bed. "Look here, Milton. Has there been a quarrel?"

His lordship frowned and hesitated, biting his nails.

"You have got a head on your shoulders, Geoffrey. It would be better—mind you, I say better—for Dick to get out of this—soon. Clement doesn't want to quarrel with him, that much I can tell you. The devil alone knows what Clement is driving at, but he doesn't mean *that*. But you ask my lady about it. The women understand these things; between ourselves, I don't think there's much love lost among 'em—ask my lady, Geoff. *She'll* tell you fast enough if you ask her."

And with that, a bell ringing somewhere overhead, the good fellow hurried off to dress for dinner.

(To be continued.)

Rest.

ON the soft grass, among the daffodils,
I lay, and thought, up-gazing at the blue—
"Could I dream long, and bid the world dream too,
In changeless noonday, while the lark distils
From earth and heaven fresh music for his trills,
And feel the sunshine glowing through and through
My frame, until its glory should imbue
The soul, that anxiously her fate fulfils—

"Surely all yearnings which that bird above
Sings not; all sorrow and regret and pain;
The shadow of death that lies on Love's own hours
Nay, Love itself—sad, wistful, human Love—
Must rise like vapours, leaving heart and brain
Young, free, and radiant as the noon-lit flowers."

CONSTANCE NADEN.

WOLVESEY KEEP, WINCHESTER.

A City of Memories.

IT is no small thing to live in a city of memories, where, not here and there, but at every turn, the past is brought before us. It seems to give us wider sympathies with the men and women who long ago laboured for the common weal, but who now lie sleeping around us. Besides, it is somewhat a relief, amidst the stir and bustle of this age, and the ceaseless talk of working for the good of future generations, to transport ourselves back into old Winchester and to mingle with the motley crowd which gathered near the entrance of the castle to see the king go forth, or respectfully waited on my Lord Bishop in his walled palace to petition for some favour, or dashed out in bright-coloured garments to swell the civic procession on its way to the Cathedral, eager for the spectacle of the marriage of a Queen of England or the christening of an heir of the realm.

Only by thus living in memory with them can we fully appreciate the labours of our forefathers, and understand what great ends they achieved with what we should consider in these days their very small means. *Non nobis nati,* not for ourselves are we born, and Winchester, of all the cities of England, owes its greatest debt of gratitude to the Past.

But where shall we begin? We see in the dim distance the Gwen or Gwent (the "White Place" of the Celtic Briton), which also found favour in the eyes of the civilised Roman conqueror. Under the latter the place stands out more clearly, for he laid his mark on the White City (as he did on every town and country he added to his empire), making it the capital of the district he called Venta Belgarum, building his villas and carrying on his traffic here; and though so many centuries have gone by, we still find beneath our streets and gardens his beautiful tesselated pavements, his finely-engraved coins, and his figures of winged Hermes; and we still walk along the six military ways which the greatest road-makers of the world left behind them as trophies of their power.

But the Roman disappears and our English forefathers take his place. Venta becomes Wintana, and the Saxon, doubtless seeing the Roman camp on St. Catherine's Hill, adds "ceaster" to the name, which after a time becomes Winchester, the city which for more than a thousand years has proudly handed down her famous names for our love and reverence.

With Saxon invaders the cloud of heathen barbarity falls over the land, and seems to blot out at first the early British Christianity; yet out of the darkness emerges again the true faith, and by the seventh century we find in our capital of the West Saxons a Cathedral named after St. Peter and St. Paul, and consecrated by St. Birinus the bishop, who, when occasion calls—so says tradition—can walk upon the water, and who in any case is associated with that building which the common folk called "Petre's Hus."

Now comes a time of Saxon kings and bishops; some noble, some weak, some warlike, and all craving to build strong castles during their life, and to have the honour of burial in the Cathedral after their death.

Wolvesey Castle is said to have been first built by a king for a bishop. Be that as it may, we know it existed in Alfred's time, and we may saunter now about its ruins (twelfth-century though the present ones be), and believe that St. Wilfrid himself walked on that "Island of Wolf," as the name signifies; aye, and St. Hedda too; and St. Swithun, who built strong walls round his beloved Cathedral to prevent inroads of the new enemies, the fierce Danes, who struck terror into the heart of every monk and citizen.

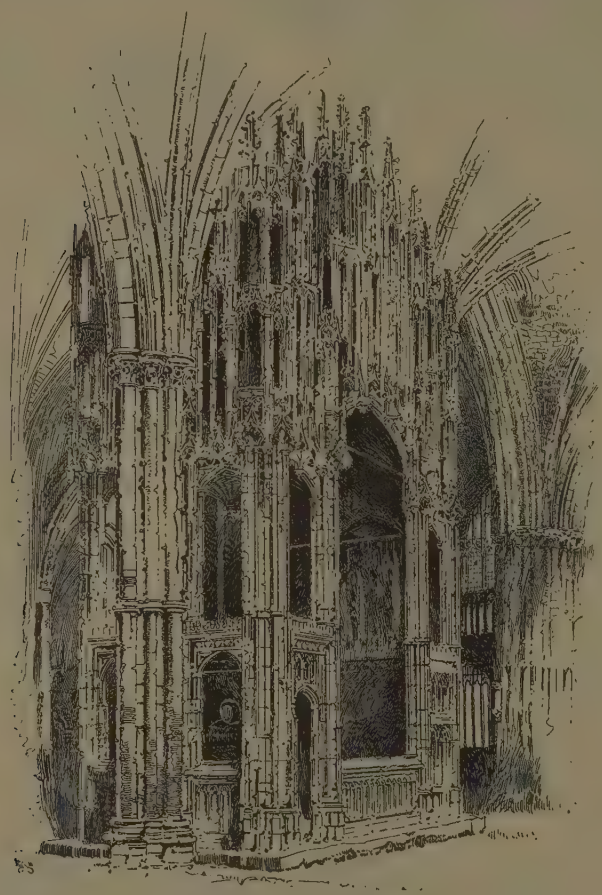
But we must pause longer at Alfred. His name is

familiar to every Englishman, and though to many he is known chiefly by somewhat legendary stories, yet at Winchester he is a very real hero; here where he fought, and meted out justice, and wrote the chronicle of his times, and thought out the best means of educating the young nobles; here where also he, together with his wife, built the "Nunne Mynstre," whither gentlewomen might retire to pray and work.

Great men could not write books then, but they could write in stone, and they did so; yet, like David of old, Alfred had to leave one design which was very near his heart to be carried out by his son, and the Newan Mynstre planned by him was built by Edward the Elder. It was close to the Monastery of St. Swithun (now the deanery), and to it Alfred's bones were moved from the Cathedral, to be thence translated to Hyde Abbey, of which famous building nothing now remains but a gateway and a few stones, though of its inner life from its foundation to its fall we can still read in the *Liber de Hyda.*

Troubled times succeed; Saxon is followed by Dane, Dane by Norman, and to William, fierce and strong, Winchester is given by a woman. It was the Lady Eadgyth's "morning gift" from her husband, but, making a virtue of necessity, she gave to the Conqueror what he with high hand would otherwise have taken. These Normans were famous writers of stone books; they built and built, and some of the Roman strength is in their stones and cement, and so Norman memorials are still with us.

William, scorning to use the Saxon castle, built another lower down; yet the very site of his is lost, and it is our own County Hall, Norman work of a later date which marks the place of the earlier stronghold.



CARDINAL BEAUFORT'S SHRINE.

The Saxon Cathedral, however, as well as Westminster, sees our Conqueror crowned. William has three Legates from the Pope to place that circlet on his head four years after he had crowned himself King of England!

But of the many royal visitors to the royal city—and before the nineteenth century not a king or queen but came hither for a longer or a shorter time—we can notice only a few:—John kneeling here at Archbishop Langton's feet; Henry of Winchester dining with the bishop, coercing the monks of St. Swithun's, hanging freebooters, becoming reconciled to his son; Bluff King Hal doing the honours of the city during a week's visit of the great Emperor Charles V., to whom is shown, as to us now, King Arthur's Round Table of disputed date

which may have been used at tournaments, and around which many a warrior, if not "that goodliest fellowship of noble knights," has probably sat in bygone days; and another royal Spaniard celebrating his loveless marriage with Queen Mary, after which follows the great banquet at Wolvesey, and a ball where English dancing is proved to be more than equal to that of the Spanish grandees.

And, again, down the line of memories the ill-fated king—is he saint or traitor?—comes here from Hurst; not as a proud monarch now, but as a prisoner, to whom the people vainly try to show respect, and thereby get themselves roughly called to order by the Roundhead gaoler.

But seventeen years later the bells that have tolled can also ring out peals of joy to receive the "Merrie Monarch." More than once he comes and begins to build that palace which is now a fit home for soldiers, a legacy, as it were, from that king who had seen so much of camp life.

But other names not royal rise before us—those of a long line of bishops who lived and worked at Winchester, wielding the spiritual sword with power, some of them not averse to using even the carnal weapon also—the kind-hearted Swithun, the ambitious Stigand, Walkelyn (whose Cathedral would now perhaps be hardly recognised by him, and in whose time Archbishop Lanfranc came hither to preside at a Synod, and boldly laid down the prohibition, "Let no canon have a wife"), Henry of Blois, the founder of St. Cross, and the war-loving Des Roches; the great master-builder, William of Wykeham; Beaufort, the Cardinal Bishop; Fox, the blind ex-Minister; the learned and saintly Lancelot Andrews; down to Bishop Wilberforce, who was *not* too witty to be wise.

And other men of national fame, besides kings and priests, have walked about our streets, and have had to do more or less with the old city, so linking us by something better than mere hearsay with the great ever-flowing life, political and literary, of the English people. The half-mythical Guy of Warwick has left a record of his single combat with the Dane in Danemark Mede; Waltheof, Earl of Kent, died for freedom on St. Giles' Hill, which overlooks the town; Sir Walter Raleigh stood before his judges here in Wolvesey Palace, and nobly defended his innocence when accused of plotting against King James, whilst the ill-fated Arabella Stuart looked on in the hall and pitied herself and him.

At this same Wolvesey Palace later on good old Izaak Walton comes to live with Bishop Morley, and here in the Close he died, and we can read his epitaph, probably written by him who bore another name Winchester holds dear—his brother-in-law—Bishop Ken.

Here Marlborough remonstrated with his Romanist king, and here the Iron Duke was triumphantly dragged in his carriage to receive the freedom of the city; and here to the quiet Cathedral town comes the boy-poet Keats, who was to win fame only after death. Most likely in the Square or Minster Street it is that he lodges, for he tells us how every day he walks down the Lime Avenue and through the two Closes and out to St. Cross, and finds "every pint of air worth sixpence!" He is working at upsetting "the drawling of the blue-stocking literary world;" but, better still, he is writing his "Ode to Autumn" and "Lamia," and finds Winchester

The Close, Winchester Cathedral.

very suitable for thought. "There is a fine Cathedral," he says; "part of it built 1,400 (?) years ago, and the more modern by a magnificent man called William of Wickham." Then he tells his love, Fanny Brawn, that at Winchester he shall get her letters sooner. "It being a Cathedral city, I shall have the pleasure, always a great one to me when near a Cathedral, of reading them during the service up and down the aisle."

A delightfully original picture this of the young poet whose words glow like richest Italian painting, and on whose brow Death had already laid its mark, walking up and down the great nave, reading his love-letters, whilst the music of prayer and praise is going up within the choir. Winchester gave him what the ignorant and cruel critics denied him, comfort and refreshment.

And what of Jane Austen, who came in her last illness to die here? Two epitaphs there are to her memory in the home of the famous dead: one when she was only simple Miss Austen, who had written books that were badly paid for; the other fifty years later, when all England had agreed that she was to become classic.

And in our own time another poet walks sometimes along that High Street which is the very Roman *via* of old, not one who is crushed by criticism, but one crowned with laurels; and a statesman—passionately hated or beloved—of whom posterity will possibly form a juster estimate, has received a welcome in the college quadrangle from many of England's future leaders, and spoken words of encouragement to them; and the gentle womanly author who gave England a picture of how any man could make himself a *gentleman*, walks within Wykeham's walls and hears Wykeham's sons sing "their sweet song of home" in the last summer of her life. But Winchester may claim for its own the woman who first wove Daisy Chains of matchless purity for England's maidenhood.

Here are some names out of our long list of memories, but from the lives of a few of them let us pick out two or three scenes, for such pictures once impressed on our minds make the dead bones of history live again, and bridging over the intervening years we thereby endow the past with the reality of the present.

Cnut's Gift.

There must have been very mixed feelings on the day when all Winchester knew that Cnut the Dane was coming for an act of special worship to the Saxon Cathedral—mixed, because the great Dane was one of the dreaded Vikings and a foreigner, and though now King of England, yet that title had not been gained without many a deed hardly in accordance with his religion. And, on their side, the citizens had the sad feast-day of St. Brice to remember, when the massacre of the peaceable Danes had begun in this very town. Since then often had the gates of the city been hastily closed, because the wild hordes of those Danes had been seen without; "an army daring and fearless," says the chronicler, passing by on their way to the sea, and everywhere teaching the Saxons that revenge is sweet. But later these same enemies had to be admitted into Winchester, and the proud Saxon had to bow before the prouder Dane; nay, he had to doff his cap humbly and speak softly to "My Lord Dane," for fear of losing the head which the cap covered.

But that bad time was over. Cnut, the fair-haired youth of twenty, had conquered the kingdom, and was ruling wisely and well: he wished to be looked upon as the Saxons' king, and therefore had married Ethelred's widow, and with a kind of simple barbaric splendour he wished his religious actions to match his royal fame, saying to his subjects, "I do you to wit that I will be a kind lord, and unfailing to God's rights and to right secular law."

Now Cnut was coming on an errand that made all the citizens crowd together; eorls, thanes, reeves, villains, mingled with the Danish settlers in the city to witness his arrival from Southampton, as the news spread that he was come to offer up his crown in the Cathedral!

Amidst the flattering acclamations he halts at the Cathedral door, and enters St. Peter's House, the work of Bishop Athelwold, already rich with gifts of Saxon benefactors—rich, too, in saintly relics, especially those of the famous St. Swithun. Looking at all this he must think his gift none too great, and yet it was not a small one when we consider the pride of the fierce-natured Dane. He has come in person to place his crown above the Christ whose image shines resplendent at the east end; others had given lands and money, but he wishes to leave for ever his chief token of regal power above the silent image.

And so the courtiers throng up the aisles; and as bishop, clergy, and monks meet the king and conduct him to the High Altar, the "organs" of which the monk Wolstan speaks so enthusiastically peal forth.

But as Cnut knelt before the High Altar he must have thought that, though as a king he offered unto a King, yet it was but the gift of a blood-stained mortal who had himself ordered the death of his friend, Jarl Ulf, when he was kneeling in a Danish church and before another altar; and with such thoughts even a Cnut could not help learning humility.

By a strange chance we know the shape of this very crown, for the young king and his queen Emma offered also a silver cross to the New Minster, and in the register of that monastery we have a picture of the scene. And though years after another king, far from offering anything to God, sent rough soldiers who snatched away Cnut's golden crown from its long resting-place, we may perhaps some day see its likeness restored, so that the act which is only now read of in history may be spoken of by every citizen when he looks eastward towards the choir of the old Cathedral.

In the College Quadrangle.

One great statesman, architect, and bishop stands out towards the close of the fourteenth century as a bright star in the midst of dark skies. He had known poverty, he remembered poor scholars, and for years he pondered on the plan of building them a fit home, till on a March morning, 1387, the first stone of the school was laid, and for six years the work went on, until both great gateways, quadrangle, and chapel rose complete. Think of the joy

it must have been to William of Wykeham when the work was so far finished that the scholars, who had lodged just outside the city walls, could come and take possession.

It is the 28th of March, 1393. There is a joyous concourse in the town; from every part people in holiday attire are streaming at an early hour towards the college. They must arrive in time to see the seventy boys walk down from St. Giles' Hill, headed by their master; and as at nine o'clock they come, bareheaded, with the cross borne aloft in front, they sing psalms of joy.

In the unaltered quadrangle of to-day we can fancy the whole scene. The poor are there, with rough untanned shoes and galligaskins, and their smocks of undyed wool; the rich citizens look very like our own Bluecoat scholars; but the knights are gorgeous in silks and velvets, their tight-fitting vests well show their figures, and their mantles hang jauntily over one shoulder. The most fashionable amongst them don feathers in their hats, but the more sober-minded have small hoods fastened with gold or jewelled brooches; and from out the throng the great bishop stands forth and blesses the building, and the seventy boys chant the Amen of the finished work, and dream of future greatness or piety, to equal, if possible, that of their beloved founder.

Pass on nearly 500 years, and in the year 1887, on the anniversary of the first stone-laying, that same quadrangle is filled with scholars; again prayers rise in that beautiful spot, and a nineteenth-century bishop lifts up his right hand and blesses Wykeham's work, which had brought forth such abundant fruit, and grey-haired Wykehamists bare their heads as the words "O God, our help in ages past," float upwards in the spring sunshine. Their chapel cannot hold them all now, and two and two, both old and young, pass down College Street, and through the Close to the Cathedral, where another bishop—also one of Wykeham's sons—preaches on the building lessons of the master-builder, whilst opposite to him Wykeham, the man so practical as well as so spiritual, sleeps in his beautiful chantry.

A Cardinal's Death-bed.

The high-born bishop, Cardinal Beaufort, is dying at Wolvesey Palace. His seventy years have been filled with work; but though he may be a king's grandson, and greater than his predecessor Wykeham by ancestry and riches, yet he cannot be compared to him in true nobility.

Cnut and his Queen.

The citizens and common people discuss his life now he lies there helpless among them. Was he not Chancellor when only twenty-six, and had he not mixed himself up in all the political turmoils of that time? Had not Prince Hal, when he became king, made his uncle Chancellor for the second time—perhaps because he had been useful to him and had unloosed the purse-strings in the war with France? The elder citizens well remember the great banquet at Winchester before the king left England, when the Archbishop of Bruges and Monsieur the Ambassador of France had dined in the city, which friendly feast had not, however, prevented Agincourt.

The people talk also of their bishop's crusade, though his travels had not led him as far as the Holy Sepulchre; and if until late years he had not been much in his diocese, yet it was a grand thing to have had a bishop so much at Court, and one of the most powerful men in the kingdom. At the last king's death had not Beaufort become guardian of the infant king, and ruled and quarrelled to his heart's content? Then had come the Cardinal's hat and the office of Papal Legate, and envious tongues had tried to depose him from his bishopric. But he had gone off to France, had assisted at the trial of the Maid of Orleans, had again had a hard fight to keep possession of his rich see, and, holding his ground, he had for nearly fifty years been the most powerful ruler in England. Latterly, however, the statesman-bishop had been oftener with them in his episcopal city, and had left work there which would make his name remembered. They have his device of a white hart chained in the nave of the Cathedral, and his motto in the choir, "*In Domino confido*," showing that he had been a benefactor there; and he had done really good work at St. Cross, where the Brotherhood of Noble Poverty, added to De Blois' earlier almshouses, is entirely owing to him.

Now all the busy, eager, ambitious life is over, and he lies dying at Wolvesey. The clergy and monks, with Prior Aulton of St. Swithun's in full vestments, walk slowly along the streets, past Wykeham's College, and through the palace gateway; and round the dying Cardinal's bed they sing the Requiem Mass. Then he listens to his will and corrects it, for all must be left now. He has great possessions, far more than will be needed for his beautiful shrine, which is to be a fitting monument for a king's grandson and a king's uncle.

The day following he takes leave of his friends, and all through the April night they watch him; but the next morning the Cathedral bell tolls mournfully, for the Cardinal Bishop has passed away.

The Christening of the Heir.

King Henry VII. and Elizabeth his queen are staying at St. Swithun's Priory so that the expected heir may be born in the old royal city, which, by reason of its being in possession of the Round Table, must ever be linked with King Arthur of pre-historic times.

The queen is safely delivered, and such a ringing of bells, and lighting of bonfires, and general rejoicing follow as never were, and immediately the preparation for the christening begins.

The "Erle of Oxenforde" is to be godfather, but he has a long journey from Suffolk, and the season is very rainy, which will not improve the roads by which he has to come.

The Cathedral is full of workmen handling arras and red sarsenet. The old square font of Norman or Byzantine make, with its quaint legends of St. Nicholas and symbolic birds, has a platform put near it with seven steps, so that the royal personages may stand in their right degrees; but the black font is not grand enough for the actual ceremony, so there is a small gilt one erected on an iron pedestal and shaded by a rich canopy surmounted by a gilt ball.

A CORNER IN THE COLLEGE QUADRANGLE.

Sunday comes: the chaplain goes to the Priory which adjoins the Cathedral, and with him the Treasurer bearing the "Assay of Salt," which is handed to the Earl of Sussex together with a towel, which this latter throws round his neck as the most graceful fashion of carrying it.

Then out of the Priory issues a great number of people —officials, nobles, and ladies of rank; but the centre of attraction is the little prince, wrapped in "a mantell of cremesyn cloth of gold furred with ermyn." He is carried by his aunt, Lady Cecil; but his train is borne by Lady Dorset, and Sir John Cheyne supports it in the middle. The Earl of Lincoln has to help Lady Cecil, and many great ladies are round about. All the christening party enter the nave by the little south door, as it is too cold and wet for the royal infant to be taken round to the great west entrance.

In the Cathedral the queen's mother, Elizabeth, having gone on first, is waiting, with a procession of ecclesiastical dignitaries, ready to receive His small Highness. Richard Fox is there, now only Secretary of the King, but his advance to the See of Winchester is predicted.

However, there is a hitch in the ceremony; they wait and wait, hoping for the arrival of the Earl of Oxford, who has been heard of not far off; and at last, three hours late, and when the babe has already been dipped in the font by the Bishop of Worcester, the noble godfather arrives, just in time to present King Arthur's namesake for confirmation to the Bishop of Exeter. The administration of this rite is very grand, for the Queen Dowager herself walks up the nave to the choir, and lays the little heir of England upon the altar during the singing of the "Veni, Creator."

Gifts to the shrine of St. Swithun follow next, after which the anthem of the saint is sung, and censers are swung, and the scent of spices and "ipocras" fills the building.

Thus ends the ceremony so far as the little prince is concerned, for Lady Cecil takes him home to his "norserye," where his cradle is a thing to wonder at, with its silver and gilt "pomelles," its ermine and blue velvet and gold tissue coverings, and above all its three "Lady Rocksters," who on certain occasions are to be dressed in cloth of gold. Cnut had offered his crown, but now it was a king's child that was offered to God. Who can doubt that that gift was accepted, when Prince Arthur at the age of sixteen was taken from the evil to come?

These are a few of the more ancient pictures one paints in the old city as one walks along the streets, and happily memory cannot be destroyed as some of the venerable gateways and old walls have been—the first for being too narrow, and the second because they interfered with the building of unlovely modern houses.

And yet even these displaced stones speak at Winchester, for the Past clings tenaciously to its home, and, despite the Philistines of the last hundred years, it refuses to be utterly cast out.

A. R. BRAMSTON AND A. C. LEROY.

From Her.

BY LADY LINDSAY.

MISS HEATHFIELD was sitting at the breakfast-table, trying for the sake of her brother Roland to give the matutinal meal an air of freshness. She was not altogether successful. Her own person, remarkable for the mixture of care and economy bestowed on it, was neither young nor attractive; her thin sleek hair bore the appearance of having been for the greater part brushed away; her gown, turned, dyed, and neatly darned, fitted too closely to the many angles and straight places of her figure. In like measure, the dining-room board, covered as it was by a patched cloth that was old and greyish though not actually dirty, was eminently unattractive in spite of such attempts at luxury as two or three thin slices of greasy bacon, a sodden tea-cake, a couple of dingy eggs (the produce of a London hen), and some pieces of hard toast in an elaborate electro-plated rack.

Assuredly, the morning meal did not seem particularly palatable or inviting to Roland Heathfield. He was standing on the hearth-rug with his back to the fireplace (although there was no fire, but only a bundle of green and pink shavings), and from thence he eyed his food with an expression of unmitigated disgust. Even when the door opened, and Arabella, the maid-of-all-work, brought in a small jug of blue milk to add to the festivity of the occasion, Roland merely raised his eyebrows a little higher, and looked, if possible, more supercilious and discontented than before.

Lodgings were not to his taste; these lodgings, perhaps, least of all; yet, even whilst he viewed the dreary scene before him, a certain alternative which he was revolving in his mind seemed still less appetising.

Roland Heathfield was a man of small strength and stature, in every way unlike his name, or perhaps it should rather be said that his name was essentially unfitted for him. Such a want of fitness is not rare, however; we seldom grow up into the personification that our godfathers and godmothers imagined or intended when they bestowed on us our baptismal nomenclature.

Roland stood twisting his small sandy moustache between his thin fingers; his was a sensitive face, the outward token of a highly sensitive organisation. But sensitiveness—not usually considered to stand in the stead of good looks—was the only beauty he possessed. In ordinary language, he was decidedly "ugly," with a colourless countenance that people passed by without noticing, and a figure which his tailor held to be a very poor advertisement indeed, more especially as such an advertisement was the only remuneration Mr. Roland Heathfield's tailor was likely to receive. Roland's debts did not trouble him greatly, nor did the non-payment of them weigh heavily on his mind.

Miss Heathfield was looking straight up at her brother, straight over the cups and saucers, the metal tea-pot, the chilly urn, and all the other disastrous appurtenances of her table; she felt that she had tried her

best, and that it was now impossible for her to make any further effort. Had she been possessed of money, everything might have been different; through her thoughts coursed a vague yet rapid stream of all the possibilities and advantages which money could have brought—possibilities none the less delightful because of their undefined and incoherent character. A fairy palace of delight reared itself suddenly in Miss Heathfield's mind, but her cool common sense swept it away again instantly as though it were wrought of gossamer cobwebs. She bent forward, pressing one of her strong, almost masculine hands upon the other, as she turned to her brother and said quietly:

"Then you really are not going, Roland? You have quite, absolutely quite made up your mind to refuse?"

"You always ask such uncomfortable questions," returned the young man, speaking rapidly. "It is very hard, Selina, that I am never allowed to weigh matters properly without being forced into a decision one way or the other before, so to speak, I can thoroughly know my own mind."

Miss Heathfield sighed. She was aware how much time was necessary for Roland's thorough knowledge of his own mind.

"A step of this sort," continued he, almost fretfully, "requires the utmost consideration. Don't you see, Selina, that it requires consideration?"

"Yes," replied Miss Heathfield.

"Give me my tea, like a good old girl," said Roland cheerily, wishing to change the subject; but a moment later, as he advanced to take the cup, he saw tears shining between his sister's eyelashes. He was kind-hearted; however weak, petulant, or undecided he might be, he was assuredly kind-hearted. He laid his hand gently on his sister's shoulder:

"A man cannot go out to California, give up all his old associations, and begin a new life just as he might sit down to drink a cup of tea. Don't you see that, Selina?"

The poor woman nodded; she seemed as if she could not answer, and he went on with a sudden change of mood:

"You have been good to me; yes, very good, before—before and since also; never think that I don't remember that. If I fail now—I have failed often enough already, Heaven knows—if I fail now, Selina, and throw the best chance overboard that has ever come to me, just because I can't for the life of me summon up pluck to accept it—well, if I'm a downright unsuccessful idiot, will you cease altogether to care for me?"

"No," answered Miss Heathfield huskily, and, taking the delicate hand that was so near her face in her own strong clasp, she pressed her hot cheek against it. There was a moment's silence, after which Roland, with what seemed like a light sigh of relief because he had extorted her submission if not her approbation, sat down and ate his breakfast in silence.

Half an hour later, when the front door banged behind him, his sister sat alone occupied in darning a heap of tattered dusters. Her heart was much perturbed concerning the young man, though she had not found it possible to say much to him. She knew that it would be for his good, *i.e.* for his advancement in life, to accept the offer to go to California. On the other hand, he was the one relation she possessed in the whole wide world, and she could not bring her lips to utter such decisive words as might definitely send him forth and part him from her altogether. She was older than he, and from time immemorial had been a sort of mother to him; that sister-motherhood had been the great aim and actuating power of her own life, a life which, to outward appearance, was stagnant and uninteresting. Miss Heathfield had never been demonstrative. Possibly, as she thought to herself with a sigh, Roland was scarcely aware of her deep affection for him; he certainly did not return it in full measure; nevertheless, she argued, he was very lovable. For, even during the brief time when his life had suddenly blossomed into happiness and diverged from hers, as well as during the crisis of his great trial, and through the petty worries and irritabilities of these last two years, the sister's heart had never for one instant wavered in its true and fond allegiance to what she considered above all things "her charge."

Whilst Miss Heathfield sat thinking her sad thoughts, Roland had started on a walk, aimless as to destination, but intended to bring him to a settled determination, he being one of those people who aver that peripatetic exercise is the best remedy for all moral uncertainties and difficulties.

He wandered on for some time, and finally turned into Hyde Park. It was a lovely spring morning, not as yet the fashionable hour, and Rotten Row and its adjoining walks were comparatively empty. Possibly this was the children's hour, for many pretty babies were being wheeled along in perambulators, or allowed to run and play, filling the air with happy sounds of prattle and laughter. Across the balmy air floated sweet perfume from a group of pink hawthorns in full flower, whilst, a little farther on, one tall tree, robed in white blossoms, looked like a lovely spirit of the woods rising from the green sward. So thought Roland, as he sat down on a bench and mused. He was what is called "a bit of a poet," and in his mind vague phantasies now began, as was usual with him, to form themselves into numbers—"may" and "day," "sighing" and "lying," and other convenient rhymes suggesting ideas which in return evoked fresh rhymes. Still, he was not actually composing; that decision which he must needs make as to his future life haunted and perplexed him; it was as ceaseless as the sound of the sea to one who paces the shore. A definite answer must without fail be given that very evening—should he start for California, or should he not? If he stayed in England he must assuredly, as he had told his sister, go to the dogs. (By this vehement expression, I regret to say that Mr. Heathfield meant the following of the path of literature as his only career.) It was not in him, he thought, to work very seriously at anything—not even at writing. Two or three of his effusions had already appeared in print, doubtless, but they were by no means struggled for by publishers, nor had they appeared in such places of high distinction as to have brought their author more

than a few shillings of payment, and an occasional short word of praise. Thus, even Roland himself could not shut his eyes to the fact that to stay on in England must imply for him a desultory life, earning a pittance here and there, dwelling with his sister, being helped on by her efforts considerably more than by his own, and having no particular future to look to.

Yet, for all that, he could not easily forego the life he deprecated. He wished vaguely that some sign might be given to him as to what he should do—some sign either from the outward world or within his own inner consciousness—that should guide him as to what path to pursue. Was it not old John Bunyan who had begged for such a sign? thought Roland; had not that great man in his wavering faith required the mountains to move in order to satisfy him?

But Roland needed no mountains.

"Any sign," he said to himself, "however small a thing—only a sure sign that I can truly acknowledge, and I shall be satisfied; I will gladly make up my mind to the new life and the new country."

Yet having, so to speak, pledged himself to himself, he grew nervous of the consequences. He leaned back in his seat and closed his eyes for a few moments as though he wished to shut out all possibility of the very sign he had invoked. Presently he sat up again, and began to trace figures on the gravel with the end of his cane. The sunshine glittered through the leaves, flickering between the shadows at his feet. As he looked about him, he saw that this and other paths were becoming more animated. Gaily-dressed people were sauntering to and fro; the Row was fuller than it had been before. Close at hand a girl in white, leaning against the railings, smiled as she listened to a man who was speaking eagerly to her. Some analogy—a quick recollection of the past, the memory of a morning not unlike this morning—struck Roland's mind, taking such vehement possession of it that the present slid suddenly back and melted into the long ago till the two became one. It was with a painful shock of awakening that he rose hastily to his feet, forced to realise that it was the present, and not the past, in which he lived, and that he, Roland Heathfield, was a lonely disappointed man, with his inward sorrow to fight, and his outward decision to make.

However, the short moment of oblivion had given him the impetus he so sorely needed. He shook himself as he left the shady place where he had been sitting, and walked with rapid steps across the Park towards Bayswater. Presently, leaving the green trees behind him, he threaded many monotonous streets. It was long since he had wandered in this direction; he was accustomed carefully to avoid the whole neighbourhood. Now, as he walked on, there grew upon him a dreamy, almost pleasant, sense of old acquaintanceship; his eyes scanned the names of shops and thoroughfares once daily familiar; it was as though he were retracing the lines of some former existence. The very figures he met, (and there were not many in the quiet locality to which he came at last,) seemed part of his old surroundings, as though even the boys playing in the gutter, the vendor of cheap wares, the baker's lad, the passers-by one and all, had moved or met him thus two years ago. He pulled his hat well down on his forehead, lest any one should recognise and greet him; he had no wish to be recognised, and he had a very great dread of being greeted.

At last, still journeying northwards, he reached a deserted spot that called itself a square, though it was indeed but a poor imitation of the large green enclosures in more favoured parts of London. Roland paused in front of a dull-looking corner house; he did not go close up to it, but stood, with his back against the railings of the so-called garden of the square, gazing up at the uninteresting pile of brickwork with its ugly blistered door and its grimy closed windows. For one of the windows only was open, and from thence flapped out a discoloured rag of curtain. As the young man stood thus he was scarcely conscious of what he was doing; his physical and mental capabilities alike seemed numbed. Some children gathered close to him wonderingly, laughing amongst themselves with the unsympathetic pertness of little street-arabs; but he did not notice them. The last two years of his life were suddenly swept away; the dull bricks before him became the golden walls of Paradise, the ragged curtain that flapped idly above shone like a silken banner, and the open window was once more—her window.

In Roland Heathfield's life there had been but little of joy or happiness; few dreams realised, few hopes attained. His one dearest hope, his one sweetest dream had been fulfilled for a while, but ah! how short a while! He had loved his young wife with a tenderness and passion of which none would have thought him capable; but the end came too soon, and he, a weak-handed son of earth, was no match for the conqueror Death. Was it surprising that, after his jewel had been torn from his grasp, and the light had faded out of his life as her life passed away, he could not take up any of the interests and ambitions which his friends so strongly advised? At best he might struggle on, but the *caring* had gone out of his heart, and "caring" is the salt of life to men as well as women, whatever the former may say. It is especially so to such men as Roland Heathfield.

He gazed and gazed and the past floated by at last, and left him chill and lonely. He turned with a kind of shiver, glancing angrily at the pitiless faces of the children; then he pulled himself together, and walked sturdily along the pavement as though he had some business on hand. From the open windows of a house across the square came the sound of a cracked piano, on which the player's feeble touch was disentangling a melody of Mozart's. It recalled to Roland a favourite short poem by Coppée called *Adagio*, and the music, tremulously rising and falling, whilst curiously following the meaning of the poem, seemed equally to weave itself into the broken threads of his own history:—

> "La rue était déserte; et le flâneur morose
> Et triste, comme sont souvent les amoureux,
> Qui passait, l'œil fixé sur les gazons poudreux,
> Toujours à la même heure, avait pris l'habitude

D'entendre ce vieil air dans cette solitude.
Le piano chantait sourd, doux, attendrissant,
Rempli du souvenir douloureux de l'absent
Et reprochant tout bas les anciennes extases."

Yes, so ran the verses; Roland easily recollected the sweet French words, with their subtle, underlying pathos. Now the player was gently playing trills. Ay, his own life had been full of music once. Then there had come a day when the music ceased.

Suddenly, Roland found himself standing at the door of his old home. He stretched out his hand and rang the bell. There was no speedy answer. He had ample time to decipher the written card of "Apartments" that was placed in the ground-floor window, and to gather his thoughts and frame his intentions leisurely-wise, before an untidy young woman, carrying a baby, replied to his repeated summons. He heard her slipshod feet descending the well-known steps, and shuffling along the familiar passage before she opened the door. He was not in the least impatient; he was in a torpid state of feeling, unreasoningly wishing that this dream-like visit might continue he knew not how, and end by bringing him some comfort, he knew not what.

"Is it lodgings?" asked the woman, eyeing him curiously, for, though Roland was by no means wealthy, his coat and hat were better than those belonging to the ordinary lodgers.

"I want to see the house; I should like to run up and look over it," he answered. His eyes were already greedily drinking in the outlines of the narrow staircase, with its ugly stained-glass window midway up to the drawing-room landing. Was it not against that unlovely background that *she* had stood so often in her white dress waving "good-bye" as he set out to his daily work? Was she not standing there even now, vividly portrayed in that marvellous mirror of memory which we all carry with us everywhere, set for joy or for pain?

"I'm only the caretaker—there's no one else in the house," said the woman doubtfully, "but if it's lodgings——"

"Yes, yes," answered Roland, interrupting her speech.

He had passed her, and was already climbing the stairs. Now he stood in the white and gold drawing-room, once so bright and fresh, now so inexpressibly close and dusty and dingy. It was as though the youth and beauty of the room itself had died with his darling. He and she together had arranged the house; they had spent much time and more money than they could well afford in decorating it; every piece of furniture, like each tiny ornament, had its history, and all that had been said and done regarding those senseless things of wood or china remained sharply graven in Roland's mind. He wished it were not so. He wished that he had forgotten how yonder low seat had been specially hers; how she had bade him keep from the extravagance of this particular work-basket; how that ancient picture-frame had been the cause of a whole sheaf of silly jokes—jokes most silly, certainly, yet evoking happy mirth during one twilight evening in early summer when Roland and his wife had sat late under the hawthorns of the Regent's Park. There was no scent of blossoming may near this desolate house, but Roland seemed to see the snowy trees again, and to inhale a far sweeter perfume than had greeted him that very morning in the gaily-decked pathways of a more fashionable pleasure-ground.

He was both sorry and glad that he had come to visit his old home. He was half sorry that he had not kept the house; ungentle hands had touched *her* things; careless strangers had lived in *her* rooms. He and his sister might have gone on living there, thought Roland. That, of course, would have been the right thing to do; but the truth was that when the end had come he had been distraught; he had thrown everything up, and sold the house as it stood, glad to push all old surroundings out of sight. As if we could barter our memory, or wipe away our yearning thoughts!

"It's a cheerful sort of room," the caretaker said encouragingly, going round vaguely dusting, "partickler when the blinds is hup," and thereupon she led the way to the second floor.

Roland followed mechanically.

When they reached the room up-stairs, he held out a couple of shillings to his guide:

"I lived here once—leave me alone for a few minutes," he said in an odd strained voice. And when the woman, with an acquiescent nod, turned and closed the door softly upon him, when he could no longer hear her retreating steps, when he felt himself utterly and mercifully alone, he broke down and sobbed like a child. No one, since Roland's childish days, had seen him weep. His was not a strong nature, yet it was by no means devoid of manly pride or reticence. But here, in this room, by the very bed where two short years ago he had also wept in the sanctity of solitude (for the pale form by which he then knelt had no longer any cognisance of his grief), his tears flowed, and would not be kept back. They flowed for some moments; finally, he regained his outward composure. With that composure came the oppressive consciousness of the present, its difficulties and uncertainties—above all, his impending decision. "Oh, for a sign," he prayed aloud, "some sign that I might hold to come from her!"

The minutes passed—a loudly-ticking clock on the stairs gave notice of their passing. No sign had come; no sign could come, verily.

It was surely time for Roland to depart; he had no excuse to linger in that dreary room. How dreary it was! As he wandered aimlessly about, unable to tear himself from its painful fascination, he was more and more struck by the dirty untidiness, as well as dinginess, of the place. On entering, he had leant his cane against the side of a large press or wardrobe; now, as he was about to take up the cane, and touched it lightly, it fell behind the wardrobe, and when Roland stooped a cloud of dust rose up into his face. Certainly, the room had never been properly cleaned during the last two years.

Roland, accustomed to his sister's spotless though meagre furniture, had drawn hastily back, brushing some dusty fluff from his coat and waistcoat. Then he bent down again, and drew out the cane. It had a jagged carved knob, and to that there clung a little piece of thin

crumpled paper. He instantly saw that it was a bank-note. As with trembling fingers he smoothed the crackling paper, he knew that this was the sign for which he had looked.

Full well he recollected how one day his poor little wife had lost a bank-note, had sought for it everywhere, and at last came to him with tears in her eyes to confess what had happened. He had searched the whole room to the best of his ability, and finally they two had agreed, hand in hand, to forego each of them something, in order to save the amount—no very large amount, being but ten pounds; still, one which, in their modest household, must make some considerable difference. Thereupon he had written the number of the missing note (which his wife remembered) in his pocket-book. He drew out his pocket-book now. His fingers were trembling so violently that he could scarce turn the pages. Yes, here was the number carefully written down beneath the date on which the note had been lost: No. 33772. Roland folded the note carefully away in one of the satin pockets of the book, resolved to endure the direst straits of need rather than spend that precious ten pounds. For in his possession he held the sign he needed, the sign which had indeed been sent direct from her he loved, touched by no alien hands since her dear hands had touched it. His mind was thoroughly made up now; he would start for California; he would try honestly and manfully to lead a new life, and throw off the overwhelming sloth and feebleness which was weighing him down bodily and mentally. He would seek to do, though in a new country and without her, what in this old country and with her he might have done.

* * * * *

It was more than a year after the slight episode narrated in these pages that a young Englishman was killed in a street-fight at San Francisco. He was a man so little known that scant mention was made of the occurrence, even in the Californian paper which devoted a short paragraph to it. There was, indeed, some doubt as to the origin of the squabble, but that did not much signify, for the young man's opponent was a rough miner of bad character, and the whole thing was rather disgraceful, so perhaps the less said the better. Some of the bystanders (who were poor folks, and therefore not altogether credited in their statements) asserted that it was a shame, as well as a pity, for the miner had been ill-treating a young woman (his wife, of course, but that also was no matter), and she was weak and ill, and he had given her a terrible blow between the eyes, and the young Englishman had stepped forward to save her from further injury, and the miner, who was more than half drunk, had suddenly pulled out a long knife and stabbed him. But these details never found their way into the short paragraph, which spoke jocularly of a street-row and British fisticuffs, and pointed out, with some pride, that England could not expect always to be triumphant.

There was no one to mourn Roland Heathfield except his sister, and she—receiving the announcement of his death from his employers, with a curt mention that it was owing to an accident—arrayed herself in sable garments, and lived her life more sadly than before, with little outward show of grief perhaps, but with a sense of greater and more forlorn desolation. After a time, she became a sick-nurse in one of the London hospitals, and was heard of no more, even by her limited circle of acquaintances.

Roland Heathfield's employers duly forwarded to his sister the small amount of money which he had earned during his service, also his watch and a pocket-book found on his dead body; the book contained a couple of letters (fond, childish effusions) written by his young wife, and an English bank-note for the value of ten pounds. Strangely enough, on one of the pages of the pocket-book was recorded the number of this very note, together with a date more than three years old, and over this date Miss Heathfield puzzled much, but the secret was one which she was never able to unravel.

Literary and other Notes.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE Princess Emily Ruete of Oman and Zanzibar, whose efforts to introduce women doctors into the East are so well known, has just published a most interesting account of her life under the title of "Memoirs of an Arabian Princess" (Ward and Downey). The Princess is the daughter of the celebrated Sejid Saîd, Imam of Mesket and Sultan of Zanzibar, and her long residence in Germany has given her the opportunity of comparing Eastern with Western civilisation. She writes in a very simple and unaffected manner; and though she has many grievances against her brother, the present Sultan (who seems never to have forgiven her for her conversion to Christianity and her marriage with a German subject), she has too much tact, *esprit*, and good-humour to trouble her readers with any dreary record of family quarrels and domestic differences. Her book throws a great deal of light on the question of the position of women in the East, and shows that much of what has been written on this subject is quite inaccurate. One of the most curious passages is that in which the Princess gives an account of her mother:—

"My mother was a Circassian by birth, who in early youth had been torn away from her home. Her father had been a farmer, and she had always lived peacefully with her parents and her little brother and sister. War broke out suddenly, and the country was overrun by marauding bands. On their approach the family fled into an underground place, as my mother called it—she probably meant a cellar, which is not known in Zanzibar. Their place of refuge was, however, invaded by a merciless horde, the parents were slain, and the children carried off by three mounted Arnauts.

"She came into my father's possession when quite a child, probably at the tender age of seven or eight years, as she cast her first tooth in our house. She was at once adopted as playmate by two of my sisters, her own age, with whom she was educated and brought up. Together with them she learnt to read, which raised her a good deal above her equals, who, as a rule, became members of our family at the age of sixteen or eighteen years, or older still, when they had outgrown whatever taste they might once have had for schooling. She could scarcely be called pretty; but she was tall and shapely, had black eyes, and hair down to her knees. Of a very gentle disposition, her greatest pleasure consisted in assisting other people, in looking after and nursing any sick person in the house; and I well remember her going about with her books from one patient to another, reading prayers to them.

"She was in great favour with my father, who never refused her anything, though she interceded mostly for others; and when she came to see him, he always rose to meet her half-way—a distinction he conferred but very rarely. She was as kind and pious as she was modest, and in all her dealings frank and open. She had another daughter besides myself, who had died quite young. Her mental powers were not great, but she was very clever at needlework. She had always been a tender and loving mother to me, but this did not hinder her from punishing me severely when she deemed it necessary.

"She had many friends at Bet-il-Mtoni, which is rarely to be met with in an Arab harem. She had the most unshaken and firmest trust in God. When I was about five years old I remember a fire breaking out in the stables close by, one night while my father was at his city residence. A false alarm spread over the house that we, too, were in imminent danger; upon which the good woman hastened to take me on her arm, and her big kurân (we pronounce the word thus) on the other, and hurried into the open air. On the rest of her possessions she set no value in this hour of danger."

Here is a description of Schesade, the Sultan's second legitimate wife:—

"She was a Persian Princess of entrancing beauty, and of inordinate extravagance. Her little retinue was composed of one hundred and fifty cavaliers, all Persians, who lived on the ground floor; with them she hunted and rode in the broad day—rather contrary to Arab notions. The Persian women are subjected to quite a Spartan training in bodily exercise; they enjoy great liberty, much more so than Arab women, but they are also more rude in mind and action."

"Schesade is said to have carried on her extravagant style of life beyond bounds; her dresses, cut always after the Persian fashion, were literally covered with embroideries of pearls. A great many of these were picked up nearly every morning by the servants in her rooms, where she had dropped them from her garments, but the Princess would never take any of these precious jewels back again. She did not only drain my father's exchequer most wantonly, but violated many of our sacred laws; in fact she had only married him for his high station and wealth, and had loved some one else all the time. Such a state of things could, of course, only end in a divorce; fortunately Schesade had no children of her own. There is a rumour still current among us that beautiful Schesade was observed some years after this event, when my father carried on war in Persia and had the good fortune of taking the fortress of Bender Abbâs on the Persian Gulf, heading her troops and taking aim at the members of our family herself."

Another of the remarkable women mentioned by the Princess was her step-mother, Azze-bint-Zef, who seems to have completely ruled the Sultan, and to have settled all questions of home and foreign policy; while her great-aunt, the Princess Asche, was regent of the empire during the Sultan's minority, and was the heroine of the siege of Mesket. Of her the Princess gives the following account:—

"Dressed in man's clothes, she inspected the outposts herself at night, she watched and encouraged the soldiers in all exposed places, and was saved several times only by the speed of her horse in unforeseen attacks. One night she rode out oppressed with care, having just received information that the enemy was about to attempt an entrance into the city by means of bribery that night, and with intent to massacre all; and now she went to convince herself of the loyalty of her troops. Very cautiously she rode up to a guard, requesting to speak to the 'Akid' (the officer in charge), and did all in her power to seduce him from his duty by great offers of reward on the part of the besiegers. The indignation of the brave man, however, completely allayed her fears as to the fidelity of the troops, but the experiment nearly cost her her own life. The soldiers were about to massacre the supposed spy on the spot, and it required all her presence of mind to make good her escape.

"The situation grew, however, to be very critical at Mesket. Famine at last broke out, and the people were well-nigh distracted, as no assistance or relief could be expected from without. It was, therefore, decided to attempt a last sortie in order to die at least with glory. There was just sufficient powder left for one more attack, but there was no more lead for either guns or muskets. In this emergency the regent ordered iron nails and pebbles to be used in place of balls. The guns were loaded with all the old iron and brass that could be collected, and she opened her treasury to have bullets made out of her own silver dollars. Every nerve was strained, and the sally succeeded beyond all hope. The enemy was completely taken by surprise, and fled in all directions, leaving more than half their men dead and wounded on the field. Mesket was saved, and, delivered out of her deep distress, the brave woman knelt down on the battle-field and thanked God in fervent prayer.

"From that time her government was a peaceful one, and she ruled so wisely that she was able to transfer to her nephew, my father, an empire so unimpaired as to place him in a position to extend the empire by the conquest of Zanzibar. It is to my great-aunt, therefore, that we owe, and not to an inconsiderable degree, the acquisition of this second empire.

"She, too, was an Eastern woman!"

All through her book the Princess protests against the idea that Oriental women are degraded or oppressed, and in the following passage she points out how difficult it is for foreigners to get any real information on the subject:—

"The education of the children is left entirely to the mother, whether she be legitimate wife or purchased slave, and it constitutes her chief happiness. Some fashionable mothers in Europe shift this duty on to the nurse, and by-and-by on the governess, and are quite satisfied with looking up their children, or receiving their visits, once a day. In France the child is sent to be nursed in the country, and left to the care of strangers. An Arab mother on the other hand, looks continually after her children. She watches and nurses them with the greatest affection, and never leaves them as long as they may stand in need of her motherly care; for which she is rewarded by the fondest filial love.

"If foreigners had more frequent opportunities to observe the cheerfulness, the exuberance of spirits even, of Eastern women, they would soon and more easily be convinced of the untruth of all those stories afloat about the degraded, oppressed, and listless state of their life. It is impossible to gain a true insight into the actual domesticity in a few moments' visit; and the conversation carried on, on those formal occasions, hardly deserves that name; there is barely more than the exchange of a few commonplace remarks—and it is questionable if even these have been correctly interpreted."

"Notwithstanding his innate hospitality, the Arab has the greatest possible objection to having his home pried into by those of another land and creed. Whenever, therefore, a European lady called on us, the enormous circumference of her hoops (which were the fashion then, and took up the entire width of the stairs) was the first thing to strike us dumb with wonder; after which the

very meagre conversation generally confined itself on both sides to the mysteries of different costumes; and the lady retired as wise as she was when she came, after having been sprinkled over with ottar of roses, and being the richer for some parting presents. It is true she had entered a Harem; she had seen the much-pitied Oriental ladies (though only through their veils); she had with her own eyes seen our dresses, our jewellery, the nimbleness with which we sat down on the floor—and that was all. She could not boast of having seen more than any other foreign lady who had called before her. She is conducted upstairs and downstairs, and is watched all the time. Rarely she sees more than the reception room, and more rarely still can she guess or find out who the veiled lady is with whom she conversed. In short, she has had no opportunity whatsoever of learning anything of domestic life, or the position of Eastern women."

No one who is interested in the social position of women in the East should fail to read these pleasantly-written memoirs. The Princess is herself a woman of high culture, and the story of her life is as instructive as history, and as fascinating as fiction.

Mrs. Oliphant's "Makers of Venice" (Macmillan and Co.) is an admirable literary *pendant* to the same writer's charming book on Florence, though there is a wide difference between the beautiful Tuscan city and the sea-city of the Adriatic. Florence, as Mrs. Oliphant points out, is a city full of memories of the great figures of the past. The traveller cannot pass along her streets without treading in the very traces of Dante, without stepping on soil made memorable by footprints never to be effaced. The greatness of the surroundings, the palaces, churches, and frowning mediæval castles in the midst of the city, are all thrown into the background by the greatness, the individuality, the living power and vigour of the men who are their originators, and, at the same time, their inspiring soul. But when we turn to Venice, the effect is very different. We do not think of the makers of that marvellous city, but rather of what they made. The idealised image of Venice herself meets us everywhere. The mother is not overshadowed by the too great glory of any of her sons. In her records the city is everything—the republic, the worshipped ideal of a community in which every man for the common glory seems to have been willing to sink his own. We know that Dante stood within the red walls of the arsenal, and saw the galleys making and mending, and the pitch flaming up to heaven; Petrarch came to visit the great Mistress of the Seas, taking refuge there, "in this city, true home of the human race," from trouble, war, and pestilence outside; and Byron, with his facile enthusiasms and fervent eloquence, made his home for a time in one of the stately, decaying palaces; but with these exceptions no great poet has ever associated himself with the life of Venice. She had architects, sculptors, and painters, but no singer of her own. The arts through which she gave her message to the world were visible and imitative. Mrs. Oliphant, in her bright picturesque style, tells the story of Venice pleasantly and well. Her account of the two Bellinis is especially charming; and the chapters on Titian and Tintoret are admirably written. She concludes her interesting and useful history with the following words, which are well worthy of quotation, though I must confess that the "alien modernisms" trouble me not a little:—

"The critics of recent days have had much to say as to the deterioration of Venice in her new activity, and the introduction of alien modernisms in the shape of steamboats and other new industrial agents into her canals and lagoons. But in this adoption of every new development of power, Venice is only proving herself the most faithful representative of the vigorous republic of old. Whatever prejudice or angry love may say, we cannot doubt that the Michiels, the Dandolos, the Foscari, the great rulers who formed Venice, had steamboats existed in their day, serving their purpose better than their barges and *peati*, would have adopted them without hesitation, without a thought of what any critics might say. The wonderful new impulse which has made Italy a great power, has justly put strength and life before those old traditions of beauty which made her not only the 'woman country' of Europe, but a sort of Odalisque trading upon her charms, rather than the nursing mother of a noble and independent nation. That in her recoil from that somewhat degrading position she may here and there have proved too regardless of the claims of antiquity, we need not attempt to deny: the new spring of life in her is too genuine and great to keep her entirely free from this evident danger. But it is strange that any one who loves Italy and sincerely rejoices in her amazing resurrection should fail to recognise how venial is this fault."

Miss Mabel Robinson's last novel, "The Plan of Campaign" (Vizetelly and Co.), is a very powerful study of modern political life. As a concession to humanity, each of the politicians is made to fall in love, and the charm of their various romances fully atones for the soundness of the author's theory of rent. Miss Robinson dissects, describes, and discourses with keen scientific insight and minute observation. Her style, though somewhat lacking in grace, is, at its best, simple and strong. Richard Talbot and Elinor Fetherston are admirably conceived and admirably drawn, and the whole account of the murder of Lord Roeglass is most dramatic.

"A Year in Eden" (T. Fisher Unwin), by Harriet Waters Preston, is a chronicle of New England life, and is full of the elaborate subtlety of the American school of fiction. The Eden in question is the little village of Pierpont, and the Eve of this provincial paradise is a beautiful girl called Monza Middleton, a fascinating, fearless creature, who brings ruin and misery on all who love her. Miss Preston writes an admirable prose style, and the minor characters in the book are wonderfully life-like and true.

"The Englishwoman's Year-Book" (Hatchards) contains a really extraordinary amount of useful information on every subject connected with woman's work. In the census taken in 1831 (six years before the Queen ascended the throne) no occupation whatever was specified as appertaining to women, except that of domestic service, but in the census of 1881 the number of occupations mentioned as followed by women is upwards of three hundred and thirty. The most popular occupations seem to be those of domestic service, school teaching, and dressmaking; the lowest numbers on the list are those of bankers, gardeners, and persons engaged in scientific pursuits. Besides these, the "Year-Book" makes mention of stock-broking and conveyancing as

professions that women are beginning to adopt. The historical account of the literary work done by Englishwomen in this century, as given in the "Year-Book," is curiously inadequate, and the list of women's magazines is not complete, but in all other respects the publication seems a most useful and excellent one.

Wordsworth, in one of his interesting letters to Lady Beaumont, says that it is "an awful truth that there neither is nor can be any genuine enjoyment of poetry among nineteen out of twenty of those persons who live or wish to live in the broad light of the world—among those who either are, or are striving to make themselves, people of consideration in society," adding that the mission of poetry is "to console the afflicted; to add sunshine to daylight by making the happy happier; to teach the young and the gracious of every age to see, to think, and feel, and therefore to become more actively and securely virtuous." I am, however, rather disposed to think that the age in which we live is one that has a very genuine enjoyment of poetry, though we may no longer agree with Wordsworth's ideas on the subject of the poet's proper mission; and it is interesting to note that this enjoyment manifests itself by creation even more than by criticism. To realise the popularity of the great poets, one should turn to the minor poets and see whom they follow, what master they select, whose music they echo. At present there seems to be a reaction in favour of Lord Tennyson, if we are to judge by "Rachel, and other Poems" (Cornish Brothers), which is a rather remarkable little volume in its way. The poem that gives its title to the book is full of strong lines and good images; and, in spite of its Tennysonian echoes, there is something attractive in such verses as the following:—

"Day by day along the Orient faintly glows the tender dawn,
Day by day the pearly dewdrops tremble on the upland lawn:

"Day by day the star of morning pales before the coming ray,
And the first faint streak of radiance brightens to the perfect day.

"Day by day the rosebud gathers to itself, from earth and sky,
Fragrant stores and ampler beauty, lovelier form and deeper dye:

"Day by day a richer crimson mantles in its glowing breast—
Every golden hour conferring some sweet grace that crowns the rest.

"And thou canst not tell the moment when the day ascends her throne,
When the morning star hath vanished, and the rose is fully blown.

'So each day fulfils its purpose, calm—unresting—strong and sure,
Moving onward to completion doth the work of God endure.

"How unlike man's toil and hurry! how unlike the noise, the strife,
All the pain of incompleteness, all the weariness of life!

"Ye look upward and take courage. He who leads the golden hours,
Feeds the birds, and clothes the lily, made these human hearts of ours

"Knows their need and will supply it, manna falling day by day,
Bread from heaven, the food of angels, all along the desert way."

The Secretary of the International Technical College at Bedford has issued a most interesting prospectus of the aims and objects of the Institution. The College seems to be chiefly intended for ladies who have completed their ordinary course of English studies, and it will be divided into two departments, Educational and Industrial. In the latter, classes will be held for various decorative and technical arts, and for wood-carving, etching, and photography, as well as sick-nursing, dressmaking, cookery, physiology, poultry-rearing, and the cultivation of flowers. The curriculum certainly embraces a wonderful amount of subjects, and I have no doubt that the College will supply a real want.

The Ladies' Employment Society has been so successful that it has moved to new premises in Park Street, Grosvenor Square, where there are some very pretty and useful things for sale. The children's smocks are quite charming, and seem very inexpensive. The subscription to the Society is one guinea a year, and a commission of five per cent. is charged on each thing sold.

Miss May Morris, whose exquisite needlework is well known, has just completed a pair of curtains for a house in Boston. They are amongst the most perfect specimens of modern embroidery that I have seen, and are from Miss Morris's own design. I am glad to hear that Miss Morris has determined to give lessons in embroidery. She has a thorough knowledge of the art, her sense of beauty is as rare as it is refined, and her power of design is quite remarkable.

Mrs. Jopling's life-classes for ladies have been such a success that a similar class has been started in Chelsea by Mr. Clegg Wilkinson at the Carlyle Studios, King's Road. Mr. Wilkinson (who is a very brilliant young painter) is strongly of opinion that life should be studied from life itself, and not from that abstract presentation of life which we find in Greek marbles—a position which I have always held very strongly myself.

The portrait of Mrs. Craik that appeared in the January number of THE WOMAN'S WORLD was taken from a photograph by Mr. Buchanan Wollaston, of Chislehurst, who most kindly allowed us to reproduce it.

March Fashions.

By Mrs. JOHNSTONE.

THE fashions of to-day are the fashions of the past, with slight but pertinent alterations. We owe many of our present inspirations to the perfect taste of that "jolie Marquise bourgeoise" who, according to Marmontel, "avait eu la faiblesse de vouloir plaire au roi, et le malheur d'y réussir." However corrupt the middle of the eighteenth century may have been, the upper classes in France had attained to a perfect taste, demonstrated by elegance of dress and artistic refinement in furniture, a great deal of which was due to Mme. de Pompadour, with her thorough *savoir vivre.* Under her auspices the Gobelins tapestry and the Sèvres china were declared royal. Many of the designs for the porcelain were sketched by Boucher, and the charming bouquets and garlands of flowers in the rich brocades of her epoch were either designed by herself or this same Boucher, who in 1776 died suddenly, brush in hand, alone, in the satin-draped boudoir-atelier where the gay world were wont to congregate. His works remain, though for a time his personality was forgotten. By-and-by the gay Marquise also was laid out of sight, the common fate of poor humanity. Louis XV. bore her loss with equanimity, if it be true that, watching the rain on the day of her funeral, he remarked, carelessly enough, "Madame n'a pas de bon temps pour son voyage."

Spring In-door and Promenade Costumes.

One of the most beautiful silks prepared for the spring Drawing Rooms of 1888 is of a design which bears the name of the Marquise de Pompadour; the reproduction of an historic silk; the shot ground is in cream and the revived *pomme* (a shade in fashion then), the best of all greens by candle-light. It is striped with silk and satin, and brocaded with roses tied with the blue true lover's knot, characteristic of that period, while the foliage is of the *pomme* tone. This colour, as its name implies, is the exact tint of a green apple.

A true and thorough knowledge of colour is a valuable acquirement to a woman who would dress well. The most beautiful harmonies are those which have the

most consonance. To demonstrate this, Bernardin de Saint Pierre tells how the ancients personified the Sun as the daughter of Air, who, on the banks of Cephisus, repeated the last word she heard; just as most of our greatest colourists have repeated their harmonies. Symphonies duplicated are essential in women's dress, with some contrasts, which Nature applies with a lavish hand, as in the colour of animals and the earth, and green

TOQUE IN VELVET OR STRAW.

leaves and flowers. The field this year is a wide one, for never has the fashionable range of colours been more beautiful or wider. The shades of brown are borrowed from beaver and bark; the greys are in several variations; the blues range from electric to sky-blue and turquoise, including the deep, dark, bright, Royal blue, which we delighted to honour as "Alexandra blue" when the Princess of Wales came to us, over twenty-five years ago, a bride. Terre cuite is as full and rich in shade as a Devonshire cliff; the vieux rose is lighter and more tender than of yore; so is the crevette, which matches a young prawn fresh from boiling. The old-fashioned pink has come back to us, and the old oyster-white; grenat, cardinal, and the brilliant poppy-red are worn also. All these colours are to be found in the Failles Désirées, with their coarse cords; there is nothing more *à la mode.*

Shot grounds are the fashion, but thus early in the season it would seem that, with one exception, there is not to be a mixture of fabrics. Plain silk and brocade are to be worn apart; wool and silk are to be disunited. Gowns made with some fourteen yards of brocade, and nothing else, require merely a little lace trimming; and for evening wear a muslin fichu, copied from that well-known picture of poor unfortunate Marie Antoinette, who was born on the day of the Lisbon earthquake, and was through life ill-fated. It is familiar to most of us, the large head-dress with pearls, feathers, and satin; the miniature about her neck, strung on pearls, and the deftly-folded muslin fichu over the square-cut bodice. The exception alluded to is shot velvet and shot silk, both made of the same identical silk; "douillets" they are called, in mixtures of red and green, red and brown, blue and red, and so on.

Stripes are still most popular, but generally appear on a shot ground; a good example intended for the Court dress of a young married woman has shot silk, and satin stripes in red and pomme, pink and grey, and other equally delightful mixtures, with positive spots of the dominant colour on the stripes. These *soies changeantes*, as the French call them, have a different aspect in every light.

The principal feature in the new brocades is the wheat, barley, oats, and wildflower designs which run through them all, bringing back the scent of fresh pastures, which comes with the hopes that spring generates. For morning wear there are some excellent striped and shaded silks in two colourings; "Ombre Pékin" is the technical term; these are the most serviceable silks made, for they keep their good looks to the last. The new satin stripes have picot edges; they look as if they were ribbon laid on. This style is effective in broad bands of red and black, used for mantles joined chevron fashion down the back, and have plain red sleeves, for Dame Fashion is playing many freaks with sleeves this year.

Another class of stripe used for trains is the "damas," all of one colour, with a lappet-like design having curved edges rather close-set, but of the exact tone of the ground, a triumph of weaving. Bridal gowns, where cost is of no moment, are made of white, thick silk, with bunches of silver lilies of the valley scattered all over it.

A good black silk is one of the necessities of a well-dressed woman's wardrobe, and the firm of Bonnet et Cie. have produced some of the best-looking and best-wearing of our century. One of many good examples is the "Perfection of Silk," a thick rich make resembling Radzimir, both sides alike. It will not split, fray, nor wear greasy; its name is printed on the selvedge. A black silk should not feel gummy, but be light and full in the hand. A test of goodness is to crease the silk on the cross and then pull it the contrary way; the fold should smooth quickly and disappear. It requires deliberation of choice to buy wisely and well, but the silk we describe will bear all these tests. The black should be of a mat or dull tone now.

Braided gowns are much worn this spring, and the illustration of Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's spring costumes shows a new form of braided panel, which widens towards the waist, falling over a tucked side breadth. The front of the gown has the plain Empire pleat, flanked by innumerable small folds. The colour, grey, serves to show up the black braiding which is applied to the revers on the habit bodice and to the cuffs. The outdoor jacket, to match the dress, has the cuffs and collar also braided, and large black buttons at the waist. Small designs very closely worked are considered in the best style, for they cannot be so easily copied. But there is no reason why, acting on Ruskin's oft-repeated

advice, women should not do this work themselves, or, at all events, give out the work to be done by gentlewomen less favoured by fortune. The many artistic de-

TULLE AND VELVET BONNET.

signs prepared to iron on to the material to be ornamented considerably lessen any difficulties attached to braiding.

March winds are proverbially treacherous, and a light but warm cloak is always needed. The material of the accompanying design is velours de laine, with a pile longer than velvet, shorter than plush, made in wool, not in silk. It is bordered with feather trimming, and gold and black interplaited cord, matching the embroidery, is carried round the throat. Note the handsome conventional flower on the sleeve, from which fall ends of the cord. The garment is easily slipped on and off.

New bonnets are generally the first item in spring raiment to which attention is drawn, and there is everything to tempt the buyer. The toque is so generally useful and becoming that it is always worn, but its form alters. The first of the millinery illustrations of what Mme. Louise and Co., of Regent Street, are introducing this season, is made of folds of the material matching the dress to be worn with it, or it can be arranged on a straw turban, hidden by cross-cut bands of velvet, which is a material worn now all the year round. The hat is not at all high in itself, but an appearance of great height is produced by the trimming placed on the top of the crown. It consists of loops of ribbon, some pure white, some of two distinct shades of mousse, thrust through with white quills tipped with silver arrow-points. At the back, the brim is cut in a battlement. Hats are worn in town and country, not only by girls but by women of forty summers, on many occasions when they would not have been permitted a few years ago, although by no means to the exclusion of bonnets. Young women affect stringless bonnets, like the one we illustrate, made of black tulle embroidered in bullion gold like a uniform. Our model is cut up in a point at the back, and, untrimmed, the bonnet itself is of infinitesimal proportions. The bow at the top gives, however, all desirable height and importance. It is composed of a black lace lappet tied into the required form, the edges run with fine wire, so that the loops keep up well. The Chantilly lace is intermixed and solidified, so to speak, with loops of piece-velvet; and a wreath of soft full-blown roses, composed of a mixture of muslin and velvet, borders the brim and stands erect, so that there is ample space for the display of curled hair.

Full-blown roses are also employed on bonnets in small close wreaths, from which spring the inevitable tuft of feathers or bows that surmount the lace. A jet-embroidered bonnet had a pink wreath so arranged, from which rise lace bows, osprey, and jet sprays. Very narrow ribbon, about a quarter of an inch wide, run in tulle tucks closely together, is employed for the crowns of bonnets; a red one of this kind was trimmed with a mousseline de soie lappet, worked in gold and straw, the ends standing upwards, and supported by bows of ribbon; roses bordered the brim, and the narrow strings coming from the back were fastened with small gold-headed pins.

Feathers would seem to be most worn on hats, and flowers on bonnets: acceptable news to the Plumage League, and to those who have the welfare of the little birds at heart.

There is every variety in the form of the brims of

BEADED CRINOLINE BONNET.

bonnets, which often rest on the head, as is the case in the last of our illustrations. This head-gear is composed of fine black crinoline, worked all over with jet lady-birds. It has three distinct flutings wired into form in front, and an upstanding bow of white lace intermixed

with osprey, and a black jet pin; the white and black harmonised by contrast.

The hats which are distinctively new have brims that widen in front, and more closely resemble the sailor shape than any other. Some of these brims turn upwards like an inverted saucer. A good example is made in an open-work crinoline, heavily beaded, caught up at the back with a butterfly bow of yellow ribbon, blended on the crown with white, carrying out the tones of the loose asters and marguerites which nestle in the side of the crown, and overshadow it, as though they grew there, or had been but freshly gathered. The more closely artificial flowers approach to nature the more fashionable they are, and their manufacture is most carefully carried out, and considerably improved in consequence. Shaded glacé ribbons are employed in millinery, and long streamers, coming from loosely-tied bows, hang at the back of many hats.

Nothing as yet has satisfactorily replaced straw for spring wear. It is essentially English, and we export it largely, though often enough it returns to our shores with the cachet of a French name. Coarse plaits with a glistening surface, and the finest of all fine plaits, are worn, and are dyed to match the tint of dresses; the trimmings carrying out any combination of tones required.

Uniformity is essential now, though the two sides of gowns are trimmed quite differently, and nothing goes in pairs. But bonnets, gloves, stockings, parasols, muffs, whatever is worn, must accord well together, and correspond with the dominant tone of colour. The fastenings of gowns and mantles are undergoing a great change; as often as not they are invisible. Dresses are being made only for out-door wear, which consist of a long coat or jacket of some dark tone; a petticoat in a lighter shade, with a waistcoat attached. The coat or jacket flies open without being secured, apparently, at all; but, in truth, the waistcoat starts only from the side seam of this garment, and virtually keeps it in its place. Diagonal fastenings to bodices of all kinds are worn, also double-breasted openings, inspired by the Incroyable models, which demand, of necessity, large and very visible buttons. Next month the fashions in dressmaking will be more defined; meanwhile, as a picture is more eloquent than any verbal description, the accompanying sketches are left to tell their own story.

BODICES FOR HOME DINNER WEAR.

PARIS.

SHORT dresses are the order of the day and of the evening. All the dainty *Parisiennes* have adopted this fashion, which is the more remarkable, seeing that the French season has begun early with what we are pleased to call "serious festivities." A dance, apparently improvised by some good fairy friend of the mistress of the house for the benefit of the young folk, it is true, usually follows the concert, the literary discussion, the comedy

organised for the elder members of the community, who prefer to take their pleasures sitting.

The dance-loving Parisian women have decreed, in that mysterious conclave from which emanate the fashions ruling the civilised world, that as there is nothing more delightfully irresponsible to wear in a crush than short skirts, and nothing more damping to high spirits than the care of a train on such occasions, curtailed petticoats are to be worn. The thought of the perils to which their sweeping draperies are exposed oppresses many feminine souls in the press of arrival, in the compact throng around the buffet. The men behave with masculine indifference towards clothes. They trample upon trains as they come and go, intent upon serving the fair ones whose dresses they are ruining, upsetting *sirop*, spilling *petits fours* and sandwiches, as they stumble along with feet entangled in the confusion of draperies spread over the floor, impeding their free passage.

Our *grandes dames*, however, are making a stand against this invasion of short skirts in the domain of gala gatherings, and refuse to lay aside the straight and amply-flowing train, the majestic grace of which can be supplied by no other fashion. The train reminds these Frenchwomen of the courtly days of yore. The elegant manners, the distinction of costume at once splendid and coquettish, which belonged then by right to high-born ladies, are all still suggested by these flowing draperies, which are part of the traditional costume of a feminine aristocracy. A Royal Highness, a Princess of the blood would appear shorn of half her state were she to wear a short dress at a courtly pageant. Marie Antoinette playing the part of milkmaid in the garden of Trianon by assuming a peasant's dress, aimed it may be an unconscious blow at Majesty.

MME. PATTI IN "LE BARBIER."

It is not for us to discuss here if Queens by neglecting costume, or by treating the claims of apparel too lightly, do not help to undermine the dignity of the Crown.

We would simply protest in the name of art against the threatened abuse of short skirts, and the suppression of trains for costumes, the regal style of which cannot be attained without length and flow of line. Our *grandes dames* leave therefore to young women and to indefatigable dancers the monopoly of curtailed skirts, but short gowns are never worn by the Duchesse de Doudeauville,

nor by the Princesse de Sagan, nor by the Princess Jouriensky, nor by any of those hostesses who, though young still, are nevertheless not newly married, and who by their social position head the fashionable movement and maintain there the ghost of a past elegance. The wives of ambassadors in Republican Paris, as in London, Vienna, Berlin, justly preserve even in small details the state of their respective Courts. It is for one of these ladies, proxies of Royalty, that the Maison Corbay Wenzel has just completed a magnificent costume of glowworm-green lampas. The front, draped in Louis XVI. style, is mounted in fan-shaped pleatings upon a plain skirt reversed at one side. Each fold gleams with a crystallised shower of pearly drops. The skirt and train are wreathed with roses. The front of the low bodice is also garlanded with roses glistening with crystal drops.

Another dress to be worn by one of these ladies representing Royalty is of white watered silk, made with a long train. The skirt, which is open in front and apparently fastened back by clusters of feathers, discloses a petticoat tied with gauze ribbon embroidered in pearls.

Another kingdom, that of the stage, has also undergone the invasion of short skirts. Our artists knowing how much grace and elegance they would lose by laying aside their sweeping draperies, and knowing on the other hand how hampered they are by long trains, they have effected a compromise by adopting the demi-train for theatrical costumes. The forty-five dresses prepared by Mmes. Morin Blossier for Adelina Patti are mostly made with demi-trains. Never was plumage of singing bird more worthy of the sweet-voiced charmer than are these brilliant costumes destined for the apparel of the *Diva* during her American tour and her visit to Madrid and Lisbon.

It was particularly necessary that Adelina Patti, whose lips like those of the heroine of the fairy tale drop jewels, should appear a radiant and scintillating figure before her compatriots as she sang for them the swan notes of her farewell. A difficulty at the outset threatened to check the attempts of Mmes. Morin Blossier to realise the brilliancy of the costumes they had imagined for the queen of song. Gold and silver tarnish if exposed to the salt sea breeze. No packing can effectually guard these metals from its dimming influence. The artistic dressmakers overcame the difficulty by the liberal use of Venetian glass beads, flakes of mother-of-pearl, opal-tinted crystals, and fine pearls.

Let us select from this royal trousseau and describe, if pen can describe, dresses each one of which is a triumph of the couturière's art. The only dress of the collection seen in Paris was worn by Mme. Patti at the concert *la Diva* gave in aid of the French hospital in London. It deserves, however, to be placed in the foremost rank. Imagine over a slip of pink satin a skirt of creamy silken gauze, painted over with flowers and birds of rare plumage, enriched with gleams of gold; a fringe of pearls round the hem of the dress, a demi-train of lime-green satin placed to the left. The back of the bodice composed of lime-green satin, the front of embroidered creamy gauze, fringed with pearls, and girt with a Directoire sash of the same delicate lime-green tint, the long ends knotted on the left side falling to the hem of the skirt.

A dinner-dress worn by Mme. Patti on the occasion of the dinner given to the editor of the *Figaro*, was a "Princesse redingote" of pink faille open to disclose a folded fichu, transparent sleeves and shirt of embroidered net striped longitudinally with bands of pink watered ribbon; the sash of moss-green velvet.

To speak of Mme. Patti is to recall memories of the piteous story set to music of the "Dame aux Camellias." A garland of these waxen blossoms set in their heavy leaves encircles the white satin train to be worn with the ball-dress of embroidered net, also wreathed with camellias and spangled and fringed with fine pearls, crystal and silver beads. Another dress is of net embroidered with forget-me-nots, over a pink satin petticoat. We might almost say a cascade of velvety roses adorns the dress below; on the hip is placed a great cluster of roses, which is repeated on the net bodice. The white train is embroidered in roses. The waist is bound with a sash of rose-leaf-green velvet, high and pointed on the left side, and turning into a scarf on the right.

What dreamy Eastern splendour is suggested by the costumes for *Lacme!* The first is a short sleeveless over-dress, or to use the French technical term, *fourreau* of red Tunisian stuff, heavily embroidered with gold and variegated silks. Scarves of purple crêpe de Chine encrusted with gold are wound over this garment; one o these fastened to the shoulder is brought round the head. The second is white, silver, and gold. The white silver-embroidered skirt is draped with gold-embroidered crêpe de Chine. The bodice is scaled with silver. The cloak, of white silk, is lined with silver and fringed with gold. A casque of gold forms the head-dress. The bracelets and necklet are of gems.

From this semi-barbaric glitter we pass to the picturesque costumes designed for *Rigoletto*. One of these is a long dress of turquoise-blue faille. At the hem of the simple skirt are inserted two bands of blue velvet and two pleats. The bodice is cut square over a guimpe of white gauze outlined by a band of blue velvet. One of the dresses designed for the part of "Chrispino" is a feast of colour. The dress, made in Louis XV. style, is of Japanese brocade, the tea-tinted ground embroidered with vivid-hued flowers and birds. The skirt is looped over a vieux rose satin petticoat, veiled with draperies of embroidered net strewn with gold and fine pearls, and fastened with clusters of pink, blue, and maize feathers; short sleeves of mingled puffs of brocade and glistening net.

A pure and brilliant symphony in white is to be worn in *I Puritani*—sheeny satin draped with lace, bordered with pearls and silver beads; the skirt made with double panels encrusted with silver and crystal beaded embroidery. A dazzling effect is produced by the introduction therein of black diamond "nails;" train and bodice are likewise embroidered. Another bridal dress is to be worn by the unhappy "Lucia di Lammermoor." Less glittering, it is composed of white satin; the front of the skirt is simple; the panels, with crenellated borders, are covered with shimmering embroideries of pearl, silver, and crystal. The round train is richly

edged with embroidery. The bodice is made with a double waistcoat and with the high sleeves of the period, adorned with ropes of pearls.

We had intended to leave off here our gleanings from the *Diva's* trousseau, and yet one more beautiful pink dress, to be worn by "Linda di Chamouni," calls for description. It is a dress made in Marie Antoinette fashion—of pink satin striped with a delicate design of foliage. The skirt is trimmed with two deep flounces of net embroidered with pink carnations, the leaves mingled with gold; at the side a panel of pink crape bouillonné, fastened with knots of pink watered ribbon; the fichu bodice, of embroidered net and pink crape, set between double loops of the same ribbon.

But the dresses are not the sole items that constitute beautiful costume. Our fair Parisians know this well; and, now that spring is not far off, the shops of our famous milliners begin already to show signs of the coming fashions. Foremost among these is the Maison Virot, whose salons look like a parterre of strange plants, formed of varied bonnets set on their high perches, which might be precocious flowers coming in advance of the more sylvan blossoms.

Small embroidered capotes are all the rage, coquettishly trimmed with tufts of ribbon preceding the tufts of flowers. Here is a charming, somewhat wintry bonnet, composed of scarlet velvet, with a Directoire crown embroidered in gold, and surmounted with black plumes.

MME. PATTI IN EVENING CONCERT DRESS.

Another bonnet is entirely formed of gold passementerie, the two half-moon-shaped sections bound together by knots of pale blue ribbon. In the turban, of blue crape, is placed a small aigrette of black feathers. Here is another pretty head-gear of gold net veiled with black crape, embroidered with gold and beetles' wings; round the crown is placed a drapery of tender blue crape, above which rises an airy structure of black net winged with blue aigrettes. Some delightfully original little bonnets are composed of three pieces of red and the new Tosca green cashmere, all embroidered in silk and gold with palms and Eastern flowers; the border is formed

of a triple chain of gold or jet beads mingled with a rosette of black velvet; the strings of black velvet.

By the introduction of the black note our milliners know how to temper and render becoming the most daring combination of colour. Here is a corn-coloured capote bordered with straw-coloured satin enriched with gold; in front a dainty erection of maize net, black crape, and knots of gold, sustains gilt peacock-feathers; the strings are of maize-coloured satin. Another bonnet, in which this touch of black is effectively introduced, is composed of pink faille, the gatherings outlined by Tom Thumb Chantilly lace. The turban, of pink net, is surmounted by an aigrette of black net. Another little pink bonnet is composed of plush outlined with three rows of gold and silver daisies in braid. A rosette of black faille, on which spring golden ears of corn, and black velvet strings finish off this dainty head-gear.

Paris is the land of bonnets, so we do not apologise for lingering in the shops of its most artistic milliners. Here is a creation in the shape of a little capote of glowworm-green satin, veiled with gold net embroidered with gold beads and beetles' wings. The turban, of gold net, is surmounted by a light aigrette of velvet reeds and golden barley set amid loops of dark green velvet, with strings of the same shade of velvet. More effective and picturesque is a Directoire bonnet of maize-coloured net lightly bouillonné in front, the crown drawn with narrow white-and-gold braid; behind, a spray of yellow roses hides the comb; over it rises a crest of yellow crape. Three roses lie under the raised border of the bonnet; two aigrettes of eagle's feathers are placed at the side, fastened by arrows of jet; the strings are of black velvet. The spring bonnet will be the Tosca bonnet, of coloured straw, lined with velvet, and trimmed with faille ribbon.

MME. PATTI IN "LUCIA."

Passing from bonnets to jewels, there are new whims in the wearing of gems. The notice of one innovation must suffice. The Louis XVI. *rivière*, of coloured gems not surrounded by diamonds, is becoming fashionable. Emeralds, rubies, sapphires are now alternated with brilliants of similar size. These *rivières* are worn sewn on velvet like dog-collars encircling the throat, and they also edge the bodice of the dress, gleaming through a bouillonné of net.

THE WOMAN'S WORLD.

Nursing as a Profession for Women.

AT this moment, when so much interest is taken in, and so much thought given to, the question of nursing as a profession, I feel it needs no apology for touching on a subject which, to me, has ever been most deeply interesting, and with the working of which I have, from special circumstances, had more to do than generally falls to the part of an outsider. To turn first to the historical point of view, which is of great importance, as it shows that in ancient times already nursing was combined with the knowledge of medicine, we find that women not only nursed, but received a thorough education in all branches of medicine, as far as the lights of those times would allow, and that they even practised snrgery without let or hindrance. All readers of Sir Walter Scott will remember the description of Rebecca, the Jewess, examining and binding up Ivanhoe's wounds with the skill which she possessed in common with most educated women in those days.

We can, however, go much further back in history than even the Crusades. Dr. Sophia Jex-Blake, in her exhaustive work on medical women, takes us to the earliest classical times. In the Iliad there is mention of Agamede, a woman skilled in the science of medicine; and, again, similar reference also occurs in the Odyssey. In France, in the fourteenth century, we have the negative evidence of there being women practising medicine and surgery, for in a document of 1311 "surgeons and female surgeons are forbidden to practise if they had failed to pass a satisfactory examination before the proper authorities." In England we are told that women practised in the time of King John (1352) with full legal authority.

There is no question that there have, in all times, been a great number of women calling themselves midwives, and earning a scanty livelihood as such in this country; but the dignity and importance which belonged to them in the Middle Ages, "as a profession scientifically studied and carried out under proper control," has become a thing of the past. In the fifteenth century midwives were duly licensed. The first of whom we find any account is Margaret Cobbe, who had a yearly salary from the Crown. She attended Elizabeth, wife of Edward IV., at the birth of Edward V., and special provision was made for her rights and privileges by an Act of Parliament. In the sixteenth century the Bench of Bishops gave particular attention to the question of midwives, and curates were enjoined to teach and instruct them "of the very words and forms of baptism." It was in consequence of the ceremony of baptism being sometimes performed, in cases of urgency, by midwives, that they were examined in their duties not only by a doctor, but by a bishop. There was much complaint made of the bishops giving their licence without taking any care to find out if they possessed "needful knowledge or instruction."

"In 1567 the Archbishop of Canterbury granted a licence to Eleanor Pead, midwife, and required her to take a long oath to fulfil her duties faithfully; and, among other things, she bound herself to use the proper words at baptism, and, moreover, to use pure and clean water, and not any rose or damask water." *

It is clear that in early times women took a much higher stand and position in nursing and medicine than has been given to them till within the last few years again. It may be that they lost their position because the feeling of the times changed, and, in consequence, they were denied the opportunities of needful study and instruction. Now the tide has turned in their favour, and the chance is offered them of recovering that which was formerly their undisputed right.

As it is the object of this article to treat especially the subject of nursing, this short historical account, in which nursing and the practice of medicine are combined, will serve as an introduction, and show how in former times these were almost inseparable. Now they are distinct and apart; yet one cannot exist without the other.

The Crimean War gave the stimulus to the latent powers of women in this direction. Miss Nightingale, whose name is a household word for all that concerns nursing, was the pioneer of that great movement, which is nowadays making such strides in this kingdom. "At the request of the Minister for War, Miss Nightingale (already known for the interest she displayed in charitable objects, schools, reformatories, and hospitals, and, in a measure, prepared for the work by a short residence

* Dr. Sophia Jex-Blake's "Medical Women," p. 17.

in the Deaconess's Institution at Kaiserswerth) organised and carried out as efficiently as was possible, under the stupendous difficulties which surrounded her, the nursing of our troops in the East; and crowned her devotion at Scutari by giving up the whole of the fund of £50,000, subscribed by a grateful nation on her return, to found a training-school for nurses in England."

It is entirely due to Miss Nightingale, by the force of her example, that nursing has become what it is now. There is no doubt that a tremendous stand was made at first against ladies nursing in hospitals. It was deemed impossible that they could or would do the work properly. The old-fashioned nurses, under whom they had at first to work, and by whom they had to be trained, did their utmost to prejudice the doctors against them, and to oust them by every means in their power. This is a state of things which seems hardly credible now, when nurses of superior birth and education have so entirely won their way in the opinion of both doctors and patients, and the public at large. No praise is too high nor gratitude too great towards those who have stood against the persecution, and persevered till the difficulties were overcome, and the profession of nursing has been brought to its present high and recognised position. It was a much later step still to reorganise the military and naval hospitals under trained female nurses. And now a yet further advance has been made by the Government sending out trained nurses to India to nurse in the military hospitals. It has been brought about (in the first instance) by a suggestion of Lady Roberts, wife of Sir Frederick Roberts, Commander-in-Chief of the troops in India; she felt so strongly—from personal experience—the serious evil caused by the absence of skilled nursing in the military hospitals in India. She felt that such a cruel want would not have been allowed to continue so long unsupplied, were it generally known that there was absolutely no system of nursing in the military hospitals. It was not possible to realise the number of lives annually lost amongst our soldiers for the lack of that careful and skilled attendance which is often the one thing needed to pull a patient through a dangerous illness, especially those long and serious cases of typhoid fever so prevalent in India. I cannot do better than quote Lady Roberts's own words. She writes:—"A military doctor has assured me that almost every medical officer in this country (India) must be able to call to mind numerous instances where men's lives might have been saved had careful nursing been available; and many of them keenly deplore deaths which might have been averted had competent nurses been at hand."

Her first idea was to get up a fund for providing nurses, and also for providing homes of rest for them in the hills; "for the climate of the plains in the summer months is so enervating to the constitution of British women, especially those engaged in the anxious and trying work of nursing, that they could not be expected to retain their health unless they had homes provided for them in the hills, to which they could resort when not actually engaged in nursing in the military hospitals in the plains."

The Government of India have undertaken the whole cost of Lady Roberts's scheme, except the provision of "homes in the hills" as health-resorts for the nursing sisters; but, while recognising the importance of this part of the scheme, the Government consider that the money required for this purpose might be left to the active benevolence of people in England and India interested in the welfare of the British soldier in India. The Secretary of State for India having sanctioned the employment of lady nurses in the British military hospitals in India, the Government have decided that a commencement shall be made; and two lady superintendents, each with their staff of nursing sisters, have started to commence the work in two of the largest military centres.

Lady Roberts's fund for "homes in the hills" has no connection whatever with Lady Dufferin's fund, which is entirely distinct. Lady Dufferin's scheme is for providing women as doctors and nurses to go among the native women in India. The importance of this movement cannot be overrated, inasmuch as these poor women, whose religion and caste precluded them from ordinary medical attendance, perished constantly from want of it. Now women trained in medicine and the highest branches of nursing will be at hand to help them when needed.

To return to nursing in our own country, I should like to mention the Training School for Nurses in Liverpool, in which the scheme for district nursing among the sick poor was first started and organised—a scheme which has been the means of untold good in our great towns. The example thus set has been followed with great success by Miss Florence Lees (now Mrs. Dacre Craven) in the Metropolitan National Nursing Association, which has various branches in London, and whose lead has been followed in several large towns.

Liverpool may be proud in having taken the initiative in another good and successful scheme. In 1865 Miss Agnes Jones undertook the experiment of substituting trained nurses for the untrained pauper women who had up till then done all the nursing in the great Liverpool Infirmary. This was the first step to the adoption of a better system of nursing in the workhouses throughout the kingdom. This scheme has been most ably supported and brought forward by Miss Louisa Twining, who has never lost an opportunity of impressing on the public the great necessity for a body of trained nurses, under a trained and educated lady superintendent, as a necessary adjunct to every workhouse staff.

I cannot conclude this slight account of so much good and true work done, without mention of the religious communities and sisterhoods who have also taken up nursing as a profession. Amongst others, the House of St. Margaret, East Grinstead; and the All Saints' Sisterhood, who nurse in University College; and others under whose devoted and efficient care many hospital authorities have placed their patients.

I think I may venture to say that whereas at the beginning of the Queen's reign there was little or no scientific training to be had for nurses, and that even in 1850 the only nurses available were those known as "Mrs. Fry's," at the institution she founded in Devon-

shire Square: there are now found in England many thousands of fully-trained and competent women, skilled in the exercise of every new discovery for the relief of sickness and suffering.

It is to be regretted, however, that with all this advance and all the efforts that are made in nursing in general—particularly as regards the nursing among the sick poor—England should still be the only European country in which there is no recognised system of regulation for the proper training and registration of midwives; there is nothing to prevent any one, however inefficient and ignorant, from taking upon herself the grave responsibility of practising as such. It is stated that from 70 to 90 per cent. of the births annually registered in Great Britain are attended by women only; and yet public opinion is so little educated on this question that all efforts that have been made to remedy this state of things have as yet been fruitless. It is only those who work among the poor, and who have the opportunities of seeing the incalculable mischief wrought to the health and lives of thousands of our working women by the ignorance of so many midwives who attend them in childbirth in their own homes, who can fully realise the extent of this mischief. I trust the day is near at hand when no midwife will be allowed by law to practise unless she be properly trained and possess a certificate and diploma. Of course for the rich and those who are able to pay, there is no such risk.

I am now wishful to say a few words in explanation of what the training of nursing as a profession really is; all the more so as a great many of those anxious to further its cause are, in a very great measure, ignorant of what it really means. It means years of hard work and self-denial. Theoretical knowledge may be acquired more or less quickly, according to the capacity of the pupil or the skill of the lecturer; but actual proficiency in practical nursing can come from experience alone. No two cases of disease or of accident are ever alike, either from the disposition of the patient or from the physical peculiarities of the case; there is always something new to be observed, and it is only after considerable practice that a nurse is able to adapt herself in a moment to her patient's needs; to know intuitively not only what is good for him, but also how to relieve what may be painful or hurtful. This is so strongly felt that many of the largest training schools now exact three years' service from their probationers before giving a certificate of proficiency. Those trained in the Nightingale Home at St. Thomas's—though they may be promoted in a shorter time—are nevertheless kept under supervision, and are not allowed to accept any appointment without permission.

A probationer's training means three years of hard work, actual fatiguing bodily labours, and often great anxiety: at work for fourteen hours a day, and sometimes more, with only a few hours' leave during the week, living under strict rules, and expected to obey a rigid discipline. The general public has little or no idea how hard our hospital nurses are expected to work, and yet they do it cheerfully—nay, merrily—thoroughly enjoying their hard-earned hours of recreation, and, while in the wards, often helping the sad and suffering patients with their unflagging spirits and never-failing sympathy. Yet many of these women have no money, and but few friends; even promotion to the post of Sister of a ward in the larger hospitals does not enable them to save enough to live on in the case of illness or old age. There are so many candidates for such posts that many nurses, when their training is over—ladies by birth and education—go on for years as staff-nurses on little more than £20 a year, working as described above, using up their health and strength for sheer love of nursing, on less wages than an upper housemaid can earn. These are the women that require help.

Nursing is a science, an art, and a gift; one essentially a woman's province; its method must be learned, and its principles understood. There must also be that quick perception and independent judgment, for which there is no other word than intuitive perception. Failing that, the very best method and the most perfect principles are useless.

It used to be considered that any woman could nurse—or, rather, that they ought to be able to do so—and that a little knowledge of the most superficial kind was sufficient.

Dickens' celebrated characters of Sairey Gamp and Betsy Prig were scarcely exaggerations of the type of nurse which existed forty years ago. But these types have vanished for ever, and in their place women of culture and refinement, of high education and social position, are coming eagerly forward to learn, to teach, and to carry on woman's highest and noblest work—that of soothing the suffering and tending the sick. It is but natural, therefore, that the nurses of to-day, being in every way better than their predecessors, should wish to see their profession take a higher stand and a more prominent position in public estimation.

It will not be out of place, therefore, in a paper essentially for women, to say a few words about a scheme which has been set on foot, and which is in a fair way of being realised—that of the British Nurses' Association. This scheme, in which I take the deepest and warmest interest, was brought before the public at a meeting held in St. George's Hall on February 13th.

There are thought to be about 15,000 women engaged in nursing at the present time in this kingdom. Disunited as they now are, they are completely unable to help each other. Every profession—one might say every trade—which has prospered, has found out the truth of the saying that "union is strength," and so has associated and united its members into one large body for their mutual help and protection, and for the general advancement of their common calling. The object of this Association is to unite and bind all nurses together for a similar purpose, and at the same time to afford them the opportunity of rising in their profession by merit only.

In support of this wish they point to the Civil Service, where an open examination is the first test of a candidate's fitness, and the road to future success. The first requisite, therefore, of this Association will be a charter of incorporation, so as to gain that legal standing

which must be the basis of their future work. Under powers conferred by this charter the Association will form a register for nurses, upon which the names of those will be placed who have given evidence, after an examination in the practical detail of their work, that they possess an adequate knowledge of nursing.

Of course, those qualities so essential to a nurse—viz., patience, gentleness, tact, tenderness, delicacy of mind and firmness of manner—can never be tested by examinations; but certainly no nurse will be placed on the register who cannot produce proofs of irreproachable character during the time of her probation.

Many women who make most admirable nurses cannot teach others, nor grasp the deeper meaning of the details of their work. They can obey perfectly, but they are quite unfitted, both by nature and education, to command. It will therefore, in all probability, be the aim of this Association to make the first examination to secure registration purely practical. It will be most useful for those nurses who desire to rise in their profession, and hold the honourable and responsible posts of Sisters and lady superintendents in hospitals, that they should have the opportunity of showing that they possess knowledge of the theory of nursing, and of hospital and ward management and organisation. This advanced and higher examination might be called the "Honours Examination," and medals and certificates would be given to those who distinguish themselves. This will tend not only to encourage individual emulation in learning, but also would put before all nurses a high standard of efficiency. It is needless to enlarge upon the benefits which would accrue to the public and to the medical profession from such an Association. For the nurses, too, it will be of incalculable service. There are many women among them who have no private means and few friends. The Association might in time found and maintain a convalescent home, to which nurses might be sent when recovering from illness, where they would not have to conform to strict rules, but where they would find a real home, good nursing, good food, and fresh air. A holiday house would be a valuable addition for those nurses who have no homes of their own.

There is another important point which the Association hope to see carried out—viz., sick pay for those temporarily, and pension and annuity funds for those permanently, incapacitated from further work. These would be organised on a sound financial footing.

Such, in brief, are the aims and aspirations of the British Nurses' Association, which owes its beginning to the most influential and experienced in the nursing profession, represented by most of the matrons of the London hospitals. These have been cordially supported and assisted by the majority of the medical profession. Just as in the whole discipline of nursing the nurse looks to the medical man for guidance and instruction, so in this case does the Association look for help and support to the same source; for all experience and common sense shows that if an Association be formed, it must be solely composed of those who are nurses themselves and of medical men, who, working with nurses, know their requirements, their necessities, and their aspirations.

HELENA.

"Carmen Sylva," the Poet-Queen.

PRINCESS ELISABETH of Wied was born 29th December, 1843. Her father, Prince Herman of Wied, and her mother, the Princess Marie (of Nassau), were alike distinguished for their noble qualities and intellectual culture. Although the young mother was but eighteen years old when her little daughter saw the light, she took the whole supervision of her child, who was brought up with great simplicity, and a certain severity of discipline.

The bells of Neu Wied rang out merrily to announce the birth of the little Princess, and her mother has since remarked that the bells which rang for her birth were but symbolic of the sweet chimes which have issued from her pen. At an early age Mlle. Lavater (the niece of the celebrated physiognomist) was appointed governess to Princess Elisabeth; she remained with her until she was thirteen years of age, after which the Princess received her instruction from masters, carefully watched over by her father. In 1850 Prince Herman with his family went to reside at Bonn for a time, and here his young daughter used to sit on the knee of the aged poet, E. M. Arndt, and listen to his patriotic speeches, which found

Elisabeth

"Carmen Sylva" Painting Missals for the Cathedral.

echo in her ardent nature. When very young, she delighted in mixing in the games and playing with the children of a humbler class, and her great desire was to attend the village school, more especially the class for singing. One fine morning she set off with the farmer's children to school, the singing-class began, and the new pupil sang so lustily, and opened her pretty mouth so wide, that the farmer's daughter placed her hand over her mouth, thinking it undignified for a Princess to make so much noise! Soon a Jager came in search of the truant, and this was the first and last time that "Carmen Sylva" went to school. The Princess's sweet, yet somewhat turbulent, wild temperament, brought her from her parents the name of Waldroeschen. After their return from Bonn, the family passed their life equally between their castle at Neu Wied, and their summer châlet, Mon Répos, which was the favourite home of Princess Elisabeth. Up to the age of nineteen she had read but two novels, "Ivanhoe" in English, and "Soll und Haben" in the original, when she fell upon "The Wide, Wide World," which occupied her attention simultaneously with her translations of Ovid.

In 1861 Princess Elisabeth passed some time at the Court in Berlin, where the Empress Augusta showed her much kindness, and where she had as companion her future sister-in-law, the Countess of Flanders. It was here that she made the acquaintance of Prince Charles, in rather a romantic manner, as her foot slipped on going hastily down a staircase, the gallant young lieutenant caught her in his arms, and saved her from an ugly fall.

In the autumn of 1863 only may we say that "Carmen Sylva" made her *début* in society. In the summer of that year, she accompanied the Grand Duchess Helen of Russia to Switzerland, and returned with her to Russia. In the circle which this clever woman drew around her, "Carmen Sylva" learned much of her just appreciation of mankind, and of the world in general. Perhaps, also, unconsciously she gleaned from the Duchess her great tact and talent of drawing out from individuals their best and brightest points. Assuredly the Queen has at her command the power of seizing on the special subject of interest to special individuals, of setting them at their ease, and making the most diffident persons at home in her presence.

She is to her privileged circle what the Grand Duchess Helen was to herself, but in a yet higher degree. The young daughters of Roumanian society are allowed to share in her own poetic creations, and to participate in her enjoyment of music and other branches of the arts.

Thus the life of "Carmen Sylva" flows gently on, seemingly unmoved and untroubled by political changes, yet always her Royal husband's confident and friend. Politics are never discussed in her apartments; neither directly nor indirectly does she mix in them, or express or form an opinion on the subject: an incalculable merit in a country that is the prey to so many party dissensions. She has her own empire, that of goodness and art.

On the day of her marriage, her Royal husband said to her, "You accept a beautiful mission; you must gently console when I may be too hard; and you must dare to solicit for all."

Here it may not be amiss to give a personal description of Her Majesty at the time when she went to the Court of the Czar. "A tall and slender figure, a finely-moulded form, large blue dreamy eyes with a world of poetry in their clear depths, a classical mouth whose graceful curves seem formed but for smiles, rows of pearly teeth, a finely-cut nose, a profusion of light wavy hair, exquisitely-formed hands." Most of these beauties —with the exception of the golden hair which a mother's sorrow has whitened—remain to the Queen in addition to the dignified and stately presence which has become accentuated these later years. It was while staying at the Court of St. Petersburg that the Princess received the intelligence of the death of her beloved father, whose last letter to her had been mainly occupied by answers to questions which she had sent to him respecting his work on philosophy. At this time the Princess composed the following lines—the mystic German loses much by translation:—

"They have taken him away,
Quite still;
I'll not murmur, since such is
Thy will.
Must then all in the world that
I have
Be taken so soon to
The grave?
Then I'll go, since I'm left
All alone,
To the graves of my loved ones
And moan!"

The year previously she had written, as if prophetically:—

"THE WEEPING WILLOW.

"Lovely slender tree of tears,
Weeping willow, thou must lean
Mournful o'er many a silent grave;
Bending thy tender leaves so green,
That tremble as from secret fears.
Amid soft murmurs thou must wave
Over thy charge—the sacred grave.
When night at length hath silence shed,
The moon dreams o'er the forest leaves,
Forth from the wood with noiseless tread
Appears a lengthy row of graves.
Thou sheddest tears upon the earth,
To give the moisture which it craves,
And sing'st a song of ghostly birth.
Weeping willow, tree of anguish,
Of hearts which sore in trouble languish,
I'll seat thee on my bosom's throne,
If love shall leave me all alone!
One day when pain and sorrow 's past,
I'm vanquished in the strife at last,
Then cradled, hush thou me to sleep!"

Owing to a delicacy of health, the Princess passed part of 1867 with relatives at Naples, when she occupied herself chiefly with the study of English literature. Shakespeare, Scott, and Dickens were her favourite authors. In 1867 she also visited Paris and made acquaintance with the Imperial Court. In the summer of 1868 she accompanied her mother to Sweden, on a visit to their Royal relatives. With the vigour and quickness

THE SUMMER RESIDENCE OF "CARMEN SYLVA."

peculiar to herself, she acquired the Swedish language, and was able to read the legends of Friesland in the original.

It was in the autumn of 1869 that Prince Charles of Roumania and Princess Elisabeth of Wied renewed their acquaintance on the banks of the Rhine. Her relatives had often spoken to her on the subject of marriage, but she seemed in no way inclined to give up her freedom. It was one day a question of sharing a throne, when she said, "*Ach, was, ein Thron!* The only throne that would attract me would be that of Roumania, for there I should find work to do." One has but to inquire of her people whether she has indeed found work to do; not only has she created Industrial Schools, Benevolent Societies, an Establishment of Sisters of Charity, but she has endeavoured to cultivate native art and develop native handiwork. An exhibition of Roumanian needlework and carpets was to be seen at a West End shop in London last year, all of which had been collected by Queen Elisabeth.

It was during the Russo-Turkish War of 1877–8, when the Roumanian soldiers under the command of Prince Charles fought so bravely at Plevna, that the Princess Elisabeth took the firmest root in the hearts of her people by tending the wounded, meeting each train, and giving food and raiment to the sufferers on their arrival. Her self-abnegation was carried too far, for it produced a nervous fever, under which she was for some time prostrated; but she arose from her sick-couch to hear herself greeted as "Muma Raniţilor," the Mother of the Wounded—an appellation so well merited that it will live in history, for at the coronation of their Majesties, when Roumania was raised to a kingdom, in 1881, "Muma Raniţilor" might be seen in glittering letters over many a triumphal arch. Queen Elisabeth has engraved her own monument in the hearts of the people as "Muma Raniţilor."

After the termination of the war, the officers of the Roumanian army offered a graceful tribute to their Sovereign, by presenting her with a statuette in silver where she is represented as giving a cup of drink to a wounded soldier.

In 1870 came the crowning joy of "Carmen Sylva's" life; a little daughter was born to her and Prince Charles. To a nature so ardent and emotional as that of the poetess, what fathomless depths of happiness must not the being of this child have awakened? The world became a sweeter world—happiness grew with what it fed on—the wind which fanned the fair golden locks of her little daughter blew more softly, the flowery meadows wore a gayer livery as they kissed the tiny feet of her

darling. Years came and passed in dreamy happiness, until the Easter of 1874, when a pale spring sun-light fell on the corpse of this beautiful and precious child, and the bereaved parents cradled it in the cold earth, on an elevated spot in the park of their summer dwelling, the Cotroceni Monastery.

Meekly, and with bowed head, did "Carmen Sylva" accept this cruel separation, and only "blessed God that the child had been given to her for so long." Yet occasionally bitter regrets will gush forth in verse, as she mourns the heir to the young kingdom, the child on whose forehead she had imprinted the kiss of Genius. Lately while standing by her Royal husband's side, and looking at the stately castle which they have erected in the Carpathians, she said, "Wherefore this vast building? We are but *two*."

"CARMEN SYLVA" IN HER STUDY.

"Carmen Sylva" begins her literary work before it is day. She disturbs no one, neither His Majesty nor even a maid. She lights her own lamp, and works until the sun brings more light. Were we to cite all Her Majesty's published works they would be legion, and many others remain in the sacred precincts of her boudoir. The "Tales of the Carpathians," the libretto of an opera, a volume of "Thoughts," "Roumanian

H.R.H. THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA ("CARMEN SYLVA").

Poems," "Jehovah," "Mein Ruhe," and many others have been fully appreciated and translated into various languages.

The opera *Neaga*, the libretto of which was written by "Carmen Sylva," was performed with great success at Stockholm. The scene of the opera lies in Roumania, and convicts who are condemned to pass their lives in the salt-mines are introduced. Peasant life is admirably depicted throughout, and to complete the accuracy of the whole, the national costumes to be worn on the stage were sent from the Elisabeth School at Bucharest.

One of the most poetic pieces of prose, entitled "Sorrow's Pilgrimage," we shall shortly lay before our readers.

We must not forget to mention Her Majesty's musical and artistic talent. Her illuminated missals are works of art. We hope to be able to give copies of one or two of these which were executed by Her Majesty and presented to the Cathedral of the Curte d'Argish, which has recently been restored, and was opened by their Majesties during the summer of 1886.

Bucharest, 1888. EMMA B. MAWER.

[For some of the incidents which are related at the commencement of this sketch the writer is indebted to the German article written by Madame Mita Kremnitz.]

The Drama in Relation to Art.

A LARGE portion of society imagines that the only easy profession in life is the artist's; that while the mechanic and the peasant "grunt and sweat under a weary life," the artist has only to follow his own happy fancy, and then dip his hand into pots of gold. The long patience, the arduous endeavour and frequent disappointment of the true artist, while he seeks to reveal the varied phases of Nature's complex, never-ending beauty, are not once thought of, nor the new desire which grows with every progress and the new trial of strength which rises with every desire. Nor is it remembered that even when the strength is granted and the desire fulfilled by the production of a work great in eternal truth, the artist has still his hardest effort in front of him—the effort to cope with a public unable to bear what is true when it is new, and amply provided with smart talkers and clever scribes, eager to make a pretty little shining reputation for themselves by doing what damage they can to the serious worker; their boast may be that he dies with his faith for his sole reward, bequeathing to other generations the fruits of his sacrifice. This is too often true of the poet, the painter, and the creative musician. It cannot be true of the player or the singer, who leave nothing to posterity but their names and their fame, made on the instant. Art (the exponent of the Ideal, giving an outward form to silent thought and hidden beauty) is, according to its power of true interpretation, perfect or imperfect; and the highest value will always be attached to those arts which are capable of stimulating the emotions, and with these the perceptions and the progress of mankind. But this progress is, for the most part, tardy, for lazy spectators and readers, not quick to understand, are quick to condemn, knowing that the multitude willingly accept condemnation as a proof of wisdom. To the productions of the painter and the sculptor the general public is willing to ascribe manual dexterity, and often views such dexterity with wonder, but sees nothing beyond. The beyond not being generally supposed to exist in the domain of art, it is only the few who have learned to think that can appreciate a great work, and so the artist has to wait for general recognition while the years go by and the few become the many.

It is the sense of the beyond which leads the lovers of poetic art to dwell with love and admiration upon the ill-proportioned limbs and monotonous action so evident in many of the works of the pre-Raphaelite painters. It is because these masters were seeking after the divine; because in some sweet touches they nearly reached it; because in the expression of the faces, and sometimes of the action they represented, there was the reflection of their own religious thought and the abstraction of true worship. The reverential handling, the tender grace of a fine idea, were present, lending to the whole a suggestion of infinite beauty; and a suggestion of such beauty, a mere hint of it, is worth a thousand productions, however skilful, with a lower aim. Raphael himself had his early manner, with its accompanying crudities. Let any one compare his sombre "Holy Family," which he painted when he was only twenty-one years old, with the bright glory of the Sistine "Madonna," the production of his riper age, and he will see at once what work does for genius. The severe and somewhat stiff production of the immature artist shows singular power, but it is only a presage of that subsequent achievement, which affects the mind with a deep and lasting emotion; it affects every spectator, whether Christian or infidel, and makes the same appeal to all nationalities. Fourteen years ago the writer of these pages saw the Sistine "Madonna" for the first time. The morning (a brilliant October morning) when it was seen appears present now: a sky of unclouded blue showed through the long window at the right of the picture, and a party (principally German, with a sprinkling of American and two English) sat gazing at it, silent in thought. Presently an old woman, thinly and meanly dressed, accompanied by a man (probably her husband, very dirty, smelling of fish and garlic), joined the group. The old woman sat

down by one of the two English people; the man stood beside her; neither of them spoke or even moved. The woman gazed for five minutes intently, and tears rolled down her wrinkled cheeks. The man whispered in German, "Can you leave it now?" The woman replied, with a sigh, "I will come;" and they disappeared noiselessly, walking delicately, as if fearing to disturb the stillness. What was the source of the woman's tears? Was it religious devotion exclusively? was it the Divine childhood? or was it a tender, earthly, maternal thought? Probably it was neither of these singly, but a union of all; an instinct of every feeling which stirred those more cultivated Americans and English, with only one sentiment left out—the consciousness of the painter's power.

It would shock many minds to consider the Sistine "Madonna" as in any sense dramatic; yet when representative art rouses the emotional side of our nature it holds a distant relationship with the drama, whether in its highest poetic or its early religious forms. The old sacred mysteries of the stage aimed at exciting the same kind of feeling, in a more realistic way, as that inspired by pictures of the Crucifixion, the Resurrection, or the Holy Family; and, though the specimens of these printed plays best known to us are disfigured by an element of broad farce introduced into scenes from the Old Testament, these things crept in only by degrees, as a concession to the prevailing taste of the public, who required a relief from solemnity, and a substitution of action and dialogue for the effort of contemplation.

Directly this happened the mystery exhibited qualities of representative art very different from those which belong to painting, and became theatrical, gradually developing into a pantomimic play, often gross in language, and not often exhibiting any devout inspiration; quite unlike the passion plays which are still performed by German peasants, who enact the great scenes of the life of Jesus with so much reverence and real feeling, that they are listened to with responsive exaltation by spectators of all nationalities and all creeds. Will these performances long retain their simplicity and genuine devoutness of purpose under the influence of large and continually increasing audiences, lavish in their encomiums of the players, or will personal vanity break in to expel the simple faith with the honest endeavour and self-abnegation which are its high characteristics? If this ever occurs the performance will become vulgar, and then its religious theme will be a blasphemy. Personal vanity is, indeed, the danger of every artist, and the destruction of all true art; the next great peril is the greed of wealth.

A work, however clever, which is inspired by any motive lower than the sense of beauty and love of nature, has a taint of the vulgar, which may make it the more popular or the more fashionable for a time, but which takes from it the essence of enduring life; every artist has to guard against self-seeking, and none so much as the player is exposed to its fatal influence; but he, working necessarily for immediate effect, is the most to be forgiven when he gives way. It may be that great orchestral music owes something of its sublimity to the absence of personality in its performance, in which the efforts of individual artists are merged altogether in the general effect of harmony. Wagner has exalted dramatic opera into the highest regions of art, by depending upon great harmonies rather than upon tuneful songs, and making the efforts of the single singer less important than those of the orchestral or choral music. Meyerbeer was his predecessor in this direction. And I think that the poetry of the Shakespearean drama holds the same relation to the play that music holds to the vocal Wagnerian opera, resting not upon the immediate effects produced by any single interpreter, but upon the basis of eternal truth.

Neither these operas nor these dramas will ever suit the views of a theatrical enterpriser who wants to become popular with ease; it is for him to seek the vulgar way, and produce a star to perform in a one-part play; but a director with high aims and resolution can educate his public into appreciation by skilful management, the result of which we have recently seen at the Lyceum in Shakespearean comedies, under the direction of Mr. Henry Irving, acted in every part with unrivalled excellence, while the chief characters were given with so much skill and charm that they can never be forgotten: scenery lent its fitting attributes, and music was not wanting. Also, at one theatre in London, Wagnerian opera has been given with something like efficiency, and without any recourse to the star system. More than any other artist, an actor deserves credit for the self-abnegation implied by so much reverence for the poetry of the drama, because immediate applause is a necessity in his profession, and he risks a diminution of personal admiration when he allows his single proficiency to be merged in a general harmony. The painter, the sculptor, and the composer of music can wait for the progress of time, unless poverty drives them on; then, indeed, they have to choose between vulgarity and want. Jean François Millet, the great French painter, is a well-known example of such a choice: he elected to grapple with physical suffering rather than degrade his art. Having learned the manipulation of pencil and brush in the studio of Paul Delaroche, he could paint telling pictures in the style of Diaz, and popular ones after the manner of Boucher, such as "Women Bathing," which were sure of an immediate sale; but showy painting was uncongenial to him, sincerity being the very essence of his nature. With his mechanical skill he got all he wanted from city life, and he left Paris to live apart in the little village of Barbizon, there to study those phases of nature and humanity which had stirred his deepest sympathy. There he worked and there he died—poor, but not unknown; his art was hotly disputed, as great art will be for ever, but the picture which was purchased by one dealer for two hundred pounds, passing into other hands, sold for two thousand; and when he died, on the 23rd January, 1874, his name stood forth as one of the foremost, not only in the pictorial art of France, but among the great painters of all nations. From common life he drew his great inspirations; he was often unconsciously tragic; he could not be theatrical; he could not deck out a shred of emotion so as to excite immediate

and sympathetic attention; he had no tricks of exaggeration to excite surprise, but suffered his feeling to work out its own expression in its own way, and his unswerving truth to wait for its final recognition.

It may, of course, happen that a painter equally faithful to his own ideas, whose mind naturally turns to subjects more easily understood, may be quick to win applause without recourse to any of the common tricks of trade. Our own Hogarth may be quoted as an instance of this kind, who satisfies the best artists by his skill, while by his dramatic instinct he attracts and actually monopolises the sympathies of the artisans, and also of the most ignorant among the visitors of our National Gallery. Eager groups will always be found who cluster round every scene of the series of the "Marriage à la Mode" with interest, while they pass by the finest examples of Raphael and Titian with total indifference; indeed, the ordinary spectator little prizes abstract beauty or profound feeling, but loves the show of action and a sentiment on parade; in short, he likes a picture when it is a little or very melodramatic. The painter, however, has this high privilege, that if he has courage to wait for the slow result of time, he can by his wooing win everlasting truth and bequeath his conquest to after-ages; while the player must think rapidly and trust to the present hour for the result, although that result is to be presented as the embodiment of a great poet's thought; thus the flash of action which gives vitality to the poetical conception too often mars its beauty, rifles its delicate charm, and gives it a common aspect to satisfy a common audience. The music of the poet, the sounds that his ear has heard while he scarcely dared to risk their utterance, and even the inmost secrets of his soul, are vulgarised when they are exhibited for stage effect. In compensation for this infliction, his characters gain vitality, and his passion speaks with a voice which stirs the people, which forces their sympathies, and sometimes exalts them to ecstasy.

Such a dominion over the minds of men would be of inestimable value to the poet if he could hold it as his own; but the player not only divides it with him, but engrosses the largest share of sympathy, and, to enhance his influence, not unfrequently exaggerates into absurdity a fine feeling. It is the player who fills the public mind: if any reader doubts this let him recall the fact that Garrick found it easy, for purposes of his own, to persuade distinguished audiences that Tate was Shakespeare, substituting the weak lines of that versifier for the vigorous ones of our greatest poet, writing in new scenes and composing happy endings for his tragedies. As these achievements of the stage seem almost impossible to us now, it is worth while to quote a few lines from long passages of commendation, published in a work called "The Dramatic Censor," dedicated to Mr. Garrick, in order to show the current ideas of that day concerning Tate's superiority as a poet:—

"We must not only give Tate great praise for bringing about a happy catastrophe by probable circumstances, but in point of justice endeavour to prove that his distribution of the characters is much better than in the original. Cordelia's piety merits the highest reward of temporal happiness which Tate has given her by a connection with the man of her heart. . . . . The old king's consent with Gloster and Kent's hearty blessing shed a brilliance on Tate's last scene highly pleasing to every good and tender heart. . . . ."

It may be said that at the end of the Garrick epoch the literature of the British stage was completely debased. John Kemble, with higher aims than Garrick's, restored the text of *Hamlet* and *King John*, but he played Tate's *Lear* without remorse. In 1823 the dramatic instinct of Edmund Kean led him to restore the original text when he played *Lear*, but the public were not yet able to bear the reform, and recalled Tate's pleasant conclusion with the marriage of Edgar and Cordelia, "the celestial pair" as he described them, who came forward to make their parting salutations to the public with these words:—

"*Edg.* The gods and you too largely recompense
What I have done: the gift strikes merit dumb.
Cord. Nor do I blush to own myself o'erpaid
For all my sufferings past."

It took a long time—a whole century—to release Shakespeare from his bondage to Tate, Colman, and Co., and Macready was the tragedian who set him free, but not without strong opposition.

It was argued that, if Shakespeare was the greater poet, Garrick, Tate, and Co. were the better dramatists, and that, without their help, no mixed audience could sit through a Shakespearean play. All Macready's force and all that of his literary friends came forth to the battle and won the day. Singular beauty of scenic illusion, costume rich as it was correct, and the training of every personage upon the stage were required to obtain a success which, when once effected, was to last for future generations, and, in some measure, to change the general character of the theatrical profession. Pictorial and musical effects are required for a great drama. The ancient Greek drama depended a good deal upon its choral effects; and, indeed, music, by the intensity with which it stirs the soul, may be said to be more dramatic than the drama itself. Not limited by the definition of words, its scope is larger, for it appeals to all humanity, and passes the boundaries which divide nations. But if music can reach the greatest heights, if its inspiration can be the most intense and far-reaching, it is not less capable of degradation than the acted drama, and the offence of it is the more intolerable because it is so often forced upon your hearing. In short, there is no light without shadow; and there are no false lights which will not be followed by some sections of the public and worshipped as the light of heaven.

The general progress of the art of criticism serves, in a great measure, to correct the errors of popular judgment; but the critics themselves are still fallible, although the nineteenth century has produced a far greater number of them well qualified to pass a true judgment than any of the past ages.

The art which offers the greatest difficulties to the critic is undoubtedly that of the acted drama, for the rapidity of its movement interferes with contemplation,

which is the very essence of criticism, and, by its personal influences, a complete impartiality is rendered, if not impossible, very hard to attain. This is one of the many misfortunes attached to the actor's calling. However just a censure may be, it is easy for him to set down personal animosity as its immediate cause.

In any art which brings the artist in person before the public this may, within certain limitations, be true, but it is less true of the singer than of the actor, because the rules of the singer's art are more definite; there is more in it that a critic can touch with certainty; there is more of positive science.

But, in default of science, there are still definite intentions to be fulfilled by the artist, falling short of which he misses his aim; and criticism is just if it resolutely rejects the incongruous. Certain anomalies are palpable to the commonest perception. It is at once evident that Antinous must not be represented by a humpback, or Helen by a dowdy; but it is the business of the critic to sift more fully, and to detect the less palpable unfitness of things; it is for him to consider whether the poetry and the poet's interpreter make a complete amalgamation; whether the separate scenes make a perfect whole, and whether that whole distinctly develops the poet's idea. Such siftings and refinements require time, even for the best-qualified judges, and no representation of one night will suffice for them; therefore the fashion prevalent at the present day of giving incessant repetitions of one play (damaging though it undoubtedly is in many ways both to audiences and actors) has its use, for it corrects hasty judgments, and affords the artist fair opportunities of correcting his faults.

But whatever advantages the profession of the stage may have gained in our time, the actor's art is for ever imperfect as compared with that of the painter and the composer of music, because he is deprived of the highest hope—the judgment of posterity upon his work. It is not true, however, to say that his name is heard no more; the fact is that his fame survives that of many greater men. Of the multitude familiar with the name of Garrick and with the leading incidents of his career, how few can say who was Prime Minister in his time! What is true of him is also true of the singer: his name is long sounded, but it is only a name; all the rest is vague: we do not positively know whether dramatic art has advanced from generation to generation: whether it was better in the time of Garrick or of Roscius, in that of Le Kain or Baron. We cannot assert that the foremost singers of to-day surpass those of two centuries ago, but we do with certainty know the advance of the music they have to interpret; we do know that rich harmonies, wonderful and beautiful in their orchestration, complicated in development, majestic in movement, great in science and great in passion, surround the operatic singer of the present age; and surely it is true that Wagner exalted the position of the vocalists when in seeming to sink their individual importance he made them parts of a vast whole, to the influence and duration of which no limit can be assigned.

JULIET POLLOCK.

(From a Drawing by Dorothy Tennant and M. Ellen Edwards. By kind permission of the Children's Country Holidays Fund.)

The Children of a Great City.—II.

WE now come to the second class of children who, on account of their parents' cruelty, have come under the protection of the law. There is no page in human suffering more terrible than that of the cruelties to children often inflicted on them by drunken or brutal parents. A child so often represents to such parents the one obstacle to their getting away from home, the one reason why they must work, that to get rid of such a restraint in any way becomes the object of their life. And so we read from time to time such tales as make one's blood run cold with horror and shame to know that in our country such evils can exist.

There are few stories more terrible than those told by the officer of the London Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. The tales of silent torture borne long and uncomplainingly, not from want of knowledge on the part of neighbours, but from the inability of the law to interfere between a father and his child, and the difficulty of obtaining legal evidence of the cruelty inflicted, are heartrending. We take haphazard from their last Report a few instances, such as these: "Boy found camping out in snow, with only a dog for companion. Father had obtained boy's imprisonment twice on false charges. Had left home on account of dread of his father."

Second case, "Family—mother dead, father married again, being some miles away from children. Eldest girl fifteen; three in number, one dying of consumption, and a cripple; food was sometimes sent them; could either eat or hawk it. They were found living in hovel, dirty, neglected, filthy, damp, and cold; and ordered to keep the door locked that no one might get in. The father had £25 in his pocket when arrested."

Third case, "Boy of five—found in his night-shirt sitting in passage alone, outside the door; mother was breakfasting inside before a fire with hot coffee and bacon. The child was deliberately put there, ill, and too weak to get up. Its body was covered with bruises. Life insured for £7."

These are but a few instances out of many which could be cited, were not the sickly tale too terrible to continue. We hear of dying children being taken into the street at night, and the money gained by the sympathy of passers-by spent by the worthless mother at the nearest public-house; of a little girl dying slowly of starvation and neglect in an up-stairs room, while the father and step-mother eat their plenteous meal below; of a wretched baby just born being put to lie in an empty box in the room with its dying sister, and also of a little infant and a boy of four years old, who for months after their removal from home would shriek with terror at the sight of a man, and wake at night in horror, the recollection of the torture inflicted on them by their father still fresh in their minds. The Society is doing a great and merciful work. Since the opening of the Shelter in 1884, 248 cases of cruelty have been dealt with, and 30 men and women have been sent to prison for periods varying from one month to five years. The Report of 1886 and 1887 gives many instances besides of cruelty—cruelty which would be inconceivable to ordinary human beings, and would be incredible told of a country like England but for the fact that it has been proved before magistrates and judges, and men and women have been convicted on it. The Society knows no distinction of rank or religion, and where cruelty to children exists it endeavours to rescue its victims. The confidence, the unquestioning belief of a child, its helplessness, its forgiveness of injuries, ought to appeal to the deepest and strongest instincts of mankind, and it

would be a national reproach to us were we to allow that confidence to be abused and that trust to be violated. From the lowest depths of sin and poverty the voices and eyes of children appeal to us, and touch the deepest and softest spot in our hearts; and one of the most sacred trusts left to us by the great Master of Humanity was to succour and help the children.

All the societies which we have been discussing have chiefly for their aim the care of children rescued from the control of their parents. Their work, while large and varied, does not present the same drawbacks (except when pecuniary difficulties may arise) as constantly beset those who work among children living at home, and to whose parents they must apply for permission to carry out any scheme for their benefit. The difficulty of getting parents to consent to their girls going to service, even after they have attained an age at which they ought to be earning their living, is almost impossible to describe. They have very ignorant objections, they are very prejudiced and narrow, and often suspicious of the motives that inspire the desire to get the girl a place, and naturally dislike losing the small sum of money the girls can spare from their weekly earnings. The demand for female labour is so uncertain and fluctuating, that many girls, having been for weeks out of work, are glad to accept the inducement of an outfit to go to service, and the objections can thus be overcome; but it is almost always at first some severe pressure of this kind that brings about the result. There are thousands of girls in London from twelve to fourteen years of age who can get places as nursemaids or servants in small shops, and are in a much more satisfactory position, even small as their earnings may be, than remaining at home where no habits of discipline, cleanliness or method, can be imposed.

IN THE COLD.

(From a Drawing by Dorothy Tennant.)

The poor are suspicious and always slow to accept any innovations, and where factory work exists as a means of livelihood among the girls of a locality, it is a long time before you can persuade them that the constant employment of service, with its diminished freedom, is in the long run the better and more profitable career. The girl soon realises the truth, but the parents, to whom the few weekly pence or shillings she can spare them, represent part of the family income, are more slow in accepting the truth. Nothing is more delightful, nothing gives a worker among the poor more pleasure, than to witness the transformation that comes over a little girl after she has been for a few weeks at service. The physical improvement is what at first strikes one, but it is not on the surface at all that the most important change has taken place. What a girl has gained in habits of cleanliness, self-respect, self-reliance, is the valuable work that has been done, and often the work allotted them develops qualities hitherto latent. Often in cases of a little nursemaid, the love of children, the tenderness and affection of a woman comes to life. Workers among the poor should make it their first endeavour, therefore, while not in the smallest degree attempting to alienate the love of the children from their parents or their home, to enable them to make their first start in life among conditions that will strengthen and confirm what habits of self-control and stability may exist in their hitherto undeveloped characters. It is more easy to find places for boys than for girls; there is little difficulty in finding small places for boys who have left school, where they can earn from five shillings to eight shillings a week, but the position of a boy obliged to leave school as early as he can pass the standard, is a very unsatisfactory one. He is unable from want of means to be apprenticed to any trade, and he knows nothing of any technical nature, his labour is perfectly unskilled, and he can never attain any distinct position in the labour market. The future of such a boy is a very melancholy one, for at an age when the aspirations of youth are strong, and the desire to improve and better himself grows on him, he is often dismissed from his employment on asking for increased pay, on the ground that a younger boy than he can do the same work at a lower wage. He is cast adrift upon the world, spends his life loafing about the streets, doing nothing, unless he enlists, which during the last few years under severe pressure many lads have done. The obvious cure for this evil among boys especially will, we hope, be found by making some technical knowledge necessary for all children. We are paying vast sums yearly to educate the poor in England, but the education we give is imperfect, unless of a nature that will enable men and women to learn some handicraft

by which they can earn their living, if not here, in the colonies. No one who knows the poor can be thankful enough that they are being educated, but the knowledge which has taught them only the misery of their condition, the inequalities and the apparent injustices of life, without putting the antidote for it all within their reach, is more of a curse than a blessing. The advantage of all teaching at clubs and institutes for boys and girls is that technical education has been their first object after saving the children from the streets, and it is a source of great rejoicing that the Government has at last awoke to the knowledge of the great blot that exists on the education system in England. While Imperial questions of vital importance are engrossing the attention of the Government of the country, it is difficult to excite interest in what seem very petty and inferior ones in comparison; and yet the future greatness of Great Britain depends in no small degree on the goodness of the education she gives her children.

The question of education naturally brings in its train many problems besides the question of technical knowledge. The first duty we owe to the poor and their children is to make their lives as bearable and healthy as we can, by legislation, pressure of public opinion, and personal work; and in the education of the poor we should endeavour to help them to attain such a condition of health that they can receive and assimilate the knowledge they get at school. Taking the children of the poor in large towns as a body, they are certainly healthy. The struggle for life is hard, but many children survive who long ago would have had no chance of life. More attention is paid to sanitary matters, and with the increase of hospitals, dispensaries, and the various organisations of a like nature, infants and children can have immediate and constant medical attendance, and do not die in the same proportion as formerly. Whether for the health and strength of the community it is well they live, is beside the question. In olden times the survival of the fittest was a rough and ready law that applied to every class, without distinction, and though Nature was stern in her decree, the stability and power of England is due, in no small measure, to the physical strength and endurance of her people. We start now with the additional drawback, it seems to lookers-on, that whereas in those days we only expected children to live and grow up and develop the finer animal qualities of their nature, we now, with a more delicate race of children and on a more difficult condition of existence, superadd the compulsion of education on little brains and constitutions that find it difficult often to keep the slight flicker of life alive. We say to them, in fact, You must learn, whether the conditions under which you learn are favourable or the reverse. It is impossible for children with weakly constitutions, under-fed and badly clothed, to be equal to the same mental efforts as children that are healthy and cared for; and though such is not the condition of the majority of school children in London, it is undeniable that a very large proportion of children do attend school daily without having had a meal or the prospect of one during the day. We all know the strain any mental exertion requires if, from some cause or another, we are overtired or weary, and we can easily picture to ourselves the condition in which hundreds of poor little children find themselves during the cold days of winter when their badly-nourished brains refuse, after the most earnest efforts on their part, to master the task allotted to them. The question often rises in our minds, If we insist on educating our children, and make their attendance at school compulsory, ought we not logically to go a step further, and insist on their being fed, and if we find that, from want of work and unforeseen circumstances, their parents are unable to feed them, what should we do but provide the nourishment ourselves? Is there any other alternative? The impossibility of this is seen at once, and but for private charity and the feeling of compassion which it awakes, the sufferings of the poor children must continue unremedied. The system of providing cheap, or, as they are termed, Penny Dinners for School Children, has become, perhaps of all the means devised to help them, the most successful. At a very small cost, children can be provided with a dinner of good soup and a large piece of bread in the interval between schools. When the children number several hundred, the cost per head is less than a penny, but the fewer the number to be fed the greater the cost. That it can be made to pay, can be amply demonstrated; but, judging as we do, from individual experience, when the numbers have not exceeded three hundred, and often less, when the premises are inconvenient and the locality very poor, it has been found quite impossible to make the penny dinners self-supporting. In two very poor localities of London, one in the North and the other in the East Central division, it was found that the parents could not provide a penny daily to enable three or four children of one family to pay for their dinner. The price of the dinner was therefore lowered to a halfpenny, with the desired result. As we were compelled to lower the price in this particular instance, we also changed the bill of fare, and found that the simpler soup was the most popular. We gave, at first, mutton-broth, with vegetables, potatoes, and large lumps of meat, and a hunch of bread; but the children were suspicious of the meat, not thinking it possible that we could provide so good a dinner at the price, and we found on changing it that the pea-soup we gave once a week at a halfpenny a large basin was much more liked, and there were no insinuations among the "cheeky" boys, as in the former case, of "Cat's-meat and cow-heel, mum."

Space will only allow of mention of two other schemes which affect the lives of children in London, and they may be ranked under the head of amusement and relaxation, though combined in no lesser degree with health. They are the questions of recreation and country change. The children's playgrounds in London and large towns after school are only the streets. There are small courts and groves in London where, not being thoroughfares, they can play, but the majority have no playground but the streets. Apart from the dangers which are obvious, there can be no more undesirable place, or any where recreation in the best sense is more impossible. There is no doubt that London children,

taken as a class, are healthy, and this is in a large measure due to the fact that they are always in the open air. From the time they rise till they go to bed, except during school hours, they are out of doors. The air may be thick, bad, foggy, and dark, but, such as it is, what air there is, the children are always in it, and to that may be attributed their generally healthy appearance. We should like to be able to provide large, open spaces where they could play all day, but that is a dream far from realisation, and we must devise some other way of finding them amusement out of the streets, though only to a limited extent, for any scheme which only shut them up under supervision on the pretence of amusing them would cut off their fresh air supply. It would be possible to hire a large room or a small house, with a courtyard or garden behind, where, in bad weather or during the long evenings, the children of a locality might go for amusement. London children never go to bed early, and between the hour when work ceases and their bedtime, they become more familiarised with vice and crime than at any other time during the twenty-four hours. The play-room could not be self-supporting, but some payment should be insisted on, so as to keep the very roughest and lowest children out, and insure peace and quiet for those who used the room. Play-rooms of this kind, more or less modified according to the means and requirements of the locality, have already been opened in London; but the scheme is of an experimental nature, though capable of great development, and would do much to humanise and tame the children that were able to take advantage of it. The payment should always be enforced, if only a few pence a week; for children, however poor, always find pennies to spend in sweets; and in the play-room in Islington, opened by Mr. Bartley, the children have brought their pence gladly to pay for coming into it. The account given of the intention of this play-room is so interesting that we give it here in Mr. Bartley's own words:—

"In order to carry the experiment further and to try to catch more of the children and keep them out of the streets, I am about to open next week a still more humble kind of institution of a like character, namely, a house fitted up as play-rooms in the poorest streets in the district. The ground-floor is arranged for children's skittles and rings and other noisy games. The first floor, made into one room, will be for quieter games, and reading aloud, and for music every evening. The top room for fathers who bring children and who may like to stay and smoke and read. The personal influence will be secured by our family and friends, those who are coming forward to devote, say, a day a month, or even a day a year, to reading aloud, telling stories, playing music, and otherwise teaching the children to amuse themselves. I propose to charge one penny, as it is well known how many, even the poorest children, waste in pence. During the day the rooms will be used for elementary household and technical classes, such as cooking, needlework, &c. On Sunday the rooms will be open free, they will be nicely warmed for quiet reading, and the Vicar has kindly undertaken to arrange to read aloud and lead some singing in the evening. One thousand pounds would establish, endow, and permanently carry on such a place. A hundred such places in the dense parts of London would save thousands of children from the snares of the streets, and the cold and suffering of the winter, in such

A GARRET.
(From a Drawing by Dorothy Tennant.)

a way that no single institution, however good, at a distance can hope to do.

"The play-rooms have been opened for forty weeks, and there have been four thousand children visitors to them, the great majority paying a halfpenny admittance. The charge is one penny, but if they behave well they come in on payment of a halfpenny, and a few free to help to assist to keep order. I have had cooking classes, and am now going to begin a sewing class. The effect on the streets and district has been considerable. The children who come constantly are much cleaner and better-behaved, and have become much attached to the place and those who look after it. The work has done a twofold good, for it has often been the means of getting at parents who have been out of work, or are in real difficulties, and of assisting them, and no doubt that the attempt to provide recreation for children, if carried out to a sufficiently large extent, would stop many a little boy and girl at the commencement of their downward career and keep many of them out of gaol, and the humanising and softening influence of those more gently bred and nurtured than themselves would ere long have an effect on them which must last all their lives."

THE GOOD SAMARITANS.

(From a Drawing by Dorothy Tennant.)

One other short notice must be given of a work which has done more good perhaps, and given more unalloyed happiness to children, than almost any other. The Children's Country Holidays Fund has now been some nine years in existence, and in its enlarged form is the pioneer of several smaller societies of a like nature, though not conducted on exactly the same lines. The former society sent 11,800 children into the country during 1886 for a fortnight each child. It possesses thirty-two local committees, who work their centres independently of the central one from whom they derive their grants. One of the principles of the Country Holidays Committee has been that the parents should contribute something towards the expense of each child, on the ground that what is partly paid for is more valued than what is given free of cost, and that by contributing to the expense of their own children's holiday they procure holidays for other children. The principle is excellent, but by a rigid adherence to it many children whose parents are too poor to afford to pay anything may be debarred from profiting by it, and thus other societies have sprung up where this rule has been modified or done away with altogether, they finding that often the children of the very poorest were the ones who, from want of food and nourishment, stood more in

need of the change. In all cases it has worked wonderfully well, and given the children new life and vigour to face the cold and privations of winter. The organisation, which owes its existence mainly to the support of the readers of *Truth*, has based its work on the principle that when any payment can be secured it is accepted willingly, but that destitution is not a disqualification.

There is nothing that gives such unalloyed enjoyment to children as these visits to the country. To many of them the novelty is wonderful, and the sense of space so extraordinary, and cramped as they are at home in small rooms, and hot, noisy streets, the vastness of the world when they first see the country is perfectly incomprehensible. The world has grown larger and more beautiful, and the fairy tales they have read and been told, of an endless blue sky, green fields stretching away beyond their limit of sight, real green trees, birds that sing, and a sun they can see all day long, when he rises in his morning's glory, and sets in his golden bed at night behind the western hills, are a reality, a glorious, perfect reality. No one can wish for a better reward or a more perfect acknowledgment of gratitude and happiness than to hear the happy shouts of delight from children's voices as the beauties of nature are revealed to them. Very few can picture it because few have seen it. But I doubt if any one has ever experienced a stronger sense of the reward of giving pleasure to others than I did when I first took a large party of children into the country, far away from London, for a three weeks' holiday. I shall never forget the shouts of delight with which, after getting right away from the town, the children realised that the trees, green fields, water, and all which they saw in the country were inexhaustible; that they were going away where there was nothing else to be seen. I shall never either forget the feelings of anxiety with which I watched head after head being stretched out of the carriage window, the hairbreadth escapes from tumbling out, the scuffles to get to the window and breathe the fresh pure air, the noisy joys and the scraps of intelligence conveyed to the occupants of the other carriages as the train sped rapidly along, at imminent danger to life and limb, and the feeling of profound thankfulness with which I deposited them alive and well at the homes which were waiting for them. There are some moments in life one would gladly live over again, and I am sure this is one that can never be too often repeated.

There was a picture in *Punch* not very long ago of a little boy taken into the country for the first time saying to his teacher, "Oh, miss, what a big sky they've got 'ere!" What a tale those few words tell, but what possibilities they also suggest! We can make the sky bigger to children, and the realisation of that fact on earth is perhaps the foretaste and symbol of the largeness and glory of the unseen world, which will, when the problems of their life are explained and solved, compensate the children by happiness, peace, and love we can never attain to, for all they have suffered and needed here.

All the foregoing remarks have tried in a very faint way to show what is being done and can be done for poor children in London, but we must bear in mind that it is only a very small, almost infinitesimal, proportion of the work that is being carried on daily. Clubs, friendly societies, guilds, are the outcome only of the work that exists, and that is increasing yearly, and it would be a very imperfect sketch even, were we to omit the greatest work of all. The advocates of temperance have done more than any other class to improve the lives of the poor, and to give both old and young a higher aim and standard in life. No battle has been fought more gallantly, and no victories have been ever won against more fearful odds. With bad air, bad food, bad ventilation, bad constitutions, and every condition of life in active opposition to them, they have persevered and struggled; often cast down, often thrown back, and often defeated; but slowly and incessantly, in season and out of season, have they persevered and wrestled with the direst foe of human life and with some of the strongest forces of society against them; and no one now looking round on the rising generation among the poor can do aught but feel that, though the campaign is not over or the victory won, the power of the temperance cause is one of the greatest in England, and is increasing in strength and influence daily. The public-houses and gin-shops still have their social and political influence, but the day is not far distant, we confidently hope and believe, when the Bands of Hope and Blue Ribbon Army will have the political power now wielded by the publican and brewer transferred to them.

People are very much inclined to quarrel with what they consider an over-sensitive appreciation of the sanctity of life, which is undoubtedly a development of the religion of humanity, the cult of the nineteenth century. But if such an appreciation means a desire to lessen suffering, to diminish poverty, and endeavour to make the rough pathways of life smoother to the poor, we are not disposed to criticise it. Life is full of pain and mystery to us all, but how terribly it is intensified and increased in the case of poor children, the innocent victims of the sins and shortcomings of others! The cry of the children has never ceased, and their wail continues ever in our ears. We cannot shut our hearts or close our ears to what they tell us. We cannot altogether cure or do away with the suffering and hardships that must ever exist in their lot, but we can diminish it, and we can prevent a great deal of pain that is unnecessary.

By our example and by our work and sympathy we can raise them up. We can put hope into their lives and enable them to feel that we are all one of a common family, of which we the elder are holding out our hands to guide the faltering steps of those that are younger and weaker. We turn with saddened hearts from the poor in whose life the sands of time are nearly run out. The cry "Too late!" falls like a knell on our ears. We can soothe the last hours and make the pathway to the grave less stony, but that will be all. But with the children's hands in ours, they gazing up in our face with all the wonder, love, and trust of a child, the world is all before us.

MARY JEUNE.

The Truth about Clement Ker:

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF SOME CURIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES CONNECTED WITH THE LIFE AND DEATH OF THE LATE SIR CLEMENT KER, BART., OF BRAE HOUSE, PEEBLESSHIRE. TOLD BY HIS SECOND COUSIN, GEOFFREY KER, OF LONDON.

CHAPTER X.

IN WHICH I LISTEN TO A STORY.

IN the morning, when Dr. Wauchope paid me his accustomed visit, he pronounced me to be so far recovered as to allow of my moving to Eleanor's boudoir—a pleasant sunny room belonging to the older part of the house, a room still hung with tapestry, with deep window-seats cut in the thickness of the wall, and a view over miles and miles of rolling country. There was a piano in one corner, and the place was crowded with flowers, so that the mingled smell of burning wood and roses can always recall it to me now.

Many of the flowering plants had been brought there in honour of my recovery, Eleanor told me; this leaving of my room had been made the occasion of a little *fête* in the house; Miss Ashleigh, too, sending me word that she would pay me a visit.

As I was dressing for the venture (Dr. Wauchope looking on) I happened to thrust my hand into an inner pocket, where my fingers touched some unfamiliar object. I took it out and looked at it. It was that same curious silver bottle which little Janet had entrusted me with long ago, and which I had always forgotten to return to her. While Parker was brushing my coat I kept twisting the stopper about between my fingers, this way and that, and when the man had left the room, "Look here, doctor!" I said. "There appears to be some queer stuff in this bottle. What is it? Do you know? It seems more in your line than in mine."

He put out his hand to take it, but no sooner did he hold it between his fingers than, "Tut, tut, Mr. Geoffrey! what's this? what's this?" he said, very sharply. He smelt at it again: then he wetted the tip of his thumb with the contents and tasted it.

"Who gave you this? where did you get it? you haven't been taking this yourself?" he called out in the same sharp, peremptory way.

"Take it? what should I take it for? Why, the toy belongs to a child," I said laughing, and I told him the story of how it had come into my possession. To my surprise, his face only kept on growing graver and graver as he listened, and redder and redder, until I feared the little man would end by a fit of apoplexy. When I had finished, "Mr. Geoffrey Ker—" he began very seriously. And then catching my eye, "Tut, tut, sir!" he broke out testily. "Don't look at me in that fashion, Mr. Geoffrey. This is no joking matter, and so I can tell ye."

"So it would appear, doctor. But you must remember that is about all you have told me yet." He took no notice of this.

"And the child who found it, the bit lassie, she picked it up, you say, near the house; or perhaps it was *in* the house you were meaning?"

I reflected for a minute. "She *said* near the house, on the lawn; that I remember distinctly. But—" I thought to myself, "How like she is to her father!"

"But what, man?"

"Well, you see, I have known little Janet make mistakes in her statements before now. It might be in the house, I suppose, and the child might think she would be scolded for taking it."

"I see," said Dr. Wauchope, and rested his chin on his hand.

He sat there so long, staring into the fire without speaking one word, that I began to wonder if he had forgotten all my fine plans for a change. But, again, up he jumped, and more brisk than ever; his good humour seemed all to have come back to him; he laughed and joked and talked about the fine people staying in the house, all the time he was helping me down the steps and along the corridor, quite in his old way. On one point only he was inflexible.

"I tell you frankly, Mr. Geoffrey," he said, "that I want the night to think it over; I will answer your questions to-morrow. And if you will allow me to give you one piece of advice, sir, it is not to mention this same silver bottle, which (with your permission) I will now place in my pocket, to any one in this house before I have spoken further with you concerning it."

We were standing outside the tapestried chamber when he said this, and I gave him my promise readily enough, for what interested me most at that moment was the thought of my conversation with Lady Milton.

Milton's wife was the only daughter and heiress of a rich retired manufacturer, and one of our old Castleton neighbours. We had known her all our lives, my father making a great pet of her as a girl. At one time I fancy he cherished a hope of seeing her married to his favourite son: her fortune would have served, no doubt, to prop the failing house; and if Dick had not proved so unaffectedly indifferent to all the heiress's attractions, I dare say some such conclusion would have been reached; for the last year or so before we left Warwickshire the young lady herself knowing of the proposed arrangement, and not unwilling, seemingly. But death, which broke in upon all the dear old man's fond dreams, dispelled this project as well, and some six months after our establishment in London, a letter from our father's old friend brought the news of his daughter's auspicious engagement to Lord Milton.

She had been married several years now, and she had made of that marriage a success. She was incapable of

a social blunder, and if her feelings had once over-ridden her reason, that time was now long since past. She had ended by completely identifying her interests with those of her husband, with his chances of political distinction, and she regarded both him and her children with much the same feeling of calm and reliable affection—the approval of a satisfied proprietor. She had, if I may so express myself, a sort of Palladian nature—a place of formal lines and cool empty courts, adorned by stucco pillars—oh, a great deal of stucco! Her whole moral being was full of ante-chambers reached by wide staircases built for the public, and of unimpeachable proportion. There were days (when she had been to a Drawing-room, for instance—and she rarely missed one) on which she was so correct she almost ceased to be human. Physically, she was a small woman with a very neat figure—neatness and energy, an unfailing, unremitting, uninteresting energy, that was what every motion of her being expressed. You could see it in her decided walk: in the penetrating glance of her pale, far-sighted eyes: even in the way she disposed the mass of her very thick, very dark brown hair. She dressed in the latest fashions, and always gave me the sensation of having just washed her hands. Some of Milton's more intimate friends were disposed to pity him for possessing such a wife, finding her prim to dulness, but women on the whole approved of her highly. She herself was the sort of woman to write a great many "entertaining" letters to her friends. I always imagined that she enjoyed a reputation for cleverness among her own relations, unsuspected by the outer world, and I fancy there were several old dowagers who considered her witty.

On this particular occasion I found her more disposed, more eager than usual to pronounce herself: "For you know, Geoffrey," she declared—and she spoke with quite unaccustomed fluency and animation—"I shall always maintain it was entirely the fault of that little Ashleigh girl, with her great eyes and her innocent ways. Why does Eleanor ask such people to her house? I have no patience with such innocence, such stupidity. Milton says she meant nothing by it, but a girl has no business to mean so little as that; it's bad form; it's—it's immoral!" her ladyship cried out, with something of a blush and a laugh. "Had she any need of getting Sir Clement to show off those absurd tricks? Is a woman to be made ridiculous in her own drawing-room, I ask you? And what was that great brother of hers doing not to stop her? Ah! I have no patience with these people. I am glad we are going away to-morrow. I told Milton so, and that nothing on earth would make me stop in this house any longer. I assure you, Geoffrey, I have no patience left at all!"

"Let us agree," I said, "that they are everything which is most objectionable, but for Heaven's sake, dear Lady Milton, will you not tell me what it is that has happened?"

"You mean what happened last night?" her little ladyship retorted, giving me one of her sharp quick looks.

And then, and as I could see, nothing loth, she plunged straightway into her narrative. There had been a large dinner party down-stairs the night before, it appeared, with much talk going on at table about clairvoyance and animal magnetism, and such kindred subjects. "You don't know Reggie Dawkins, Geoffrey—the Admiral's son? well, he is just home on leave from India, and full of stories of things which he has seen there: fruit-trees growing up before one's eyes out of stone floors; children cut to little bits by native jugglers, running about afterwards none the worse for it; and young boys with the gift of prophecy, reading the future in bowls of ink; I can't remember half the nonsense he talked. But there, on one side of him, was Miss Ashleigh, listening to every word he spoke, and Sir Clement at the foot of the table, laughing and egging him on, and all the while I could see he was looking at his wife. For Eleanor was not pleased at all by the turn the conversation was taking; two or three times she tried to stop it, but what was the good? Sir Clement never let it drop. I think it was very bad taste myself; for, once admit the element of the supernatural—I mean, of course, outside of miracles—and where are you? I think it was very bad taste indeed."

"But Miss Ashleigh, my dear Lady Milton! And what can she possibly have had to do with my brother?"

"'Twas after that, in the drawing-room," her ladyship said, "and towards the end of the evening. Badly as the girl has behaved, I will do her the justice to say she waited until the Dawkinses were gone home. A good number of the men were still in the smoking-room; there were only a few of us sitting about the fire, when I saw her go up to Sir Clement (she runs about the rooms as if she were but a child, Geoffrey, and is for ever forgetting her gloves and dropping her handkerchief and her flowers)—I heard her go up to Sir Clement, and remind him of something he had promised to show her. At first he only laughed at her, shaking his head, and making as if he would put her off, but when she began to look disappointed, 'What a spoiled child it is!' he said, quite out loud, and rang the bell, telling the man who came in to move some of the chairs and tables. I don't think Eleanor noticed at first what they were doing. You know Eleanor's way of going on at the piano, playing one tune after another softly to herself?"

I nodded. "Yes; I know."

"Well, that was what she was doing. I don't think she even looked up until Clement came and stood over her. He laid one hand on her wrist; she kept her fingers on the keys, and the music stopped short with a rough kind of jar.

"'I want you, my dear Nell. I want you to help me give our friends here a little—oh, just a little—specimen of what we can do,' he said, in that slow drawling way he has, Geoffrey—and she looked up. Her eyes were like the eyes of a wild trapped animal. She looked straight at him without saying one word. 'I don't want to have Janet waked up, you know—it seems a pity to disturb the child—I think you could take her place if you would. It is only a question of a few passes, just to satisfy Miss Ashleigh's curiosity,' he went on, speaking just like that, with long pauses between his words. '*I* want you, my dear,' he said. 'I really think you had better come.'"

I struck my pillow hard with my fist. "Ah!" I cried out. "But where was Richard?"

"She got up at that, Geoffrey. I did not think she would give in to him, but she did. He walked down the long room, and she following just behind, step by step, like a shadow or a ghost. Her hands hung down by her side; and her face—you know she has never much colour—but her face was whiter than her gown.

"Once, before she got to where the chairs had been placed, she stopped; she stood still; she put out her two hands before her—like that—and gave a sort of little moan. 'But you promised, Clement,' she said. He looked at her; I think he never took his eyes off her, and he laughed. 'Oh, yes, I promised,' he said. 'Will you not sit down, Eleanor? Allow me to offer you this chair.'"

Lady Milton was silent for a moment; she sat very still, adjusting and re-adjusting the great shining rings upon her fingers.

"I don't know what there is about that man," she added presently, in a changed voice; "but he makes one feel he *believes* what he is doing. We were all afraid of him, I think, Geoffrey. I was praying all the time for Milton to come in, and yet I couldn't help watching them. Miss Ashleigh had caught hold of my arm. I think she was frightened, too, at what she had done, and serve her right! And then—oh, I was glad!—for then the door opened quietly, and in walked Richard."

I drew a long breath. "Aye," I said, "tell me about that."

"He walked straight up to them; we were all seated at some distance, you understand; there was a little clear space in the middle of the room. I think he must have understood everything the moment he entered, for he went straight up to Eleanor (that silly Ashleigh girl giving my arm a little pinch, and 'Oh!' she says, 'doesn't he look like a prince and a rescuer, and—and like St. George in the picture, dear Lady Milton?')—'I am sorry to disturb you, Lady Ker, but I think you are wanted up-stairs by—by little Janet,' he said, speaking very clearly. He stooped down and took Eleanor's hand, which was lying loosely on her lap. She got up immediately; not speaking, not turning her eyes from her husband's face, but letting herself be led away to the door like a child. And 'Confound you, Richard, what did you want to come in just then for?' Sir Clement cried out, with a scowl. I saw Dick turn white to the very lips," Lady Milton went on, her own eyes kindling, "but he never answered a word until he had shut the door behind her. *Then* he turned round, Geoffrey. 'I am sorry,' he said again, 'to have interrupted your—diversion, Lady Milton' (as if *I* had been responsible for it, Geoff); 'but as Lady Ker's friend, I am sure you would not wish to see her put to—any inconvenience.' The words seemed to choke him as he said them. I have never seen Richard look like that. In all the years and years I have known Richard, I never dreamt—I never suspected he could look like that before."

I turned and buried my face in the pillows. "Oh," I groaned, "if I could only have been there too!"

"I ask myself sometimes whether there is not something wrong about Sir Clement," she continued, "and if Eleanor ought not to consult about it with her people. He had got up on his feet while Dick was speaking, but he only stared at him, and burst out into one of his odd laughs. 'It is Mr. Ker who has spoiled our little exhibition, you see, Miss Ashleigh. Mr. Ker disapproves of my harmless little experiments—and, by Jove, half the time I don't know if he isn't in the right. You've a way of being in the right about things, haven't you, old Richard?'—And he only laughed again when your brother turned on his heel very quietly and walked out of the room.

"But I am glad we are going," Lady Milton added, after a pause; "and I wish, I do wish, Geoffrey, you would do as Milton says, and get Richard to leave before it comes to an open quarrel. What is he expecting will happen? As for Eleanor—Lady Ker scarcely spoke a dozen words to him this morning at breakfast. I think—I *wonder* Richard himself does not care to go away!" her ladyship cried out very eagerly, with a scornful toss of her head.

I thought of Eleanor's secret feeling on the subject (the existence of which I had long suspected), and, "Indeed, then, I wish he did," I echoed her very truthfully, and with a sigh.

That night, it might have been between one and two in the morning, as I lay awake in my bed, tossing from side to side, and quite unable to sleep for thinking of these things which had been told me (and of others too, of a similar nature, which I have not thought it necessary to write down here at such length), I was roused from the fit of depression into which I had fallen, and suddenly startled into sharpest attention by a subdued sound of footsteps, and the gleam of a light being carried past my door.

No one slept in that wing of the house but myself and Richard. I knew it could not be my brother, who had come into my room some time since, looking very grave and weary, to bid me good night; and after a minute or two of breathless listening I was struck by something peculiarly stealthy about the footfall, as of some one desirous not to rouse the house.

I jumped up from my bed and opened the door to listen. I could see all the way up the long gallery, now full of moonlight, barred with the black shadows of all the many window-frames; and a dozen yards away, but with his back to me, stood old Bright, a dark lantern in his hand, going his lonely and anxious round, in the way he had once described to me.

I watched him for several minutes, until he had passed down the entire length of the hall, but without speaking to him, or attempting to attract his attention. There was something about the lateness of the hour, about the empty moonlit corridor, and the old man's severe and troubled face (he sighed heavily to himself as he walked, I remember; and once stopped short for nearly a minute as if to listen, holding the lantern well in front of him, and peering cautiously back into the shade)—there was, I say, something sinister about the whole proceeding, and which left me more than ever disinclined for sleep.

I shut my door, threw on my clothes, and opened the window. The moon was behind the house, flooding the sky overhead with a silvery radiance which half obliterated the myriad and myriad shining stars. Beneath my window the terrace was all in shadow: but in that transparent darkness I could see something darker still—the dense motionless mass of the laurels. Now and then a very light wind, which did not reach to where I stood, sprang up and rustled in the branches of some taller tree above them, but without even stirring those thick-set leaves. The night was profoundly tranquil.

I leaned my head against the window-frame; I lifted up my face, and felt the cool moist air of the garden against my cheek. Gradually the distressed and urgent image of the old man I had just seen faded away from my mind. I was filled with a sense of infinite well-being. I could have sworn I was thinking of nothing but the aspect, the charm of that beautiful night, and suddenly, without my knowing how, words came to my lips. "She is like a steadfast rock. No one understands her—and she is like a steadfast rock," I murmured, looking up at that clear, fathomless sky.

I spoke of understanding, and my own eyes were full of sweet yet poignant tears, forced from me by an emotion to which I could have given no name, I could have attached no meaning. But never before had I realised so keenly the presence of all that living, loving, engrossing world of action which I have contemplated all my life long, and in which in all my life I have had neither place nor part.

CHAPTER XI.

DR. WAUCHOPE DISCOURSES UPON THE SILVER BOTTLE.

YOU may be sure that I had not forgotten the mystery of that unlucky little silver bottle. I was up and dressed hours before Dr. Wauchope made his appearance in my room the next morning. I would scarce attend to his questions about how I felt, so eager was I to tax him with the fulfilment of his promise. But at the very first word I uttered on the subject, his round, rosy, clean-shaven face lost all its smiles.

"Mr. Ker," he began, and speaking with a gravity most unusual, "before we enter upon the explanations which, I own, I have committed myself to make, will you allow me to ask you, in my turn, one pertinent question? Or, seeing the difference of age and experience between us, shall I put it in the form of a suggestion to you? a piece of advice?"

"Most assuredly, doctor," I said promptly, but I wondered not a little at his tone.

"Then, concerning this same bottle"—he produced it out of his pocket, neatly wrapped up in white paper and sealed at both ends like a chemist's prescription, and held it up before me as he spoke—"if I were to undertake to assure you that the knowledge of its contents was in no way a concern of your own, that it could not possibly benefit you in any degree to hear further about it, and might, on the contrary, cause you some regret—some considerable regret—taking these things into consideration, my dear Mr. Geoffrey, will you not authorise me to replace this small packet in my pocket" (here he waved it in the air and then deposited it on the mantelpiece at his elbow), "dismissing the entire question from your own mind, and trusting to my discretion, to my tact, that it shall be restored at a proper time, and under proper circumstances, to its owner?"

"Do you mean," I demanded, "that you expect me to give up knowing anything further about the matter?"

Dr. Wauchope drew out his snuff-box and tapped it gently with his knuckles.

"Advise, Mr. Geoffrey; permit me; advise, not expect. I certainly advise it strongly."

"Then I'm very sorry indeed to go against your opinion, doctor," said I promptly, "but indeed, sir, I am anxious to know quite as much about it as I can."

"Just as you please, sir," retorted Dr. Wauchope with some heat. Then he turned round and looked at me, rubbing his nose thoughtfully with the back of his hand, as his manner was when perplexed.

"And I may add," he continued more mildly, "that from what I have observed of your character hitherto, I feared nothing less—nothing less. As a bachelor, as a medical man *and* a country practitioner, I might have recommended your abstaining from such a piece of useless information, Mr. Geoffrey. What is it the poet says? A little knowledge is a dangerous thing; a dangerous thing, sir. But as a fallible human being, I understand, for I have shared, your curiosity. And now, with your permission, I will take this chair before the fire."

He sat down, clearing his throat and crossing his plump short legs, and it occurred to me that all this discursive and pompous talk was only a means the little man adopted to conceal some genuine concern. I was confirmed in my impression by the sharp change of tone in which he added, "Well, well! needs must when—I won't continue the proverb, Mr. Geoffrey. Since nothing else will content you, then, let me tell you, as briefly as I am able, that the contents of yonder bottle is neither more nor less than just poison."

"*Poison?*" I repeated incredulously; "why, little Janet——"

"Tut, tut, sir! Let me go on. Let me finish my story in my own way, now I've begun on it," said the little man very testily. "When I say poison, d'ye see, it by no means follows that I mean arsenic or strychnine or—or ratsbane, of the sort you buy a pennyworth of at the chemist's. But poison it is, sir, all the same. Poison it is, or my name's not David Wauchope. A very curious mixture, too, of opium and some other drugs, which it would not enlighten you to hear specified—in proportions which indicate both experience and judgment on the part of the composer of the draught. The receipt"—he looked up at me suddenly and sharply from under his shaggy eyebrows—"the receipt, I should judge, Mr. Geoffrey, is Indian."

"Oh," said I stupidly—"oh, indeed, Indian."

The little doctor coughed and recrossed his legs.

"In your part of England—Warwickshire, if I remember rightly—it is not, I presume, a common practice

with the labouring classes to indulge in any form of opium? No, just so. But you may have heard of the Fen-country, where the use of laudanum in some districts is well-nigh as common as the use of tea. Well, the preparation in this bottle, as I understand it, has doubtless been intended for some such purpose——"

"Come now," I said, "that's good news at least; if it is only meant for a novel form of stimulant——"

"One moment, Mr. Geoffrey, one moment. Opium, as you may be aware, when freely used, requires a constant increase of the dose to remain effective. What you hold there in your hand" (I had taken up the neat little parcel and was looking at it) "could only be employed with any degree of safety by a person whose whole system was already saturated by the drug; by a person accustomed to unbridled self-indulgence; by a person, in short"—here the little man took snuff—"in whose hands I should be sorry, very sorry, to leave such a temptation, or—a weapon."

We turned and looked at one another full in the face.

"But—good heavens!" I said, "Dr. Wauchope—"

"Aye, 'tis so. Man, I advised you not to ask too many questions, as you may remember," the doctor added drily.

Then, after a pause, "I will tell you an anecdote concerning that subject, Mr. Geoffrey. You must know that it is my custom, as it is that of many other country practitioners, to keep a stock of the chief drugs I make use of on my own premises, for convenience in making up prescriptions, you understand. Well, until lately, until within the last fortnight in fact, this part of my business was entirely managed for me by a kind of clerk or assistant body I had picked up in the Kirkton, a young fellow of parts, to whom, as I hoped, my example and advice might prove of some small service. Well, as I was saying, about a fortnight ago—(you won't try a pinch, Mr. Geoffrey? No, of course not; better without it, much better without it.) Well, what was I telling you then?" I told him.

"Oh, aye, aye; about my fine secretary (as the poor daft laddie called himself). It occurred to me, then, some short time since, to overhaul some of my old receipted bills, a thing I had ever made a point of leaving entirely to young Macalister—just checking the bank book, you understand. And the first thing that caught my eye, Mr. Geoffrey—and I give you my word you could have knocked me down with your finger when I saw it—was an entry on an invoice from my own chemist in Edinburgh, dated not a week before, of a pint bottle of laudanum which I had never ordered—but it had been ordered under my name from the shop, mind you—and for which I had never paid. Nor shall I ever be called upon to pay for it, that's more," said Dr. Wauchope grimly, throwing himself back in his chair, and fixing his round brown eyes full upon my face.

"And who," I said, "who do you think——?"

"Sir, I did not ask my own clerk that question. I made a point of not asking him. The boy was bribed. He had to lie to me or to the man who paid him. He had no choice between one dirty action and another, and I have sent him off to where, let us hope, he may get more careful supervision. For there you hit a weak place, and I feel responsible, sir, I feel responsible," the worthy little man confessed with an air of genuine distress. "But as for saying *who* it is in this great house who requires yonder devil's plaything——"

"Dr. Wauchope," I said very eagerly, "I have a plan. I have just thought of something. I have a plan in my head which can do no harm, and which may make a difference to—to the person we both think is the owner of that bottle. At any rate, let me try it before you do anything or speak to—him."

"Speak to him, says he? Nay, what proof have I got beyond my own inward conviction? I may think my authority has been tampered with, and my name made use of, but who's to prove it? who's to prove it, eh? I could ruin young Macalister with a word, and he with mother and sisters; and how would it touch the real culprit? answer me that. For whoever it may be—and I mention no name, I would have you notice—whoever had the money and the meanness of mind—" he stopped short and shook his head sorrowfully. "I should be loth indeed to speak ill of my social betters; no one can boast that he has heard David Wauchope so far forget himself. But truth is truth; it was a base advantage to take, Mr. Geoffrey."

"It was base."

"And whoever had the meanness of soul to tempt that weak ignorant country lad, could well find other ways by which to procure the same gratification. Can I punish him for it? can I even stop the doing of it, I ask you? So, have your own will, my boy. But I tell you, Geoffrey, I feel responsible in all this. I foresee trouble. And the recollection of my own negligence—let this be a lesson to you, my dear boy, for indeed it weighs upon me sorely."

On this understanding, that I was to act in the matter as I thought best, we shook hands accordingly, and presently we parted, he to go about his business, and I to join the rest of the house-party at lunch.

It was the first occasion on which I had seen Eleanor and Richard together since the scene in the drawing-room which Lady Milton had described to me, and even now they sat so far apart at the table, Lady Ker apparently absorbed in talk with Gilbert Ashleigh, that it was impossible for me to judge what alteration (if any) in their manner to each other these last days had made. As for Clement, I had never known him in a pleasanter temper, or mood more amenable. He had evidently set himself the task of winning his way back into Lady Milton's good graces before she left Brae. My lady's decision had held firm, they were going that very morning, the carriage which was to take them to the little country station being actually at the door before we had finished luncheon.

I sat in my usual place, looking on; and, indeed, it was a strange sensation to catch Clement's careless glance, or hear him laugh as Lady Milton's frigid politeness gradually yielded more and more to the fascination and the implied flattery of his attentions, which were both marked and unusual, Clement not being the man to give himself more than a very limited amount of trouble

even with his guests. Once or twice while they were talking I looked across at him, my hand, which I could not resist thrusting into my pocket, actually closing over the stiff crackling paper which contained the silver bottle. From the beginning there had never been the shadow of a doubt in my mind to whom the evil thing belonged, and all I wished for now was the skill, the opportunity to make good use of my information. But presently this led me to think again of Eleanor. I fell to speculating how much she knew, or might guess, of her husband's actions. I observed her face more narrowly than I had done as yet, and I fancied I could detect new signs of trouble upon it, and a secret, settled, and imprisoned grief looked out from her eyes even when she was laughing most gaily; her manner that day was, I thought, more vivacious than was common to her; but, even so, her glances and her attention wandered. Once while Ashleigh was telling her some story, I saw her eyes turn and rest on Dick with a singular and sombre intentness, but even as I observed it her look caught mine watching her, and she made a motion with her head and smiled faintly at me across the flowers. "It is good to see you among us again, Geoffrey; we missed you sadly," she said, in her low, sweet, changing voice. But as the smile faded from it, her face looked worn; it was sadder and older than I remembered. Another time, her husband speaking sharply to a servant, she flushed red and started in such a way as to spill some of the wine from the glass she was holding in her hand; and although she made a jest of it a moment later, being the first to laugh at her own foolish nerves, yet from that moment she ate nothing more, as I noticed, and the colour stayed on her pale cheek like a flame.

As a rule the child Janet did not appear at our late luncheon, being at that hour somewhere about the park with her governess and her big dog. But on this occasion Clement had sent for his little girl (of whom he was extremely fond by fits and starts, although for the most part he took not much notice of her). She sat on his knee for a time, answering all Lady Milton's questions in a very pretty way; and then, her father putting her down, or growing tired of her prattle, she wandered off to Dick, whom from the first she had claimed as her special property and playfellow. And now an incident occurred, in itself so trivial as hardly to be worth mentioning, were it not for the consequences which followed.

For little Janet, leaning against the young man's arm and playing, as her custom was, with the buttons of his coat, was struck by a change in his dress which attracted her notice. "But why, cousin Richard, why don't you wear your own pretty watch any more?" she cried out very eagerly and suddenly, in the high childish treble which was distinctly audible above the hum of all the fuller voices.

Dick answered her something. "Yes, but that isn't your own watch; that's cousin Geoffrey's watch. It isn't so pretty as yours. It hasn't got little shining stones on it."

"You see, Janet, I am not such a dandy as my brother," I said laughing.

"Cousin Richard isn't a dandy. It's naughty to call him names," the child cried out, pouting. "And I know where his pretty watch is now. My father has got it. I saw it on his dressing-table, in a box; with a great, great many other pretty things. And I knew it at once by the little shining stones on the back of it. But when I asked my father, he only laughed and said it was a very good thing to have plenty of money, and he had just been shopping."

My brother's face went red, and then white to the lips. "There, my dear, that will do. Never mind about that. Look at these grapes I have got for you," he said very gently. He turned and took the little girl upon his knee. And, "I'm sure I meant no harm. What have I done, cousin Richard? Why does mama look so —so funny? Why is my father angry? —Indeed it was— it was your watch! My father told me so!" the child protested tearfully, clinging to Dick and hiding her face on his arm, so that all her long, dark, floating hair fell over his shoulder like a cloud.

Clement had not yet spoken: he looked up now, and with an unembarrassed smile. "Could you not send that *enfant terrible* of yours to her nursery, Eleanor? I can see Lady Milton thinking of Bluebeard's chamber," he added laughing; "she knows not what darker revelations may be in store, and trembles and yet longs to hear them."

"Indeed it would only appear that Mr. Ker has lost his watch, which you have found for him. But Bluebeard—Bluebeard came to a bad end in the story," Lady Milton cried out, laughing too, and tossing her little sleek round head. I don't know what Clement had been saying to her, but her cheeks were quite pink, and a gleam of something very like a milder form of coquetry shone in her eyes.

Clement smiled again. "Which I found for him—where he left it. Just so," he said in his drawling deliberate voice.

And then at last Dick turned and looked at him.

"Isn't this making a great mystery of a very small matter?" he asked quietly. "Janet is quite right about the watch; I haven't got it. I am sorry to bore you all with my private affairs, but I wanted some money, which I hadn't got either, so I sold the old watch a few days ago, to a jeweller in the town; that's the whole story. And if Clement took a fancy to buy it back, Lady Milton, I can only hope the shop-keeper was as honest as he looked, and did not make my cousin pay too highly for his fancy."

Lady Milton had listened to this with that expression on her face which many people assume on hearing of some appalling disaster—in China. "Oh—!" she said, putting back her shoulders and sitting very erect on her chair.

A few minutes later we were all standing together in front of the house to see them drive off. Her husband found time to draw me aside for a moment.

"Look here, Geoffrey," the kind fellow insisted in his earnest way; "you've got a head on your shoulders, you know. Now I want you to get Dick to leave this as soon as you can, my boy. Bring him to see me in

London. Isabel says I ought to exert my influence over him and make him go at once. I don't know what she means by influence; I asked him to join us on the yacht and he won't—the obstinate beggar!"

"He has to finish his work," I said.

"Oh, confound his work!" my lord cried out, very good-naturedly, shaking himself and beginning to button up his thick driving-coat. "If it were only the work—Settle that collar for me, will you, Geoff? there's a good fellow—Look here! I'll tell you what Gilbert Ashleigh says: he says that a well-bred woman doesn't ignore an old friend of hers in her own house for less than one of two reasons. Either she is in a rage with the man for making love to her——"

"Milton, that's absurd!"

"Just so. Or else she is in a rage with herself for wanting him to make it."

I looked down the steps at Ashleigh standing there all unconscious, and bareheaded, and smiling beside the carriage-door. "Oh, so that is what *he* says, is it?" I repeated slowly.

"Well, I've told you now, though I'll be hanged if I know whether that is what Isabel means by influence. And you have got a head on your shoulders, Geoff; Dick always says you are fifty times more clever than he is. I am not clever myself, but I know when it is time to get out of a thing. I told Isabel so this morning, and that we were just like two rats leaving a ship. But I don't think she liked it quite; queer taste women have in jokes," Lord Milton added reflectively; and the next moment he was confounding his luck for having pulled off the button from his glove.

We stood on the steps and watched them drive down the avenue. The sun was shining behind a thin diffused veil of grey cloud. The trees cast no shadows. It was the first day of October, and the air was as mild as in May. At intervals, a few large warm drops of rain fell, spotting the stones of the terrace, where the men lingered talking all together in a group. A couple of Clement's big blue Danish deer-hounds had followed the carriage out from the stable-yard; and Miss Ashleigh running down the stairs began to play with them both. The girl's quick movements, her bright dress, and the bounding dogs (with the ancient stone balustrade behind them, and beyond the long straight line of firs) made a pretty picture, and I stood there looking at it.

"I am going to practise. Come; come into the music-room with me, Geoffrey," said Eleanor, laying her hand upon my arm.

(*To be continued.*)

Triolets.

He. Eyes that are watching the fire
Over the Japanese fan,
What do you see in the pyre?
Eyes that are watching the fire,
Say, do the embers inspire
Fancies too dainty for man,
Eyes that are watching the fire
Over the Japanese fan?

She. Sir Poet, if you needs must know
My firelight dream, I thus record it:
I thought while gazing at the glow,
Sir Poet, if you needs must know,
"That bonnet that becomes me so,
I wonder if I can afford it."
Sir Poet, if you needs must know
My firelight dream, I thus record it.

I want a subject for my verse,
Ah! this it is to be a poet.
My Pegasus I can't coerce,
I want a subject for my verse.
Bright fancies through my brain disperse,
But what's the use unless I show it?
I want a subject for my verse,
Ah! this it is to be a poet.

Sweet May's the shyest little saint
(I fancy though she's growing bolder)
In Quaker garb demure and quaint,
Sweet May's the shyest little saint,
And whispers: "What an idle plaint
When *I* am standing at your shoulder!
Sweet May's the *shyest* little saint
(I fancy though she's growing bolder).

EDYTHE H. CROSS.

Summer Days in Brittany.

"The Middle Ages lasted longer in Brittany than elsewhere."—*Souvestre.*

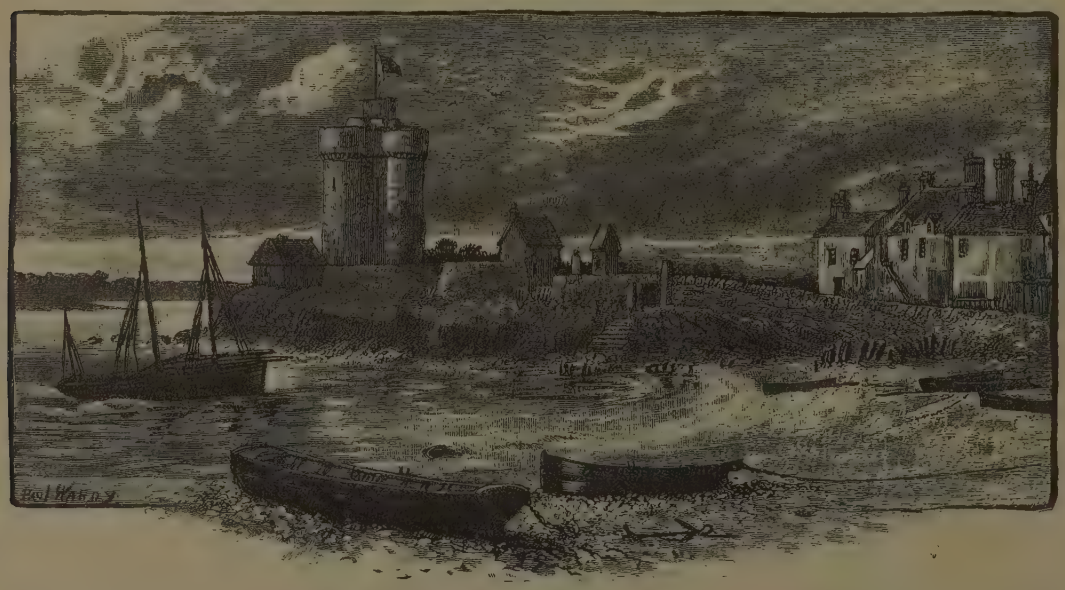
WE fear that the north-western corner of France which is still called Brittany, though now cut up into five departments, does not stand high as a place of residence in the estimation of English people. It means to them an un-get-at-able region, separated from their native shores by a usually rough passage of from twelve to fifteen hours, or a tedious railway journey of even longer duration from Paris; they believe it to be a country where the people, if picturesque, are primitive and uncivilised; where luxury is unknown, and where dirt and discomfort reign supreme—a refuge for those destitutes who are either heavily handicapped with a history of some kind, or who cannot by any possibility make ends meet at home.

These judges make an exception in favour of Dinard, and one or two other English colonies that are sanctified, as it were, by the presence of a much better class of English people; but as for Lower Brittany, they consider it quite impossible. There is some truth in this idea. Lower Brittany, which comprises the departments of Morbihan and Finisterre (the true "Brétagne brettonante" of Froissart), is a wild and dismal region; its coast scenery is grand and terrible, and inland its poor pastures, barren heaths, and bare plains, covered with menhirs, dolmens, and other Druidic remains, make it a sad and dreary place, well suited to its gloomy and melancholy inhabitants. Woe betide the English residents in those nearly inaccessible regions! There are a certain number who for their sins (literally speaking) are exiled or have exiled themselves there, and all we can say is, they certainly are receiving part of their punishment in this world.

However, between the half-savage existence that must perforce be led in Lower Brittany, and the gay life that is possible at Dinard, Paramé, and other fashionable villages on the Breton coast, there is a *juste milieu*, and this, we think, can be attained—in summer, at least—in North Brittany. Travelling in the Côtes du Nord and Ille et Vilaine is very pleasant and easily managed. In these departments the Celtic element is almost entirely wanting, the consequence being that the primitive manners and customs which make the Brittany that borders on the Bay of Biscay so unique, are replaced by French civilisation and comforts.

The country is wonderfully picturesque, and every narrow street—in town or village—seems made on purpose to be sketched. The men are not clad in the regular Breton *paysan* dress—the coat trimmed with black velvet and rows of metal buttons, wide beaver hat also trimmed with velvet and large silver buckle, long black hair streaming over the embroidered jacket, and wide baggy velveteen breeches and gaiters; but they have a much more cleanly appearance in the usual blue blouse of France.

The women, however, have not entirely discarded their former fashions; each commune has its distinguishing snowy cap or *coiffe*—some more remarkable for quaintness than beauty of shape, but others most



St. Servan.

coquettish and setting off the black eyes, black hair, and rosy cheeks of the prettier girls. The *coiffes* are always worn—indeed, it is thought quite immodest for a woman to be seen with her head uncovered; and even if they wander farther afield they remain throughout life faithful to the cap of their native village. It is possible, therefore, for an expert to name the birthplace of every woman or girl he meets. In one of these high *coiffes* of dazzling whiteness, with a bright-coloured silk shawl pinned with gold pins or brooches on the shoulders, a large silk apron with long streamers (nearly concealing the short black skirt), and immaculate shoes and stockings, a pretty peasant-girl on a fête-day looks most picturesque.

In that respect, however, she is not to be compared to her sister in Morbihan, who on the same occasion would wear a bright green gown trimmed with broad black velvet, a strange head-gear lined with scarlet, yellow, or any bright colour, and large gold cross and heart in velvet round her neck, looking altogether more like a figure of the sixteenth than of the nineteenth century.

To those capable of enjoying a new country, and marking with interest the ways of people so different from ourselves, life in Brittany is delightful.

Do not be satisfied with Dinard; it is simply a rocky promontory jutting into the sea, covered with large villas and larger hotels, inhabited by English, who have turned it into as good an imitation of a British watering-place as they can manage—who have six tennis-courts, where they practise their favourite game all day long—who during the brief season play a spurious form of roulette, and see inferior French plays at the Casino—and who bathe on the lovely sands in front of the *établissement*, in startling costumes.

Avoid also Paramé, where a monster hotel and ambitious Casino have been planted on the sea-shore by a band of speculators; it is ugly and uninteresting, though beloved by Parisian actors and actresses, who bathe, flirt, get up theatricals for any local charity, and cannot shake off the odour of the footlights.

As for Dinan, that dirty but most picturesque fortified little town, fourteen miles up the "silver Rance," no one would dream of going there who had not a history, or who was not in some way a mark for "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;" besides, an inland place is not to be thought of in summer.

In our humble opinion St. Servan combines more advantages than most places for a short residence, or for head-quarters only. It is on the right side of the bay, is handy for trains and steamers, Dinard and its gaieties are within easy reach, while St. Malo and its capital market are but two miles off; it is a most quaint and curious old place, utterly unspoilt by fashion; and last, but not least, it is amazingly cheap.

The British mind likes a few facts when £ *s. d.* is in question, and it may interest some to know how much you can do with your money in a place of that kind in Brittany. To begin with, a strawberry-coloured villa, with florid decoration outside, large public rooms filled with carved Breton furniture, and eight good bed-rooms, not to mention a fair-sized garden full of straggling fruits and vegetables, was imagined to be absurdly over-rented at 200 francs a month! The old inhabitants laughed at the idea of the *propriétaire* demanding such a sum from strangers. Not only was house-rent so moderate, but everything else was on the same scale. Flowers, fruit, and vegetables seemed given away; fresh eggs were a sou a-piece; a dish of peas cost six sous; while a piled-up dish of strawberries, sufficient for six greedy people, cost but the modest sum of twelve sous.

This pleasant state of things was not limited to food alone. The best tailor provided Monsieur with an excellent suit of clothes for 70 francs. Madame's dress-maker cost her 1 franc 50 centimes a day, and a little sour cider; but the dresses made by her fitted like a glove, and her taste amounted to genius. The *menus plaisirs* of Mademoiselle did not cost more in proportion; and Bébé bought *choux à la crême* and *éclairs au café* at the *pâtissiers* for one instead of two or four sous as elsewhere.

As for wages, English servants would be as much amused at the lowness of the scale at St. Servan as the domestics there were when told of the five meals a day necessary in the "servants' hall." The fat cook (whose *coiffe* stood a foot high and was the shape of a giant butterfly) and the little *bonne* (whose name, it goes without saying, was Marie) were never tired of hearing of such things, so different from their own frugal ways. *Jours maigres* came once or even twice a week, but even on the days when they could give free scope to their appetites, dinner, as often as not, consisted of some fried fish (*prêtres*, *guitons*, or others equally unknown to fame), a cold artichoke as *pièce de résistance*, and a little rough cider. In Normandy the retainers of a heretic are not expected to fast; they may spoil the Egyptians with no fear of the results, and the plan suits their common sense and calculating spirit perfectly. "Les Normans sont francs, mais ils ont la main crochu."

We once made an effort (on economical, not religious grounds) to induce a dear old Dieppe cook to observe the *jours maigres*, and displayed to her an almanac in which the fasts of the Church were all marked. "Madame," she replied, "le bon Dieu n'a jamais écrit ça!" In Brittany they would not miss a fast for the world, and are, of course, equally keen about the feasts. It is not wonderful this should be the case; they hold high holiday on the more important feast-days, and everything is done to please the eye and charm the imagination of a superstitious and romantic people. The Fête Dieu, in particular, is a dream of beauty. At St. Servan the narrow old streets were a blaze of colour—draperies hung from every window, and wreaths of flowers festooned the balconies. The streets themselves were the crowning glory; a mass of rose-leaves of every shade covered the whole space from pavement to pavement—arranged in patterns and devices, outlined, as it were, by green leaves. This floral carpet covered every street along which the procession passed; in front of it walked children in white, scattering more rose-leaves; a smell of attar of roses was in the air; the temporary chapels erected at intervals were a mass of growing flowers, rose-bushes, palm-trees, &c. Perhaps the

most beautiful resting-place for the procession was the temporary chapel erected on the Place St. Pierre, quite the quaintest corner of the ancient town; on three sides of the Place are tall, tumble-down old houses, their dilapidated slate roofs bright yellow with lichen; a small round church with no windows to speak of, and whose porch is a pure Saxon arch, fills up one corner; but at the end is the most lovely view across the Rance to Dinard and the Vicomté; while right below, you look down on the Tour Solidor, that well-preserved relic of the Middle Ages, in which many an Englishman was imprisoned during the Napoleonic wars in the early years of the century. It is surrounded by water on three sides; the landing-place for the Dinard steamers is now close to its gloomy old walls, and there is plenty of noise and bustle about nothing there, every half-hour, when a steamer arrives or departs.

PLACE ST. PIERRE: ST. SERVAN.

There is hardly a corner of St. Servan that would not delight an artist, and the country round is also charming, while the happy owners of a sailing-boat or a steam-launch have endless expeditions to make. If too rough to go outside, there is always the Rance as far as the lochs, and in fine weather one can get across to Sezembre or one of the many rocky islands with which the Bay of St. Malo is studded; while, with a fair wind, one can even manage Cancale in a long day. There is not very much to be seen there, except a bay full of hundreds of fishing-vessels of every size and description, and a village full of fishermen and fisherwomen; but it has a certain quaintness of its own, and a group of Cancalese cockle-gatherers — the women in petticoats hardly reaching to the knee, and with bare feet and legs, their great sacks full of cockles balanced on the head—if not pretty, is certainly curious. Mont St. Michel is, of course, *the* sight *par excellence* of these parts, and it is easy enough to go by train from St. Malo to Pontorson, only five miles from the Mount. Our party made a pleasant expedition of it, and saw more of the country by driving to Dol, making a *détour* in favour of Château Neuf. The latter place boasts a large ruin and a château belonging to the Duc d'Audiffret Pasquier, and, after some trouble, an order to visit it was obtained. We were also anxious to assist at a real Breton fair which was being held at Château Neuf. We left St. Servan at an early hour on a lovely summer morning, in an open carriage with two ragged-looking horses, harness eked out by a certain amount of rope, and a driver in a blue blouse—not exactly an elegant equipage, but only costing the modest sum of ten francs for the day, the coachman included. The drive to Château Neuf was not remarkably pretty, but enlivened, as we approached the town, by numerous groups of peasants, in holiday dress, trudging along the road, many of them driving small cows before them, some struggling with refractory pigs, or weighed down with baskets full of chickens and ducks, but all heading to the fair. We also overtook many vehicles going the same direction, mostly long carts with three or four planks set across them, and crammed with blue blouses and *bonnets blancs*.

As we drove into the village we found ourselves in a confused throng of carts and horses, cows, pigs, and

peasants, all crowded together in the narrow streets, which were still further blocked by booths for clothes and crockery, and stalls where rosaries, crosses, badges, medals, and other jewellery, at fabulously low prices, attracted a crowd of *paysannes*. There were still more solid groups of men and women round the open stands for eatables and drinkables. Sausages of all kinds, and slices of a horrid-looking cold mound of minced meat, were in great demand; and rows of peasants sat solemnly at long tables, drinking cider in silence. The quietness of such a large crowd of people struck us much; men and women looked equally solemn and serious. Even at the *carrousel* or merry-go-round the peasant-girls mounted their wooden horses as quietly as if it was the business of their lives, waited patiently till the last horse had found a rider, and then went round to some well-known tune, taking their pleasures very sadly. No young men took part in this amusement, only a circle of quiet girls in their black costumes and white *coiffes*.

Pigs were hauled, and pretty little black-and-white Breton cows were dragged, by their owners through the crowd, not seeming to look out in the least where they were going, or who might be trampled or knocked down. There was a cattle-market going on at the end of the town; but no loud voices were heard even there, and every one looked as grave as if the *fête* were a funeral.

so many French nobles—he was ruined, and sold his property to his *intendant* through whom it has come to its present owners. The place is fine, as French places go, but much neglected; and the gardens, fish-ponds, &c., are in great disrepair. The old church at the gates of the château shared the fate of the Château Neuf family, and was wrecked in the Revolution; now, owing to the poverty of the villagers, and the absenteeism of the owners of the castle, it remains bare and empty, and its few ornaments are poor and tawdry. Château Neuf to Dol is a long stage, but our lean horses and wiry driver did not seem to mind it.

Beyond the fine old cathedral at Dol, which seems strangely out of proportion to the place, there is not much to be seen in that "City of the Dead." The expression is not inappropriate, for though the shops and ancient houses buried under the low arched arcades no doubt contained the usual number of inhabitants, the streets seemed quite deserted, and grass-grown. Indeed, the grass grew even up to the great front entrance of the cathedral, and weeds flourished in the very porch.

The stately building of the thirteenth century looked a world too grand for its surroundings, and the town seemed to have shrunk away from it.

The railway-station, more than a mile from the town, looked quite modern and out of place; but a very good

CANCALESE COCKLE-GATHERERS.

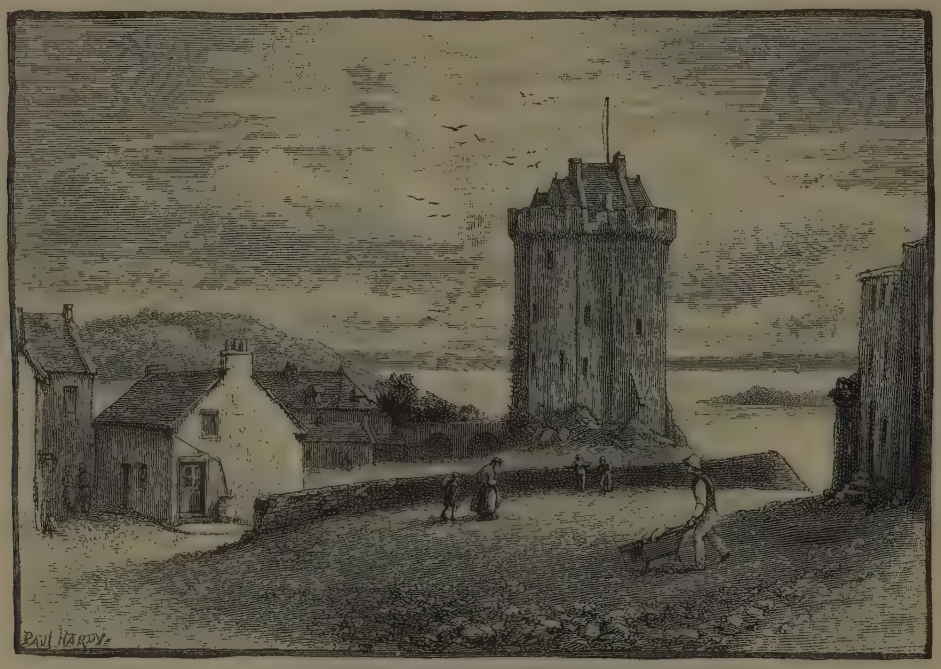
The château overlooks the village, and must have been a strong place of defence in feudal times; it is now mostly in ruins, but enough remains intact to make a home for a few weeks in summer for the present owners. Before the Revolution the Marquis de Château Neuf was a great personage in Brittany, but—like

buffet there made the time hang less heavily till the arrival of our train for Pontorson. From that place to St. Michel is only five miles across a flat country and a perfect plain of sand—everything dead level but the great Mount, which rises abruptly out of the wide expanse.

It is reached by a causeway, which was only constructed a few years ago; before that time it could only be approached at low tide, and even then not always in safety, as the sands are constantly shifting. Plenty of lives have been lost in the quicksands round Mont St. Michel. The leagues of sand on every side have a gloomy and cheerless look, and when the sun is not out, have all the appearance of grey mud. It needs the "merry blue sea" to make Mont St. Michel complete as a picture, and it is only at very high spring-tides that it surrounds its walls and makes an island of it. The Mount is encircled by ancient walls and towers, above which rise the battlements and high turrets of the castle, surmounted in their turn by the spire and pinnacles of the church, which crowns the whole.

Mont St. Michel has been so much painted and so well described that it seems almost superfluous to do so once more. Who does not know the look of that mediæval fortress from endless pictures and sketches?

As for the interior, it would take pages to describe the beauty of the cloisters, with the double row of slender granite pillars, and graceful arches, perfect after seven hundred years; the Salle des Chevaliers, a great hall full of columns placed in three rows; the church, with its beautiful Gothic architecture; and, above all, the view from the top of the castle, where, from amid a forest of buttresses and pinnacles, one can see on a fine day as far as the Channel Islands, while Brittany stretches away to the left, and a long range of Norman coast to the right.



MOUTH OF THE RANCE, ST. SERVAN.

Every one should stay a night at St. Michel, not only to take in its beauty thoroughly, but to see how primitive life can still be in some places. Our hotel was comfortable, and our dinner quite eatable; but our arched table-d'hôte room was only part of the kitchen, and as we ate we watched the food being cooked, peasants coming in and out, and all the picturesque effects of a tavern-interior by an old master. Dinner over, we wished to see our rooms, whereupon a pretty girl in wooden shoes proceeded to light an enormous old-fashioned lantern, and conducted us to the street. She clattered in front of us some little way up the narrow lane, and then we mounted a steep flight of stairs till we found ourselves, *à la belle étoile*, on the battlements. Two or three more windings, and our bedrooms were reached—nice clean rooms, though entirely isolated from the hotel, or from help in case of need.

However, that did not prevent us from sleeping soundly till six in the morning, when we were awoke by the bells of the monastery ringing for matins.

C. FAIRLIE CUNINGHAME.

Sybil's Dilemma.

By JULIA, LADY JERSEY.

CHAPTER I.

VERYBODY said Lady Courteney was charming—Sybil Courteney, as her intimate friends called her—she was very pretty, very attractive, and perfectly aware of the fascination she could exercise over most men. She was a little spoilt, perhaps, by her constant success in the world, but scarcely worldly in the sense in which that word is generally used. She was clever and very amusing, and was always ready for any impromptu dinner or party where she thought she was likely to be amused. She was therefore a general favourite, and almost as much appreciated by her own sex as by the other. In 188—, the time when this little reminiscence begins, Lady Courteney appeared to have attracted the attentions of a young man, who was her constant companion and most devoted follower wherever she went. To judge from appearances, he had fallen desperately in love with her. It would be more difficult to define her feelings towards him. It was evident she was proud of her conquest, and being fond of admiration, was flattered by the devotion of Sir William Young, who was exceedingly handsome, very distinguished-looking, tall, fair, and self-possessed. Hitherto, while partly encouraging him, she had always avoided making any serious response to his repeated professions of deep and sincere attachment. But one day he was sitting with her in the boudoir of her lovely house near Hyde Park, and Sybil could see that he appeared to be more subdued and fascinated than usual, and to be suffering from a mixture of pain and happiness. Everything showed it, his attitude, his emotion, and the sound of his voice. And yet he had tried to overcome this love, which was fast becoming a passion. This struggle did not escape Sybil's penetration; all that Sir William thought, she was thinking at the same time; and her look was sometimes encouraging, sometimes reproachful, perhaps even foreshadowing a rupture. At last, after a long silence he said, "Why do you always treat me with such unbending rigour? You are your own mistress, you are free to love me, and I love you so much—too much; why did I ever know you?"

"Oh, I am tired of that word! I hear it repeated on all sides. If I were to listen to you, you would soon get tired of me—soon forget even the way to my house!"

"Do you not believe in love?"

"Perhaps, but under certain circumstances."

Sir William pressed her to explain. It was now Sybil's turn to be embarrassed; she blushed deeply, hesitated, and occupied herself with the folds of her dress. Sir William saw his advantage and pressed her again.

"Well," she replied, "I will be frank;" but again she hesitated, seeking for some subterfuge, and at last said, "I have loved, I have even suffered; now, I have got over my feelings, I am free, happy, sought after, I have many friends; all I have to look forward to by-and-by is a husband."

Sir William bent his head, and appeared deeply hurt.

"What have I said to vex you?" said Sybil, quite unconcerned by his attitude. "You opened your heart to me, and pressed me to do the same; I have done so." And then offering him her pretty little hand, she added, "We shall remain, I hope, the same friends as before?"

He took her hand, clasped it in his own, and she felt that a tear had fallen upon it.

"You are very cruel, Sybil, but be it as you wish, only let me stay near you, be with you, and you will some day be touched by my faithful love."

Sybil got up and—without heeding his words—smilingly told him that he must now go, but that he might come to her opera box that evening at nine o'clock, "when," she said, "I will introduce you to a charming man who has been lately presented to me."

"Oh," replied he, with an accent of jealousy, "you have not told me of this before. But I will be punctual."

In the earlier part of the season, a new attaché had arrived at the French Embassy, Count Jules de Taverney. He had seen and known the world, and being above thirty, his beauty, for he was decidedly good-looking, was matured, and his experience and success in society added force to his expression. Sir William was more natural, more simple; he could not control or hide his emotions, while the Count boasted of his calmness, of his mistrust of women, and of the improbability of his again falling in love, even with a person so fascinating as Lady Courteney. She must have seen, under all this coldness, that he was not so impassive as he wished to appear, and it was this probably that tempted her to try and make his conquest. The opportunity, however, seemed unlikely to arrive; he avoided her on every occasion, and even declined to make her acquaintance, though much pressed to do so by his numerous friends.

One day, however, when he was in the diplomatic circle at the Drawing-room, looking in a desultory way at the many insignificant persons who passed before him, and when all was nearly over, Sybil made her appearance. He was so struck by the charm of her manner, and by her graceful prettiness, that he felt he could no longer resist the temptation of being introduced to her, and looked round for some one to perform the little ceremony. Lady Courteney showed neither eagerness nor pleasure when a mutual friend brought him up to her, but received him very naturally. It amused her to think that, despite all his resolutions, he had succumbed, and though he had steeled his heart against her, he could not resist the fascination of her eyes, so dark, so soft under their long lashes.

This was the beginning of the struggle between prudence and love in which he felt himself engaged. Count de Taverney knew Lady Courteney was a coquette, fond

of playing with men's feelings, untouched herself by their devotion, and therefore possessing a superior power over them. But all this counted for nothing; in his eyes he thought he was a match for her, and accepted the challenge. And so it happened that he found himself invited to her box at the opera, where Sir William was already in possession.

There is a comedy sometimes played by four persons, an actress and three actors, who adopt different names, past, present, and future. We do not go so far as the future, we will occupy ourselves with the past, Sir William Young—and with the present, M. de Taverney. We confess we are not much interested in the past, but singularly attracted by the present, and shall see, by-and-by, the development of the Count's feelings towards Sybil. He began with great prejudices against her, and a great determination not to be ensnared by her coquetry. He felt they were equally matched, and he looked forward to a flirtation which would amuse him during the remainder of the season.

Things went on in this manner for some time. Sybil was constantly in company with her two admirers, and it was difficult to guess which of them she most wished to captivate.

After the evening spent at the opera, poor Sir William felt that he was daily losing ground, but he would not give way to his rival. He became silent and depressed, while the Count, with his greater knowledge of the world and of society, amused Sybil with his anecdotes and agreeable conversation; at the same time carefully avoiding anything that might lead her to imagine he was seriously attracted towards her. He was neither more nor less gay, more nor less attentive; he was just the same as the first day he was introduced to her. This made Sybil furious, and it was now her turn to retaliate.

CHAPTER II.

In the preceding chapter of this little sketch we left Lady Courteney between Sir William Young and M. de Taverney. By degrees, from various circumstances, Sir William seemed gradually to disappear from the scene; so that the Count was left more and more confronted and almost alone with this fair woman, whom he had thought at one time that he could subdue and bend to his will.

During the course of a struggle where his energy failed him every moment, he knew too well that the weakness was on his side and all the strength on hers; and at this period of our relation, none of his former friends and associates would in him have recognised the Jules de Taverney of earlier days. His habitual coldness, his calm manner, had given rise to a nervous irritation, the strongest he had ever experienced. He passed his days without rest, his nights without sleep. Henceforth he was quite incapable of continued application to any occupation; if he took up a book, it was laid down in ten minutes; indeed, he had reached that state that he only lived in Sybil. His letters to his mother, whose consolation and support he had ever been, became every day shorter. Jules was in love, and more deeply in love than he had ever been. In his younger days—as in the life of most men—he had certainly passed through many an episode of love, some serious enough, and one of which had been fatally ended by death. But in vain he recalled to his memory any feelings of the past that could in any way resemble those from which he now suffered; the memories of the past were dumb. "To what purpose," he said to himself, "are these past years of experience and sad trials, so much natural coldness, so much reason? This same heart which bleeds still, which has been so cruelly tried in its family affections, allows itself to be overcome and to be completely dominated by the most unexpected passion!" Reflections of this kind attacked M. de Taverney from morning till night, and gave him no repose. He felt he was gradually slipping down a dangerous descent; he tried to battle against it, to struggle to regain his equanimity, and without finding, we will not say a friendly hand (he did not wish to confide his secret to any one), but some dumb object, some branch to arrest his fall. Once or twice he said to Sybil, "I do not love you;" but Sybil knew he was not speaking the truth, and paid no attention to his words. He even passed twenty-four hours, twenty-four long hours without seeing her, but the day following at the accustomed hour he called at her house, and trembled with anxiety, with impatience till he was admitted into her boudoir. There he fell on his knees, he covered with kisses the most beautiful little feet in the world, and her hands so delicate and so white, which she was slowly drawing out of her black gloves. He descended the precipice more and more rapidly, and he left more madly in love with her than when he arrived. One day, however, he had enough strength of mind left, or at least he thought he had, to make an effort to free himself from the abject state of love into which he had fallen, and of which he was ashamed. He was humiliated at feeling himself no longer a free agent, and he resolved to try a measure which in such cases is supposed to be infallible, and which he had once before, a long time ago, tried with success.

He had a letter which had formerly been written to him by a gentle and tender-hearted woman, once his lover, now a sincere friend. This letter had no date, no signature, only an initial, and that a fancy one; the writing was an ordinary English writing, with no distinctive character, and there was therefore no indiscretion, no indelicacy, and especially no imprudence in making use of it. There was almost a fortunate coincidence in asking an old friend to help him out of the danger he was in. This letter had formerly been very pleasant and dear to Jules; now it was to be useful to him—it was the branch of the tree to the drowning man.

M. de Taverney took the letter and went to call on Lady Courteney, whom he did not find alone; there were other visitors, and he entered into the general conversation, which gave him leisure to look at Sybil, and also to mature his little plan. In a short time the visitors left; need it be said that this was sufficient to make his experiment impossible? Alone with this adorable creature whose every glance pierced his heart,

his courage left him, his plan was forgotten. Jules was one of those men whose nervous nature prevents their acting upon a tête-à-tête. Give them an audience, nay, one spectator only, they are masters of themselves, impassible, and fit for the occasion, ready with their reply. Deprive them of their audience, which is their support, they lose their head, they stammer and fall at the feet of their mistress and throw far from them the mask and the costume they had assumed.

But this time fate came to Jules's assistance and sent him the opportunity he was waiting for. A friend of Sybil's called and they all began talking of an indiscretion committed by some one, on some subject, which occupied Sybil and her friends, and there had been much whispering together as to the probable name of the man or the lady who had been so indiscreet.

"Who is it?" inquired Sybil of M. de Taverney, after naming two or three persons on whom suspicions might fall, and who, whenever such stories arose, were always placed at the head of the list.

"You do not know her," answered Jules.

"But still——"

"Would you like to see her handwriting?"

Sybil got up. Jules took from his pocket the letter without name and without date, and gave it to her, quite prepared, however, to get it from her, if she showed the slightest desire to keep it. But she simply read it, gave it back again, threw herself into her arm-chair, and, addressing Jules, said in the calmest voice, words which signified, "All is over between us."

This scene, though it had only lasted a few minutes, had completely exhausted Jules's energy. He got up, bowed to Sybil, shook hands with the visitor, who was quite unconscious of what had been going on before her, and left the room.

Here upon earth we ought certainly not to look for the recompense of our actions, and if we think that tomorrow will bring us the reward of the good instincts of the day before, we shall probably be disappointed. Jules had certainly given a brilliant proof of moral courage, which in a sort of way resembled the fortitude of a man who very slowly thrusts a dagger into his heart. He had set up a struggle between reason and love, sincerely hoping that reason would triumph. Alas! once more in the history of the human heart, reason was the weaker, and Jules returned to his house more in love than ever. He threw himself on his bed and wept.

In the evening, he again tried to meet Lady Courteney—he went to a concert where he knew she was expected, but he did not see her; why did she not go to it? Was it chance or calculation on her part? He could not tell—he looked for her with an anxious feverish eye; he was pale, pre-occupied, and he soon departed to return to his dull dwelling, shedding tears of love, tears of rage—ashamed of the failure of his scheme.

He felt he was deserving of pity, but he would not ask pity from any one, yet he had near him a friend who was to be relied on, devoted and sincere; a man whose reason did not spoil his heart. He could have confided his grief to him, and in such acute misery it is a relief to be able to say, "I suffer—help me, advise me."

However, M. de Taverney had sworn to himself that he would not divulge his secret; he passed the night without sleep, the hours appearing even longer than they had appeared the preceding evening. In the morning he took a pen and wrote to Sybil. He scarcely knew what he said—but it must have been a very straightforward and unstudied letter. Many people would have said, Jules himself would have said, if he had not been so deeply in love, that under the circumstances it was the weakest letter that he could have written, and that probably Sybil had ever received.

He placed his pride at her feet, he told her in so many words, "I have tried to give up loving you and I find it is impossible. I am provoked with myself, but I adore you. It would have been more politic, more dignified, not to have confessed this—to have resigned you—to have placed an impassable barrier between us. But I cannot go away, I am chained to my profession here. I cannot escape from your all-pervading personality, from your beautiful eyes, they see everything. I am obliged to remain near you, and I adore you." He asked her to name an hour when he could call upon her—speak to her, tell her again and again what he had already so often told her—ask her pardon, for what? he did not know for what—but he begged her to let him fall at her feet and worship her. He sent the letter to Sybil, and her answer was . . . . but I shall leave it to my readers to decide what answer they would have sent—what answer their own hearts would have prompted them to write.

The Pictures of Sappho.

"WHEN the songs of Sappho are sung," says a guest in Plutarch's "Symposiacon," "I think it decent to put down my wine-cup." Perhaps nowadays it were more decent for the modern scribbler when the name of Sappho is mentioned to lay down her pen; and yet while one word, one scrap of ancient evidence is still untold, surely a woman may write it for the reading of women.

In the ancient world Sappho stands alone. It has been truly said that the Greek heroine is great *in relation*, and greatest in those relations which are simplest, most elemental; greatest as wife, mother, sister. Such are Alcestis, Antigone, Electra, and the like. There are not wanting those who would go further, and turn ancient and undoubted facts into modern and most precarious principles—"ces principes lesquels ne peuvent être que stériles et faux, par cela même qu'ils sont des principes, c'est à dire des idées reputées certaines et immuables en ce monde où l'on n'est sûr de rien." Nor are there wanting others who hold a less conservative faith, who see—far off, it may be—the dawning of a new day, who look for a new woman's world, pure-womanly, and yet wherein dwelleth freedom even and individuality. It is happily not my task to weigh in the balance these two faiths, each held reverently, and each waiting the answer of time. I have only to look backward, and point to one great exception even to ancient rule, to one bright, particular star who dared to shine with unreflected light.

For English readers, from the point of view of literary testimony, Mr. Wharton, in his little book published not many years back, has collected all that tradition tells us of Sappho. His work is executed with complete and reverent care; he has left nothing untold. Better still, one poet in modern days has understood her, and, as he himself avows, has "striven to cast his spirit into the mould of hers;" so, from within and without, as it were, we have every appliance for her apprehension. There is, however, one humble tribute to the fame of Sappho which poet and prose-writer alike pass by. Yet, because the tribute is the work and the offering of Greek hands, it seems to me worth at least a passing thought, worth at least as much attention as the ribald stories of late comedians scrupulously preserved by obscure commentators. I mean the small series of Greek vase-paintings in which Sappho is represented. In all biographies of Sappho it is customary to note that the Lesbians had her image engraved upon the coins of Mytilene, "though she was a woman," as Aristotle says in his chilly way. Also it is usual to enumerate, if perfunctorily, the ancient notices of statues made in her honour. So far as I am aware, no one, except the professional archæologist, takes account of her image on vase-paintings. It is the sole object of the present paper to call attention to these representations.

The first is from a *kalpis* (water-jar) in the collection —a collection little known—of the Comtesse Dzialinsky, in Paris. It is black-figured on a red ground—a piece of fifth century B.C. work. To this early vase-painter Sappho is simply a Muse, "the tenth, the Lesbian;" if he had not, with careful intention, written her name by her side, we should never have known that she was not one of the Nine, or even a mere mortal, lyre-playing maiden. The name is written, as she herself would have said it in Æolic, "Psapho." She is the sole pictured decoration of the vase. She seems to be moving swiftly forward, just about to strike the first chord to prelude the song which, with measured gestures, she is about to sing. This vase is little more than a century later than Sappho's death. It seems to bring us very near her, if only by the conception of a somewhat rude craftsman.

Fig. 1.—SAPPHO (FIFTH CENTURY)

In this first vase she is alone. In the next (Fig. 2) there stands in her presence a poet, well-nigh her peer, and yet her reverent worshipper —Alcæus. Both figures

are inscribed, and inscriptions and drawing alike date the vase some thirty years later than the Dzialinsky design. This second vase is of peculiar shape, a kind of *krater* (mixing-bowl); it is red-figured, and now stands in the Museum at Munich. Looking at the picture—Alcæus, with bowed head, shamefast before Sappho—it is impossible to forget that tradition tells us how, once on a time, the poet spake to her thus: "Violet-wearing, pure, soft-smiling Sappho, I fain would say somewhat, but shame forbids me." And she made answer in her straight manner, somewhat sternly, in maiden fashion, "Hadst thou felt desire for things good or noble, and had not thy tongue framed some evil speech, shame had not filled thine eyes, but thou hadst spoken honestly about it." Tempting though it is to connect the vase-painting with this tradition, I do not think any such juxtaposition was intended by the painter. The full reasons are too long for enumeration; it may suffice to say that to depict any moment so definite is foreign to the manner of the vase-painter of this date. Rather the presence of Alcæus is a symbol, as it were, of the high estate of Sappho: the next in honour reveres her, therefore she is shown to be most honourable. The painter, accustomed only to profile drawing, has ventured too boldly on a three-quarters view of Sappho; the result is disastrous. On the reverse of the vase, it may be noted, is a scene very similar in composition: a youth doing honour to Dionysos—on the one side homage to song and woman, on the other to wine.

It is, perhaps, scarcely necessary to say that in these vase-paintings there is no attempt at portraiture. Tradition says Sappho was not beautiful; she was small and dark. It does not seem much to matter. She had some spell which drew both men and maidens to worship her; that is enough. The Greeks, who knew so much about the hidden things of love, knew this also: that not always the most lovely women are either most loving or most loved. As the ancient song says:—

> "It is not love to love a lovely face,
> And take a shrewd eye's measure of desire;
> Love is to love where beauty hath no place,
> To feel the kindling madness break on fire.
> This, this is burning passion; taste bestows
> On all alike the love of comely shows."
>
> *Anth.* 89, A, B.

Be that as it may, it is not to the vase-painter that we must look for details of personal appearance.

Fig. 2.—SAPPHO AND ALCÆUS.

But though it was fitting that the poet should do her homage, the world she loved the best was, after all, a woman's world; and so, in another vase-painting, we may see Sappho is seated in the midst, her girl friends and her disciples around her. She will read to them, and they will listen intent, and one of them will crown her. On the roll is clearly written the fragment of a verse, undoubtedly one of her own. I once heard a great Cambridge scholar, whose fervent imagination made him revere with peculiar sympathy Sappho's verses, say, "I would give all the old Greek pots in the world for one new line of Sappho." One of the old Greek pots has returned him blessing for his cursing; the fragment written on the scroll in Sappho's hand is nowhere else preserved.

Looking at the inscriptions that give names to Sappho's maidens, disappointment is inevitable. We

think to see Atthis, whom Sappho loved "long since in old time, overpast;" or, perhaps, Gorgo—Gorgo the over-fond, the too clinging, of whom swift-spirited Sappho was soon "full weary;" or Dika, "skilled in weaving coronals;" or perhaps she whom we know the best—Anactoria. Instead, we have two maidens unknown to fame, Nikopolis and Kallis. Whatever the names they bear, they bring back to us a lovely and pleasant phase of Lesbian life, a society where women were free to live, free to know, and not only just such things as should render them serviceable, but all things—to the uttermost. These Lesbian women had their clubs, in which they developed to the full that peculiar form of social enjoyment which comes to women from the society of women only, an enjoyment that supplements, nowise supplants, their enjoyment of the society of men. These Lesbian clubs and societies met, not for the discussion of domestic machinery—a thing permissible and even laudable, yet scarcely stimulating—but for the keen and emulous culture of the arts. This social instinct between women and women has for centuries been well-nigh dead; how should they care to meet and talk when they had nothing, or but two things to talk of? two for the middle classes—economy and husbands; two for the upper—fashion and scandal; interesting for five minutes, bearable for ten, wearisome exceedingly—saving the last—for fifteen. But the true social instinct among women is reviving, thanks largely to the impulse of collegiate life. It is possible now to ask a dozen women to meet without the melancholy conviction that one half will bore, and the other be bored. Women, we are told, are not clubbable. Well, who knows? They *were* in Sappho's days. One thing is certain, a woman who does not know the joy of meeting a chosen few, her college friends, her own elect, at a well-appointed feast (Sappho herself loved "things delicate"), has a fine sensation yet to try. It is a joy that man, with his keener and healthier *flair* for pleasure, has ever been careful to secure, this privilege to keep some social unions for his own sex alone. And most reasonably. Between man and woman there is and must be ever that mysterious and all-pervading thing, that barrier—or rather most intimate bond—of diversity, which we label sex. The very magnetism that draws has power also to paralyse; the very charm that inspires speech can, in a moment, confound its freedom. Strife between man and woman, even in words, is a graceless, and, save for the lightest parrying, should be an impossible thing; between man and woman there is no "give and take;" each must give all, and though friendship is possible, *camaraderie* stands for ever forbidden—by a thousand beautiful conventions from within, not from without. So for *camaraderie*—for all absolute relaxation of social strain—for all keen unflinching conflict of wits, we will do as the Lesbian women did, have our women's clubs.

But Sappho's song is waiting. She is bending eagerly forward, scanning the words written on the roll; the keen attitude is very noticeable. Kallis is holding the lyre, Nikopolis waits to crown her mistress. "It is the mark of an ill-bred woman not to know the verse of Sappho." I would we were all, nowadays, as learned in things worth knowing as Kallis and Nikopolis. Only one line of the song is left us, "I begin to sing other air-like words." The loss is hard to bear; those "air-like words" were surely such as would "strike and sting the memory in lonely places, or at sea, among all loftier sights and sounds, akin to fire and air, being themselves all air and fire."

This picture of Sappho is from the finest of the Sappho vases, and it is preserved in the collection at Athens. The figures are roughly drawn, details neglected—witness the right hand of Sappho; but the whole composition is full of the grand manner of the contemporaries of Euphronios, and all the faces have the proud full lips and strongly emphasised chins of that date.

In the next vase-painting (Fig. 3) Sappho is alone. Again she holds a roll in her hand, but she holds it far off from her, and she looks absently away, and towards her is coming in swift flight a winged messenger, a love-god, sent by the Fates to plague her. He holds a wreath in his hand; he, too, will crown her; but over his head is written a name strange for a love-god: Talas—wretched, hapless. I have not been able to examine the original inscription of this vase personally, but if it be rightly read, it is difficult to avoid the supposition that the vase-painter knew the legend of Sappho's unhappy love. Tradition says she loved the beautiful young fisherman, Phaon; he, once on a time, had ferried Aphrodite across the strait, and would take no fee, and she gave him for guerdon such grace and beauty that all women, when they beheld him, loved him; and some say that he knew a strange sea-herb, with which he enchanted Sappho. If the story be not true, it is at least *ben trovato*. It was like the strong, wayward woman to love *as* she chose, waiting for no man's bidding; it was like her to love *where* she chose, and to choose the fair young fisherman, with only his face for fortune; and most like of all to say to him, in her straight, simple fashion, "Stand face to face, friend, and unveil the grace of thine eyes."

Fig. 3.—SAPPHO.

But Phaon scorned her love. What should he, the "son of sorcerers and seas," know of such love as Sappho's? And, bidding him farewell, we fancy that she turned and said such words as these:—

Fig. 4.—THE CONTEST OF THAMYRIS.

"Thy spirit is soft and sweet. I well believe
Thou wouldst, but well I know thou canst not grieve;
The tears like fire, the fire that burns up tears,
The blind, wild woe that seals up eyes and ears,
The sound of raging silence in the brain,
That utters things unutterable for pain;
The thirst at heart that cries on death for ease,
What knows thy soul's live sense of pangs like these?"

And thereafter she cast her down into the cold sea, and found healing and quiet; and so only might she find it, for hers was "that violence of affection between one and another which hardens into rage and deepens into despair."

We like to think of her dying so — "a cunning craftsman in the art of death" — but one wretched lexicographer says she married a well-to-do merchant, bore him a daughter, and lived to a good old age. We cannot think of her growing old; once, indeed, she speaks of herself as "somewhat more old," but that is only when she bids a younger man not love her to his hurt. The vase-painters know best; they paint her always young. The gods loved her, and they took her to dwell with them. There, in their great society, we find her next.

The fourth vase in which Sappho appears gives a larger and more ambitious composition. The drawing is taken from an *aryballos*, a form of oil-flask. Where this *aryballos* now is, is not known. A drawing was fortunately made before the vase was lost, and this drawing is preserved in the Archæological Museum at Berlin. There is always a chance, and a good chance too, that a vase thus lost may reappear in some private house, or small, little-visited collection, either at home or abroad, and if any reader of THE WOMAN'S WORLD should come across the present *aryballos* she would do good service, both to art and science, by making it known.

The main subject of the design is the contest of Thamyris and the Muses. Thamyris, the mythical Thracian bard, sits in the centre, insolent, defiant. In mythology Thamyris is a sort of foil to the pious Orpheus who dwells for ever among the blessed in Hades. Thamyris, for his arrogance, is struck blind, and for ever accursed. To the right Apollo, never much in favour of a rival minstrel, stands aloof, carrying his sacred laurel-branch. About, in various graceful but rather mannerised, and in vase-paintings conventional attitudes, are grouped the Muses; no trouble is taken to adhere to the canonical number.

It is the group to the right that interests us. Highest of all, seated with a love-god on her shoulder, is Sappho; only three letters of her name remain, but these are enough. Below her is seated a goddess who can be none other than Aphrodite; near her stand two symbolic love-gods. The figures of Sappho and Aphrodite are pleasantly linked by a nameless maiden, no doubt one of Sappho's disciples. One arm she rests on Sappho's knee; her right hand is outstretched to take a bird from the hand of the boy Eros. Two other maidens or Muses end the composition; one grasps a roll and turns to listen to Thamyris, the other seems about to begin a rival song.

This vase-painting is last in date (about the middle of the fourth century B.C.) and, so to speak, final in thought. Not that it is the finest of the series; on the contrary, it is by very much the poorest. The drawing is less strong and less original, the meaning less precise and less full in intention. And yet it tells just what the others left uncertain. Sappho is here among the company of the immortals, Aphrodite, Apollo, the Muses; she herself forecast her immortality.

"Men, I think, will remember us hereafter."

It is the woman who knows not the Muses, who must die and cease. To such a one she says :—

> "Thee, too, the years shall cover: thou shalt be
> As the rose born of the same blood with thee,
> As a song sung, as a word said, and fall
> Flower-wise, and be not any more at all,
> Not any memory of thee anywhere;
> For never Muse has bound above thine hair
> The high Pierian flowers, whose graft out-grows
> All summer kinship of the mortal rose,
> And colour of deciduous days, nor shed
> Reflex and flush of heaven above thine head."

But for herself—

> "I, Sappho, shall be one with all these things,
> With all high things for ever."

I said that the other vases left this point of the immortality of Sappho uncertain; not, however, to those acquainted with these vase-traditions. It is an odd and significant fact that vase-painters delight to depict scenes from daily life, delight also to tell the legends of mythology; but as for history (history which has the virtue neither of the actual nor the ideal, though it may be it has its own proper merit common to neither), we look in vain for Pericles, Alcibiades, Demosthenes, or any other great historical name. The only historical personages to whom the vase-painter extends his grace are those about whose heads the halo of mythology has gathered to transfigure and beautify; and such instances may be counted on the fingers. These simple vase-painters loved human life, they loved also faith and fancy; but as for depicting history, the chronicle of things past yet not glorified, they will have none of this. A temper of mind so peculiar will always either strongly attract or repel

But to end with Sappho. In this last vase she is among the immortals—at peace. "After the first outcome or outburst of foiled and fruitless passion recoiling on itself, after this the spirit finds time to breathe and repose, above all vexed senses of the weary body, all bitter labours of the revolted soul; the poet's pride of place is resumed, the lofty consciousness of invincible immortality in the memories and the mouths of men." Yes, but this is not the thought of the vase-painter. He gives her no symbol to mark her as *Muse.* It may be mere carelessness, but it would have been easy to add a scroll or a lyre. In vase-paintings of this late and mannered type, it is easy to read into a design more than the painter ever meant; but none the less the fact is noticeable even if it be accidental. She turns her head, averse, not listening to Thamyris, her gaze sequestered in the love-god's face. She sings no more

> "Songs that move the heart of the shaken heaven."

Sorrow and song alike are laid aside; she has drank of the waters of death.

> "And they that drink know nought of sky or land,
> But only love alone."

JANE E. HARRISON.

"People's Kitchens" in Berlin.

IN a recent number of the *Nineteenth Century* a plea was urged for the establishment of a "Kitchen College" where girls of the working class might graduate and obtain honours, not only in the science of cookery, but in all branches of house-work. Some such stimulus is much needed to raise the standard of domestic service, and to give it more worth and dignity in the eyes of a generation of girls now leaving our Board schools, excellently equipped for clerks, teachers, or book-keepers, but of necessity untrained in the use of the broom and pail. A college such as has been suggested might perhaps be attached to the excellent cookery classes which have now been opened by a philanthropic association in buildings attached to our Board schools. At these centres we may find a score of happy, busy little maidens, each school morning and afternoon, peeling potatoes, chopping vegetables or suet, mixing, stirring, rolling out, and pinching up, under the careful eye of a qualified instructress. At Great Wild Street school the older girls from a group of neighbouring schools attend—a different set each morning and afternoon during the school week—about two hundred can thus be taught at one centre. While half are cooking, the rest, seated at desks, are making neat little abstracts of the dinner, recording for future use how much flour, suet, and meat goes to a mutton-pie, the cost of each ingredient being set down and the whole added up. Pleasant monographs of an Irish stew, a gooseberry turnover, or a household pudding are neatly written out and correctly spelt, to be kept as family receipt-books by these busy little housewives. The good things they have helped to make may be bought at the end of the lesson and carried home by these small cooks, who often have commissions from smaller brothers in school to invest a halfpenny for them in this way. Pots and pans, bake-board and rolling-pin, are kept scrupulously clean, and hands are washed thoroughly in a scullery flowing with soap and water close by.

As the present writer occasionally watches this cheery little company troop off at midday, strange possibilities float through her mind. She recalls an institution in the German capital so much akin to these cooking schools, that she fondly dreams that they may one day develop in some such direction.

The following attempt to describe the "people's kitchens" or cheap restaurants of Berlin is meant for those who may not be familiar with such good institutions in the Fatherland.

The *Volkskuchen Verein* exists to supply working people with good nourishing dinners at the smallest *remunerative* cost.

Now, it is scarcely necessary to remind English readers that their kinsman the Teuton is endowed with "an infinite capacity for taking pains." With-

out, perhaps, endorsing the dictum of the Sage of Chelsea, who thus defined genius itself, we have to confess that Germany owes not only her success in the peaceful concerns of life, but very largely also her present military supremacy, to that patient attention to small details, together with an indomitable perseverance in carrying them into effect, which characterises her sons.

Such "staying" qualities are very evident in the guidance of those associations which have been organised throughout the Fatherland for the benefit of the working classes. The foresight, thrift, and patience which combine to afford a well-cooked and sufficient meal to the road-maker, the bricklayer, or the mechanic of Berlin, might help to guide those amongst us who long to see the London workman better fortified against the temptations of the public-house.

The needful demolition of whole districts of poor dwellings in the congested heart of our metropolitan industries, is forcing the artisan to seek lodgings for his family in the suburbs, while his work is only to be found in St. Giles's. The recent clearance of small houses for the construction of Shaftesbury Avenue is said to have unhoused 1,500 persons in one parish alone. At first these poor people were huddled away in cellars, rents rising in proportion to the crowding; but the timely erection of blocks of workmen's houses at Hampstead and elsewhere, inspires the hope that what at first appeared to be a great hardship, may result in benefit to the children thus forcibly removed into fresher air and cleaner rooms.

All along our great thoroughfares we may daily see men huddled together during the dinner hour under shelter of an uptilted cart. Few are near enough to their homes to enable wife or child to bring them such a savoury little morsel as that of which Trotty Veck in Dickens's immortal story was deprived by his self-righteous patron. The day-labourer has generally to be content with what dinner he can carry in his pocket. Is it surprising that he is sometimes tempted to wash down that dry morsel with a glass of gin at the ever-hospitable "public" hard by? Is it strange if, feeling the temporary exhilaration thus given to his tired frame, he is sometimes tempted to drink a second or a third glass, to the sad detriment of both work and temper, and to the cruel injury of the family cupboard?

In Berlin things are better managed for him, and in this connection let me say that during a visit of three weeks to Berlin in December, 1885, I did not once see an intoxicated person, though often walking home from concert or opera after ten o'clock at night. There he can get a comfortable dinner for a sum varying from 1½d. to 2½d. at one of the fifteen "kitchens" or restaurants now existing in all parts of the city. He can meet his comrades in a comfortable well-warmed room, and rest, and look at the paper, while he eats his mid-day meal. During the winter visit to Berlin just alluded to, I had the satisfaction of visiting some of these coffee-houses under the kindly guidance of Fräulein Olga Morgenstern, the daughter of Lina Morgenstern, their founder. Frau Morgenstern was then suffering from inflammation of the lungs, an ailment but too prevalent in Berlin during the winter months when the wind is dry and cutting. She kindly gave me a copy of the last edition of her manual on the subject of food for the people, with permission to use it for the benefit of English friends; I have ventured to condense the substance of some portions of this book, in the hope that the information it contains may prove useful and suggestive.

The "people's kitchens," founded in the year 1866 by Frau Lina Morgenstern, are not merely self-supporting; they are based on such sound economical principles, and are administered with such prudence and zeal, that a sum is yearly added to the capital and to a sick fund, while new branches are frequently established, and old servants pensioned.

Germany was visited by two terrible scourges in the year 1866. The war with Austria was followed by an epidemic of Asiatic cholera, and then it was that Frau Morgenstern set herself to form a committee for the discussion of a scheme she had carefully thought out for bettering the condition of the working classes. This, she judged, might best be done by giving them "cheap, wholesome, nutritive, and palatable food, at the lowest possible price," which, while improving their condition, would in no degree destroy or even lessen their sense of honest independence.

"The well-to-do classes," she said, "owe much to the hard-working, self-respecting, often sorely oppressed artisan, whose strong arm upholds the whole fabric of the state. They may afford to devote a little time and money to the organisation of a Society which must be free of all taint of alms-giving, while it promotes the health, sobriety, and morality of the people by affording them the best food at the lowest price." She reminded her fellow-citizens that the only compensation they could make to their less fortunate fellow-beings for the painful inequalities existing between man and man, was by bringing their better culture and intelligence to bear on such schemes as might be likely to mitigate the rigour of the lives of the poor. She entreated them even on prudential grounds to try to effect this, reminding her hearers that pestilence as surely follows in the train of famine as do riot and political upheavals, and that thus the whole community suffers when the claims of the necessitous are neglected.

The good Berliners responded to this appeal generously, and a sum of 13,078 marks (£650) was very soon subscribed towards the "plant" and preliminary expenses connected with the enterprise. No further subscription has ever been required. In the course of fifteen years the capital had grown to the amount of 67,653 marks (about £3,280), while fifteen "kitchens," each supplying from 300 to 500 workmen with a daily mid-day meal at a rate varying from 1½d. to 2½d. a head, were in full working order.

The name of Professor Virchow, so well known in connection with the illness of the Emperor Frederick III., appears amongst others on the first central committee formed by the Association; local committees were formed for the management of each restaurant as it was established, each branch committee being represented at

the central council by its chairman, secretary, and treasurer. At one time a split seemed likely to occur owing to the desire of certain members to exclude women from the management of work so peculiarly suited to them; but the difference of opinion on this subject was happily smoothed over, and at present women take an active part in all branches of the work and its direction. Each local committee has fourteen honorary members, exclusive of its office-bearers, three or four of whom, taking it by turns, are present daily to assist in selling the dinners, keeping the cash, and taking account of and putting away the surplus supplies cooked at each restaurant.

It is the function of these ladies and gentlemen to ascertain that the buying of the provisions is done economically and well, and that the cooking and blending of the ingredients is so slowly and judiciously carried out as to extract all possible nutriment, while the flavouring is such as to render the food palatable as well as wholesome.

Though claiming for her own Society the merit of being the first self-supporting Association of its kind in Germany, Frau Morgenstern bears ample testimony to the efforts of those who had preceded her, working in a similar direction. She tells us that towards the end of the last century an American gentleman, Benjamin Thompson by name, settling at the Bavarian Court, exerted himself so generously on behalf of the poor that he received the title of Count from the Elector. Count Rumford's soup was then known to the philanthropic all over Germany, where his soup-kitchens were established in many of the cities. His successors, Habrel and Agestorff, opened coffee-houses or restaurants in the principal industrial centres of Germany, but it remained for Lina Morgenstern to place these institutions on a sound and self-supporting basis. "When divested," she says, "of all pauperising elements, when established as co-operative unions between the two classes, they tend to materially improve the condition of the poor without depriving them of their independence. They aim at helping the self-respecting workman who would sooner starve than take alms from a fellow-man."

Placing ourselves under the guidance of Fräulein Olga Morgenstern one cold December morning two years ago, my friend and I descended a short flight of stone steps out of the frosty air into a fragrant atmosphere of dinner —not the acid or messy smell which greets the nostrils occasionally about twelve o'clock in a German town, but a thoroughly appetising odour. We paused at the foot of the stairs to buy a couple of metal tokens from the young lady occupying a little kiosk, or office, at the entrance. These tokens are of different values, from a penny up, according to the number of portions desired. Then we proceeded up the long flagged dining-room, with its clean, sanded floor, rows of tables covered with American cloth, and bright, fresh walls, adorned with a frieze of "wise saws" and homely proverbs, above the long row of coats and hats which draped it. The tables were already filled with well-clad, quiet-looking workmen, plying knives and forks and spoons busily while talking to neighbours and glancing at the paper; others were going to the buffet to bring plate or basin. A table is placed across the end of the room, behind which three pleasant-looking young ladies were exchanging metal tokens for basins of thick soup, plates of pudding, and of cabbage topped by a slice of ham (raw ham, O ye novices who may not know that this is considered a delicacy among all classes in the Fatherland). Baskets piled with tempting little rolls, costing a pfenning each, stood near (a pfenning counts for rather more than half our farthing), and this was sweet, wholesome bread, such as any one might wish to eat.

The men dine in friendly groups, seasoning the meal with cheerful talk, kept pure and pleasant, doubtless, by the presence of the young ladies serving behind the bar, or crossway table which divides the dining-room from the kitchen proper. This kitchen, with its huge coppers and boilers, its piles of white earthenware, and its busy cooks, is behind this bar. The food has been stewing and simmering here since early morning. Next to the judicious chemical admixture of nutritive substances, the slow cooking of these dinners is the point most dwelt upon by Frau Morgenstern. The paid cooks and market-women must be on the spot by six o'clock even on a winter morning; the vegetables, meat, &c., must be bought before that hour. I could not discover that food is cheaper in Berlin than it is in London; in fact, meat is sometimes a little dearer in the former capital. The secret of the financial success of these restaurants seems to lie in the attention to trifles, and the patient ordering, mixing, and cooking of well-combined ingredients, while absolutely nothing is wasted or destroyed. Bones from which all soupy extract has been drawn are ground down, and help to make soap for the use of the establishment; the refuse and skins of potatoes are sold for fodder; the very droppings of the potato-steamers are utilised, and serve to thicken sauces in the shape of potato-starch.

Thus all wages can be paid and a sum set aside for pensioning old servants, while the reserve fund increases year by year, and is applied to the opening of new "kitchens" as the need for them arises. The foregoing is a very meagre sketch of this excellent institution, progressing cheerily as it does under the "protection" of the Dowager-Empress Augusta. This kind lady takes so lively an interest in its progress, that not long ago she was carried down, suffering and infirm as she has latterly been, to see with her own eyes how a recently opened "kitchen" was arranged. There is a cooking school attached to the central institution, and here dinners of a more elaborate kind are provided for ladies who may have to earn their bread by teaching, &c. An excellent dinner (soup, meat, and sweets) may here be had for about sevenpence. Any one may go in, as we did, and dine comfortably here for this modest sum.

Let us hope that one day some enterprising lady, following in the footsteps of Frau Lina Morgenstern, may evolve out of the existing cookery schools now attached to our Board schools, such a generally beneficent system of cheap restaurants as has now been described, however slightly.

DOROTHEA ROBERTS.

Out-door Costumes for Spring Wear

April Fashions.

By Mrs. JOHNSTONE.

ENGLISH women of our time take a prominent part in most of the social questions of the hour. That they do not exercise a more beneficial influence in matters appertaining to dress, which so peculiarly come within their province, results from ignorance of what Thomas Carlyle was pleased to call the "dismal science," and of much besides. The national welfare is promoted by prosperous internal trade, and every effort made to increase our productive powers in textile fabrics brings money into the pockets of those who sorely need it. At last Spitalfields looms are busy, successfully manufacturing the best copies of the Louis XV. and XVI. brocades—intricate in weaving, exquisite in colour, with floral designs scattered over stripes and fancy woven grounds. Manchester has many looms working from morning to night on the useful Surah and serge twill silks, which this year show stripes of many varieties both of design and colour.

One of the newest features in fashion are the toiles de soie imprimées, viz., the thin make of silk like foulard, printed all over with designs. The grounds are plain, the patterns light and sparse. If the foundation is cream, the printing is in colours; if of a dark tone, the design is white. Wild flowers, grasses, spots, lines, and geometric patterns are introduced, but almost always far apart. These are all printed in England with blocks, an industry in which we excel, and far superior for such purposes to the roller-printing, which is apt to impoverish the materials. Our English trade is on the increase, but it would be still better extended if before going further afield buyers would exercise more faith in home productions, and see what can be had here. The workman must have his fair wage, sufficient to enable him to live, and manufacturers will learn in time to content themselves with smaller profits, on the same scale as the foreign producer. Thus employer and employed will benefit.

But à propos of these toiles de soie, which commend themselves for their cheapness, durability, and good appearance: dark blues, greens, petunias, browns, and red printed on white make useful every-day dresses; these with light grounds are suited for demi-toilette and

garden parties. Poplinette is a kindred material and may be similarly treated, but it is firmer, with a more tenacious thread and a coarser cord. It is made up over plain silks. Take, for example, an under-skirt of heliotrope silk, full, with no pleatings, pinkings, or flouncings at the hem, which, by the way, is often lined up half a yard deep with horse-hair, a plan followed even when the skirt is arranged in box-pleats. Over this is draped the poplinette edged with lace and a couple of rows of two-inch-wide ribbon, so that one side of the skirt is seen from the waist, trimmed with horizontal rows of guipure, the principal tone heliotrope, relieved and accentuated by an admixture of copper, gold, and steel tinsel thread. The bodice is simply gathered back and front on the shoulders and at the waist, opening in front to show a vest of plain silk cut on the cross and joined down the centre with pointed rows of the passementerie, a few inches apart, covering the silk, which ends in a point at the waist. The skirt drapery is so arranged that it is fastened at the side and back on to the bodice, giving the appearance of the two being cut in one, which is among the newest styles this spring. The sleeves are cut on a new principle, tight from wrist to elbow, of heliotrope silk, the poplinette full on the shoulders and ruffled to the elbow, like the long gloves in Queen Anne's time.

If the caterers of fashion are true in their predictions, this is to be a silk year, and to meet the demand good silks may be bought at reasonable prices. Tussore silk has been utilised, but not in any way that it is recognisable, for the term has come to be associated in our minds with raw silk, whereas it is only to be detected by the experienced eye as a groundwork for gauze and velvet stripes and other styles.

Demi-tones are the rule; greys, creams, beige, and tints which seem to run into each other—brown-tinged pinks, and brown-tinged reds. The most vivid tints are such greens as pomme or pistache, known also as Marjolaine; and écorce, like the bark of a moss-covered tree. Arab is a subdued red; salmon, mastic, and Gobelin, with garnet-red, rival each other, and accord well with this Directoire fever, due, it is said, to Mme. Bernhardt's success in *La Tosca*.

What a ridiculous despotism is fashion, and how much of it depends upon chance! The carelessness of a workman in mixing lead by mistake in certain vats, produced a red tint which has held its own for a long while; and just now a reddish heliotrope, which is being rapidly accepted, owes its origin to a failure in dyeing. When the goods were delivered in this hue they were refused, and subsequently sold under cost price; now this same tint cannot be produced fast enough. A mistake of another kind introduced the cotton-backed satins. And yet women of culture consent to be blindly guided by the draper and the dressmaker!

These last-named people are our authority for saying that velvet is to be superseded, possibly because Germany is one of the chief producers, and France prefers to encourage her own industries, and she still arbitrates for most of Europe in matters of dress. Nevertheless, velvet plays an important part in mixed materials, used in combination with plainer stuffs and for trimmings. A vieux rose faille forms the ground for quarter-inch stripes an inch apart in velvet of the same tone blended with darker shades to resemble a cable-pleat. Fancy woven silk stripes are divided by satin ones, with a velvet garland of a darker tone upon them; and a delicate Nil serge silk has line velvet stripes in dark green, bordered each side with pea-spots to match. Young girls' gowns are much trimmed with fancy stuffs having velvet tufts, dots, and stripes in two tones, which give solidity. The combinations as to colour are excellent, such as grey and chaudron, fire-red and cream, and so on.

If the prophets prophesy truly, we are to have a warm summer, but that is a month or two in prospect; meanwhile neither April nor May are usually characterised by much warmth, and woollen goods are in demand. Plain cloths with pinked edges, a second pinking of cream or a contrasting hue placed beneath the first, will be worn still, well into summer; though there are many and more spring-like fabrics than cloth—foulés, tweeds, cashmeres, and beiges, with newer names; but they may all be classed under these generic terms. When not plain they are nearly all striped, but the mania for shot effects has made itself felt, even in woollens, and often the stripes themselves or the ground are of two colourings, so interwoven as to produce one tone. Speckled grounds are much worn, and when these do not display stripes they are strewn sparsely with a Jacquard flower woven of one tone in silk. But these exceptional brocades only prove the rule as regards stripes. Cream-grounded twills have wide stripes alternately light and dark, of grey, of red, or some other tone, while on a grey ground the reddish-brown Campana stripes about two inches wide are thrown. These are not so original as the fancy silk stripes four inches wide, like a fancy ribbon laid on, an idea to be observed even in the most costly silks and moires, which have satin stripes, with picot edges. Wider woollen interwoven stripes of darker tone than the ground, are of Arabian or Mauresque designs, inspired often by the Arabic letters, which are thrown together with a studied carelessness. Anything in the present fashions which is grotesque would seem to be of Moorish origin.

A season or so ago, dressmakers began to make use of the coloured selvedges which edge many cloths, and to turn them to account for trimmings. The manufacturer has borne this in mind, and now voiles, viz., nun's veilings, and many other woollen stuffs show borders, generally tape-like and some two inches broad, of a different tone from the material. When these fabrics are employed for draping, they are used lengthwise, the border towards the feet, necessitating no joins, but very skilful treatment. No word-painting can bring before the mind's eye the careless folds in which they are made to fall, always gracefully, and never twice alike, when treated by practised hands. Alpacas, that wear well and look well to the last, have been brought out with stripes shaded as is the fashion now, and there is a so-called Jhelum cashmere which commends itself from the long range of art shades in which it is produced. Like many of this year's woollens, it shows a twill and a herring-bone weaving, which makes it firm and durable. The tennis tweeds are very light and pretty with their fancy

stripes—light blue with a dark blue line down the centre, and divided by a two-inch-wide stripe of infinitesimal brown-and-white check; or pink stripes with a broad cream ribbon stripe, edged with dark blue, and dotted all over with blue spots. These of course are varied in many ways as to colour.

The various styles of making up these several fabrics may be best gathered from our illustrations. The group of girls which heads our page shows what healthy English girls' dress should be, giving a fair free play to the limbs, and becoming withal. The open jacket worn by the first figure is, if well cut, a most excellent make for cloth and thick woollens, relieved by the soft silk waistcoat, which is simply folded to cross the chest. Yokes are worn of plain material, sometimes smocked and sometimes outlined with muslin guipure embroidery, on many of the summer woollens and printed silks; and the high full sleeves at the shoulder, slashed or plain, are a marked feature in spring fashions. Coat-sleeves are worn, but as often as not they do not match the bodice; and where the material admits of it, the sleeve is frequently tucked horizontally in the centre, forming thus a puff at the wrist and shoulder. One deep-pointed slash, bound with braid, is often introduced outside the arm, tapering towards the elbow; and many of the striped materials are cut on the cross; for tea-gowns and ball-gowns wing sleeves are introduced, reaching below the knee, floating back from the arms, which for tea-gowns are covered by tight under-sleeves.

The wide revers on the jacket worn by the third figure are not unlike those of the Incroyable period, which appear on so many of the bodices. Young girls continue to wear the useful loose-banded shirt bodice seen beneath this jacket. The next model shows the soft falling drapery mingling and forming a portion of the skirt, which first was introduced for tea-gowns, and in various forms has found favour for morning and evening dresses; it is an adaptation from the Greek, requiring grace of bearing and grace of wearing, without which it is apt to be ridiculous. The last girl in the picture has a Swiss belt, which shows off the waist to perfection. Made in black velvet, this belt is worn with many of the silks, light woollens, and cotton gowns, and for dinner wear there is scarcely anything prettier than a white crêpe de Chine bodice, draped in classic fashion about the bust, a black velvet Swiss bodice round the waist, connected with black braces, black velvet dividing the puffs of the elbow-sleeves.

The other two gowns illustrate demi-toilette costumes, the one for home wear, with its pleated muslin vest laced over with cord, the other made of shot silk, red and blue in tone, the bodice cut *à l'Empire*, with the cross-cut folds disappearing in the wide waistband, the sleeves laced on the outside of the arms.

It is becoming more and more the fashion to scent the linings of tea-gowns and to add the charm of perfume to artificial flowers. A new scent is always hailed with pleasure, and most of the recent introductions have been drawn from the flower of a favourite fruit. The Crown Perfumery Company, 177, New Bond Street, have added to the list the Crab Apple Blossom—most delicate and most durable—the scent of which lingers in the air without unduly asserting its presence, the greatest of all merits where perfumery is concerned.

This season's mantles are made in many rich fancy materials, with a groundwork of silk and velvet stripes or small geometric motifs, some with shot grounds, red and black blending harmoniously, and many of a thick make of silk not unlike matelassé. These are trimmed with a great deal of tinsel passementerie, especially black and steel, and with plain silk trimming; the leading idea therein being balls which border the edge. This style of trimming in many diversities plays its part on rich brocaded dinner-gowns, where the balls are of soft silk, and as gimp balls applied to morning bodices, but in mantles the style is more universal. Boule lace too is a novelty; piece boule lace used down the front and often down the back also: as, for example, in a mantle made in thick corded silk, for a middle-aged lady. There was nothing very new in the shape, which was short at the back and in front, and had long ends; but the sleeves were two oblong pieces of silk falling to the knee and covering the outside of the arms, bordered with the ball gimp edging. The boule lace fell in long ends in front, and was carried also down the centre of the back, meeting the fan-shaped lace basque. Scarf-mantles of a straight piece of stuff, fitted to the shoulders, have hoods at the back lined with silk, and the front ends are loosely tied over a silk waistcoat. Travelling cloaks, made of thick fancy tweed, have quite a new kind of hood which covers the shoulders back and front, made entirely of silk with gatherings and a bind of velvet. When drawn upwards it covers the head much after the form of those hoods which the Flemish peasants have attached to their long black cloaks and distended with whalebone. The habit-shirt shape of mantle, made of lace and passementerie, with sacque sleeves which only come to the elbow, has the merit of much originality of design. These sacque sleeves support the elbow, and there is a lace scarf tied at the throat.

In millinery, the fever for shot or, as modistes are pleased to call them, glacé effects, asserts itself. Gauzes are of two shades, so deftly intermixed they appear one tone in one light, and of a totally different one seen in another. This gauze, which is closely allied to gossamer, is introduced as rosettes and loops on the front of hats and bonnets. Tulles are treated in the same fashion, each side being of distinct colour, both shining through and producing a combined tone. The spider-web weaving for net shows the same intricate union of tints; but in that case each alternate row is of a different colour. Ribbons are shaded and tinted too; but the result is produced in another fashion—viz., by dyeing one colour over another. "Rutilant" is the French term, and it has many merits to the lover of colour. Soft and lovely are the blended tender blues and pink, Nil and orange, ochre and cresson—the true watercress tone, a fashionable one at the present moment. The veritable emerald-green has been restored to favour, worn on black.

Bonnets, as the months creep on, are not quite so high, though the ribbon-bows with which they are trimmed are made to stand up boldly, and show a

curious combination of buttercup, heliotrope, and pink, an end of each. The crowns are often quite distinct, drawn in tinsel net and covered with tulle, when all the rest of the head-gear may be straw. Narrow velvet strings are being worn at the present moment; but, judging from the variety of new ribbons, there is every probability that strings will widen.

Ribbons are quite a study in themselves. The picot edge has given place to straight edges, either satin or cannale, like the rim of a two-shilling piece. Satin with a silk reverse is the most expensive, and the newest; but the majority are striped with moire satin or ombre effects.

Good news! Fashion is copying nature as closely as it can, and the artificial blooms are only *à la mode* if they look as if they had just been gathered and tied up carelessly in posy fashion. Moreover, we are employing real lavender, real grasses, and real rose-stems, treated in such a way that they are made durable, but giving plentiful traces of being the veritable article. Homely flowers are used most—the dandelion in bloom and in seed, surrounded by leaves; and sweet-peas, and wild hyacinths, and cornflowers are tied up with grass in such simple bunches, it is difficult to imagine they are artificial, and so are applied to hats and bonnets and the sides of gowns. Epaulettes of flowers are made up to look much the same; and panels of flowers on the skirts are set on the same plan. Tinsel, nevertheless, plays its part; and, as though to run in the contrary extreme, tinsel stems are made up into aigrettes with pendent Venetian shells, for balls; and gold-tinsel rose-buds nestle amid rose-leaves. Nothing could be more unlike nature. Another effort, however, in the right direction is a new kind of rose-leaf made of a fleshy transparency, which is very like an actual leaf. Black velvet flowers are worn with yellow, black pansies with buttercups, and diamond centres find their way into many black blooms.

IN-DOOR TOILETTAS.

It is a "flower year" in trade parlance, which means that flowers are liberally used, both on dresses and bonnets. Large and prominent wreaths are introduced beneath bonnet-brims—close-set yellow roses, buttercups, and many other kinds—a bouquet to match appearing in front. A preference would seem, however, to be given to bows of ribbon and lisse. This latter fabric has been embroidered in gold and silks expressly for the purpose; and in order that it may stand up well it is often first pleated before being worked upon. Lisse scarfs are prepared with the ends heavily worked with bullion thread to give them substance in order that they may stand erect.

PARIS.

THE Carnival is over. It was a dreary festivity in Paris. All the women who can lay claim to social distinction had abandoned the city, hurrying off to take part in the Battle of the Flowers waging in the South of France, to pelt and be pelted there with blossoms. The combat is over, and with Lent the fair Amazons have returned to their homes, and have thrown open the doors of their salons. Festivities in Paris have begun long before the advent of Easter. The Duchesse de Maillé, the Princesse Mathilde, Mme. Herne, Mme. Boulé, Mme. Munckacsy, and Mme. Adam receive weekly or fortnightly. Theatricals are the order of the day at Mme. Goldschmidt's, Mme. Bamberger's, and at Alexandre Dumas'. To take part in these private theatricals, or to assist thereat, furnishes another pretext to our dainty Parisiennes for the display of the most coquettish toilettes. There are costumes appropriate for the varied claims of this round of pleasures: for morning visits, for in-door receptions, for five o'clock teas, for dinner, and the opera. A medley of charming *chiffons* rises before my mind's eye, from which it is difficult to choose, and the artistic elegance of which it is next to impossible to describe.

To speak of "passementerie," "flounces," "pleatings," &c., is to use clumsy words, inadequate to portray the effect of the skilful disposition of line, the harmony of tints produced by the play and shimmer of various textiles brought into combination. These terms, nevertheless, must be used to convey an idea of some of the results attained by a master-hand, which, in this land of taste, often makes a woman's dress a creation in stuffs, as subtly harmonised and skilfully conceived as is a picture by a great painter.

TOILETTES, DESIGNED BY MMES. DEHAIS ET PHILIPPE.

The art of draping, apparently so simple, is one of the finest attainments of dressmaking. A seemingly careless disposition of lines and folds is often the result

of long practice, added to a certain instinct, in the disposal of drapery.

Watered or moiré silk is much worn for out-door costumes. A dress that seemed to pulsate with some of the delicate splendour of the opal was shown me at Dehais and Philippe's. The pale grey silk ground was watered over with rose. The draped tunic, edged with a pleated flounce, was lifted on one side in undulating lines over a petticoat brilliant with opalised beads. This sparkling embroidery was repeated on the bodice at the throat and wrists, and outlined the flow of a chemisette of creamy gauze.

Fernand, that are to grace the social gatherings of Madrid. There was an opera-cloak that seemed to convey suggestions of spring and winter in its combination of young-leaf-green velvet and trimming of rich dark sable fur.

An evening dress of electric green satin was made with flat folds forming panels on either side, framing in the floating draperies of green tulle, scintillating with electric green beads, tied here and there with knots of green satin ribbon. The back of the bodice and train were of green plush, shot with pink; the front of the bodice, cut low *à la Tosca*, was composed of crossings of satin and tulle. A scarf was wound round the waist.

BLACK LACE HAT AND BOA, DESIGNED BY MME. VIROT.

An out-door costume consisted of a visite of sapphire blue velvet, fringed with gold beads, and trimmed in front with gold passementerie. The thick silk dress to be worn with this cloak was of the electric blue shade. The round hat (a creation of Virot) had a flat crown, and wide flaps of black lace over gold. A wing, standing upright, rose at the back from clusters of black feathers, fastened by flowing knots of watered black ribbons; a string of gold beads encircled the crown. A boa of black lace, through which gleamed a string of gold beads, finished off this rich attire. In contrast to it for simple elegance was a costume of dim red Indian cachemire, made with a sash of black velvet, and a flat redingote, trimmed with black silk corded passementerie.

In the same show-rooms were to be seen the costumes made for the Duchesse d'Albe, daughter of Duc de

For the Countess Zichy, whose portrait is to be taken in this dress by Carolus Duran, was a gown of white soft peau de soie, draped with scarfs of tulle spangled with silver. The bodice, also cut low *à la Tosca*, was composed of two draperies—one of tulle, the other of peau de soie. A scarf of white silk encircled the waist.

Another costume, of that delicate contrast pink and green, suggested in its make-up the eighteenth-century fashions. It was of beryl-tinted taffetas shot with white, draped at the sides with panels of rosy tulle. The train of taffetas was lined with pink, assorted to the colour of the tulle. The draperies of the bodice, *à la Sapho*, were held by diamond clasps. The sash was of rose-colour.

Of severer line and colouring was a dress made for the Comtesse de Pourtalès. It was of black terry velvet;

a drapery of the softest white silk muslin embroidered with jet covered the front; clusters of black feathers were introduced here and there, as if to keep the muslin in place. The straight panels at the sides were framed in with feathers. The front of the low body was draped with the white silk muslin held at the shoulders with a cluster of feathers. A black ribbon, run through the muslin tucker, served to outline the shoulders and bust.

A picturesque dress was destined for the Countess Wimpffen. It led the mind back to the days of Marie Antoinette. The taffetas was peach-colour, that is, rosy puce shot with white. The draped skirt, cut open at the side, revealed a cascade of small flounces. Over the half-opened bodice was to be worn an ample fichu of Brussels lace, held at the waist by a sash of pale blue watered silk.

For Mrs. Mackay was a dress that might have been copied from a picture of the Empire period, skilfully adapted by a longer waist to our modern taste. The sapphire-blue velvet gown was bound at the waist by a scarf-sash of blue satin; the only trimming—if such it can be called—was a fichu of old Alençon lace.

A Court dress, dazzling by its purity of frosted lily-white effect, was of white India muslin, strewn with silver, and opened in front, displaying rich silver embroidery. The train, of white lampas and silver, was fastened here and there to the skirt with bows of white satin. The bodice, cut in heart-shape back and front, was draped in front with silver-strewn crape, crossed with silver-embroidered straps. The wide transparent elbow-sleeves were of crape strewn with silver.

From silk to gems the transition is natural. Never was such a profusion of jewels worn in Paris. Necklaces of pearls no longer suffice, clasps of precious stones and brilliants fasten the draperies of the bodices. Crescents of diamonds are the newest and the favourite fashion. In every bride's *corbeille* is placed one at least of those delicate young moons in white glittering gems. Suns composed of diamonds, with some rubies introduced at the centre, are also fashionable. The most admired crescents are composed solely of diamonds, the pure lustre of which renders best the white radiance of the Queen of Night. Morgan, the fashionable jeweller, occasionally outlines the cold splendour with a rim of sapphires or emeralds, but he does this only by special request. He would, following his own taste, form those crescents entirely of diamonds; he insures their luminousness by being particularly careful as to the water of the gems he uses. Butterflies and beetles, that gleam alike effectively placed in the hair or amidst the laces on the bodice of the dress, are also favourites with our beauty-loving ladies.

Two novelties in bracelets may be noted here: one, a tiny spiral of gold, on which fine pearls are threaded, coils round the arm. Another, the Talisman bracelet, is likewise composed of a thread of gold, encrusted with Persian turquoises, some smooth and round, some triangular, engraved in gold with mystic signs.

Let us quit the fascinations of jewels to contemplate those of bonnets, and enter the show-rooms of Mme. Virot. All around us, rise as on tall stems, bonnets hung on stands; two shapes dominate—the little "capote," and the wide-rimmed "Fille Angot," garlanded with flowers.

Here is a Sultan capote, very small, composed of Turkish embroidery, a knot of fine pearls and gold placed in front, the ends falling upon a band of sea-green tulle; above it, a *chou* of ribbon of old rose colour, surmounted by an aigrette of feathery grasses, pink and delicate green, fastened by two gold arrows.

Another attractive head-gear is an "Imperial capote" in gathered crape, a diadem of gold embroideries placed in front, resting on a drapery of tulle; a tulle scarf twisted round the bonnet, and supporting above the diadem a larger cluster of chrysanthemums, running through every shade of cream, golden-yellow, and reddish-brown.

A third original bonnet is made of black feathers encircled by a turban of gold tulle. Two small black birds with tails disposed in the shape of a lyre form the aigrette.

A fourth is of cut straw, fringed with dried oats and trimmed with a puff of black velvet, through which mingle white and yellow marguerites.

A charming sylvan-tinted bonnet is of moss-green straw, brightened with beetles' wings, wreathed with leaves, and surmounted by an aigrette of daisies and marguerites nestling among loops of green and pink shot tulle.

A Directoire bonnet, of smooth Tuscan straw, the broad border of which, lined with moss-green velvet shot with pink, surrounds the head as with an aureole, is adorned with strings and bows of moss-green velvet, and an aigrette of dried oats and ox-eyed daisies.

Fashions in bonnets are decidedly suggestive of the Empire period; the Joséphine bonnet is an example of the prevailing style. Here is one of straw, striped maize and green; a double band of gold embroidery rests above the forehead, placed on puffings of maize tulle. The aigrette is composed of pale roses, reeds, and loops of green ribbon.

Another quaint and dainty bonnet of this old-fashioned style is entirely composed of loops of maize-coloured tulle, encircled by a diadem of Japanese roses, the point of which is formed of the flowers' stalks and buds.

Next month we shall be able to state yet more definitely the stuffs, the colours, the arrangement of trimmings which Queen Fashion, who still rules the civilised world from her throne in Paris, will decree. It is yet too early to know in all its details what that edict will be. The final fiat has not yet gone forth.

In the days of the Empire, on Good Friday, Easter Eve, and Easter Day, the *élégantes* went forth to celebrate the advent of spring, by performing a pilgrimage to Longchamps. The pilgrimage was the continuation, with a difference, of a similar rite performed by the French ladies in days long gone by. The earlier pilgrimage had for object to pay honour to the shrine of a saintly hermit who had dwelt under the shadow of Mont Valérien, performing miracles of devotion, and penance, and communion with the spiritual world. The later pilgrimage was to declare the fashions to be worn during the

spring. If Easter came late, and the spring was fairly advanced, the spectacle presented was brilliant; it was always exciting. Deep had been the secrecy hedging round the decision as to the size and forms of the bonnets; the colour, the make-up, the materials of the gowns to be henceforth worn that season. Members of the fair sex outside the charmed circle anxiously waited to see what decisions the festivity would bring to light.

We have no Longchamps now. No sudden proclamation, veiled in secrecy till the moment comes for its announcement, attends the rulings of Fashion's whims. The illustrious milliners and dressmakers make the edicts among themselves, each vying afterwards to out-do the other by the skill and taste with which the decisions adopted are carried out.

The "Empire Fashions" will probably dominate in the coming season. We are happy to say that no particular colour will be proclaimed the favourite, and that we may be spared the eye-sore of a tint "done to death." When artists in dress manipulate a favourite colour, the result is charming; for they know how to adapt it to the complexion and the figure of every wearer. When, however, the favourite colour is taken up by less practised hands, applied by less sensitive eyes, the result is disastrous. But there are signs that green will be much worn—green in its infinite variety of tints; from its light responsive shades, eau de Nil, beryl, and young-leaf-green, passing on through dim mossy green, and delicate willow-green shot with white, to the bronze and olive greens of more sonorous tone.

Stripes will be worn in light woollen dresses—not in contrasting lines, but in two shades of the same tint. There are signs, also, of a favourite mixture of silk and wool of the same colour and tint, or of lighter wool over darker silks. Lace will enter largely into summer costumes for evening wear, and cascades of ribbon promise still to adorn the simple yet fantastic gowns suitable for young girls.

DIRECTOIRE HEAD-DRESS FOR FANCY DRESS BALLS.

A word about gloves may be aptly spoken here. Parisiennes, from the *grisette* to the *grande dame*, are almost more particular about their gloves than about their gowns. A few years ago they decreed that black gloves should be worn, and ladies throughout Europe and America wore black gloves; then they stuck their *mignonne* hands into tan Suède gloves, and all civilised ladies wore tan Suède gloves; now the tendency in Paris is to affect light gloves, the tender shades of which are nearing white for ceremonious day receptions.

THE WOMAN'S WORLD.

The Uses of a Drawing-room.

"THERE is no doubt that it is a duty to give to the poor!" The old folk, who felt life to be too difficult a matter to conduct properly without rules, laid down the principle that it was right to give a tithe. The much-despised Pharisee gave tithes; not only a tenth part of his income, but of his capital also: "I give tithes of all I possess." But, if the American poet is right, giving is not enough, for

> "Not what we give, but what we share,
> For the gift without the giver is bare."

Sharing is more difficult than giving; but it may be that the vexed question of what luxury is right and what is wrong would be answered by bringing each to the simple test of the possibility of their being shared.

Perhaps the luxury that is easiest to share is pleasure, and it is a luxury of which the lives of the poor are drearily barren. It takes some imagination to picture the life of the working people who are in regular employment. From six o'clock in the morning till the same, and often a later, hour at night, work goes on with a monotony which is wearing, all the more so as long habit makes thought about their work unnecessary. Watch the woman weighing cocoa, or the man packing tea; their hands move all but mechanically, they are utterly uninterested; but still the work goes on.

And to the "stay-at-homes" life is but little less dreary. A servant-of-all-work is sometimes designated a "slavey," but she is rarely such a slave as the wife of the working man, who not only works as a general servant, but has all the anxieties of the mother of a family, and all the cares of housekeeping to face, on small and uncertain means fitfully accruing. Pleasure is almost unknown in such lives. When the bread-winner returns he is always weary, sometimes cold, and can any one wonder if it be added, occasionally "a bit cross and discontented-like"? The wife—tired, too, with her incessant labour, and perhaps insufficient food (for "mother" is the first to go without when food runs short)—has not got enough energy left to amuse "her master." Money is too scarce, and the demands of family duties too many, to allow public amusements to be indulged in. Books, newspapers, social joys, are all debarred from the same cause. The only course is for the man to go round the corner to his penny club or freer public-house, and the woman to once more return to work, mending, patching, or darning—dull tasks performed with difficulty under the flickering light of cheap candles or bad-smelling oil.

So live the masses, the pleasureless ones—honest, sober, hard-working men and women, worthy of all respect; good, often happy, but joyless; living all together in quiet, plain houses, which stretch mile after mile towards the East, or reach into the suburbs on towards the South. And West and North London have also "the poor always with them," not in such crowds, or so unrelieved by the sight of other classes and the interests that their lives beget, but still suffering from the ills of poverty, of which dulness is no inconsiderable part. It is this dulness which shared pleasure can alleviate.

"What is the good of it? What do you expect to get by it? Are you aiming at the seat? But your politics are too mixed for that, aren't they? Why do you do it?" questioned a provincial magnate of his host, a man who, believing in the command of the serving Master to bid to the feast those who "cannot bid again," had invited to the house-warming of his beautiful home all sorts and conditions of men. "Very enjoyable, but somewhat dangerous," commented another, who had been keenly interested in a political talk with a thinking shoemaker, whereby he had learnt opinions not generally expressed at the hustings. "Dangerous!" but is the social structure so free of dangers that we had best leave well alone? Do the classes and masses love one another with the trustful love born of mutual understanding? Do certain Sunday afternoons spent in Trafalgar Square speak of social unity? Undoubtedly the dangers of class separation are upon us, and they are not insignificant. The withdrawal of class from class is likely to gradually produce a division of interests, which may do more than get class representatives in Parliament. If the nation were to divide into the nation of the rich and the nation of the poor, the passion of patriotism, though perhaps not called by that name, would be enlisted on either side. English people are patriotic, it is said, when they resist the introduction of German closed stoves, however clean, economical, and useful. In the same way, the nation of the poor would feel it patriotic to resist being clean or being educated. Indeed, there are evidences that this feeling is not now wholly absent;

and has no one ever heard the members of the nation of the rich say, "It may be all right, but we won't do it. Why, it is what the poor people do"?—as if that were an unanswerable argument against the suggestions of allowing their daughters to work, or their sons to have the educating influence of following Dr. Abernethy's celebrated advice, and "Live only on what you can earn."

The nation has, so far, been like a family, strong in its love and mutual forbearance, based on understanding. As it grows larger, unity becomes more difficult. It might separate on age, the old of all classes holding together, the young joining as their interests naturally drew them; or it might separate on politics or on religion. Division in all cases is to be deprecated; and if the worst division is caused by the various methods of worshipping the same God, which set His children against one another, surely the division arising from want of sympathy between the vast body of the "Haves" and the "Have-nots," who, whatever their circumstances, still call the one God their Father, and accept as a command the words, "Little children, love one another," may be placed not much below it.

The dangers of division could be lessened, if not wholly averted, if the rich were to recognise it as their duty to share their pleasures with the poor. "You see, I never understood the rich till I came to your parties; but now I see there's more than one side to the question," said an ardent socialist after a confidential talk on the duties and responsibilities which followed the possession of a middle-class income—a chat which had digressed on to the question of the value of work for which the world is the better, and yet for which no one could pay. "What do you think I have been doing today?" asked a lady, active alike in body and mind, of one of the guests at a party of mixed classes. "Nothing, I should say," replied the woman, on whose every feature and limb was stamped the mark of incessant, and often pain-making, toil; "you are a lady, and the likes of you never do anything, do they?" Poor interrogator! who had so innocently begun the conversation about herself, feeling with the true instinct of sympathy that personal matters would be the most enlivening to a mind so limited in its range of interests, so dulled by long poring over the mundane methods of how to make good enough for one do for two. "No, I never saw the likes of it before; but I suppose the gentry eats them most days," said one poor drunken creature, handling a hot-house nectarine which had been sent for some sick Whitechapelite by an Irish landlord, who is among the few I have known who send of their best to the poor.

Such ignorance leads to distrust, but the ignorance is not wholly the fault of the poor. How can they know of the lives of the rich, excepting by the glimpses they get when a great divorce suit lays bare the private life of the wicked, or a sensational drama takes them into the unnatural glare made by a striking episode in the history of the unfortunate? When one hears the false and exaggerated views that the poor often hold about the lives of the rich, one wishes that Hans Andersen's moon could take some of these noisy class-denouncers for a ride on her beams, letting them peep into the study of the sumptuous hall, where the master sits in deep thought, "though he has never known want;" or pass by the boudoir where patient sacrifice voluntarily sits, albeit on a velvet chair; or rest awhile in the drawing-room, where the best thought is given to Duty, which word is used more comprehensively there than has yet occurred to the limited mind of the poor.

But fairy moonlit rides are not within practicable social reforms, even if mixed parties are; and they, anyhow, are the means most within reach to break down class-distrust, the canker of unity. "Well! I'm blessed if I ever heard such a thing afore. Here's Hutchins here telling of a party he went to on Monday; ticket given at the station; Surrey or Sussex, warn't it? didn't you say? Two square meals and a snack before he com'd away. Fine house, gardens, go where yer like; farm handy, all open, grape-houses, everything yer can want, and at the end he says the old gentleman made a speech and begged pardon for not having better amused them. Well! all this, and yet Hutchins says he's sure it warn't the landlord. Stuff! he was; or if he wasn't, he had some snug hole in the Company, or why should he do it?" "Well, Company or no Company, it was a first-rate day," replied the envied guest. "I don't know when I've fancied myself more; all quiet and peaceful like, and yet no 'don'ts' a-tripping of yer up." This talk was overheard by a gentleman then living *incog.* among the workers of East London, with a view of making scientific research into the facts affecting the lives of the joyless majority, and it was not difficult to trace the occasion referred to, for hosts who give such idyllic parties are, alas! not yet common. The picture of the scene arises in my mind. The smooth, broad, flower-girt lawn; the stainless sky of one of last July's days; the group of hard-working people, their faces lined with anxious care, their bodies stodgy from sedentary lives, their clothes inappropriate and ill-fitting, their expressions often kindly, but as often "vacant of our glorious gains." There they stood, the mud-coloured monotony of their garb broken by the gay summer dresses of the ladies or gentlemen who had come to entertain them, or by the household's servants, whose hearty service had done so much towards the success of the day. Before them stood their host, his hat off, the evening breeze playing in his silver hair, speaking, with the courtesy which is deeper than any class distinctions, of his satisfaction at receiving his guests, and adding the courtly regret that their pleasures had been so few. Who, knowing Lord Dunsany, could distrust him or doubt of his motive? The insinuation that his hospitality was actuated by an imaginary position in some imaginary Company raised only a laugh, until the memory of the lurking distrustfulness which found a sordid reason for such sweet charity turned the laugh into sadness.

Yet the rich hardly know the poor better than they are known by them. "Very sad, shocking, but then they don't feel things as we do," has been said by gentle ladies on the hearing of some tragedy which would surely have roused their whole beings were they not soothed by this untrue reflection. "I know they often

lose their children, but then the poor like to have funerals," has been answered in reply to the lamentable statement of the high mortality among the children of the working people. Like to have funerals! Like to bury out of their sight the sweetest and dearest joys of their dull lives! Like to lose the hopes of support in their old age! Like to bid farewell to the one growing interest which is always there, "in sad or bright days!" Like to part with that into which they have poured hard-earned money, time, thought, love, anxiety! Like to break the link which is to bind them to the golden age, which, to the poor, is always in the future! No; the power of loving is not a class possession, and those against whom the accusation may be truthfully lodged are not the poor, but the degraded, who may be found in every class.

Shared pleasures may teach both rich and poor something about each other to their common advantage; and social entertainments will assume a higher position if they become "moral causes of concord to heal the mischief wrought by moral causes of division." That such social meetings create pleasure there can be no doubt. "Bad! yes, I've been very bad, but not too ill to come to the party. You see, your party serves us with something nice to think of come the winter-time." "Miss it! I wouldn't miss it for a sovereign," and the speaker knew the value of the gold, for he had to keep himself, wife, and six children all "decent" on twenty-two shillings a week. "I think, ma'am, if you don't mind asking him. He was terrible bad in the summer, but he's kept straight this month past in the hope you'd send him a card;" and a card he got, this poor striving human brother, who, perhaps, would not have found the spirit of alcohol so hard to fight had he had some taste of the wealth of pleasures which encumber, rather than rejoice, the lives of the rich. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him," quoted reverently one old lady, a member of the moral aristocracy of the poor; adding, "I couldn't help thinking of that text when I was in your drawing-room last night, sir. Surely that's somehow what heaven will look like." "Is it Buckingham Palace your rooms is took after?" asked another guest, whose ideas were more terrestrial than the previous speaker's; and difficult was it to make him understand that the rooms he admired so much were but the ordinary home-rooms of the class to which his host belonged. "When you are so kind as to invite Mary Ann again to your house, would you write to me, and not to her? I am quite willing she should come, but the thought of it beforehand quite unfits her for her work. I need not keep a servant for all the good she has been to me the last two or three days," kindly grumbled the worthy mistress of a fifteen-year-old general servant, who had been thus thrown off her balance by the rare event of an invitation.

And what is this offered pleasure which is enough to make memories for the dull; to keep the drunkard—at least, for a time—steady; to upset the equilibrium of the workhouse child; or suggest thoughts of heaven to the frugal dame who, through seventy long years, had done much to make earth resemble it more closely? Nothing more nor less than an ordinary "At Home" party, where the guests are of all classes, and the amusement consists of talking, music (made by the violin and piano), songs (to which choruses are sometimes added), and games, played simply and heartily. The food at the parties which called forth the remarks above quoted is certainly not among the chief attractions, for, for many reasons, the refreshments there offered are generally but slight. The attraction seems to be the admittance into the home of their host and hostess; the absence of suspicion which is implied by being personally introduced to, and treated as equals by, their "gentlefolk friends." "His name I have often seen in the newspapers, but to brush shoulders with him is more than I ever expected to do," was said of a member of Parliament who, as the hostess's brother-in-law, was not unnaturally at one of her mixed parties. "There was the drawing-room just as usual; nothing covered up or put away; we might have been themselves," commented — ungrammatically, but with much appreciation—a married woman who had been a servant in good families before her marriage with a much-loved, but delicate, husband, which began for her a life of hard usage and uncomplaining toil.

It is a pity that people who really mean kindly to the poor so seldom realise what the observance of the small courtesies of life means to them. The welcoming hand-shake; the admittance into the house; the dainty serving of delicately-cooked food, be it ever so simple; the introduction of friends by name or title; the flower-decorated table; the care which will wish to show the guests the products of travel, or the special favourite among the art-treasures — all these things are what makes the party enjoyable; in short, the sharing of the best of all that is pleasant with those who have the least of the goods of this world.

"It certainly is an infernal row, but I suppose they will think it music," said the eldest son of the house where, on a golden summer afternoon, some East Londoners were being received in the garden. But why, because people are poor, should they think an "infernal row" music? "They have ears to hear, let them hear," not the coarse, loud sounds of a blatant, out-of-tune, cheap brass band, but the best music that voice or instrument can make, which is capable of lifting and leading even the most closely-confined of dingy court denizens "to the edge of the Infinitude, and for a moment to gaze into it." "And I suppose, when the poor people come, you take out all these nice chairs and couches and things, and put in forms?" asked a well-meaning, would-be philanthropist; and his question was, perhaps, prompted by a feeling not very far-removed from that which makes the rich host disinclined to sit and take his meal with his poor guest, or which instigates such a remark as "Let me see, what have you got: a mince-pie, sausage-roll, cake? Oh, but you haven't got your turnover, or sandwich, and cracker! I'll go and get them;" and off she bustled, forgetful of the astonishment that would be felt if the butler at her father's house interrogated one of the dinner-party guests in the

same way, or insisted on piling simultaneously the same plate with fish, entrées, game, and ice-pudding, for fear that each guest would not get the portion allotted to him.

Matthew Arnold somewhere says — and if these words are not his, the idea is—that the test of a thing being against human nature is that for human societies it is ruin. This division of classes, this joylessness of large multitudes of the people, is against human nature, and it is becoming a danger to society—a danger, though, which many would avert if they knew the guests to invite to the breach-healing meetings.

It is sometimes a mistake to imagine that things must be done largely before they can be done usefully. They must be done deeply, and with religiousness of purpose; but the more naturally and simply they come about, the more likely are they to be true and issue-ful. Every householder knows a charwoman: a widow, most likely, with—poor soul!—more fatherless bairns than she can provide food and joy for. To every house come the dustman, the postman, the handy-man, the plumber, the chimney-sweep, the gasfitter, the tradesmen's servants —"troublesome people," most householders declare; but they might not be so troublesome if more kindness was shown to them, or if in mixing with their betters they learnt "sweeter manners, purer ways."

> "Ring out a slowly-dying cause,
> And ancient forms of party strife;
> Ring in the nobler modes of life,
> With sweeter manners, purer laws."

An artist could hardly draw a lovelier picture (using the word in Mr. Ruskin's sense) than was seen in Bristol at such a party—the four-year-old darling of the house, in his plush frock and point-lace, playing musical chairs with the coarse-clad, heavy-featured child of the charwoman. Patched boots skip as merrily, if not as lightly, as satin ones; and the twopence-halfpenny a yard, washed-at-home, ill-cut cotton apron held the sugar-plums which both together shared—a first communion, but none the less holy if class barriers are a wrong, and if guilelessness counts as virtue. Will that evening's memory make the pots be washed with less care, or good food more frequently thrown away to save trouble? And the carpenter's wife, and the widower plumber, and the jobbing gardener were all there—all with their children, and never did a Christmas fir see happier dancing or more joy-lit faces. The office-boy and the pupil-teacher joined in the fun which they helped to make, and the ladies sang, and a gentleman told a tale, and all enjoyed each other's performances. And then the children sat down, and the elders played musical chairs. How the widower laughed as the gardener sat on his knee, and the charwoman passed by two chairs in her fear of not getting one! How the children shouted when father missed his seat, or learnt, maybe, when uncle purposely passed his to let the plumber take it! And how cleverly the hostess managed so that the music stopped when the timid child was opposite the low chair, or when the deaf aunt could see the piano!

"And what did it cost you, that entertainment?" asked the neighbouring Canon's wife the next day when she and the hostess chatted over the pleasure of the twenty-one guests. "Thirteen shillings, including the tree and the sweets," was the answer. Did ever thirteen shillings do more good? Occasions to give such parties can always be found. Servants have birthdays, and generally friends; and few things serve to make a party go more happily than the use by the hostess of her guests as fellow-entertainers. The shyness of each other, which sometimes seems like an insurmountable wall between people, melts away directly the tea has to be served, the chairs moved, or the sugar handed. "I wasn't quite sure how it would go," said a shoemaker guest (a time-honoured friend who had often been bidden to parties, and felt himself in part responsible for the conduct of this one to larger numbers and stranger-guests), "so I brought this book of seaweeds to help pass the time," and standing gravely in the doorway, which he completely blocked before all the in-coming guests, he commenced to open a long roll of cardboard on which had been pressed many-hued seaweeds dried in fantastic shapes. All over the room went the helpful man, showing his treasure to dull ladies, or any one whom he saw silent, learning finally from a learned professor something about seaweed classification and artistic arrangements.

At another gathering, when all the members of an association were invited to enjoy an evening, some were chosen, decorated with white bows, and told off as hostesses to see that all and each had tea, and were seated as comfortably as space would allow; to take cloaks and hats, to organise the games and dances, to make sure that the lovers of quiet were supplied with books or albums, to introduce old and new members—in short, to do all that generally falls to the lot of one hostess. Rarely do evenings go better than that evening did, and perhaps few enjoyed it so much as the little band of willing white-bowed helps, who had found their pleasure in giving it to others.

"It fairly puzzled us," confided a member of a club whose men called themselves the "Venturers;" "we all had a shot at guessing, and at last Jones hit on it, for I suppose it means "Reserved Seats of the Venturer Party." Was ever R. S. V. P. so interpreted? But, however interpreted, it is never answered. Whether in the plainest English or under French initials, the request that the invited guests will reply is nearly always ignored. The habit of looking forward is not one that experience encourages among the poor. Indeed, they might be wiser to avoid seeing that which, things being as they now are, almost perforce awaits their old age or chance sickness—*i.e.*, the workhouse; but, whatever is the reason, the fact remains. To the invitation come no replies, but the guests arrive; and perhaps more frequent thought of them, shown by more frequent invitations, would in its turn breed more sympathetic thought for the inconvenience of their hosts if left in ignorance of their guests' intentions. "Manners are caught, not taught;" and their improvement may be among the minor goods which would result from pleasure being shared, and the West-End drawing-rooms being put to new uses.

HENRIETTA O. BARNETT.

Records of a Fallen Dynasty.

IT will be remembered, perhaps, that the newspapers of the 31st of January recorded that the "proposed Mass, at the Church of the Carmelites, for the repose of the soul of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, on the one hundredth anniversary of his death," was finally abandoned, and that one of the reasons given for this change was the fear lest some of the "persons concerned" should select this occasion "to manifest a treasonable feeling towards the title of the Queen.

Surely the "persons" who could allow their respect for the memory of a fallen dynasty to carry them thus far, must forget that the monarchs of England reign not merely by hereditary right, but by the will of the people. The people would have nothing to do with the Stuarts at the time of Prince Charles Edward's unsuccessful attempt, in 1745, to retrieve the fortunes of his family. That they had no dislike for the family itself, is proved by their loyalty to the two last reigning sovereigns of the House of Stuart—Mary and Anne. It was the religion to which the representatives of the male branch had

FLORA MACDONALD.

(*From a Painting by J. Markluin*, 1747.)

reverted, that had become hateful to the people, and at no price would they have submitted to the rule of a Roman Catholic King.

The hopes of the Jacobites are now as utterly extinct as are the fears of their opponents. To most people, indeed, the designation is only suggestive—like that of the Lollards or the Crusaders—of the traditions of a departed age. People have heard, of course, of both the Old and the Young "Pretender," but in the minds of most of them the two have become hopelessly "mixed," and this confusion is only increased whenever mention is made of these unhappy Princes by any other name. We are most of us familiar with Lady Blessington's "good story" about the "Irish peeress" who announced at Florence that she had just been to see the house "in which Ariosto lived with the Countess of Albany, widow of Charles I."—meaning, it is scarcely necessary to explain, the house in which Alfieri lived with the Countess of Albany, widow of Prince Charles Edward. But the "Irish peeress" who tells this story, as Mr. Hayward has pointed out, whilst "in the act of triumphing over her country-woman, falls into the not less palpable mistake of calling the Countess the widow of *James* Stuart, the Chevalier St. George."

But of those who have succeeded in clearly realising the personality of Prince Charles Edward, how few will be likely to interest themselves in the welfare of his soul, whilst fewer still will be those who believe in the efficacy of Masses to minister to its repose. We live in a careless, sceptical, and thoroughly unsentimental age. It is not surprising, therefore, that the object of the requiem should have been misinterpreted. The proposed ceremony was forbidden by the Cardinal-Archbishop; "and it was reserved for a clergyman of the Established Church"* (I quote from a writer in the *St. James's Gazette* of the 1st of February, who signs himself "A Jacobite") to celebrate the centenary of one who gave three kingdoms for a Mass,"† and at whose birth, the same writer might have added, seven Cardinals were present, whilst Pope Clement XI. caused a Te Deum to be sung in his honour.

To me the interest attaching to this unfortunate family is never-fading. I wonder at it myself, being conscious that it is based upon no exaggerated notions as to the merits of its members. It partakes more of an æsthetic feeling—of a religious fetishism—which feeds foolishly upon attractive personalities and romantic legends. When I think of the Stuarts my mind becomes like a portrait-gallery full of engaging faces, with every peculiarity of which I have long been familiar, from the double moustache of King Charles I.—with its four distinct points—down to the little mole upon the right side of the Duke of Monmouth's upper-lip—illegitimacy being no bar to my affectionate sympathy. It is not possible for any one who has read much about Mary Stuart to form a very high estimate of her moral character. Whatever may have been her failings, however, I would rather read about these than about any body else's perfections.

The misfortunes of King Charles I. may have caused both his character and appearance to be somewhat overrated by his adherents. I read in my Macaulay of his obstinacy, his insincerity, his shifty behaviour to his Parliament; I know that he was not nearly so tall as I once imagined him to be, and that without the picturesque arrangement of beard and flowing locks—of which Vandyke and Petitôt knew so well how to make the most—he might have cut but an insignificant figure. "Your martyr could swear, too, and roundly!" Charles II. is said to have observed when remonstrated with for using bad language, for "the Merry Monarch"—a good-natured man in spite of his many faults—paid somewhat dearly, at times, for the privilege of having had an exemplary father. Comparisons were perpetually being made which he must have been conscious were not to his own advantage; and these comparisons were odious to him. Hence this abortive endeavour to drag the "martyr" down to his own level in the matter of swearing.

For my own part, I care not whether he swore roundly or not. He looks at me sadly and fearlessly with his melancholy predestined eyes—a dignified and pathetic figure, associated with many cherished dreams and illusions; I can forgive him anything, and find myself regarding his enemies as "poysonous Asps, King-Killing Basilisks, and devouring caterpillars"—by which names they are alluded to in a rare pamphlet of the period, which is all printed in blood-coloured type.‡

An ancestor of my own, one Colonel Roger Burges, was a devoted adherent of this ill-fated monarch; and, as more than one of my relatives have been associated with the misfortunes of the Stuarts, I may be able, perhaps, to add even to so well-worn a theme, a few facts which are not generally known. The Cavalier Colonel, to whom I have just alluded, successfully opposed Cromwell himself by holding out for the King the town of Farringdon. He was one of the three Lieut.-Colonels taken prisoners at "Naseby Field," and when, eventually, he was appointed to the command of Castle Cornet, and the defence of the Island of Guernsey, he protracted it after the submission of every Royalist garrison in the British dominions. This gentleman was the recipient of one of the seven memorial rings which were presented after King Charles's death to the most devoted of his adherents, and which contained a lock of his hair. The great-grandson of this staunch Cavalier, however, Captain George Burges, found himself upon the Hanoverian side at the Battle of Culloden. So closely, indeed, was he brought in contact with the opposing forces, that he succeeded in wresting the standard of Prince Charles Edward's Body-Guard from the hands of the Duke of Atholl, by whom it was borne. I try to think that he seized upon it as a relic. As such, at any rate, it has been preserved ever since in our family. This standard is now in the possession of my eldest brother, and a photograph of it has been reproduced for this article. It is 3 feet 8 inches

* The Rev. Dr. Lee, of All Saints', York Street.

† It was the Archbishop of Rheims who, on seeing James II. leaving the Church of the Jesuits, exclaimed, "Voilà un brave homme qui a donné trois royaumes pour une messe."

‡ "The Bloody Court; or, the Fatall Tribunall."

in length, by 2 feet 3 inches in breadth, and is composed of four broad stripes of dark blue, which are again traversed at regular intervals by narrow scarlet lines. Between these broader stripes are stripes of silver of about half the width of the others.

Captain Burges caught sight of the Prince in the midst of the confusion which followed the terrific rush of the Highlanders, and he always spoke in the most flattering terms of his prepossessing appearance, and —contrary to what has been recorded by those who blamed him for not placing himself at the head of the Macdonalds—of the gallantry he displayed. This gentleman was afterwards appointed aide-de-camp and military secretary to General Bland, Commander-in-Chief of his Majesty's Forces in Scotland. General Bland arrived in Scotland with "extraordinary powers," and took up his abode in the Royal apartments at Holyrood House, which had recently been vacated by H.R.H. the Duke of Cumberland; and it was during his residence in this historic palace—so full of interesting memories—that my relative became familiar, in somewhat exceptional circumstances, with the lineaments of another member of the House of Stuart. A coffin was discovered by a workman who was making some repairs, which, from its position, was assumed to be that of Darnley. Buchanan, one of Queen Mary's bitter opponents, tells us, respecting the interment of her second husband, that "suddenly, without any funeral honour, in the night-time, by common carriers of dead bodies, upon a vile bier, she caused him to be buried hard by David Rizzio;" but whether the coffin had remained undisturbed until the year of General Bland's residence, I have no means of ascertaining. Be this how it may, the General's aide-de-camp, with the view of verifying the discovery, ordered the coffin to be opened, when "King Henry of gude memory" (as he is styled in the official documents relating to his murder) was revealed, lying as though he had died but yesterday, his face wearing an expression so composed that it was difficult to realise either that he had been brought to his death by violence, or that it had been preceded by what Hume describes as "an illness of an extraordinary nature." The face of Mary's youthful King-Consort bore so marked a resemblance to his portrait, that all doubt as to the identity of the body, which, Captain Burges agreed with Buchanan, was "the goodliest corpse of any gentleman that ever lived," was immediately set at rest. Historians agree in affirming that Darnley was exceedingly well-favoured: "A young gentleman" (says Camden*) "of a beauty most worthy of a crowne," whilst it may not be uninteresting to mention, *en passant*, that Rizzio is described as "*homme assez âgé, laid, morne, et malplaisant;*"† and that the "*Comte de Boutheville*" (as Brantome styles Bothwell) is said to have been not only ugly, but dirty. I have been told that the face in the coffin at Holyrood resembled that of a beautiful youth—peacefully sleeping. Only for a moment, however, did it retain this life-like appearance. As Captain Burges, leaning upon his gold-headed walking-stick, was gazing down into the vault, his cane suddenly slipped, its point penetrating the "goodly corpse," which immediately collapsed—a few handfuls of dust, some crumbled bones, and a black substance resembling the crumpled wing of a bat being all that remained in the coffin. This cane is also in the possession of my brother at Beauport. The young aide-de-camp, however, was often more agreeably employed than in the exhuming of dead bodies. Lord Somerville occupied apartments, at this time, at Holyrood House, and Lord Somerville had a daughter. Captain Burges's clandestine marriage with this young lady in the dead of night‡ is as sensational as anything to be found in the history of "Prince Charlie" himself, with which, however, it has nothing to do, so I pass on to the only son of this romantic union, Sir James Bland Burges, a devoted adherent of the House of Hanover (who assumed the name of "Lamb" in 1821), and who, when a youth, making the grand tour, fell in with Charles Edward near Albano. Alas! the Prince whose gallant bearing Sir James's father had admired at Culloden, had now reached the period of his degradation. Here is the description of the meeting: "We had not strolled far," Sir James writes, "when, at the turning of a road, we saw advancing towards us a magnificent cavalcade, consisting of three coaches and six, and a number of running footmen and other servants dressed in scarlet and gold. Inquiring what this might be, we were told it was "*Il Pretendente Carolo Stuardo*," and his lady. Curious to see a man of whose fortunes I had heard so much, I stopped and awaited him. Presently he drove up. As he passed I pulled off my hat and made him a bow. He looked thoughtful and melancholy, but when he saw that I was an Englishman, his countenance brightened up. He bent forward and returned my bow. He was fat and bloated, and bore the marks of habitual inebriety."

Those who have followed the history of the Prince's unhappy marriage, will know how unwillingly "his lady" ("*la dolce metà di me stesso*" of Alfieri) must have seated herself at his side. At this time, "whether from jealousy or affection" (remarks Mr. Hayward), "he never allowed her to be out of his sight."

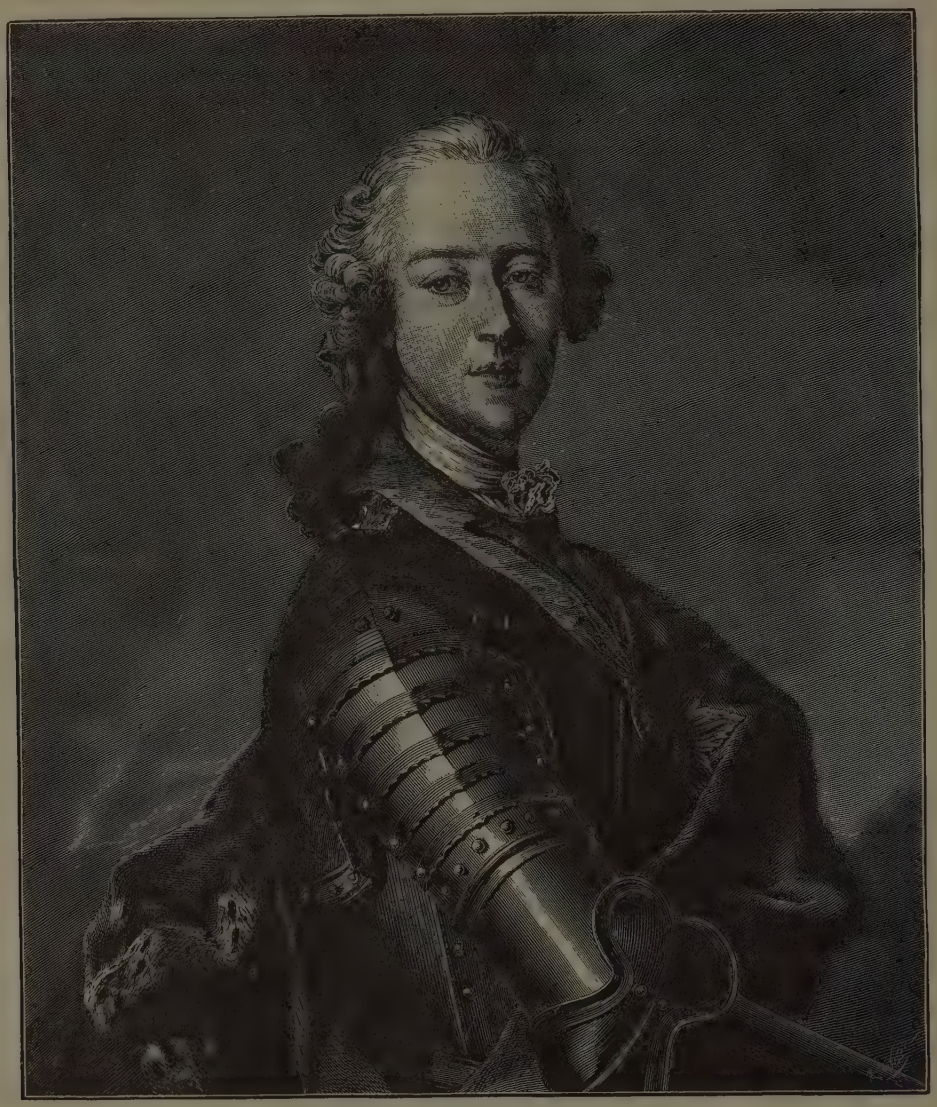
My father, the only child of the late Sir Charles Montolieu Lamb (by Mary, daughter of Archibald, eleventh Earl of Eglinton), was deeply attached to the memory of the Stuarts, and it was to mark this that he attended the tournament given by his half-brother (the late Lord Eglinton) as "the Knight of the White Rose." I have alluded to my father's mother because she was niece to that Lady Margaret Macdonald (wife of Sir Alexander Macdonald of Mugstot in Skye, and daughter of the ninth Earl of Eglinton) to whose house it was the intention of the loyal Flora to have conveyed Prince Charles Edward when she had disguised him as Betty Burke—her Irish maid-servant; and because, by reason of this relationship, I have learnt many particulars concerning the Prince's adventures when he was hiding, with £30,000 upon his head, amongst these devoted Highland

* Camden, I. 75.

† Blackwood, *apud* Jebb. II. 202.

‡ "Letters and Correspondence of Sir James Bland Burges Lamb, Bart., sometime Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs," Vol. I., p. 13.

adherents. The number of Macdonalds who figure in the narrative of his escape, tend to make it somewhat confusing. Miss Flora herself, who is described as being about twenty-four years of age, of a middle stature, well-shaped, and a very pretty, agreeable person, was the daughter of Macdonald of Milton in South Uist, a branch of the illustrious family of Clanranald. Her father died when she was a child, and her mother re-married Hugh Macdonald of Armadale, who was, at this time, in command of a body of Militia upon the Hanoverian side. It was this Macdonald who furnished his step-daughter with a passport for herself, her man, Neil McEachan (who was, in reality, another Macdonald, passing as Miss Flora's servant), and one "Betty Burke, an Irish woman, reputed a good spinner," whom she was desirous of taking as such, she said, to her mother at Slait. They crossed over to Skye in the night of June 28th, 1746, and landed next day at Kilbride, after much perilous adventure. Leaving the Prince with the boat, Miss Flora (who is always thus respectfully styled in writings of the period) proceeded to the seat of Sir Alexander Macdonald, who was then away with the Duke of Cumberland's army. His wife, Lady Margaret, to whom Flora confided the "situation," did not dare to shelter the Prince at Mugstot, as the commanding officer of the search-party in the neighbourhood was actually in the house. Introduced into the company of this gentleman, Miss Flora replied so



PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD STUART.

(*From a Painting by L. Tocque*, 1748.)

readily to his questions as to disarm all suspicion, and she and Lady Margaret then put their heads together in order to decide what to do for the best. Yet another Macdonald now appears upon the scene—Macdonald of Kingsborough, Sir Alexander's factor, to whom the two ladies confided in their dilemma, and it was agreed that the Prince should rest at his house, some seven miles distant, for the night.

I am afraid that it must have been during his wanderings in these wild regions that Charles Edward contracted that taste for stimulants which led, in the end, to his "habitual inebriety." Very often brandy was all that his faithful friends could spare him in the way of refreshment. On the 11th of May, when sailing about Harris, we read that the Prince fortunately obtained a bottle of brandy. The same day he landed on an island called Loch Escaby—South of Uist (this is before he made the acquaintance of Miss Flora), where the Chief of Clanranald went to pay his respects to him, taking with him six good shirts and some brandy. The Prince was then established in a hut which was so low that he had to creep into it upon his hands and knees. This brandy, however, could not have lasted long, for on the 16th we find the faithful Donald McLeod braving the dangers of the "continent of Scotland" in search of more. He purchased two "ankers" of it, at one guinea each. This was a noble haul, and cheap at the price, for I find that Johnson describes an "anker" as "a liquid measure of ten gallons," so that, for twenty gallons of brandy, two guineas was certainly not too much. Between this and June 27th, when Miss Flora was first presented to the Prince, the tribute in brandy flows steadily in. The Lady of Clanranald presents the Prince, too, with part of a bottle of white wine, "being all that the military had left Clanranald." Miss Flora was presented to the Prince in a little hut, where she found him cheerfully dressing the heart, liver, and kidneys of a sheep, upon a wooden spit of his own making. The Lady of Clanranald accompanied her young clans-woman, but did not remain long, having news that "a party of Campbell's men, under Captain Ferguson, was at her house, and that the Captain lay in her bed last night," whereupon she hurried home.

The Prince, upon making the acquaintance of Miss Flora, charmed her by his affability. He seems to have been always amiable and good-tempered at this time, and almost suspiciously cheerful. His treatment of women, too, appears to have been most chivalrous and considerate. On the way to Skye they encountered rough and tempestuous weather, when the Prince "finding Miss and the sailors beginning to be uneasy at their situation, sang them several Highland songs." And again: "In consequence of the night storm, Miss Flora was so fatigued that she fell asleep at the bottom of the boat. The Prince observing it, covered her, to save her as much as he could from the cold, and sat by her lest anything should hurt her, or lest any of the boatmen in the dark should step upon her; but the sea being rough, she could not sleep long." * Can this be the same man (one asks oneself) who is accused, in after-years, first by Miss Walkinshaw, and then by his wife, of violence and brutality? Or, was not that rather an utterly different creature, made up of alcohol and adversity, whom even the loyal Flora might have failed to recognise had she been brought in contact with him? Happily for her, she knew him only at his most attractive phase: a hero of twenty-five, brave, handsome, unfortunate, in whose veins ran the blood of her Kings. It seems a pity, in the interests of romance, that these two attractive young people did not fall in love with each other, as we read in the old songs and legends that they did. We do not

THE STANDARD OF PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD'S BODY-GUARD.

(In the possession of Sir Archibald Lamb, Bart., at Beauport, Sussex.)

* "Ascanius, or the Young Adventurer," p. 98.

know, of course, what may have been in their hearts, but there is no evidence of anything more than devoted loyalty on the one side, and admiring gratitude on the other. Perhaps, at this time, Charles Edward was not altogether heart-whole and fancy-free. We read that he was attached to the second daughter of France, a black-eyed damsel, whose health he was accustomed to drink, and to whom it is related that he frequently alluded, seeming, whenever he mentioned her name, "to be more than ordinarily well pleased." I do not find, either, that Miss Flora and the Prince were ever even alone together. Donald McLeod, Neil McEachan (Miss Flora's *soi-disant* "man," a Macdonald as we know, in disguise), or some of the boatmen, seem to have been always at hand to save the proprieties; and these faithful followers were partly responsible, no doubt, for the rapid disappearance of the brandy. The two "ankers" and Clanranald's bottle must have got somewhat low by the time that the party arrived at Mugstot, for we find Lady Margaret, though afraid of harbouring the "Young Adventurer," sending down "wine, brandy, and other refreshments," to the boat, by a trustworthy boy, and Macdonald of Kingsborough soon afterwards follows with more. My grandmother, when a girl, had seen and conversed with this boy—then an old man. He came over to Eglinton to visit some of his kinsfolk, and many of the particulars here set down were communicated to her by him. Macdonald of Kingsborough conveyed the Prince on foot, "thro' by-ways" to his house—better to insure his safety—whilst Miss Flora and her man McEachan went on horseback by road. They arrived at Kingsborough at about eleven o'clock at night in a very wet condition (as it had come on to rain), and quite ready for their supper, which Mrs. Macdonald, who was just going to bed, was told to come down and prepare. The strangeness of the Prince's appearance in his female disguise seems at first to have occasioned some consternation in the establishment. The little daughter of the house ran up to her mother, exclaiming, "Mamma, mamma, my father has brought heether a vera odd, muckle, ill-shapen-up waife as ever I saa!" Mrs. Macdonald hereupon went downstairs to get the keys of the store-room, but was so frightened, as she said, at seeing "sic a muckle trollop of a carlin' make sic lang streels thro' the hall,"* that she begged her husband to go and fetch them instead.

PATTERN OF PRINCE CHARLES'S ("BETTY BURKE'S") DRESS.

Her maid thought she had never seen "sic an impudent looken' woman, or a mon in woman's claathes." Of himself, seeing his reflection in a glass, the Prince remarked, "A lusty wench, this is!" In the portrait, however, which represents him in this disguise, he looks a decent young person enough.

"Betty Burke's" dress was a simple linen gown, having a cream-coloured ground, upon which sprigs and flowers were printed in violet. It was the fashion at one time for Jacobite ladies to wear dresses of this design. A pattern of stuff printed from the original blocks is here reproduced.

When Kingsborough informed his wife of the rank of their visitor she became even more alarmed. "The Prince!" cried she, "then we will a' be hangit!" Her husband replied that they would be "hangit" then in a good cause, and that she must make haste and prepare supper, and come to it herself. "*I* come to supper!" said she; "I know not how to behave before Majesty."

Finally, however, the meal was prepared, and they all sat down to it. "At supper the Prince placed Miss Flora at his right hand, and Mrs. Macdonald at his left. He made a plentiful supper—eating four eggs, some 'collops,' bread and butter, and he drank two bottles of beer." Then, out came the inevitable brandy-bottle: "calling then for a bumper of brandy, he drank health and prosperity to his landlord and landlady, and 'better times to us all!'" After supper he smoked his pipe, which was "as black as ink, and worn or broken to the very stump." And then, "after drinking a few more glasses of wine," the Prince went to bed, and slept nine or ten hours without interruption—"this being the first bed that he had lain on for many a long night." Indeed, as he remarked to his host, when he aroused him unwillingly in the morning, "To tell the truth, I had almost forgot what a bed was like."†

When the Prince was dressed, Mrs. Macdonald and Miss Flora came into his bed-chamber to help him on with his cap and apron. Mrs. Macdonald desired Miss Flora, in Erse (the language of the island), to ask him for a lock of his hair. With this request he immediately complied, and "laying his head on Miss Flora's lap, bade her cut a lock off, which she did, giving Mrs. Macdonald one half, and keeping the other herself."

The parting between Charles Edward and Miss Flora took place soon after this, at Portree. "Here the Prince took leave of Miss Flora, returning her his sincere thanks for her kind assistance, and greatly lamented that he had

* "Charles, it is known, became his female disguise somewhat awkwardly. His step was too long for the petticoat, and it was remarked of Flora's supposed female servant that she was a 'lang leggit lass.'" ("Memorials of the Montgomeries, Earls of Eglinton," Vol. I., note to p. 107.)

† "Ascanius, or the Young Adventurer," p. 105.

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD STUART DISGUISED AS "BETTY BURKE."

PARIS.

THE Carnival is over. It was a dreary festivity in Paris. All the women who can lay claim to social distinction had abandoned the city, hurrying off to take part in the Battle of the Flowers waging in the South of France, to pelt and be pelted there with blossoms. The combat is over, and with Lent the fair Amazons have returned to their homes, and have thrown open the doors of their salons. Festivities in Paris have begun long before the advent of Easter. The Duchesse de Maillé, the Princesse Mathilde, Mme. Herne, Mme. Boulé, Mme. Munckacsy, and Mme. Adam receive weekly or fortnightly. Theatricals are the order of the day at Mme. Goldschmidt's, Mme. Bamberger's, and at Alexandre Dumas'. To take part in these private theatricals, or to assist thereat, furnishes another pretext to our dainty Parisiennes for the display of the most coquettish toilettes. There are costumes appropriate for the varied claims of this round of pleasures: for morning visits, for in-door receptions, for five o'clock teas, for dinner, and the opera. A medley of charming *chiffons* rises before my mind's eye, from which it is difficult to choose, and the artistic elegance of which it is next to impossible to describe.

To speak of "passementerie," "flounces," "pleatings," &c., is to use clumsy words, inadequate to portray the effect of the skilful disposition of line, the harmony of tints produced by the play and shimmer of various textiles brought into combination. These terms, nevertheless, must be used to convey an idea of some of the results attained by a master-hand, which, in this land of taste, often makes a woman's dress a creation in stuffs, as subtly harmonised and skilfully conceived as is a picture by a great painter.

TOILETTES, DESIGNED BY MMES. DEHAIS ET PHILIPPE.

The art of draping, apparently so simple, is one of the finest attainments of dressmaking. A seemingly careless disposition of lines and folds is often the result

of long practice, added to a certain instinct, in the disposal of drapery.

Watered or moiré silk is much worn for out-door costumes. A dress that seemed to pulsate with some of the delicate splendour of the opal was shown me at Dehais and Philippe's. The pale grey silk ground was watered over with rose. The draped tunic, edged with a pleated flounce, was lifted on one side in undulating lines over a petticoat brilliant with opalised beads. This sparkling embroidery was repeated on the bodice at the throat and wrists, and outlined the flow of a chemisette of creamy gauze.

Fernand, that are to grace the social gatherings of Madrid. There was an opera-cloak that seemed to convey suggestions of spring and winter in its combination of young-leaf-green velvet and trimming of rich dark sable fur.

An evening dress of electric green satin was made with flat folds forming panels on either side, framing in the floating draperies of green tulle, scintillating with electric green beads, tied here and there with knots of green satin ribbon. The back of the bodice and train were of green plush, shot with pink; the front of the bodice, cut low *à la Tosca*, was composed of crossings of satin and tulle. A scarf was wound round the waist.

BLACK LACE HAT AND BOA, DESIGNED BY MME. VIROT.

An out-door costume consisted of a visite of sapphire blue velvet, fringed with gold beads, and trimmed in front with gold passementerie. The thick silk dress to be worn with this cloak was of the electric blue shade. The round hat (a creation of Virot) had a flat crown, and wide flaps of black lace over gold. A wing, standing upright, rose at the back from clusters of black feathers, fastened by flowing knots of watered black ribbons; a string of gold beads encircled the crown. A boa of black lace, through which gleamed a string of gold beads, finished off this rich attire. In contrast to it for simple elegance was a costume of dim red Indian cachemire, made with a sash of black velvet, and a flat redingote, trimmed with black silk corded passementerie.

In the same show-rooms were to be seen the costumes made for the Duchesse d'Albe, daughter of Duc de

For the Countess Zichy, whose portrait is to be taken in this dress by Carolus Duran, was a gown of white soft peau de soie, draped with scarfs of tulle spangled with silver. The bodice, also cut low *à la Tosca*, was composed of two draperies—one of tulle, the other of peau de soie. A scarf of white silk encircled the waist.

Another costume, of that delicate contrast pink and green, suggested in its make-up the eighteenth-century fashions. It was of beryl-tinted taffetas shot with white, draped at the sides with panels of rosy tulle. The train of taffetas was lined with pink, assorted to the colour of the tulle. The draperies of the bodice, *à la Sapho*, were held by diamond clasps. The sash was of rose-colour.

Of severer line and colouring was a dress made for the Comtesse de Pourtalès. It was of black terry velvet;

a drapery of the softest white silk muslin embroidered with jet covered the front; clusters of black feathers were introduced here and there, as if to keep the muslin in place. The straight panels at the sides were framed in with feathers. The front of the low body was draped with the white silk muslin held at the shoulders with a cluster of feathers. A black ribbon, run through the muslin tucker, served to outline the shoulders and bust.

A picturesque dress was destined for the Countess Wimpffen. It led the mind back to the days of Marie Antoinette. The taffetas was peach-colour, that is, rosy puce shot with white. The draped skirt, cut open at the side, revealed a cascade of small flounces. Over the half-opened bodice was to be worn an ample fichu of Brussels lace, held at the waist by a sash of pale blue watered silk.

For Mrs. Mackay was a dress that might have been copied from a picture of the Empire period, skilfully adapted by a longer waist to our modern taste. The sapphire-blue velvet gown was bound at the waist by a scarf-sash of blue satin; the only trimming—if such it can be called—was a fichu of old Alençon lace.

A Court dress, dazzling by its purity of frosted lily-white effect, was of white India muslin, strewn with silver, and opened in front, displaying rich silver embroidery. The train, of white lampas and silver, was fastened here and there to the skirt with bows of white satin. The bodice, cut in heart-shape back and front, was draped in front with silver-strewn crape, crossed with silver-embroidered straps. The wide transparent elbow-sleeves were of crape strewn with silver.

From silk to gems the transition is natural. Never was such a profusion of jewels worn in Paris. Necklaces of pearls no longer suffice, clasps of precious stones and brilliants fasten the draperies of the bodices. Crescents of diamonds are the newest and the favourite fashion. In every bride's *corbeille* is placed one at least of those delicate young moons in white glittering gems. Suns composed of diamonds, with some rubies introduced at the centre, are also fashionable. The most admired crescents are composed solely of diamonds, the pure lustre of which renders best the white radiance of the Queen of Night. Morgan, the fashionable jeweller, occasionally outlines the cold splendour with a rim of sapphires or emeralds, but he does this only by special request. He would, following his own taste, form those crescents entirely of diamonds; he insures their luminousness by being particularly careful as to the water of the gems he uses. Butterflies and beetles, that gleam alike effectively placed in the hair or amidst the laces on the bodice of the dress, are also favourites with our beauty-loving ladies.

Two novelties in bracelets may be noted here: one, a tiny spiral of gold, on which fine pearls are threaded, coils round the arm. Another, the Talisman bracelet, is likewise composed of a thread of gold, encrusted with Persian turquoises, some smooth and round, some triangular, engraved in gold with mystic signs.

Let us quit the fascinations of jewels to contemplate those of bonnets, and enter the show-rooms of Mme. Virot. All around us, rise as on tall stems, bonnets hung on stands; two shapes dominate—the little "capote," and the wide-rimmed "Fille Angot," garlanded with flowers.

Here is a Sultan capote, very small, composed of Turkish embroidery, a knot of fine pearls and gold placed in front, the ends falling upon a band of sea-green tulle; above it, a *chou* of ribbon of old rose colour, surmounted by an aigrette of feathery grasses, pink and delicate green, fastened by two gold arrows.

Another attractive head-gear is an "Imperial capote" in gathered crape, a diadem of gold embroideries placed in front, resting on a drapery of tulle; a tulle scarf twisted round the bonnet, and supporting above the diadem a larger cluster of chrysanthemums, running through every shade of cream, golden-yellow, and reddish-brown.

A third original bonnet is made of black feathers encircled by a turban of gold tulle. Two small black birds with tails disposed in the shape of a lyre form the aigrette.

A fourth is of cut straw, fringed with dried oats and trimmed with a puff of black velvet, through which mingle white and yellow marguerites.

A charming sylvan-tinted bonnet is of moss-green straw, brightened with beetles' wings, wreathed with leaves, and surmounted by an aigrette of daisies and marguerites nestling among loops of green and pink shot tulle.

A Directoire bonnet, of smooth Tuscan straw, the broad border of which, lined with moss-green velvet shot with pink, surrounds the head as with an aureole, is adorned with strings and bows of moss-green velvet, and an aigrette of dried oats and ox-eyed daisies.

Fashions in bonnets are decidedly suggestive of the Empire period; the Joséphine bonnet is an example of the prevailing style. Here is one of straw, striped maize and green; a double band of gold embroidery rests above the forehead, placed on puffings of maize tulle. The aigrette is composed of pale roses, reeds, and loops of green ribbon.

Another quaint and dainty bonnet of this old-fashioned style is entirely composed of loops of maize-coloured tulle, encircled by a diadem of Japanese roses, the point of which is formed of the flowers' stalks and buds.

Next month we shall be able to state yet more definitely the stuffs, the colours, the arrangement of trimmings which Queen Fashion, who still rules the civilised world from her throne in Paris, will decree. It is yet too early to know in all its details what that edict will be. The final fiat has not yet gone forth.

In the days of the Empire, on Good Friday, Easter Eve, and Easter Day, the *élégantes* went forth to celebrate the advent of spring, by performing a pilgrimage to Longchamps. The pilgrimage was the continuation, with a difference, of a similar rite performed by the French ladies in days long gone by. The earlier pilgrimage had for object to pay honour to the shrine of a saintly hermit who had dwelt under the shadow of Mont Valérien, performing miracles of devotion, and penance, and communion with the spiritual world. The later pilgrimage was to declare the fashions to be worn during the

spring. If Easter came late, and the spring was fairly advanced, the spectacle presented was brilliant; it was always exciting. Deep had been the secrecy hedging round the decision as to the size and forms of the bonnets; the colour, the make-up, the materials of the gowns to be henceforth worn that season. Members of the fair sex outside the charmed circle anxiously waited to see what decisions the festivity would bring to light.

We have no Longchamps now. No sudden proclamation, veiled in secrecy till the moment comes for its announcement, attends the rulings of Fashion's whims. The illustrious milliners and dressmakers make the edicts among themselves, each vying afterwards to out-do the other by the skill and taste with which the decisions adopted are carried out.

The "Empire Fashions" will probably dominate in the coming season. We are happy to say that no particular colour will be proclaimed the favourite, and that we may be spared the eye-sore of a tint "done to death." When artists in dress manipulate a favourite colour, the result is charming; for they know how to adapt it to the complexion and the figure of every wearer. When, however, the favourite colour is taken up by less practised hands, applied by less sensitive eyes, the result is disastrous. But there are signs that green will be much worn—green in its infinite variety of tints; from its light responsive shades, eau de Nil, beryl, and young-leaf-green, passing on through dim mossy green, and delicate willow-green shot with white, to the bronze and olive greens of more sonorous tone.

Stripes will be worn in light woollen dresses—not in contrasting lines, but in two shades of the same tint. There are signs, also, of a favourite mixture of silk and wool of the same colour and tint, or of lighter wool over darker silks. Lace will enter largely into summer costumes for evening wear, and cascades of ribbon promise still to adorn the simple yet fantastic gowns suitable for young girls.

DIRECTOIRE HEAD-DRESS FOR FANCY DRESS BALLS.

A word about gloves may be aptly spoken here. Parisiennes, from the *grisette* to the *grande dame*, are almost more particular about their gloves than about their gowns. A few years ago they decreed that black gloves should be worn, and ladies throughout Europe and America wore black gloves; then they stuck their *mignonne* hands into tan Suède gloves, and all civilised ladies wore tan Suède gloves; now the tendency in Paris is to affect light gloves, the tender shades of which are nearing white for ceremonious day receptions.

THE WOMAN'S WORLD.

The Uses of a Drawing-room.

"THERE is no doubt that it is a duty to give to the poor!" The old folk, who felt life to be too difficult a matter to conduct properly without rules, laid down the principle that it was right to give a tithe. The much-despised Pharisee gave tithes; not only a tenth part of his income, but of his capital also: "I give tithes of all I possess." But, if the American poet is right, giving is not enough, for

> "Not what we give, but what we share,
> For the gift without the giver is bare."

Sharing is more difficult than giving; but it may be that the vexed question of what luxury is right and what is wrong would be answered by bringing each to the simple test of the possibility of their being shared.

Perhaps the luxury that is easiest to share is pleasure, and it is a luxury of which the lives of the poor are drearily barren. It takes some imagination to picture the life of the working people who are in regular employment. From six o'clock in the morning till the same, and often a later, hour at night, work goes on with a monotony which is wearing, all the more so as long habit makes thought about their work unnecessary. Watch the woman weighing cocoa, or the man packing tea; their hands move all but mechanically, they are utterly uninterested; but still the work goes on.

And to the "stay-at-homes" life is but little less dreary. A servant-of-all-work is sometimes designated a "slavey," but she is rarely such a slave as the wife of the working man, who not only works as a general servant, but has all the anxieties of the mother of a family, and all the cares of housekeeping to face, on small and uncertain means fitfully accruing. Pleasure is almost unknown in such lives. When the bread-winner returns he is always weary, sometimes cold, and can any one wonder if it be added, occasionally "a bit cross and discontented-like"? The wife—tired, too, with her incessant labour, and perhaps insufficient food (for "mother" is the first to go without when food runs short) —has not got enough energy left to amuse "her master." Money is too scarce, and the demands of family duties too many, to allow public amusements to be indulged in. Books, newspapers, social joys, are all debarred from the same cause. The only course is for the man to go round the corner to his penny club or freer public-house, and the woman to once more return to work, mending, patching, or darning—dull tasks performed with difficulty under the flickering light of cheap candles or bad-smelling oil.

So live the masses, the pleasureless ones—honest, sober, hard-working men and women, worthy of all respect; good, often happy, but joyless; living all together in quiet, plain houses, which stretch mile after mile towards the East, or reach into the suburbs on towards the South. And West and North London have also "the poor always with them," not in such crowds, or so unrelieved by the sight of other classes and the interests that their lives beget, but still suffering from the ills of poverty, of which dulness is no inconsiderable part. It is this dulness which shared pleasure can alleviate.

"What is the good of it? What do you expect to get by it? Are you aiming at the seat? But your politics are too mixed for that, aren't they? Why do you do it?" questioned a provincial magnate of his host, a man who, believing in the command of the serving Master to bid to the feast those who "cannot bid again," had invited to the house-warming of his beautiful home all sorts and conditions of men. "Very enjoyable, but somewhat dangerous," commented another, who had been keenly interested in a political talk with a thinking shoemaker, whereby he had learnt opinions not generally expressed at the hustings. "Dangerous!" but is the social structure so free of dangers that we had best leave well alone? Do the classes and masses love one another with the trustful love born of mutual understanding? Do certain Sunday afternoons spent in Trafalgar Square speak of social unity? Undoubtedly the dangers of class separation are upon us, and they are not insignificant. The withdrawal of class from class is likely to gradually produce a division of interests, which may do more than get class representatives in Parliament. If the nation were to divide into the nation of the rich and the nation of the poor, the passion of patriotism, though perhaps not called by that name, would be enlisted on either side. English people are patriotic, it is said, when they resist the introduction of German closed stoves, however clean, economical, and useful. In the same way, the nation of the poor would feel it patriotic to resist being clean or being educated. Indeed, there are evidences that this feeling is not now wholly absent;

and has no one ever heard the members of the nation of the rich say, "It may be all right, but we won't do it. Why, it is what the poor people do"?—as if that were an unanswerable argument against the suggestions of allowing their daughters to work, or their sons to have the educating influence of following Dr. Abernethy's celebrated advice, and "Live only on what you can earn."

The nation has, so far, been like a family, strong in its love and mutual forbearance, based on understanding. As it grows larger, unity becomes more difficult. It might separate on age, the old of all classes holding together, the young joining as their interests naturally drew them; or it might separate on politics or on religion. Division in all cases is to be deprecated; and if the worst division is caused by the various methods of worshipping the same God, which set His children against one another, surely the division arising from want of sympathy between the vast body of the "Haves" and the "Have-nots," who, whatever their circumstances, still call the one God their Father, and accept as a command the words, "Little children, love one another," may be placed not much below it.

The dangers of division could be lessened, if not wholly averted, if the rich were to recognise it as their duty to share their pleasures with the poor. "You see, I never understood the rich till I came to your parties; but now I see there's more than one side to the question," said an ardent socialist after a confidential talk on the duties and responsibilities which followed the possession of a middle-class income—a chat which had digressed on to the question of the value of work for which the world is the better, and yet for which no one could pay. "What do you think I have been doing today?" asked a lady, active alike in body and mind, of one of the guests at a party of mixed classes. "Nothing, I should say," replied the woman, on whose every feature and limb was stamped the mark of incessant, and often pain-making, toil; "you are a lady, and the likes of you never do anything, do they?" Poor interrogator! who had so innocently begun the conversation about herself, feeling with the true instinct of sympathy that personal matters would be the most enlivening to a mind so limited in its range of interests, so dulled by long poring over the mundane methods of how to make good enough for one do for two. "No, I never saw the likes of it before; but I suppose the gentry eats them most days," said one poor drunken creature, handling a hot-house nectarine which had been sent for some sick Whitechapelite by an Irish landlord, who is among the few I have known who send of their best to the poor.

Such ignorance leads to distrust, but the ignorance is not wholly the fault of the poor. How can they know of the lives of the rich, excepting by the glimpses they get when a great divorce suit lays bare the private life of the wicked, or a sensational drama takes them into the unnatural glare made by a striking episode in the history of the unfortunate? When one hears the false and exaggerated views that the poor often hold about the lives of the rich, one wishes that Hans Andersen's moon could take some of these noisy class-denouncers for a ride on her beams, letting them peep into the study of the sumptuous hall, where the master sits in deep thought, "though he has never known want;" or pass by the boudoir where patient sacrifice voluntarily sits, albeit on a velvet chair; or rest awhile in the drawing-room, where the best thought is given to Duty, which word is used more comprehensively there than has yet occurred to the limited mind of the poor.

But fairy moonlit rides are not within practicable social reforms, even if mixed parties are; and they, anyhow, are the means most within reach to break down class-distrust, the canker of unity. "Well! I'm blessed if I ever heard such a thing afore. Here's Hutchins here telling of a party he went to on Monday; ticket given at the station; Surrey or Sussex, warn't it? didn't you say? Two square meals and a snack before he com'd away. Fine house, gardens, go where yer like; farm handy, all open, grape-houses, everything yer can want, and at the end he says the old gentleman made a speech and begged pardon for not having better amused them. Well! all this, and yet Hutchins says he's sure it warn't the landlord. Stuff! he was; or if he wasn't, he had some snug hole in the Company, or why should he do it?" "Well, Company or no Company, it was a first-rate day," replied the envied guest. "I don't know when I've fancied myself more; all quiet and peaceful like, and yet no 'don'ts' a-tripping of yer up." This talk was overheard by a gentleman then living *incog.* among the workers of East London, with a view of making scientific research into the facts affecting the lives of the joyless majority, and it was not difficult to trace the occasion referred to, for hosts who give such idyllic parties are, alas! not yet common. The picture of the scene arises in my mind. The smooth, broad, flower-girt lawn; the stainless sky of one of last July's days; the group of hard-working people, their faces lined with anxious care, their bodies stodgy from sedentary lives, their clothes inappropriate and ill-fitting, their expressions often kindly, but as often "vacant of our glorious gains." There they stood, the mud-coloured monotony of their garb broken by the gay summer dresses of the ladies or gentlemen who had come to entertain them, or by the household's servants, whose hearty service had done so much towards the success of the day. Before them stood their host, his hat off, the evening breeze playing in his silver hair, speaking, with the courtesy which is deeper than any class distinctions, of his satisfaction at receiving his guests, and adding the courtly regret that their pleasures had been so few. Who, knowing Lord Dunsany, could distrust him or doubt of his motive? The insinuation that his hospitality was actuated by an imaginary position in some imaginary Company raised only a laugh, until the memory of the lurking distrustfulness which found a sordid reason for such sweet charity turned the laugh into sadness.

Yet the rich hardly know the poor better than they are known by them. "Very sad, shocking, but then they don't feel things as we do," has been said by gentle ladies on the hearing of some tragedy which would surely have roused their whole beings were they not soothed by this untrue reflection. "I know they often

lose their children, but then the poor like to have funerals," has been answered in reply to the lamentable statement of the high mortality among the children of the working people. Like to have funerals! Like to bury out of their sight the sweetest and dearest joys of their dull lives! Like to lose the hopes of support in their old age! Like to bid farewell to the one growing interest which is always there, "in sad or bright days!" Like to part with that into which they have poured hard-earned money, time, thought, love, anxiety! Like to break the link which is to bind them to the golden age, which, to the poor, is always in the future! No; the power of loving is not a class possession, and those against whom the accusation may be truthfully lodged are not the poor, but the degraded, who may be found in every class.

Shared pleasures may teach both rich and poor something about each other to their common advantage; and social entertainments will assume a higher position if they become "moral causes of concord to heal the mischief wrought by moral causes of division." That such social meetings create pleasure there can be no doubt. "Bad! yes, I've been very bad, but not too ill to come to the party. You see, your party serves us with something nice to think of come the winter-time." "Miss it! I wouldn't miss it for a sovereign," and the speaker knew the value of the gold, for he had to keep himself, wife, and six children all "decent" on twenty-two shillings a week. "I think, ma'am, if you don't mind asking him. He was terrible bad in the summer, but he's kept straight this month past in the hope you'd send him a card;" and a card he got, this poor striving human brother, who, perhaps, would not have found the spirit of alcohol so hard to fight had he had some taste of the wealth of pleasures which encumber, rather than rejoice, the lives of the rich. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him," quoted reverently one old lady, a member of the moral aristocracy of the poor; adding, "I couldn't help thinking of that text when I was in your drawing-room last night, sir. Surely that's somehow what heaven will look like." "Is it Buckingham Palace your rooms is took after?" asked another guest, whose ideas were more terrestrial than the previous speaker's; and difficult was it to make him understand that the rooms he admired so much were but the ordinary home-rooms of the class to which his host belonged. "When you are so kind as to invite Mary Ann again to your house, would you write to me, and not to her? I am quite willing she should come, but the thought of it beforehand quite unfits her for her work. I need not keep a servant for all the good she has been to me the last two or three days," kindly grumbled the worthy mistress of a fifteen-year-old general servant, who had been thus thrown off her balance by the rare event of an invitation.

And what is this offered pleasure which is enough to make memories for the dull; to keep the drunkard—at least, for a time—steady; to upset the equilibrium of the workhouse child; or suggest thoughts of heaven to the frugal dame who, through seventy long years, had done much to make earth resemble it more closely? Nothing more nor less than an ordinary "At Home" party, where the guests are of all classes, and the amusement consists of talking, music (made by the violin and piano), songs (to which choruses are sometimes added), and games, played simply and heartily. The food at the parties which called forth the remarks above quoted is certainly not among the chief attractions, for, for many reasons, the refreshments there offered are generally but slight. The attraction seems to be the admittance into the home of their host and hostess; the absence of suspicion which is implied by being personally introduced to, and treated as equals by, their "gentlefolk friends." "His name I have often seen in the newspapers, but to brush shoulders with him is more than I ever expected to do," was said of a member of Parliament who, as the hostess's brother-in-law, was not unnaturally at one of her mixed parties. "There was the drawing-room just as usual; nothing covered up or put away; we might have been themselves," commented — ungrammatically, but with much appreciation—a married woman who had been a servant in good families before her marriage with a much-loved, but delicate, husband, which began for her a life of hard usage and uncomplaining toil.

It is a pity that people who really mean kindly to the poor so seldom realise what the observance of the small courtesies of life means to them. The welcoming hand-shake; the admittance into the house; the dainty serving of delicately-cooked food, be it ever so simple; the introduction of friends by name or title; the flower-decorated table; the care which will wish to show the guests the products of travel, or the special favourite among the art-treasures — all these things are what makes the party enjoyable; in short, the sharing of the best of all that is pleasant with those who have the least of the goods of this world.

"It certainly is an infernal row, but I suppose they will think it music," said the eldest son of the house where, on a golden summer afternoon, some East Londoners were being received in the garden. But why, because people are poor, should they think an "infernal row" music? "They have ears to hear, let them hear," not the coarse, loud sounds of a blatant, out-of-tune, cheap brass band, but the best music that voice or instrument can make, which is capable of lifting and leading even the most closely-confined of dingy court denizens "to the edge of the Infinitude, and for a moment to gaze into it." "And I suppose, when the poor people come, you take out all these nice chairs and couches and things, and put in forms?" asked a well-meaning, would-be philanthropist; and his question was, perhaps, prompted by a feeling not very far-removed from that which makes the rich host disinclined to sit and take his meal with his poor guest, or which instigates such a remark as "Let me see, what have you got: a mince-pie, sausage-roll, cake? Oh, but you haven't got your turnover, or sandwich, and cracker! I'll go and get them;" and off she bustled, forgetful of the astonishment that would be felt if the butler at her father's house interrogated one of the dinner-party guests in the

same way, or insisted on piling simultaneously the same plate with fish, entrées, game, and ice-pudding, for fear that each guest would not get the portion allotted to him.

Matthew Arnold somewhere says — and if these words are not his, the idea is—that the test of a thing being against human nature is that for human societies it is ruin. This division of classes, this joylessness of large multitudes of the people, is against human nature, and it is becoming a danger to society—a danger, though, which many would avert if they knew the guests to invite to the breach-healing meetings.

It is sometimes a mistake to imagine that things must be done largely before they can be done usefully. They must be done deeply, and with religiousness of purpose; but the more naturally and simply they come about, the more likely are they to be true and issue-ful. Every householder knows a charwoman: a widow, most likely, with—poor soul!—more fatherless bairns than she can provide food and joy for. To every house come the dustman, the postman, the handy-man, the plumber, the chimney-sweep, the gasfitter, the tradesmen's servants —"troublesome people," most householders declare; but they might not be so troublesome if more kindness was shown to them, or if in mixing with their betters they learnt "sweeter manners, purer ways."

> "Ring out a slowly-dying cause,
> And ancient forms of party strife;
> Ring in the nobler modes of life,
> With sweeter manners, purer laws."

An artist could hardly draw a lovelier picture (using the word in Mr. Ruskin's sense) than was seen in Bristol at such a party—the four-year-old darling of the house, in his plush frock and point-lace, playing musical chairs with the coarse-clad, heavy-featured child of the charwoman. Patched boots skip as merrily, if not as lightly, as satin ones; and the twopence-halfpenny a yard, washed-at-home, ill-cut cotton apron held the sugar-plums which both together shared—a first communion, but none the less holy if class barriers are a wrong, and if guilelessness counts as virtue. Will that evening's memory make the pots be washed with less care, or good food more frequently thrown away to save trouble? And the carpenter's wife, and the widower plumber, and the jobbing gardener were all there—all with their children, and never did a Christmas fir see happier dancing or more joy-lit faces. The office-boy and the pupil-teacher joined in the fun which they helped to make, and the ladies sang, and a gentleman told a tale, and all enjoyed each other's performances. And then the children sat down, and the elders played musical chairs. How the widower laughed as the gardener sat on his knee, and the charwoman passed by two chairs in her fear of not getting one! How the children shouted when father missed his seat, or learnt, maybe, when uncle purposely passed his to let the plumber take it! And how cleverly the hostess managed so that the music stopped when the timid child was opposite the low chair, or when the deaf aunt could see the piano!

"And what did it cost you, that entertainment?" asked the neighbouring Canon's wife the next day when she and the hostess chatted over the pleasure of the twenty-one guests. "Thirteen shillings, including the tree and the sweets," was the answer. Did ever thirteen shillings do more good? Occasions to give such parties can always be found. Servants have birthdays, and generally friends; and few things serve to make a party go more happily than the use by the hostess of her guests as fellow-entertainers. The shyness of each other, which sometimes seems like an insurmountable wall between people, melts away directly the tea has to be served, the chairs moved, or the sugar handed. "I wasn't quite sure how it would go," said a shoemaker guest (a time-honoured friend who had often been bidden to parties, and felt himself in part responsible for the conduct of this one to larger numbers and stranger-guests), "so I brought this book of seaweeds to help pass the time," and standing gravely in the doorway, which he completely blocked before all the in-coming guests, he commenced to open a long roll of cardboard on which had been pressed many-hued seaweeds dried in fantastic shapes. All over the room went the helpful man, showing his treasure to dull ladies, or any one whom he saw silent, learning finally from a learned professor something about seaweed classification and artistic arrangements.

At another gathering, when all the members of an association were invited to enjoy an evening, some were chosen, decorated with white bows, and told off as hostesses to see that all and each had tea, and were seated as comfortably as space would allow; to take cloaks and hats, to organise the games and dances, to make sure that the lovers of quiet were supplied with books or albums, to introduce old and new members—in short, to do all that generally falls to the lot of one hostess. Rarely do evenings go better than that evening did, and perhaps few enjoyed it so much as the little band of willing white-bowed helps, who had found their pleasure in giving it to others.

"It fairly puzzled us," confided a member of a club whose men called themselves the "Venturers;" "we all had a shot at guessing, and at last Jones hit on it, for I suppose it means "Reserved Seats of the Venturer Party." Was ever R. S. V. P. so interpreted? But, however interpreted, it is never answered. Whether in the plainest English or under French initials, the request that the invited guests will reply is nearly always ignored. The habit of looking forward is not one that experience encourages among the poor. Indeed, they might be wiser to avoid seeing that which, things being as they now are, almost perforce awaits their old age or chance sickness—*i.e.*, the workhouse; but, whatever is the reason, the fact remains. To the invitation come no replies, but the guests arrive; and perhaps more frequent thought of them, shown by more frequent invitations, would in its turn breed more sympathetic thought for the inconvenience of their hosts if left in ignorance of their guests' intentions. "Manners are caught, not taught;" and their improvement may be among the minor goods which would result from pleasure being shared, and the West-End drawing-rooms being put to new uses.

HENRIETTA O. BARNETT.

Records of a Fallen Dynasty.

IT will be remembered, perhaps, that the newspapers of the 31st of January recorded that the "proposed Mass, at the Church of the Carmelites, for the repose of the soul of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, on the one hundredth anniversary of his death," was finally abandoned, and that one of the reasons given for this change was the fear lest some of the "persons concerned" should select this occasion "to manifest a treasonable feeling towards the title of the Queen.

Surely the "persons" who could allow their respect for the memory of a fallen dynasty to carry them thus far, must forget that the monarchs of England reign not merely by hereditary right, but by the will of the people. The people would have nothing to do with the Stuarts at the time of Prince Charles Edward's unsuccessful attempt, in 1745, to retrieve the fortunes of his family. That they had no dislike for the family itself, is proved by their loyalty to the two last reigning sovereigns of the House of Stuart—Mary and Anne. It was the religion to which the representatives of the male branch had

FLORA MACDONALD.

(*From a Painting by J. Markluin*, 1747.)

reverted, that had become hateful to the people, and at no price would they have submitted to the rule of a Roman Catholic King.

The hopes of the Jacobites are now as utterly extinct as are the fears of their opponents. To most people, indeed, the designation is only suggestive—like that of the Lollards or the Crusaders—of the traditions of a departed age. People have heard, of course, of both the Old and the Young "Pretender," but in the minds of most of them the two have become hopelessly "mixed," and this confusion is only increased whenever mention is made of these unhappy Princes by any other name. We are most of us familiar with Lady Blessington's "good story" about the "Irish peeress" who announced at Florence that she had just been to see the house "in which Ariosto lived with the Countess of Albany, widow of Charles I."—meaning, it is scarcely necessary to explain, the house in which Alfieri lived with the Countess of Albany, widow of Prince Charles Edward. But the "Irish peeress" who tells this story, as Mr. Hayward has pointed out, whilst "in the act of triumphing over her country-woman, falls into the not less palpable mistake of calling the Countess the widow of *James* Stuart, the Chevalier St. George."

But of those who have succeeded in clearly realising the personality of Prince Charles Edward, how few will be likely to interest themselves in the welfare of his soul, whilst fewer still will be those who believe in the efficacy of Masses to minister to its repose. We live in a careless, sceptical, and thoroughly unsentimental age. It is not surprising, therefore, that the object of the requiem should have been misinterpreted. The proposed ceremony was forbidden by the Cardinal-Archbishop; "and it was reserved for a clergyman of the Established Church"* (I quote from a writer in the *St. James's Gazette* of the 1st of February, who signs himself "A Jacobite") to celebrate the centenary of one who gave three kingdoms for a Mass,"† and at whose birth, the same writer might have added, seven Cardinals were present, whilst Pope Clement XI. caused a Te Deum to be sung in his honour.

To me the interest attaching to this unfortunate family is never-fading. I wonder at it myself, being conscious that it is based upon no exaggerated notions as to the merits of its members. It partakes more of an æsthetic feeling—of a religious fetishism—which feeds foolishly upon attractive personalities and romantic legends. When I think of the Stuarts my mind becomes like a portrait-gallery full of engaging faces, with every peculiarity of which I have long been familiar, from the double moustache of King Charles I.—with its four distinct points—down to the little mole upon the right side of the Duke of Monmouth's upper-lip—illegitimacy being no bar to my affectionate sympathy. It is not possible for any one who has read much about Mary Stuart to form a very high estimate of her moral character. Whatever may have been her failings, however, I would rather read about these than about any body else's perfections.

The misfortunes of King Charles I. may have caused both his character and appearance to be somewhat overrated by his adherents. I read in my Macaulay of his obstinacy, his insincerity, his shifty behaviour to his Parliament; I know that he was not nearly so tall as I once imagined him to be, and that without the picturesque arrangement of beard and flowing locks—of which Vandyke and Petitôt knew so well how to make the most—he might have cut but an insignificant figure. "Your martyr could swear, too, and roundly!" Charles II. is said to have observed when remonstrated with for using bad language, for "the Merry Monarch"—a good-natured man in spite of his many faults—paid somewhat dearly, at times, for the privilege of having had an exemplary father. Comparisons were perpetually being made which he must have been conscious were not to his own advantage; and these comparisons were odious to him. Hence this abortive endeavour to drag the "martyr" down to his own level in the matter of swearing.

For my own part, I care not whether he swore roundly or not. He looks at me sadly and fearlessly with his melancholy predestined eyes—a dignified and pathetic figure, associated with many cherished dreams and illusions; I can forgive him anything, and find myself regarding his enemies as "poysonous Asps, King-Killing Basilisks, and devouring caterpillars"—by which names they are alluded to in a rare pamphlet of the period, which is all printed in blood-coloured type.‡

An ancestor of my own, one Colonel Roger Burges, was a devoted adherent of this ill-fated monarch; and, as more than one of my relatives have been associated with the misfortunes of the Stuarts, I may be able, perhaps, to add even to so well-worn a theme, a few facts which are not generally known. The Cavalier Colonel, to whom I have just alluded, successfully opposed Cromwell himself by holding out for the King the town of Farringdon. He was one of the three Lieut.-Colonels taken prisoners at "Naseby Field," and when, eventually, he was appointed to the command of Castle Cornet, and the defence of the Island of Guernsey, he protracted it after the submission of every Royalist garrison in the British dominions. This gentleman was the recipient of one of the seven memorial rings which were presented after King Charles's death to the most devoted of his adherents, and which contained a lock of his hair. The great-grandson of this staunch Cavalier, however, Captain George Burges, found himself upon the Hanoverian side at the Battle of Culloden. So closely, indeed, was he brought in contact with the opposing forces, that he succeeded in wresting the standard of Prince Charles Edward's Body-Guard from the hands of the Duke of Atholl, by whom it was borne. I try to think that he seized upon it as a relic. As such, at any rate, it has been preserved ever since in our family. This standard is now in the possession of my eldest brother, and a photograph of it has been reproduced for this article. It is 3 feet 8 inches

* The Rev. Dr. Lee, of All Saints', York Street.

† It was the Archbishop of Rheims who, on seeing James II. leaving the Church of the Jesuits, exclaimed, "Voilà un brave homme qui a donné trois royaumes pour une messe."

‡ "The Bloody Court; or, the Fatall Tribunall."

in length, by 2 feet 3 inches in breadth, and is composed of four broad stripes of dark blue, which are again traversed at regular intervals by narrow scarlet lines. Between these broader stripes are stripes of silver of about half the width of the others.

Captain Burges caught sight of the Prince in the midst of the confusion which followed the terrific rush of the Highlanders, and he always spoke in the most flattering terms of his prepossessing appearance, and —contrary to what has been recorded by those who blamed him for not placing himself at the head of the Macdonalds—of the gallantry he displayed. This gentleman was afterwards appointed aide-de-camp and military secretary to General Bland, Commander-in-Chief of his Majesty's Forces in Scotland. General Bland arrived in Scotland with "extraordinary powers," and took up his abode in the Royal apartments at Holyrood House, which had recently been vacated by H.R.H. the Duke of Cumberland; and it was during his residence in this historic palace—so full of interesting memories—that my relative became familiar, in somewhat exceptional circumstances, with the lineaments of another member of the House of Stuart. A coffin was discovered by a workman who was making some repairs, which, from its position, was assumed to be that of Darnley. Buchanan, one of Queen Mary's bitter opponents, tells us, respecting the interment of her second husband, that "suddenly, without any funeral honour, in the night-time, by common carriers of dead bodies, upon a vile bier, she caused him to be buried hard by David Rizzio;" but whether the coffin had remained undisturbed until the year of General Bland's residence, I have no means of ascertaining. Be this how it may, the General's aide-de-camp, with the view of verifying the discovery, ordered the coffin to be opened, when "King Henry of gude memory" (as he is styled in the official documents relating to his murder) was revealed, lying as though he had died but yesterday, his face wearing an expression so composed that it was difficult to realise either that he had been brought to his death by violence, or that it had been preceded by what Hume describes as "an illness of an extraordinary nature." The face of Mary's youthful King-Consort bore so marked a resemblance to his portrait, that all doubt as to the identity of the body, which, Captain Burges agreed with Buchanan, was "the goodliest corpse of any gentleman that ever lived," was immediately set at rest. Historians agree in affirming that Darnley was exceedingly well-favoured: "A young gentleman" (says Camden*) "of a beauty most worthy of a crowne," whilst it may not be uninteresting to mention, *en passant*, that Rizzio is described as "*homme assez âgé, laid, morne, et malplaisant;*"† and that the "*Comte de Boutheville*" (as Brantome styles Bothwell) is said to have been not only ugly, but dirty. I have been told that the face in the coffin at Holyrood resembled that of a beautiful youth—peacefully sleeping. Only for a moment, however, did it retain this life-like appearance. As Captain Burges, leaning upon his gold-headed walking-stick, was gazing down into the vault, his cane suddenly slipped, its point penetrating the "goodly corpse," which immediately collapsed—a few handfuls of dust, some crumbled bones, and a black substance resembling the crumpled wing of a bat being all that remained in the coffin. This cane is also in the possession of my brother at Beauport. The young aide-de-camp, however, was often more agreeably employed than in the exhuming of dead bodies. Lord Somerville occupied apartments, at this time, at Holyrood House, and Lord Somerville had a daughter. Captain Burges's clandestine marriage with this young lady in the dead of night‡ is as sensational as anything to be found in the history of "Prince Charlie" himself, with which, however, it has nothing to do, so I pass on to the only son of this romantic union, Sir James Bland Burges, a devoted adherent of the House of Hanover (who assumed the name of "Lamb" in 1821), and who, when a youth, making the grand tour, fell in with Charles Edward near Albano. Alas! the Prince whose gallant bearing Sir James's father had admired at Culloden, had now reached the period of his degradation. Here is the description of the meeting: "We had not strolled far," Sir James writes, "when, at the turning of a road, we saw advancing towards us a magnificent cavalcade, consisting of three coaches and six, and a number of running footmen and other servants dressed in scarlet and gold. Inquiring what this might be, we were told it was "*Il Pretendente Carolo Stuardo*," and his lady. Curious to see a man of whose fortunes I had heard so much, I stopped and awaited him. Presently he drove up. As he passed I pulled off my hat and made him a bow. He looked thoughtful and melancholy, but when he saw that I was an Englishman, his countenance brightened up. He bent forward and returned my bow. He was fat and bloated, and bore the marks of habitual inebriety."

Those who have followed the history of the Prince's unhappy marriage, will know how unwillingly "his lady" ("*la dolce metà di me stesso*" of Alfieri) must have seated herself at his side. At this time, "whether from jealousy or affection" (remarks Mr. Hayward), "he never allowed her to be out of his sight."

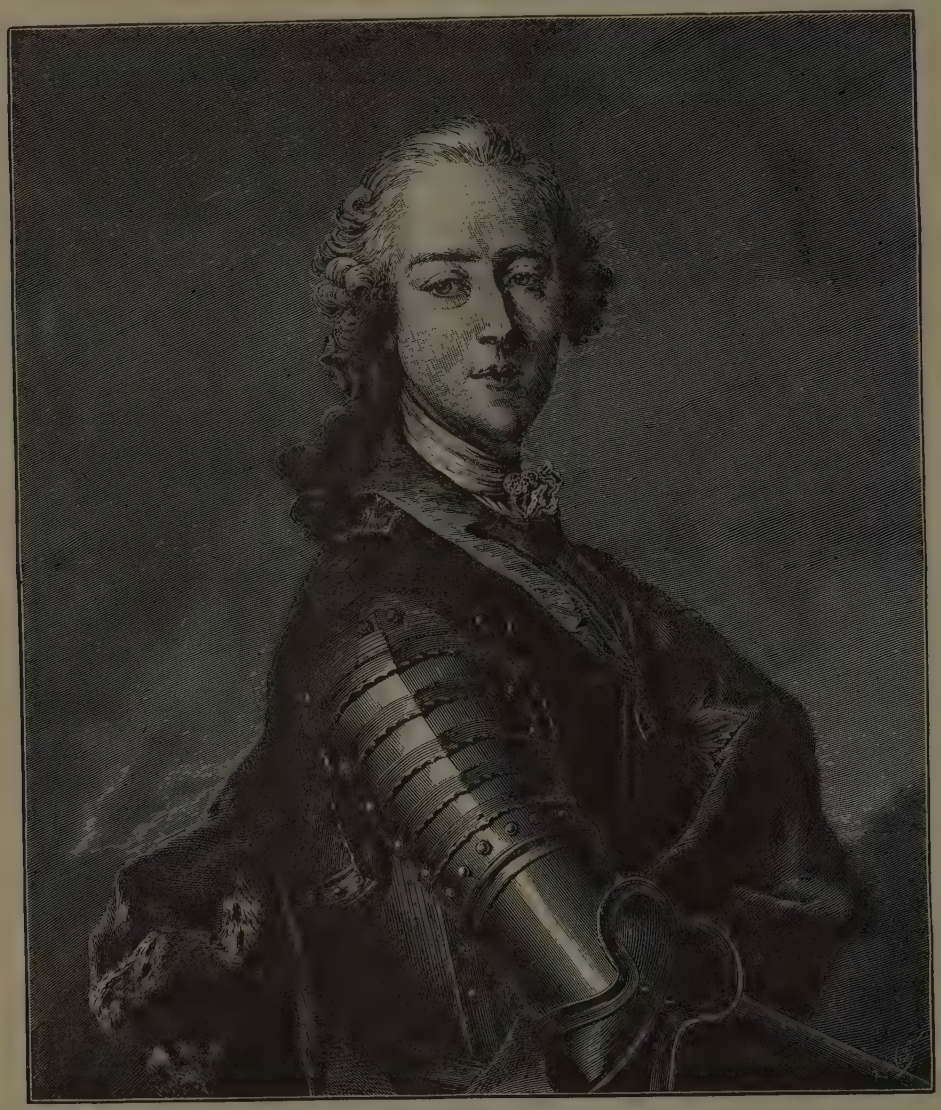
My father, the only child of the late Sir Charles Montolieu Lamb (by Mary, daughter of Archibald, eleventh Earl of Eglinton), was deeply attached to the memory of the Stuarts, and it was to mark this that he attended the tournament given by his half-brother (the late Lord Eglinton) as "the Knight of the White Rose." I have alluded to my father's mother because she was niece to that Lady Margaret Macdonald (wife of Sir Alexander Macdonald of Mugstot in Skye, and daughter of the ninth Earl of Eglinton) to whose house it was the intention of the loyal Flora to have conveyed Prince Charles Edward when she had disguised him as Betty Burke—her Irish maid-servant; and because, by reason of this relationship, I have learnt many particulars concerning the Prince's adventures when he was hiding, with £30,000 upon his head, amongst these devoted Highland

* Camden, I. 75.

† Blackwood, *apud* Jebb. II. 202.

‡ "Letters and Correspondence of Sir James Bland Burges Lamb, Bart., sometime Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs," Vol. I., p. 13.

adherents. The number of Macdonalds who figure in the narrative of his escape, tend to make it somewhat confusing. Miss Flora herself, who is described as being about twenty-four years of age, of a middle stature, well-shaped, and a very pretty, agreeable person, was the daughter of Macdonald of Milton in South Uist, a branch of the illustrious family of Clanranald. Her father died when she was a child, and her mother re-married Hugh Macdonald of Armadale, who was, at this time, in command of a body of Militia upon the Hanoverian side. It was this Macdonald who furnished his step-daughter with a passport for herself, her man, Neil McEachan (who was, in reality, another Macdonald, passing as Miss Flora's servant), and one "Betty Burke, an Irish woman, reputed a good spinner," whom she was desirous of taking as such, she said, to her mother at Slait. They crossed over to Skye in the night of June 28th, 1746, and landed next day at Kilbride, after much perilous adventure. Leaving the Prince with the boat, Miss Flora (who is always thus respectfully styled in writings of the period) proceeded to the seat of Sir Alexander Macdonald, who was then away with the Duke of Cumberland's army. His wife, Lady Margaret, to whom Flora confided the "situation," did not dare to shelter the Prince at Mugstot, as the commanding officer of the search-party in the neighbourhood was actually in the house. Introduced into the company of this gentleman, Miss Flora replied so



PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD STUART.

(*From a Painting by L. Tocque*, 1748.)

readily to his questions as to disarm all suspicion, and she and Lady Margaret then put their heads together in order to decide what to do for the best. Yet another Macdonald now appears upon the scene—Macdonald of Kingsborough, Sir Alexander's factor, to whom the two ladies confided in their dilemma, and it was agreed that the Prince should rest at his house, some seven miles distant, for the night.

I am afraid that it must have been during his wanderings in these wild regions that Charles Edward contracted that taste for stimulants which led, in the end, to his "habitual inebriety." Very often brandy was all that his faithful friends could spare him in the way of refreshment. On the 11th of May, when sailing about Harris, we read that the Prince fortunately obtained a bottle of brandy. The same day he landed on an island called Loch Escaby—South of Uist (this is before he made the acquaintance of Miss Flora), where the Chief of Clanranald went to pay his respects to him, taking with him six good shirts and some brandy. The Prince was then established in a hut which was so low that he had to creep into it upon his hands and knees. This brandy, however, could not have lasted long, for on the 16th we find the faithful Donald McLeod braving the dangers of the "continent of Scotland" in search of more. He purchased two "ankers" of it, at one guinea each. This was a noble haul, and cheap at the price, for I find that Johnson describes an "anker" as "a liquid measure of ten gallons," so that, for twenty gallons of brandy, two guineas was certainly not too much. Between this and June 27th, when Miss Flora was first presented to the Prince, the tribute in brandy flows steadily in. The Lady of Clanranald presents the Prince, too, with part of a bottle of white wine, "being all that the military had left Clanranald." Miss Flora was presented to the Prince in a little hut, where she found him cheerfully dressing the heart, liver, and kidneys of a sheep, upon a wooden spit of his own making. The Lady of Clanranald accompanied her young clans-woman, but did not remain long, having news that "a party of Campbell's men, under Captain Ferguson, was at her house, and that the Captain lay in her bed last night," whereupon she hurried home.

The Prince, upon making the acquaintance of Miss Flora, charmed her by his affability. He seems to have been always amiable and good-tempered at this time, and almost suspiciously cheerful. His treatment of women, too, appears to have been most chivalrous and considerate. On the way to Skye they encountered rough and tempestuous weather, when the Prince "finding Miss and the sailors beginning to be uneasy at their situation, sang them several Highland songs." And again: "In consequence of the night storm, Miss Flora was so fatigued that she fell asleep at the bottom of the boat. The Prince observing it, covered her, to save her as much as he could from the cold, and sat by her lest anything should hurt her, or lest any of the boatmen in the dark should step upon her; but the sea being rough, she could not sleep long." * Can this be the same man (one asks oneself) who is accused, in after-years, first by Miss Walkinshaw, and then by his wife, of violence and brutality? Or, was not that rather an utterly different creature, made up of alcohol and adversity, whom even the loyal Flora might have failed to recognise had she been brought in contact with him? Happily for her, she knew him only at his most attractive phase: a hero of twenty-five, brave, handsome, unfortunate, in whose veins ran the blood of her Kings. It seems a pity, in the interests of romance, that these two attractive young people did not fall in love with each other, as we read in the old songs and legends that they did. We do not

THE STANDARD OF PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD'S BODY-GUARD.

(In the possession of Sir Archibald Lamb, Bart., at Beauport, Sussex.)

* "Ascanius, or the Young Adventurer," p. 98.

know, of course, what may have been in their hearts, but there is no evidence of anything more than devoted loyalty on the one side, and admiring gratitude on the other. Perhaps, at this time, Charles Edward was not altogether heart-whole and fancy-free. We read that he was attached to the second daughter of France, a black-eyed damsel, whose health he was accustomed to drink, and to whom it is related that he frequently alluded, seeming, whenever he mentioned her name, "to be more than ordinarily well pleased." I do not find, either, that Miss Flora and the Prince were ever even alone together. Donald McLeod, Neil McEachan (Miss Flora's *soi-disant* "man," a Macdonald as we know, in disguise), or some of the boatmen, seem to have been always at hand to save the proprieties; and these faithful followers were partly responsible, no doubt, for the rapid disappearance of the brandy. The two "ankers" and Clanranald's bottle must have got somewhat low by the time that the party arrived at Mugstot, for we find Lady Margaret, though afraid of harbouring the "Young Adventurer," sending down "wine, brandy, and other refreshments," to the boat, by a trustworthy boy, and Macdonald of Kingsborough soon afterwards follows with more. My grandmother, when a girl, had seen and conversed with this boy—then an old man. He came over to Eglinton to visit some of his kinsfolk, and many of the particulars here set down were communicated to her by him. Macdonald of Kingsborough conveyed the Prince on foot, "thro' by-ways" to his house—better to insure his safety—whilst Miss Flora and her man McEachan went on horseback by road. They arrived at Kingsborough at about eleven o'clock at night in a very wet condition (as it had come on to rain), and quite ready for their supper, which Mrs. Macdonald, who was just going to bed, was told to come down and prepare. The strangeness of the Prince's appearance in his female disguise seems at first to have occasioned some consternation in the establishment. The little daughter of the house ran up to her mother, exclaiming, "Mamma, mamma, my father has brought heether a vera odd, muckle, ill-shapen-up waife as ever I saa!" Mrs. Macdonald hereupon went downstairs to get the keys of the store-room, but was so frightened, as she said, at seeing "sic a muckle trollop of a carlin' make sic lang streels thro' the hall,"* that she begged her husband to go and fetch them instead.

PATTERN OF PRINCE CHARLES'S ("BETTY BURKE'S") DRESS.

Her maid thought she had never seen "sic an impudent looken' woman, or a mon in woman's claathes." Of himself, seeing his reflection in a glass, the Prince remarked, "A lusty wench, this is!" In the portrait, however, which represents him in this disguise, he looks a decent young person enough.

"Betty Burke's" dress was a simple linen gown, having a cream-coloured ground, upon which sprigs and flowers were printed in violet. It was the fashion at one time for Jacobite ladies to wear dresses of this design. A pattern of stuff printed from the original blocks is here reproduced.

When Kingsborough informed his wife of the rank of their visitor she became even more alarmed. "The Prince!" cried she, "then we will a' be hangit!" Her husband replied that they would be "hangit" then in a good cause, and that she must make haste and prepare supper, and come to it herself. "*I* come to supper!" said she; "I know not how to behave before Majesty."

Finally, however, the meal was prepared, and they all sat down to it. "At supper the Prince placed Miss Flora at his right hand, and Mrs. Macdonald at his left. He made a plentiful supper—eating four eggs, some 'collops,' bread and butter, and he drank two bottles of beer." Then, out came the inevitable brandy-bottle: "calling then for a bumper of brandy, he drank health and prosperity to his landlord and landlady, and 'better times to us all!'" After supper he smoked his pipe, which was "as black as ink, and worn or broken to the very stump." And then, "after drinking a few more glasses of wine," the Prince went to bed, and slept nine or ten hours without interruption—"this being the first bed that he had lain on for many a long night." Indeed, as he remarked to his host, when he aroused him unwillingly in the morning, "To tell the truth, I had almost forgot what a bed was like."†

When the Prince was dressed, Mrs. Macdonald and Miss Flora came into his bed-chamber to help him on with his cap and apron. Mrs. Macdonald desired Miss Flora, in Erse (the language of the island), to ask him for a lock of his hair. With this request he immediately complied, and "laying his head on Miss Flora's lap, bade her cut a lock off, which she did, giving Mrs. Macdonald one half, and keeping the other herself."

The parting between Charles Edward and Miss Flora took place soon after this, at Portree. "Here the Prince took leave of Miss Flora, returning her his sincere thanks for her kind assistance, and greatly lamented that he had

* "Charles, it is known, became his female disguise somewhat awkwardly. His step was too long for the petticoat, and it was remarked of Flora's supposed female servant that she was a 'lang leggit lass.'" ("Memorials of the Montgomeries, Earls of Eglinton," Vol. I., note to p. 107.)

† "Ascanius, or the Young Adventurer," p. 105.

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD STUART DISGUISED AS "BETTY BURKE."

not a Macdonald to go on to the end, saying: 'Well, Miss Flora, I hope we yet shall be in a good coach and six before we die, tho' we be now on foot!'"

We know that this hope of Charles Edward's was realised in his own case, at least. He had his "good coach and six" to drive about in, but, alas! by that time all his other hopes had evaporated into thin air. The sawdust strewn upon the scaffold at Tower Hill had sucked in the blood of Lords Kilmarnock, Balmerino, Lovat, and Derwentwater, whilst many more of his loyal adherents had been executed elsewhere "with circumstances" (says a writer of the period) "which cannot but give offence to a humane and delicate mind." Miss Flora Macdonald was leagues away—the wide Atlantic flowed between the Prince and the woman who had stood by him so nobly in the hour of his need. "His lady," who sat by his side in the good coach and six, hated and despised him. A popular Hanoverian King was firmly seated upon the throne of his fathers; and the brandy, to which he had flown for comfort in his adversity, had told fearfully upon his once handsome and vigorous frame. No wonder that when he drove past my great-grandfather at Albano he looked "thoughtful and melancholy," although he had a coach and six as fine as the heart of Prince could desire—with running footmen and other servants all tricked out in scarlet and gold.

After the Prince's departure from Scotland, Miss Flora was apprehended at her mother's house, and put on board the *Furnace Bomb*, commanded by Captain Ferguson. She was a prisoner, also, for a short time in Dunstaffnage Castle, and after being conveyed from place to place, was taken to London, where she remained in confinement from December, 1746, till the following July, when she was discharged, at the special request (it is said) of Frederick, Prince of Wales, without having had any questions put to her.

After her return to Skye, she married Alan Macdonald of Kingsborough, the son and successor of the gentleman who had sheltered and befriended the Prince. She and her husband migrated to America about 1775, but after suffering many mischances in that country during the War of Independence, they returned to Skye, where Flora died, on the 4th of March, 1790. She was buried in one of the sheets in which Prince Charles Edward slept during the night he passed at Kingsborough, and which had been carefully treasured by her mother-in-law, old Mrs. Macdonald of Kingsborough, who was buried herself in the other sheet. Flora lies with the rest of the Kingsborough family, in the burial-ground at Kilsmuir, in Trotternish, and the following inscription has been placed upon her tomb:—"In the history of Scotland and England is recorded the name of her by whose memory this tablet is rendered sacred, and mankind will consider that in Flora Macdonald were united the calm, heroic fortitude of a man, together with the unselfish devotion of a woman. Under Providence she saved Prince Charles Edward Stuart from death on the scaffold, thus preventing the House of Hanover incurring the blame of an impolitic judicial murder."

So on the 4th of March, 1890, Miss Flora too (or "*Mrs.*" Flora, rather) will have a centenary; and surely when that day dawns (if one could but make a note of it and remember it), not only those who style themselves "Jacobites," but all who can admire loyalty, courage, and "unselfish devotion," will feel inclined to celebrate it in their hearts, a ceremony which not all the Cardinals in Christendom will be able to hinder or prohibit.

MARY MONTGOMERIE SINGLETON.
("VIOLET FANE.")

Something about Needle-Women.

If a prize competition were to be opened for the purpose of deciding what character in recent fiction has made the widest and the deepest mark, it can scarcely be doubted that Mr. Besant's Melenda would stand at the head of the list. Not even the already classic Mr. Hyde has served to point so many morals and adorn so many newspaper articles. The reason of this popularity, as of all such popularity, lies partly in the work itself and partly in its appositeness to the mood of the public. For literary work, even though it be as magnificent as Landor's, may chance to fail entirely of touching the general reader. It sings a song out of season, which, perhaps, another generation may pronounce to be the only song worth singing. Mr. Besant's was most emphatically a song in season. Melenda was precisely the sort of person about whom a great many of us had been wanting to learn something. The rights and wrongs of working women had been present for some time as a vague, complicated, and disturbing problem to the national conscience. We heard scattered tales that filled us with indignation, but we did not know whether these tales were exceptions, or whether they represented the usual state of things. People of education, well acquainted with the lives and thoughts of Greek philosophers, or Italians of the Renaissance, are ignorant—and uncomfortably aware that they are ignorant—of the daily life of their own working contemporaries. Few ladies ever get an opportunity of visiting a workroom, or holding an hour or two's friendly intercourse with a woman who works at a trade. Our servants we may learn to know, if both parties are willing; and we may learn something of the sempstress who comes to work in the house, or the old women in our district to whom we take tea and flannel; but to most of us it is virtually impossible to make the acquaintance of a veritable working woman, employed during the greater number of her waking hours in a workroom to which we cannot penetrate. It is because of this difficulty that I have thought the readers of The Woman's World likely to be interested in an account of a workroom actually existing in our midst at this moment, and in the story (given as nearly as possible in her own words) of a woman who has been working alone and unaided in London since the year of the Crimean War, and who is at work still. This story I had from her own lips, together with the permission to print it. I have changed the names, and I may possibly have transposed some one or two incidents, but, in the main, the history is accurate. It must not, however, be taken as a typical one; it must be remembered that this is the story of a *successful* woman, endowed with a singularly resolute and energetic character, and with the rare blessing of perfect health. And so with the workroom. It is, I have reason to believe, one of the best of its kind, superintended personally by an employer who has at heart the welfare of those whom he employs, and who has known what it is to be employed by a master himself. It may be well, perhaps, before proceeding to the story of one who has lived mainly by making shirts, to give some details of the way in which shirts are made, and prices paid for them. Shirt-makers, in the true sense of the word, there are none, except in the poorest branches of the trade. No woman makes a fine white shirt; she only makes a certain portion of it at so much per dozen. Payment in this trade is almost always by the piece The question of piecework or timework is one upon which workers are much divided. Piecework is, no doubt, more advantageous to employers, especially in trades subject to fluctuations in the amount of work demanded; it is probably also more advantageous to the workers in trades where the work is continual; and it certainly has the merit (which some of my working acquaintances regard as very important) of giving a fuller advantage to the skilled and the quick. On the other hand, many workers and employers agree that it encourages careless, scamped work, and that it opens the door to overtime. And assuredly when employers claim the whole disposal of their employees' working day (as we have lately learned, by means of the Midland strike, that railway companies do), and yet pay only for the work actually done—which may, perhaps, have occupied but half an hour—the workers have fair reason to complain of injustice. This injustice does not prevail in other relations. A pupil who retains the time of a teacher has to pay for his lesson even if he misses it, and the man who buys the right to reserve a seat in a theatre will not get back his money even if he stays away from the performance. But the railway companies, being strong and unscrupulous, can appropriate the time of working men without paying a penny for it. Many pieceworkers, whose case is less flagrant than this, suffer the same wrong in a minor degree by the delays that often occur in the giving out of work. One piece cannot be completed, perhaps, till another piece has been passed through the machine, and the handworker has to wait a minute, or two, or ten, till the machinist has finished her part. Under the system of day-wages this delay is a loss to the employer, and the forewoman is careful to guard against it; under the system of piecework it is the workers who are losers, and she is not always so particular. The hours of shirt-makers are generally from nine o'clock to seven. Where they are paid by time, their wages average fourteen or fifteen shillings a week. The payments by the piece in good West-End houses are as follow:—

Fitting (that is, arranging and tacking collar and shoulders), 1d. each.

Topping (felling on the collar, tacking in the front, tacking the bottom and the sleeves), lowest price, 4d.; sometimes 5d. best price, 6d.

Button-holes, 3½d., 4d., or 5d. per dozen.

Machinists:—Collars, 1s. per dozen; cuffs, 2d. per pair; bands, 9d. per dozen; putting in sleeves, 9d. per dozen; making fronts and bodies (including putting in the yoke and making the sleeves), 2s. 6d. per dozen.

At the best of these prices a really skilful worker will make seventeen, eighteen, or twenty shillings a week in the busy season—that is, in summer; but in winter probably not more than ten, on account of slackness of work. Customers might do a good action at no personal cost if they would remember that a little more work in the winter may be a blessing, and in the summer a burden. These rates of payment (at which a first-class work-woman may make, if she is fortunate enough to be employed at what she would herself call "a constancy," an average of fifteen shillings a week throughout the year) are, it must be remembered, the *very best* in the trade; and they represent a degree of skill and quickness of which the ordinary woman sewing her own under-linen at home has no conception. Women whose work is not faultless, or whose speed is not remarkable, cannot earn in a week more than half this amount, even if they are employed in a good workroom. Not one reader of THE WOMAN'S WORLD, working from nine to seven, could earn ten shillings a week at shirt-making, although she were to be paid at the best prices. As for those who work for cheap shops, and for the little workrooms which supply cheap shops, it is difficult to say to how low a figure their pay may descend. I heard of an instance some months ago in which a girl (employed, I believe, somewhere near the Old Kent Road) was paid a shilling a dozen for the cheapest and coarsest coloured cotton shirts *complete*. If she worked at home, as many women do, she found her own cotton and needles, and her machine, if she used one. Even with a machine she could scarcely, one would think, make six in a day; and there would be days in which time would be lost in fetching and carrying back the work. How is it possible for a girl who depends on such wages as this to live a decent human life, properly fed, housed, and clothed?

To return to my successful shirt-maker. She was the youngest child of a widowed mother, who had gone out to service, and she was brought up by an aunt and uncle at a little farm in the midst of a wood in one of the Southern counties. It was a solitary place, and the child grew up accustomed to be alone in the wood at all hours of the day or evening. The bread and the butter were made at home; milk and eggs and vegetables were all from the farm; and there was as much fruit as any one cared for to be had for the gathering. "It seemed one of the strangest things to me," she said, "that I had to buy fruit when I came to London, if I wanted it. I never saw anybody or had any companions. My aunt taught me plain needlework. She used to set me down to do a certain length, and put in a pin to mark it; and often and often I have taken out the pin and set it farther back, never thinking she would see the pin-holes. And many a time she has said to me: 'Ah! my lady, you'll live to thank me some day for this.' And her words came true; for it was what helped me when nothing else did." This life she led until she was fifteen, and brought away from it two possessions—her perfect health and her knowledge of plain sewing, neither of which she would have been likely to acquire in London. Her aunt died when she was between fifteen and sixteen, and she came to London to go to service, arriving alone at Charing Cross. "I shall never forget how I felt when I saw all the people and the horses and carriages. I thought: 'Oh dear! I shall never get on here.' I went to lodge with my brother and his wife, and one of the first things I saw was lots and lots of soldiers going along the New Kent Road. And when I asked what it was, people told me they were going to bury the Duke of Wellington. Then I was in service for awhile, but I did not like it at all. I had always been free, and I was wilful and independent. And I had nowhere to go to when I was out of place. I could not go to my mother, because she was in service out of London; so if I left I had to get something else directly. I could not stay to pick and choose. And I was proud; I never would ask my mother for money, and often I wrote and said I was getting on quite well, when really I was very unhappy. And at last I would not stay in service any longer. Then my mother put me apprentice to the dressmaking, to two old ladies, sisters, a little way out of London. I was apprenticed for a year, and it was the happiest year of my life. The old ladies were very kind to us, and let us do what we liked. When I was out of my time my mother wanted me to stay in the country and set up, but I would go to London. I was always wilful, and I would have my own way, and so I came. I did not know anything about the big West-End shops. I just walked up and down, and where I saw a card with *Dressmaking* on it, there I went in and asked for work. And at two or three places they offered me six shillings a week and my tea. That was all they would give, and I said, 'No; it wasn't enough.' And as I walked to and fro, I looked down the areas, and saw the bright fires in the kitchens, and the servants getting the meals; and I did not know where my next meal was coming from; but all the same, I thought to myself, 'I'm glad I am up here, and not down there.' And at one place I saw a card: *Plain Needleworkers Wanted;* and I stood and thought to myself: 'I don't like plain needlework; but I don't like service. I have got to make myself like something; can't I make myself like this?' And I went in, and they offered me just the same—six shillings and my tea. And I thought I must take something, and I took it. It wasn't shirt work; it was ladies' work: white petticoats and such things, all done by hand. It was a second-hand place, where they made things for a larger shop, and it was in Argyle Place, just out of Argyle Square, Pentonville. We worked from eight in the morning till nine at night." (For six shillings a week and one meal a day!) "I took a parlour in the same house that they had to let, and paid three shillings a week for it. I won't be sure that it wasn't three and sixpence—but, anyway, it was three shillings. That left me three shillings to live on. It was the Crimea winter, and coals were three shillings a hundred, and bread two shillings a quartern. I lived on bread and treacle all

that winter. I stayed in that place a twelvemonth; but I heard the women talk in the workroom about the shirt-making, and I thought I could get more at that; and so I made up my mind to go. And the mistress was quite angry when I was going; she seemed to think I could work for ever at six shillings. So I went to Bride's, in Grange Road, Bermondsey; and that was a second-hand place, too. There were two workrooms—one up-stairs and one down—and you went up to the top one by a straight ladder. It wasn't good pay, but it was better than the other; I think I made seven shillings the first week. And there they had a sewing machine—one of the first that were used—and the women struck because of it. They would not finish the bodies that had been machine-stitched. They made up their minds they would all stay away from work, and they told me to do the same. I had been there about a fortnight, and I was young; I did not know anything about it; so I did as the others did. They told me we were sure to be fetched in again, and I was to tell them where I lodged, and they would send for me when they were sent for. And so in the morning Mrs. Bride came in—she looked after one of the rooms herself, and the forewoman (Mrs. Clarke, I think her name was) after the other—and there was nobody there but Mrs. Clarke. So Mrs. Bride said: 'Why, where are they all?' And Mrs. Clarke said: 'They won't come in because of the machine. They won't finish the tops if the seams are done by it.' Then Mrs. Bride said: 'Tut! tut! we can't do without workers. Why didn't you tell me they were going to do this?' And Mrs. Clarke said: 'I did not know it myself till the last moment last night.' And so they were all sent for, and one came to me, as they had said, and we were all fetched in again. And just as I was going up the ladder Mrs. Bride said to me, 'You stand aside,' and, of course, I thought she was going to blow me up. But she said to me: 'You need not do any more bodies; you can do fronts.' Because, really, my stitching was beautiful; and it did not want such good work for the bodies. So I did fronts (all by hand at that time): two folds, and two rows of stitching down them; and you could not do them fast, even if you were a quick worker, and I was slow at that time—I had not got into it yet; and all I got for those fronts was five farthings each. And then I heard of another place in Long Lane, and I went there. And there I sat next to a topper, and I saw that was quicker work than fronts. I saw what it was she did, and I watched her; and I thought, 'I could do that.' And so one day I said to the forewoman that I did not want to do any more fronts, I wanted to do toppings; and she let me. It isn't everybody that would, but she did. I stayed some months; and then I took work to do at home; but that did not suit me. I used to sit in-doors, working late and early, and I had nobody to speak to; and I fell into a low state of health, and got ill. Then I went to a place in Southwark Bridge Road, and I went in there as topper; but I could not work quickly, because of not being strong again. But by-and-by I got quite well again, and I was getting used to work by this time, and beginning to be quick at it. Then I went to a Mr. and Mrs. Wright, just out of Golden Square; and I was there a good while; and I dare say I should have stayed longer, but what sent me away from there was a love-letter that a young man sent to me there; and that was against rules; and they spoke to me about it, and I left. He died very soon after, that young man; and it was just after that I met my husband; and we were married almost directly. I went from Wright's to Cuff's—the firm is going on still, but the name is changed—and that's where I was when I married; and I stayed there all the twelve years of my married life. My three children were born while I was there."

I will not attempt to draw any moral from this story. The struggle and temptations involved, and the energy, enterprise, and physical endurance demanded of a woman by such a life are evident enough. And what is the prize? Twenty shillings a week at the highest for hard work every day and all day long. She does not complain, nor do those like her; but is it so well for women whose own lives are easy to be satisfied to have it thus?

Now let me go from the needle-woman to the workroom—from the single bee to the hive; and let me once more insist that as I have chosen a worker above the average, so I am speaking of a workroom above the average. The hundreds and thousands are not like these—nay, not the tens. It would be easy enough for me to make a sensational article, full of absolutely authentic horrors; but such tales have been told by the hundred, and perhaps, for once, we may learn as much by observing the low level of even the high-tide mark as by sounding the deepest depths.

The general public, which does not buy under-clothing or baby-linen by the gross, nor take its walks abroad in London Wall, Fore Street, and Silk Street, probably knows nothing of the warehouses and factory of Messrs. Stapley and Smith. The warehouses are in London Wall and Fore Street. Entering, we find ourselves in what is in effect a shop with counters, shelves, and a display of innumerably various little coats and cloaks and frocks and hoods of every shape, colour, and material. But these finished products, attractive though they may be, are not what we came to see to-day. Up-stairs we find room upon room lined with cardboard boxes, into which garments are being packed, or from which they are being unpacked, by neat-fingered young women. For not nearly all the work of the firm is done here; Messrs. Stapley and Smith have factories in Ireland, and are building a fresh one; the art and mystery of plain needlework by hand, which in England has nearly died out, survives in Ireland. It is not carried on only in the factories, but in the homes; and is given out, not to a middleman, who makes a profit, but to the workers direct by a paid agent of the firm; and care is taken that the agents shall attend at various centres once a week, so that the workers may not have to walk more than about a mile to fetch and bring the work. Of course, even under this system there may be abuses; the agent may use his position as a means of tyranny or extortion; but agents and foremen are not so apt to sin in this way when they know that their employers are not willing to wink at

their doings. The employer who is careful about having fair-dealing subordinates can generally get them—and keep them. In London, only some coloured work is given out; some of this—though not, we are assured, the greater part—is taken by people who do not do it themselves, but get it done by others under them. In another room cutters are at work; and presently we see a row of neat bundles, each with its due allotment of embroidery and buttons, and all its bits cut out like a dissecting map.

In many and many a workroom women sit all day in their wet boots, but not so here. The hats and cloaks presented a distinctly neat and prosperous appearance; any woman looking at them would understand that the women who wore these garments belonged to the better-paid among their class. But hats are deceptive; many an East-End girl who earns six to nine shillings in a match factory, manages to wear on her head an ostrich feather that must have cost somebody, at some time, seventeen or eighteen shillings. It is not at the head, but at the feet, that we must look to judge of prosperity. A woman who wears good boots is a woman well paid. I use the term in a comparative sense; for, to my mind, no working woman is really well paid except in the very highest branches of dressmaking and millinery. The boots that stood in the stand at the end of Messrs. Stapley and Smith's tea-room were emphatically good boots—strong, sound, and not cheap. They may have undergone soleing and heeling, but I saw none that were either broken or patched. After passing those boots in review, it became almost supererogatory to look into the wages books. Turning back from the pegs and shelves, and coming towards a big stove—unlighted in the warm September afternoon of my visit—we ascend by a stairway to the two workrooms wherein, when they are quite full, about a hundred women work. Just now there are five or six machines standing idle, and it is not every machinist who can use them as they have to be used here. A really skilled machinist can always be taken on—the difficulty, we are assured, is to find them. And as we go round and watch the work being done, we perceive that these girls can do things almost miraculous. Children's frocks and pinafores are being made—little delicate garments, with tiny tucks and lace edgings, and minute runners of fine tape in the top hem. And these tape-runners the girls do not slip in, as you or I would do, with a bodkin—no, they like to go a quicker way; they stitch the hem, which is perhaps a quarter of an inch wide, with the tape in it. To do that and never fix it is a feat indeed. One girl I saw stitching on lace; the lace was frilled, and she frilled it with her fingers as she stitched. Nothing is tacked, and yet the exactitude and delicacy of the work are faultless. Any lady who uses a sewing machine in her own household will know what it means to work with such perfection upon such materials as soft muslin, embroidery, and Valenciennes lace. And the work is done with very great rapidity. The whirr of the machines seems deafening to a newcomer; but the workers talk through it with no raising of the voice. One corner of the room is the noisiest of all; it is the corner where the buttonhole machines stand. The buttonhole is made in a fraction of a minute; and when a garment has all its buttonholes made, it is tossed to a young girl at a table to cut, for the machine does not cut. She has a little instrument with a blade precisely the right length, and laying the garment on the table, makes incision after incison. There is, of course, a certain danger of cutting the sewn edge, but with the proper instrument this danger is slight. Another young girl takes the garment, gives it a sharp shake, lays it flat on the deal table, and folds it in the twinkling of an eye.

And now what is the pay of these accomplished machinists? Their working hours in this house are from half-past eight to six, with an hour for dinner, and half an hour for tea. On Saturdays they stop at one. No overtime is allowed; great care, I am assured, is taken never to keep them waiting unoccupied; and the work is absolutely constant, because, when the demand is slack, stock can be accumulated to meet its recurrence—an advantage impossible in the case of dressmakers and milliners; for while you may be certain of a sale for so many thousands of night-dresses of an established pattern during the course of the next twelvemonth, no man or woman can predict the pattern of next year's gowns and bonnets. I was allowed to look into any I pleased of the pile of wages books. I found that the average earnings were about fifteen shillings; the best workers would make a pound; while the very worst among them averaged scarcely eight or nine shillings. Yet she was not a new hand; she had been at work more than a year. Her work, the forewoman said, was good but very slow. I expressed my wonder that she went on with the trade, and was told that she lived at home with her parents, and was not dependent on her earnings—a significant reply. It is to be hoped that she will never be left to her own resources. Buttonholers make more — as much, perhaps, as three-and-twenty shillings; which is reckoned opulence for a working woman. And yet, even out of twenty-three shillings a week—say £57 a year—how would most of us manage to live, and wear decent hats and cloaks and boots, still more to save, as I doubt not many of these young women do? How much resistance of temptations to spend a Sunday out, to take the omnibus instead of walking home, to buy a new silk handkerchief or a bunch of primroses, do those savings represent! And these, remember, are the highest wages earned under the most favourable conditions. It is not probable that any employers pay, or can pay, more under the present system; and it is sadly certain that the great majority pay less, demand longer hours, and offer hardly any of those comforts—the lack of which, I suspect, has almost as much to do even as poor pay itself with the unnatural shortness of working women's lives. For every woman working in the light, clean, and airy rooms of Messrs. Stapley and Smith, there are ten working with insufficient space, imperfect sanitary arrangements, and the harassing of a constant sense of unjust treatment. And of these ten, not five perhaps will earn on a yearly average more than ten shillings a week, even though they work nine or ten hours a day.

Beyond these lies a great fringe of the incompetent,

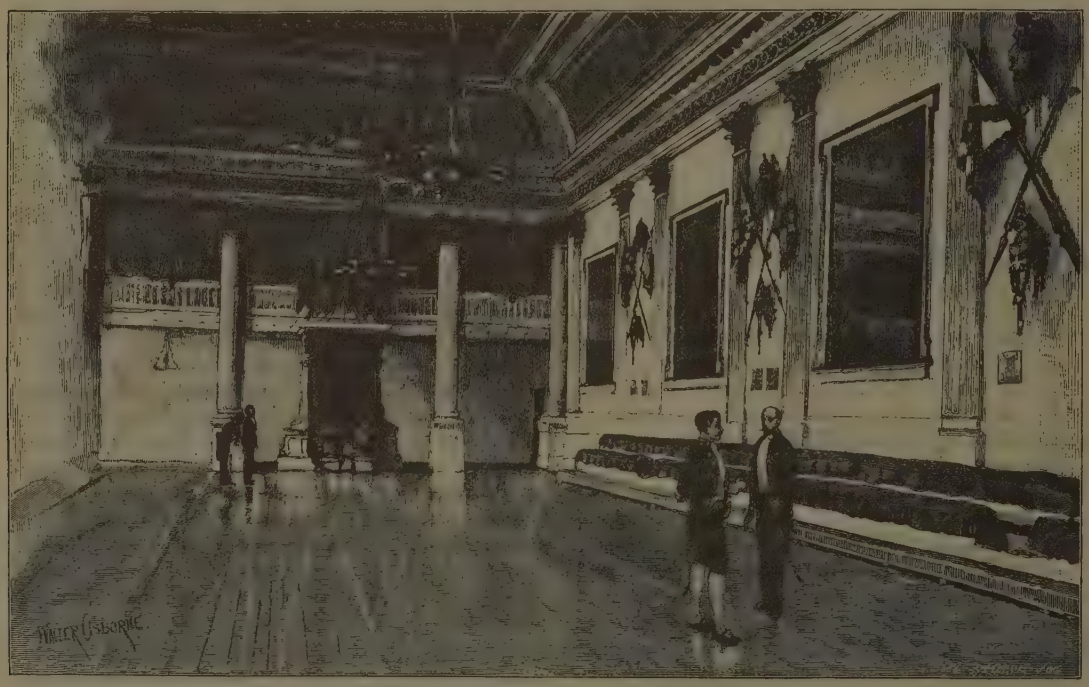
the shiftless, the idle; but of these I do not speak. It is the case of the genuine working woman—skilled more or less according to her grade—which I have tried to set forth as clearly as possible; and I have purposely chosen a trade which is distinctly a woman's trade, uncomplicated by the competition of men.

It remains for those who read to consider—first, whether this state of things is satisfactory; secondly, whether it is inevitable; thirdly, whether it is or is not the duty of every woman who has leisure and education to try and find a remedy. On the first question we shall all agree; on the second we shall divide; and of the remnant who say "Yes" to the third, ten in twenty will be satisfied with saying so, while nine will think and talk much for a day or two, a little for a week or two, and then receive a fresh impression from another quarter, and begin to think and talk about vivisection or the hospital bazaar. The twentieth will probably have been thinking and doing on her own account already.

CLEMENTINA BLACK.

Dublin Castle.

ON high ground in the most storied part of Dublin, stands the frowning, irregular pile known as Dublin Castle, with its tall rotund Birmingham Tower, its smaller towers, rambling walls, and ill-looking quadrangles. Ungraceful and ungracious of aspect, with neither beauty nor grandeur to impress the imagination, no noble or gentle traditions of the relations between rulers and people soften its rude outlines, or relieve the sinister scowl lurking in its shadows. Its unloveliness is shunned even by the families of the Viceroys who are supposed to make it their headquarters in Ireland, but fail to find anything like a home in its neglected, ill-repaired chambers. Since the Norman Archbishop of Dublin, Henry de Londres, completed the original Castle (long since rebuilt) of which only a small part of the Birmingham Tower remains in the present pile, it has been kept in a proverbially dilapidated and ill-appointed state. First used as a fortress, of which the Birmingham Tower was the prison where rack and torture were applied, and which was often crowned with rows of ghastly heads, it was not until Elizabeth's time that the Castle of Dublin was chosen as a residence for Chief Governors, and that an order was sent to enlarge and repair it for this purpose. Sir Henry Sidney in 1565 first made some attempt to carry out this order, but from Strafford's Letters we find that the buildings were still in a dilapidated state in 1631. Lord Clarendon in 1686 describes the Castle as "the worst lodging a gentleman



ST. PATRICK'S HALL.

ever lay in," and it is not much better at the present day, judging from an account given to the present writer by a member of the family of a Viceroy of our own times, who, while residing in the Castle, described himself as being often obliged to come out of his room, stand on the staircase, and shout for what he wanted, through lack of a bell.

Genteel Dublin bowing in the Presence Chamber, or dancing in St. Patrick's Hall, scarcely cares to know that our city was originally a Scandinavian kingdom, and that once upon a time we were all Norsemen. Few remember that when Olaf the Viking sailed up the Liffey in a fleet of sixty ships, and landing on a convenient spot, built a "strong rath of stone," the very first foundations of Dublin Castle were laid. While the Danes ravaged and plundered Ireland, were converted to Christianity by the Irish, were allied and inter-married with them, strove for the mastery in the country, and gained and lost it again and again—the Castle of Dublin was their stronghold. Mounted on its walls as they then stood, the Danes, looking across the flat marshy lands covered now with our streets, saw the Battle of Clontarf rage, and some of the most striking of our Norse legends sing of the fortunes of that day. According to one old Saga, on the eve of the engagement, Odin, the god of battles, father of Norse gods and men, descended into Dublin on a grey charger, halbert in hand, and held council with King Sigtrygg, Queen Gormly, Earl Sigurd, and Brodir the Sorcerer. Another Saga relates how twelve women were seen riding full speed and entering a bower, where they were afterwards espied working at a loom of which men's heads were the weights, men's nerves and muscles the warp and weft, a sword the shuttle, and arrows the reels. These were Odin's Valkyries or Corse-choosers, and as they wove the destinies of the combatants of Clontarf, they chanted in verse of the fall of the Irish monarch, and of the "dauntless Earl" Sigurd, who had come from the Orkney Islands to help Sigtrygg, Norse King of Dublin, to make war on his father-in-law Brian, to whom he was subject. The verses sung by the Valkyries are rendered into English by Gray. "Weave the crimson web of war," sang the Choosers of the Slain:

THE CLOCK-TOWER.

"Low the dauntless Earl is laid,
Gored with many a gaping wound;
Fate demands a nobler head,
Soon a king shall bite the ground.

"Long his loss shall Erin weep,
Ne'er again his likeness see;
Long her strains in sorrow steep,
Strains of immortality.

"Horror covers all the heath,
Clouds of carnage blot the sun;
Sisters, weave the web of death—
Sisters, cease; the work is done."

The web finished, the sisters tore it in twelve parts, and mounting swift horses, and with swords in their hands, they flew north and south into the throng of battle; afterwards to lead the slain heroes to the Valkalla, whom they served at Odin's banquet with horns of mead and ale. From Dublin Castle the Danes saw the defeat of their hosts, and also the Irish in the hour of victory bearing away the body of their king, Brian, and those of his son Murrough, and grandson Turlough—the monarch to Swords, on the way to interment at Armagh; the two others, together with many distinguished slain, across country to the monastery of Kilmainham.

Though the defeated Danes still kept their place and possessed their stronghold, yet probably primitive Dublin Castle was in a considerably battered condition by the time the Anglo-Normans got it into their hands. In 1205 King John of England gave an order to Meyler Fitzhenry, Lord Justice of Ireland, to begin the building of the Fortress of Dublin, and what is called the original Castle was commenced, to be finished later by Henry de Londres. It was besieged in Henry VIII.'s time by Silken Thomas Fitzgerald, Earl of Offaly, a young man of twenty-one, who, acting as Vice-Deputy in Ireland, learned that his father, then in the Tower of London, was about to be beheaded. Attended by one hundred and forty gallowglasses in coats of mail and with silken fringes to their helmets (hence the name of Silken Thomas), the young Deputy rode to St. Mary's Abbey, where the Council sat, seated himself at the head of the board, and in a stirring speech renounced his allegiance to the king. "I am none of Henrie his Deputie," he said, "I am his fo. I have more mind to conquer than to govern, to meet him in the field than to serve him in office."

Lord Chancellor Allen besought him not to be rash, but Fitzgerald's harper, fearing his master was wavering, began to sing so sweet a poem of liberty, and of the courage of Fitzgerald's ancestors, that the young lord exclaimed, "I will rather choose to die with valiantnesse and liberty, than to live under King Henrie in bondage and villaine."

He then threw down the sword of state and rushed from the hall, followed by his adherents. English power was at a low ebb, and Dublin Castle alone held out for the King of England. In the struggle treachery was employed by the English, who, pretending to embrace the Irish cause, added their arrows to the showers of such weapons that assailed the Castle walls—headless arrows, however, to which were often attached messages of warning and information. The story of the rebellion of Silken Thomas, from the pathetic impulse which gave rise to it till its close, is full of interest; and the saddest part of the tale seems the death of the father, whose danger in a tyrant's hands initiated the tragedy; for we find that this distinguished father, who had been Deputy in Ireland, and had attended King Henry to the Field of the Cloth of Gold, died in the Tower, not of beheading, but of grief for the rashness of his affectionate son.

A lurid scene of barbarism is recorded of the year 1534, when a trial by single combat took place within the Castle walls between two chieftains of the name of O'Connor, who were legally allowed thus to settle their quarrel respecting the killing of some of the followers of one of the combatants by the other. Sword and target were solemnly assumed by the duellers in presence of the Lords Justices, Judges, and Councillors, and a great concourse of military officers; and the two enemies hacked each other ferociously, until Teig O'Connor, managing to loosen his opponent's helmet, cut off his head and presented it on his sword-point to the Lords Justices, who instantly decided in favour of the victor.

Many are the thrilling stories of escapes of prisoners from the stronghold of the Birmingham Tower, as that of young Hugh Roe, the son of Hugh, Chieftain of Tyrconnell. At sixteen the lad resolved to assert and maintain the independence cherished by his ancestors, and, as he was admired and beloved for his generous heart and manly beauty, his power in his own territory promised to be dangerous. His fame alarmed Dublin Castle, and treachery was made use of to get him locked up in the Birmingham Tower. A ship freighted with wine put into one of the harbours of Donegal, and by stratagem the young prince of the country was induced to come on board with other merry youths to taste the merchandise of the supposed Spanish merchant. While Hugh Roe tasted the wine the hatches were shut down, the youths overpowered and disarmed, and the vessel was on its way to Dublin.

After more than three weary years, a faithful servant of Red Hugh conveyed him a rope, by means of which the young chief and some of his imprisoned followers descended the steep wall and made their way to the Wicklow mountains, where he sought the protection of Phelim O'Toole—who had for a time shared his imprisonment—only to be betrayed, however, and sent back in irons to the Tower.

The trusty servant coming a second time to the rescue, Hugh made his way "down a sewer funnel" into the little river which supplied the water to the Castle moat, and so got once more into the hills of Wicklow, this time making his way into the lonely fastnesses where dwelt Feagh McHugh O'Byrne in Glenmalure. A hurricane of snow was raging, and some of the companions who had escaped with young O'Donnell were frozen to death before Turlough, the faithful servant, returned from Glenmalure, whither they had sent him to ask hospitality of the O'Byrne. The young chief of Tyrconnell himself was frost-bitten and almost insensible by the time Feagh McHugh O'Byrne arrived with servants, clothing, and provisions for the fugitives. As soon as Hugh Roe was able to ride, he and his servant managed to ford the Liffey and were ferried across the Boyne by a fisherman, who after-

wards drove their horses along the road as cattle he meant to sell at a fair in the North Country, till he reached the secret place where their owners awaited them.

Thus after five years of absence young Tyrconnell returned to the mountains of Ulster, held so well in earlier days by the hero Cuchullin, and was received as one risen from the dead by the Dark Ina (Ineen Dhu), his beautiful mother, and by his aged father, who resigned the government of his principalities in the young man's favour, giving him power to keep and hold the mountain territory. This Hugh Roe O'Donnell thoroughly did, for long, in spite of Elizabeth's ablest generals, carrying his incursions right and left throughout Ireland, and making himself the scourge and terror of the English Government.

It is needless to say that in these days, and for many afterwards, no Catholic dared cross the threshold of Dublin Castle except to enter the prison or torture-chamber, of which the motto of the dauntless, "Come rack, come rope," was the "Open Sesame." But it must not be supposed that no scenes save those of gloom and terror ever took place within the evil-looking walls which still crown the summit of Cork Hill. We are assured that the splendour of Strafford's Court was scarcely excelled in all Europe, and, hideous as was the savagery of Cromwell s Court in Ireland, the Protector's family surrounded themselves in like manner with more than regal magnificence. Of the discreditable revels held by the grim Puritans, when "gentlemen on festival days went down to the Castle cellars to broach such casks as they would and drink their fill" (Prendergast), we wish to draw no

DUBLIN CASTLE, FROM THE LOWER CASTLE-YARD.

picture, but must deplore the slur cast on the gallant Fitzgeralds by that Lord Kildare who carried the sword before Henry Cromwell the day Dunkerke was taken, and that same night in the cellar drank confusion to the family of the Stuarts. In the Duke of Ormonde's time peculiarly brilliant festivities lit up the frowning apartments under shadow of the grim prison and torture-tower; and, peering through the shadows so thickly crowded with long lines of blood-thirsty visages and war-like faces, we are glad to alight upon the face of a lovely and sprightly lady as centre of a scene of the hospitality shown to Royalty by Vice-Royalty. The beautiful Frances Jennings, Lady Tyrconnell (a Talbot, not of the kindred of Red Hugh), is described by De Grammont as giving the idea of Aurora, or the goddess of spring; and history shows her to us, standing at the top of the ponderous Castle staircase, her bright eyes newly relieved from tears of agonised suspense, and her "beauteous flaxen hair" making a spot of light in the gloom, to receive King James on the evening after the Battle of the Boyne. James was in no good humour and could not find a word of politeness even for so charming a hostess.

"Madam," he said, as he ascended the staircase, "your countrymen know well how to run."

"Not quite so well, however, as your Majesty," was the smiling retort, "since it is evident you have outstripped them in the race."

As a matter of fact this spirited and lovely creature was not an Irishwoman, but she knew how to bear the name of Tyrconnell.

THE BIRMINGHAM TOWER.

As in time gaieties and amenities became more and more a part of the régime of Dublin Castle, so in proportion insult and social disgrace took the place of the rack and torture as punishment of those who were displeasing to our rulers. We hear of Lord Gormanstown and Richard Barnewell arraigned at Meath Assizes, for wearing the swords carried by all gentlemen when going to pay their respects to the judges and gentlemen of the county at the assizes, and of the public effacing of the armorial bearings from Lord Kenmare's carriage in the courtyard of Dublin Castle, these noblemen and gentle-

men daring to remain Papists. Lord Chesterfield, who exercised much hospitality and apparent conciliation, has made famous another beautiful lady, Miss Ambrose, one of the many, both English and Irish, whose names are associated with the Castle of Dublin. This charming girl, daughter of a rich brewer in Dublin, was so greatly admired by Lord Chesterfield that when questioned by George II. in London as to the dreadful character of the Irish Papists, he answered that the only dangerous Papist he knew of in Ireland was Miss Ambrose.

Innumerable are the beautiful faces, memories of which haunt these walls, and among them are the lovely Gunnings, whose first appearance in the fashionable world was made in the ball-room of our Castle. Their home was an old house still standing upon low-lying, marshy, boggy lands of the county Galway; and their mother, a daughter of Viscount Mayo, married to a country squire, deplored that her lovely daughters of seventeen and fifteen should for lack of means be doomed to hide their extraordinary beauty in the wilderness. With or without means she resolved to take them boldly to Dublin, where, in a hired house in Britain Street, she was one evening heard to lament and weep because money failed her and the bailiffs were within her door. Mrs. Bellamy, the famous actress, tells how, in passing this house one evening, she ventured in to inquire the cause of the sounds of grief which had fallen on her ear; and so well did she stand the friend of the mother whose acquaintance she thus made, that the bailiffs were dismissed, and the lovely girls, for whose sake such difficulties had been dared, were introduced to the Castle and their future fortunes as Duchess of Argyle and Countess of Coventry, dressed out in borrowed plumes lent them by another charming actress, the kind-hearted Margaret Woffington.

It is not supposed that the good fairies of the stage accompanied their *protégées* to the State Ball at which the Gunnings captivated all hearts, but had they done so they would have made no foil to the young beauties they had taken such pains to display. It is related by O'Keefe, the dramatist, that Mrs. Bellamy was very beautiful—"blue eyes and very fair. I often saw her splendid state sedan chair, with superb lace liveries, waiting for her at the door of Liffey Street Catholic Chapel. She had a house in Kildare Street. She was remarkable in London and Dublin for her charity and humanity." Of Mistress Woffington's charms it is needless to speak, nor of the many pretty stories on record besides that of her sweetness to the Gunnings, which go to prove that her heart was as good as her eyes.

Among graceful tales of fair Excellencies who reigned at Dublin Castle, we must mention that of the almost peerless Duchess of Rutland, who, having learned that the wife of a silk and poplin merchant named Dillon, living in Francis Street, was handsomer than herself, set out one day to see and judge of the truth of the report. Making her way into the parlour where Mrs. Dillon sat, behind her husband's shop, the Duchess was received with gentle dignity by a woman so stately and exquisite that her Grace was struck dumb with amazement.

"I am Mrs. Dillon," said the silk merchant's wife modestly, wondering what the Duchess, whose coach-and-six waited without, could want with her.

"I could swear it! I could swear it!" returned the Duchess. "There has been no exaggeration. You are the most beautiful woman in the three kingdoms."

The Dublin Castle of the present day is a thing of small importance, and of such ill-repute that there is little or nothing to be said about it. Its day is over, and the very thoroughfare turns away from it as if to leave it forgotten on its gloomy eminence. The new street, Lord Edward Street, with its suggestive name dear to the wayfarer who need no longer pass under the walls of the Castle Yard to reach the more ancient part of Dublin, carries our feet further every day from the ill-omened gateways and quadrangles. One last sketch from the past is suggested by the mention of Lord Edward Street.

It was on this very spot, "passing the Royal Exchange" (now the City Hall, a building at right angles with the old Castle and the new Lord Edward Street), that Andrew O'Reilly, for many years *Times* Correspondent in Paris, makes mention of having, when a little boy, seen by chance Lord Edward Fitzgerald and his wife Pamela walking together along the sideway.

"Lord and Lady Edward," he says, "were each below the middle size; both good-looking. He lively and animated, she mild, but not serious of aspect. Fearless, though some danger attended it, he wore a green coat and a green-and-white cravat. She was dressed, I think, in a cloth walking-dress of dark green, and a green neckerchief, for it was winter."

ROSA MULHOLLAND.

The Truth about Clement Ker:

Being an Account of some Curious Circumstances connected with the Life and Death of the late Sir Clement Ker, Bart., of Brae House, Peeblesshire. Told by his Second Cousin, Geoffrey Ker, of London.

CHAPTER XII.

ELEANOR.

THE music-room at Brae opened out of Eleanor's own tapestried chamber. It was really more like a small gallery than a room, with panelled walls and open timbered roof, and a great sixteenth-century fireplace lined with blue-and-white Dutch tiles. Above this chimney (which was opposite the row of small windows), two gilded and tarnished Cardinal Virtues supported the Ker arms, and starting from either side of it, a narrow bench of polished black oak ran the length of the room, with a space left at the upper part of the hall for the organ.

Generally, when we went in there to practise, Eleanor would send word beforehand, and we would find Parker waiting for us at his post, ready to perform his part of blowing. But on this especial afternoon there was no one in the room as we entered it.

"Who could believe it is October? The air feels like spring," I said, stopping short and leaning my elbow on the ledge of the open window. The distant line of the Lammermuir hills rose a transparent blue against the pale sky of that day. "I can see for miles. I can see the moors above—Durlie Moss," I went on idly. (I was going to say "above the Pattersons' house," but first I checked myself, and then I wondered what had made me do it.) "It is just like spring, Eleanor. Why don't you come and look out too?"

Lady Ker had seated herself in the angle of the wall beside the organ. "I remember last spring very well. Where were you both then? What were you doing?" she asked abruptly.

"Oh—London. The Strand lodgings, as usual. We had a plan for going down into the country for a week, Dick and I, but somehow it didn't come off. Our plans don't come off, as a rule," I told her. I leaned my head lazily back against the window-frame; the mild damp wind stirred softly in my hair like a caress. "But it wasn't so bad in spring—not nearly so bad, after we had once got over the longing to see green things growing. Were you ever in town late in August, Eleanor?"

"I? no; never."

"We used to walk about a good deal at night, you know. It is cooler then, and one gets a little out of the way of the mob of people;—the noise of those people! But Dick found it worst just before the Twelfth, you know. He went over to Euston Station once or twice to have a look at the dogs and the guns; but he met so many men he knew there, he soon got tired of that. On the whole, I dare say we shall both find New Zealand better."

She was silent for perhaps half a minute.

"Yes, no doubt. Oh, no doubt you will. And there will be Frank——" She reached over and took down a whole pile of loose music, which she began turning over on her lap. "There is the Beethoven sonata you wanted.—And did it make you ill then? Did it make Dick ill?" she asked abruptly.

"What? London? Well, I was none the better for it, I suppose; but did you ever know anything make Dick ill in his life?"

I left the window as I spoke, and went and sat down beside her.

"Do you think he did not look ill when he came here? And all last August I—I was away on the West Coast, and yachting—with Clement," my lady went on hurriedly, without waiting for an answer. She bent her face lower and lower over the music. "Did you hear what he said—about his watch—at luncheon, Geoffrey?"

"I heard."

"He sold it for me—for me," she went on in the same low, rapid voice, "to pay the money for me, to Clement—to my husband. I—I cannot speak of it, Geoffrey. I—I have been humiliated," Eleanor said.

I tried to say what I could to comfort her, but she stopped me short almost at the first word.

"Do you think—do you think it is of Richard I am complaining?" she cried out in a wild sort of way. "Has he ever spoken, or thought, or done me anything but kindness?—You say he is going away to New Zealand, and I am glad of it; yes, glad he is going. Let him go back to those he cares for in London. I would not have him consent to stay longer in this unhappy house, to be insulted and—and patronised! Let him go. But as for *me*——" She stood up suddenly; the loose sheets of music falling from her knee to the floor, and there scattering all about her feet and along the gallery. "Oh!—" she said, flinging out both her hands with a passionate gesture straight in front of her, "if I can speak of this to a boy like you—oh, Geoffrey, cannot you see how hard—how hard I am driven?"

I sprang up in my turn, and would have seized her poor empty little hands in mine, but she turned from me at once, with some inarticulate exclamation, and crossed the room; going and standing with her back to me before the fire.

She stood, resting one hand on the mantel-shelf (which was about on a level with her head) with an action and in an attitude very familiar to her, and which suddenly recalled to my mind that first day when, from my hiding-place among the curtains, I watched her standing so and talking to Richard. "Eleanor——" I began.

But again she checked me, turning round this time and putting out her hand to me with a faint smile and a gesture of infinite friendliness. Her fingers were ice-cold and trembled.

"Dear old Geoff! I feel at times as if you were my own brother—as if there were nothing I could not say to you. We won't speak of this again." She dropped my hand, pressing both of her own hard against her face. "Tell me—tell me about the Pattersons, now," she said.

As well as I knew how, I told her all I had seen; and she sat leaning her head against the old oak panel, and listened very gently and attentively to it all.

"And this sick girl—Ailie, I think you called her; you say she is beautiful?"

"It is the most beautiful, the clearest face I ever saw, Eleanor."

"You must take me to see her some day; we will go together. I like your word for her—steadfast. A beautiful, steadfast face. Yes." She raised her eyes to mine, suddenly. "Some women have that kind of will, Geoffrey. Now, this peasant-girl, this Ailie, if she wanted a thing, she would want it always with the same force, I suppose? She would get what she wanted?"

"I have only seen her once, but I think so. Oh, yes; I think so," I said.

"If she disapproved of a thing she would have the force to condemn it?"

I remembered Ailie's eyes when she first spoke to me of her grandfather.

"Yes, Eleanor; she would."

"Ah, some women are like that," Lady Ker repeated, sighing.

We turned to our music then, but I think we both felt it was destined to failure; and presently Eleanor left me, saying she would go to her own room. When we met again at dinner there was not a trace of excitement or pain (which I could detect) on Lady Ker's countenance or in her manner, which was, if anything, more gentle and self-possessed than usual. She spoke but seldom to Dick, it is true, though that little was uttered with a marked deference and graciousness; but, indeed, she said not much to any one; the conversation at table going on chiefly between the three young men, who had plunged into a hot discussion about the probable surrender of Richmond—a rumour to that effect having been brought back by the groom who had accompanied the Miltons to the station.

Immediately after dinner, and scarcely waiting to finish their wine, Gilbert Ashleigh and Clement sat down in the drawing-room to *écarté*. They played regularly every night, Gilbert's sister informed me; that young lady was herself seated at the piano when I came in from the dining-room, looking very pretty, and occupied in picking out plaintive little tunes on the keys, without much beginning or end to them. She looked up, smiling, the instant I came near her. I had hardly ever spoken to her, and was curious to find out what the girl was like.

Eleanor was standing behind her husband's chair, watching the faces of the players as the luck changed about, and the cards as they were thrown down upon the table. But on Clement's making some observation to her, which I could not hear, she moved away; she walked over to the long French window which opened upon the terrace and stood there for several minutes, looking out and leaning her forehead against the glass.

Dick had picked up a book and sat at some distance from her, near a lamp, reading. Presently, "Will you open this window for me, please? I can't do it," Eleanor said.

She turned with one of her swift graceful movements and caught up a shawl which was hanging on the back of a chair. Then she looked straight at the two men playing. "I am going out to look at the night. Will you come?" she said to Dick in the same distinct and toneless voice. They passed out together into the dark.

What was said between them on the terrace I heard long afterwards; although I have attempted to make my narrative clearer by relating this (as well as other conversations which were repeated to me) in its proper order and time.

The moon had not yet risen far enough above the horizon to be visible from that tree-environed place, although it was now past ten o'clock and a clear dry night. The wind was changed; the light warm haze, which had hung about the sky all day, was torn into innumerable filmy shreds of cloud, touched with silver along their lower edges, and moving slowly and processionally across the zenith. Where the heavens were swept bare a myriad stars now glittered, seeming to tremble and sway, only to shine out again with renewed lustre, as the wind rose in long sweeping gusts which bent the tallest tree-tops all one way beneath the sky.

As they stepped out of the brilliantly lighted drawing-room into this free cool spaciousness of outer air, Dick looked up and broke out involuntarily into some word of wonder and admiration over the splendid beauty of the spectacle overhead; but to this Lady Ker made no answer. It was (as she has since confessed to me) a supreme struggle of emotion with her, and one of the turning-points of her life. What happened later merely followed quite naturally on the resolve of that moment, when a carelessly spoken word had hurried her out of the room and the house which was her husband's and let loose, as it were, in an instant the pent-up feelings of years.

She did not speak, then, until they had walked halfway down the terrace. Then Eleanor stood still. The long lighted windows of the house were behind her; she stood with clasped hands looking down at the ground; in the stillness the young man could hear her catch her breath.

"Richard," she began, "did you ever hear that I once left Clement?—that I once went back to my people?"

"Good heavens, Eleanor! are you thinking of leaving him now?"

"Would it surprise you so much?" She turned her pale face towards him in the starlight, and gave a little unmirthful laugh. "Let us walk on. No, I did not suppose that you knew of it. It is a long time ago now; Janet was not four years old. I left him; I went home; does it matter now for what especial reason? I was younger—perhaps I thought I could not bear

unhappiness." She turned her head away. "You remember that scene, the other night, in the drawing-room, Richard?"

"Yes."

"You came in and took me away then; but think of the times—the times! when no one has been there to take my part! When Clement began experimenting with that sort of thing, I hardly knew what it meant. And it amused him. It—it kept him away from—from other people," she said hurriedly. "And I lent myself to it, willingly enough, at first. I was weak—oh, I know what you must think of me!—pitiably weak; and can I help it? Why did he take advantage of my weakness? After all, he is my husband. Why did he not help me—protect me, if need be, against myself? He says I have no will; why has he left me then to stand alone, Richard—alone?" Her voice changed. "And when I was a girl, when you knew me——"

They had reached the limit of the terrace and she paused there, resting her clasped hands on the stone of the balustrade. "Do you remember, Richard," she asked him, "how we used to make plans for the future? Do you remember what I expected to make out of my life then?"

He put out his hand as if to touch hers; then drew it away again. "I remember——" he began. His voice shook far more than hers had done; he stood at some distance from her; he was trembling from head to foot. "I do remember," he repeated hoarsely. Then he turned and laid his large strong hand upon both her own. "I wonder if you know what I would give to be of any use, of *any* service to you!"

"Yes, Richard," she said.

She let her fingers lie quite passively in his grasp. "You always cared for me—always. I might have been your sister," Lady Ker said slowly. "We were children together. I have known you and—and trusted you all my life."

She drew away her hand and then turned towards him and laid it upon his arm. She looked up into his face. "Yes, you care for me as for your sister," she repeated in her sweet, low, thrilling tones; and, in the uncertain light, Dick fancied that she even smiled; "and if I cannot trust you, if *you* will not take care of me, Richard, who will?"

He bent his head and would have touched her cold little fingers with his lips, but she drew them away again quickly, and moved on. "Come! let us walk back to the house. Geoffrey was talking to-day of a girl who never deviates from her purpose; but I—I have not even told you what I brought you out to hear," she continued, sighing. "I want to tell you about my going away before, Richard. It was in the winter—nearly five years ago. I left Clement in town; we had a house that year in London; and I went away home with the child. I stayed away nearly two months. At first (I had been ill, you know) my people were glad enough to have me with them. Then no letters came for me from my husband. I think the old women must have talked of it at the village post-office; you remember the two old sisters at the post-office, Richard? And my mother grew anxious and uneasy. Poor mother! She would come in and look at me a dozen times in the course of an hour. She brought me beef-tea, and dropped little timid remarks about young wives' responsibilities and their duties. All of them made excuses to be continually talking of Clement; my sisters would ask me if he would not soon have finished his business in London, while the servants were in the room. I thought, in the end, he would write, but he did not," Lady Ker said slowly. "At last, one day I told my father what my reasons were for leaving him. It was two or three days before my youngest sister's wedding, I remember; the room was full of presents that had been sent to her, and boxes of new clothes. And my father walked up and down among the things, wringing his hands, and calling upon God to let this cup of bitterness pass away from him, that it should be from his house, from the house of a minister of the Gospel, that this offence should come. I don't think I have ever forgotten that sight: his face, and the litter of finery, and the old worn carpet.

"They could not blame me in the matter. They could not defend Clement. They did not try to. They only said it wasn't—it wasn't respectable to leave one's husband," Eleanor added, after a pause. "My ways are not their ways any more; we don't think alike; I have lost their habits. I have hated the life I led, but it has made a difference between us. I can't go back to what I was. Yet they would have kept me at home, if I had chosen to stay there. They were very kind, my mother especially. It would have ruined the girls' prospects in life, but they would never have reproached me for it. They would have accepted me—as a cross. And so I came away again, Richard. I wrote to Clement one day, and went back the next. He said he was ready to leave London then; and we have never mentioned the—the person about whom we quarrelled since.

"I have told you all this," Lady Ker continued, "because I want you to understand clearly, as I understand it, as Clement understands it, that I have no hold left upon him; no hold or influence any more. What I had is gone with my youth. 'Tis gone, Richard. He acts as he chooses now; he says what he likes—to you, to me, to any one. I can't foretell his purpose; I cannot prevent it." She spoke rapidly, vehemently, without a hesitation; her voice never once trembled as she poured out to her silent listener the story of her suffering and her wrong. "I believe that he is as fond of you as he can be of any human creature, and yet how can I ask you to stay here after his manner to you to-day? And still I do ask it of you, Richard." For the first time there was a break, a faltering in her speech. "I cannot tell what is going to happen, but I am frightened; he has been so strange to me of late. I told Geoffrey I was glad you were going; but now I want you to wait—perhaps only a few days. I know I can ask you to be patient, for my sake, and wait a little longer yet, dear brother!"

Her words, her glance, the quiver in her low sweet voice, the very action of her little tightly-clasped hands, pierced Richard to the heart with a pang of tenderness and fierce longing and impotent rage quite indescribable.

"I am yours, to send away or to keep by you. You say you trust me. I would die rather than disappoint you, Eleanor," he said.

"No," she answered; "no, Richard, you will not disappoint me." She broke out into a curious little laugh, raising her face and looking, for the first time since they had begun talking, at the shadowy trees bending and swaying all about them, and then up at the starry solitude, the mysterious tumult of the windy sky. "Clement said that I brought him bad fortune at his cards; he told me so but just now. But if I bring you trouble, you will never reproach me with it, Richard!"

As he followed her into the room (entering, as they had gone out, through the long open window) I was struck by the expression upon my brother's face.

"Is the moon up? ('Tis the devil's own luck, Ashleigh; I mark king.) Was it cold out there?" Clement asked in his drawling way, and without lifting his eyes from the game.

"I don't know. I did not look for the moon; we were talking," Lady Ker answered, with an equal indifference, and began folding her shawl.

I saw her husband look up at that. He did not speak, but he glanced, first at his wife, and then at Dick, and then back again at Eleanor, fixing her with a look that had nothing I could see of anger in it, only a kind of coldly malicious amusement—a look which boded mischief. But his wife (ordinarily sensitive enough) seemed, for once, entirely mistress of herself, and free, as it were, of his influence. She sat down between Miss Ashleigh and me, and began talking to us both, and with more, I thought, than her usual show of interest. Clement did not take any further notice of her. The two men went on with their game; they were playing for heavy stakes (I heard later), and they sat up, as they often did, until long after the rest of the household was in bed.

Hours after they had come up-stairs, when I woke in the dead night, I could still hear Dick's step, pacing—pacing up and down his room. I lay in the dark, with my eyes open, listening to it for a long, long time. I did not call to him; I did not question him; I asked nothing. But as I lay silently, thus watching, I thought I could hear, far away in the opposite gallery, a door open and shut, and then the slow muffled sound of another footfall passing. A sudden vision of old Bright, as I had seen him the night before, rose up before me; my thought followed in his footsteps, peering and searching for some illicit, some dangerous presence through all the dark empty rooms and passages of the lonely old house, and a feeling of calamity, of something evil, something imminent and inevitable, lay like a weight upon my very soul.

Yet when I woke again the sun was pouring joyously in at my window; I could hear Dick's voice, too, on the terrace, giving curt, brisk orders to his men. A new day, with all its fresh charm and vigour, lay before me, and I dressed, feeling half ashamed of my own foreboding, and half inclined to smile at the doubtful counsels of the night.

CHAPTER XIII.

AILIE.

ONE of the first things Clement did after our arrival at Brae was to place at my disposal a strong light trap, and a clever little shooting pony, accustomed to wait wherever one left him, thereby enabling me to go about the country as I pleased independent of even a groom. It was in this fashion that I drove myself over to Patterson's cottage, just a week and a day after my first visit there. As I drew near along the rough heathery track, I could see the back of Ailie's little head through the window, and above, on the house-wall, the outstretched, mouldering wings of the dead hawk. The house-door was again standing open; in every smallest detail, even to the position of the grandsire's chair, beside the smouldering peat fire, the place looked the same. And I think this unchangefulness, more than anything else, made me understand something of what such peasant lives are like—mute, humble existences, living by habit, sheltered by conformity to custom from touch of the outer world; with few impressions or emotions, and those few secured and abiding—collecting drop by drop in the shadows of those secretive, half-awakened natures, as rain-water falls, drop by drop, into the darkness of some hidden rock-bound well.

As I went in, the girl looked up from her work, and regarded me for an instant gravely, with those deep, beautiful, scrutinising eyes.

"I thought you would come. You are welcome, sir. It is good to see you, Mr. Geoffrey," she said, in her pretty, careful English.

And then she smiled. I sat down on the little wooden bench beside her. It is thirty years ago and I remember it; I was very happy that day.

It was only the first of many such meetings. I was there the next day, and the next. I told them down at the great house that the doctor had ordered me to live much in the open air, which was true enough; although I took some trouble to find out from Ailie whenever Dr. Wauchope was expected to call at the cottage; I preferred to avoid him there. I never spoke with her alone save once, and that on an occasion which shall be related hereafter. I always found her at the same place; in the early morning, after dressing her, her mother would gather the poor girl up in her strong arms, carrying her like a child to that seat beside the window. For years and years, since she had been old enough to be left alone without chance of doing herself a mischief—and she was twenty now—for all those years those four little greenish panes of glass had bounded her experience and limited her outlook upon the world. She could read, too, but she did not care for it. I offered once to bring her some of my favourite books; but after listening attentively to all I had to say, she would not have them.

"I do so well as I am, Mr. Geoffrey, now," she said decidedly. "At one time I used to be troubled by so many thoughts; so many thoughts! like dreams, where things got all different. Oh, I had my restless time. I was like one of the silly strayed lambs my father brings in from the hill; I could not eat, or sleep, or be quiet,

aye wearying an' wearying for the open. I had lost my own place o' quiet inside; and fair puzzled I was to find the stillness once more."

I looked at her thin, skilful fingers busy over her knitting. "Tell me about it," I said, "Ailie."

She gave a little laugh. "But I have told you, Mr. Geoffrey; that was it. I just wearied till I was tired. Whiles now, if the yarn gives out, or I sit looking at Jean or at grandfather, the fit will come on again; but it don't last. I've *done* with it, you see, sir. Whiles in summer, when I don't think too much of anything, and the sun shines in on me, I get to be like one of the big rocks out there; they just stay in their places, and I in mine." She bent her little round curly head over her work.

"And that is why I won't have your books, sir," she added after a pause. "If you once put thoughts of things in me here, it's like putting wild birds into a cage," she said. "The boys had a hawk last summer, that fair wore off all the feathers of its breast just beating against the bars.—But I like to listen to your talking, sir: of London, and of the ladies and gentlemen at the House. When you're not here, it all moves before me like a picture. You wouldn't believe, sir, how I can see it all!"

Indeed I had fallen into the habit of telling her very much all I thought. I cannot tell how much she understood of it; I never asked myself that at the time. I can smile now remembering the long afternoons I spent sitting on that narrow little bench, pouring out to her all my heart, all my dreams of a boy, and my ambitions. I even brought up and showed her the score of some music I had tried to write; and while I talked or sat silent she would go steadily on with her knitting. Her ball of coarse yarn was kept in front of her in a little basket which moved as she lifted her hands; from time to time she stopped to push it further back from the dangerous edge of the table; and what hours I have spent watching the shifting of that little basket!

What I felt for her was a sentiment absolutely indefinable. I could not understand it then, nor will I now give it a name—now that it, too, belongs to a past never to return to me. Only of one thing I am very sure: in spite of her condition, it was not a feeling of pity, it was never mere compassion, which made me thus listen to and remember her simple words. No; I did not feel disposed to pity Ailie. It was the quiescence, the force, and the steadiness of an indomitable will which looked out at her little world from the depths of those wonderful eyes; what I recognised in her from the first was the authority of an impassioned soul raised above each mean imprisonment of life. And this was a curious thing, that while at Brae, among well-nurtured and well-educated people, I was always being reminded of the value and extent of my own cleverness—here, this little silent peasant-girl had the power of making me feel myself but an ignorant boy. Yet she did it all unaware. Whatever may have happened later on, I shall always believe that, at least for a time, she, too, must have been conscious of the bond between us in our common experience and our common deprivation of life.

After my first visit to the cottage old Patterson but very rarely spoke to me. He would sit for an hour at a time motionless in his chair, with his eyes fixed upon one of the sleeping dogs, or on some spot of climbing sunshine on the wall. At such times his face, framed in long dishevelled white locks, had all the impassibility and remoteness of expression of something dead; but now and again, if anything disturbed him, a smile of aged and secretive cunning (such a smile as, I am convinced, had but seldom crossed his countenance during his active life) would draw his discoloured lips to one side. In such moments he seemed to be mocking at Death himself as at a familiar and a poor-hearted acquaintance.

The only thing which affected him much now, Ailie told me, was when he missed from the room the presence of his granddaughter, Jean. To the others, even to his son, he now invariably spoke as if they were in no way connected with him; but at Jeannie's coming his clear faded eyes assumed another look. "There's money saved up for ye, lassie—twa pund an' mair. I hae scraped an' saved it a' for my pretty Jean. I am auld, but I hae done that for ye. An' the Laird himsel' is a-keeping it for ye, ma woman. I've put it a' for the safe keeping into the verra hands o' the Laird himsel'," I heard him say to her on one occasion, while with his trembling, awkward touch he stroked the folds of her gown.

But it was not often that so many words passed between them. She, too, would sit there for hours and hours in the sun on the door-step, or by the fire if it were rainy weather, looking down at the ground and rocking herself to and fro, without speaking; thinking, perhaps, poor soul! of the man who had first loved her and then left her, or perhaps merely brooding over the mystery and the future of that other life which was coming to her; but always in silence. She was her father's and her grandfather's favourite, and they had allowed her to marry as she would. She had always been extremely pretty, Ailie told me, with yellow hair, and large, pale, wandering blue eyes; and, indeed, if it had not been for the sullen, suffering expression which her face almost continually wore, she was (to those who prefer that fair style of beauty) very attractive still.

Lady Ker, for instance, approved of her much more sincerely than she did of Ailie. I had, in obedience to her own wish, driven Eleanor over to the cottage, Gilbert Ashleigh going with us as well. But they did not stay long, and, on coming away with them, I could not but feel that the visit had been altogether a failure. Eleanor's gown; her manner of crossing the room to sit beside Ailie; her gloves—even the very way in which she pulled them off—acted upon my nerves; seeming, on Lady Ker's part, so many unspoken protests against the incongruous position into which I had brought her. She was very kind about it, too; she smiled upon them; she took an interest in them, as the saying goes; that is to say, she asked them all sorts of questions in her clear, sweet voice, and agreed with all their answers, although what they said was commonplace enough—the poor, so far as my observation goes, being very nearly as apt at such obvious social intercourse as their betters.

When she rose to go Ashleigh being still absorbed in the attempt to make Ailie smile at his speeches), she shook hands with each one of the women as she had done on coming in; she would even, I think, have extended the same courtesy to Patterson, had the old man showed any symptom of recognising her; but all the while she was there he was occupied in carefully folding and refolding an old blue cotton handkerchief which was spread out upon his knee; and I imagine that this silence on his part and his fixed vacant glance frightened her. For when we got into the carriage once more, Lady Ker gave a long sigh of relief. "Well, that's done!" she said almost gaily. She looked over at Ashleigh and nodded.

"Beautiful head that crippled girl has; beautifully set on her shoulders. I should like to make a drawing of it," Ashleigh answered promptly, and making two or three passes with his hand in the air, as if indeed he already felt the brush between his fingers. "Beautiful profile, too—and eyes! Did you ever notice the purple shadow under her eyelashes, Geoffrey?"

"I thought her a very quiet and very—very respectful young woman," my lady said more coldly. "She seems quite resigned to her suffering and her own share of trouble in life, poor soul—poor soul!" Eleanor added with a sigh. "We must try and see what can be done for that nice sister of hers, Geoffrey. I shall send Simonds up there to-morrow with—with some clothes. I am glad we went. I am glad you took me. Richard said they were very poor, but I did not expect anything like that. Why, the house looked empty! I wonder if they would mind taking money from me? They are very nice, honest, hard-working people, Geoffrey. I liked the mother especially; she is such a clean, decent creature, and so English still. And she has a nice manner; she knows her place. Oh, I hope I can do something for them. But do you know, Geoff, hearing you speak of them, and Richard—I don't know—I think I expected something different. They are good-looking, of course, it isn't that. But they are—they are quite *common* people, you know," Lady Ker said.

"I could make an uncommon good drawing of the girl, if she would sit to me," Ashleigh said again, showing all his strong white teeth in a smile.

I could not say why, but his persistency irritated me. He was not so keen over finding work for himself as a rule, and I reminded him of this fact. "I thought you were complaining about Dick yesterday? Didn't you tell him that work was all a convention, and the real aim of man to become a better shot than his neighbour?"

But Ashleigh only laughed at me in his contented way. "Did I say so? and so lately? The more credit to me that I am still so open to a saving grace, my boy. 'Reform, like charity, O Bobus, must begin at home.'"

After that I did not go near the Pattersons' cottage for three days. It was on the Friday afternoon that I returned there. The house-door, for a wonder, was not standing open, but as I approached it I heard the sound of voices and then a laugh which was familiar to me. I went in.

Ailie was posing for her portrait; and I knew now that I had expected this from the first moment. The painter sat with his broad back turned towards me; he had rigged up a sort of small temporary easel against the table, and there was a new smell of oil paint mixing with the accustomed peat-reek in the room.

"Eh, sirs, but here's some bonny wark for ye to speir at, Mr. Geoffrey! It's fair wonderfu'," Jean called out, and made room for me to pass.

I looked at her sister. He was painting her just as I had seen her first; with her face turned aside, the light from the window behind her falling across her cheek, and touching the faded lilac kerchief on her breast. But those cheeks to-day had two red spots upon them, red like roses. She just glanced up at me as I entered, and, "Am I right again, sir? as you would have me? I did not mean to move myself," she said anxiously.

It might have been a fancy of mine, but I thought that her voice too sounded different.

I sat there for a little while, watching her. Then I got up.

"I have a message from Lady Ker to your mother," I said to Jeannie; her sister was not listening.

One of the little boys (they were both leaning against each other, holding their breath at each motion of Gilbert's arm) cried out that "mither was busy wi' the milking in the coo-shed."

"I'll go there and speak to her," I said as carelessly as I could; and as no one answered me, I pushed open the door and went out again into the grey chill of the afternoon.

(To be continued.)

Modern Greek Poets.

ANY one who feels awakening within him some interest in the Greece of to-day—the Greece which the beginning of this century saw lying in an apparently hopeless bondage, and which he now sees living, with a vitality worthy of the descendants of that old Greece which so long held an exclusive supremacy in his affections—will, it is naturally to be supposed, have some desire to analyse the causes which fanned into a flame the smouldering ashes of long-lost but never-forgotten liberties. How was it that four hundred years of a yoke, than which none more cruel nor degrading the world had ever seen, was, nevertheless, not able to crush out the identity of the Greek race, nor to destroy the germs of a vitality which, although withered and shrunken, was yet

destined to burst through the dry husk, and drinking in the freshening and invigorating air of freedom, to send out anew young shoots of that vigorous growth which is daily seen in healthy development throughout enfranchised Greece? The erroneous impression that Greece was dead, that her language was dead, that Hellenism died out when the Byzantine Empire fell, held its ground in face of the energetic efforts of scholars who, like Bessarion and Lascaris, by the eloquence of their words and writings strove to arouse Western Europe to a frank consideration of the case. Traders to the islands bore evidence to an industrious and hardy race of sailors, but as these had no political life, their whole care was to live peaceably, pay their tribute to the Turk, and to save out of their frugality moneys for any possible rainy day, or to aid the hopes which they never ceased to cherish. These men were the nucleus of the gallant Greek navy, and from them came the heroes Canaris, Miaoulis, and others. There was bravery on the hills with the Klephts—patriots or robbers—to be sympathised with or shot down, as the case might be; but no abiding result, no permanent rescue for a whole people could come from them. One must look to some other cause that led to the ultimate redemption of Greece, to a cause which had some power in itself sufficient to weld the scattered natives into one mass, with one purpose, and that cause seems to be best sought for in the never-dying spring of poetry existing in the race, and in a poetry nursed by religion as well as patriotism. One must here fully recognise that it was the devoted and patriotic Church of Greece which, in the persons of her patriarchs, monks, and priests, as the first factor in the war for liberty, had kept alive the mother-tongue with fostering care, nor suffered it to languish and pine away into a mere Turkish dialect.

RHIGAS.

In that language of the people, the legitimate descendant of the language in which Homer sung, the oppressed nation showed from time to time how deeply it still cherished in secret its hopes of some future deliverance, while they rehearsed in simple phrase and homely metres the exploits of some renowned Klepht or Armatoli, who, like the valiant, handsome, and somewhat accomplished Botzaris, was their honoured and beloved hero. In the folk-songs collected by Aravandinos, Michaelopoulos, and others, there are many examples of such. As poetry they are of small value; as a voice crying in the wilderness they are of great price. Being orally transmitted, they were subject to great variations, and the data of the exploits to which they refer, are not always reliable, whilst the exploits are occasionally coloured and exaggerated.

But something more than this wild poetry, and its rude strains, was required to rouse a whole people from its lethargy; and this came at last from the lips of the educated men who had fled to foreign countries to study in their universities, and who imbibed thence those ideas and that knowledge which enabled them to realise to themselves the accomplishing, through a national uprising, of a deliverance, which could never be acquired by a few skirmishes on the hills. For this trumpet-call to arms a man was found in Rhigas Pheraios, whose spirited songs were like firebrands cast among tow. Rhigas' dying words were prophetic, "I have sown seed enough; the hour will come when it will grow, and our race will gather its sweet fruit" (Ἄρκετον σπόρον ἔσπειρα, Θ'ἄλθη ἡ ὥρα νὰ Βλαστήση, καὶ τὸ Γένος μας θὰ συνάξη τὸν γλυκὺν καρπόν).

The opening lines of one of the chief battle-songs of Rhigas cannot be heard even now by any Greek without emotion, and many a heart-throb responds to Ὡς ποτε Παλληκάρια, of which the following is a translation of the first eight lines:—

"How long shall we, O Pallikars,
in fastnesses abide,
Like unto savage beasts alone in
mountain clefts that hide?
Do we not dwell in hollow caves,
only on forests look,
Fleeing the world because that
we no bondage drear can
brook?
For lose we not our country—
lose we not parents here,
Our friends, our children, kindred, all that is most lov'd and dear?
Yet better far is one hour's life where liberty remains,
Than forty years of slavery, imprisonment, and chains."

This truly great man, born in Pherais in Thessaly (like Epirus, so fruitful in poets), but the exact date of whose birth is unknown, was a true lover of the human race without respect to nationalities, as his conduct to the Bey, whose life he saved, which is narrated in his life,* sufficiently shows. He hated tyranny and loved his country; he also hated anarchy, and the freedom to which he looked forward was a freedom where law reigned supreme; the oath taken is against tyranny and anarchy alike.

"The Law shall be our first, shall be our only guide,
The Ruler of our fatherland, nor need we aught beside,
For anarchy and license both are but a tyranny," &c.

After Rhigas, came in quick succession Kokkinakis, Neronles, Kalvos, Saltelês, Dionysios Solomos, the two Soutses, Salakostas, and Spyridon Trikoupos, who lived to write the "History of the War of Independence," and who was the father of the present Premier of Greece. The last four poets were actively engaged during the war, both at Missolonghi and elsewhere, and

* Published in Athens by Angelopoulos.

wielded the sword with as much power as they handled the pen. Of George Salakostas on account of his great popularity a few words must here be spoken.

In the eventful year 1821 he was with his father in

ALEXANDER RHANGABÊS.

(*From a Photograph by Abdullah Bros., Constantinople.*)

Italy, whither he had gone for study, but immediately forsook it for the scene of action, and the patriotic poems of Salakostaš are actual descriptions for the most part of battles at which he was present. In this double character of warrior and poet, Salakostas deservedly gained the esteem and gratitude in which his memory is held. He wrote many love songs, and one of his little love-lyrics is so universally a favourite all over Greece, that a translation is here attempted, "The Kiss" (Τὸ Φίλημα) of George Salakostas being almost as widely known as the war-songs of Rhigas, and Solomos' "Ode to Liberty." The position of the very juvenile lovers in the poem will be better understood when it is borne in mind that children of both sexes in agricultural districts, like Eubœa and elsewhere, are sent out by their parents to tend the sheep and goats for several days at a time, taking out their provisions with them, and only returning home for fresh supplies. This, of course, refers to the summer months alone.

"THE KISS." (Τὸ Φίλημα.)

"I loved a little shepherd lass, a comely maiden, dearly
And oh! I loved her long;
A birdie I, not yet in song,
A ten years' laddie merely.

"One day upon the flowering grass as we were both reclining,
'Mary, one word I have to say,
Mary,' I said, 'I love thee, aye,
For thee alone I'm pining.'

"She clasped me round, and on my lips a tender kiss whilst laying,
She said, 'Forsooth, a lover's sighs,
And all the woe in love that lies,
Thou'rt small to be essaying.'

"I older grow and seek for her; her heart's another's, ever
Forsaking me; but all bereft,
I ne'er forget the kiss she left
Upon my mouth. Oh, never!"

When the deliverance was at last effected, and the little kingdom established, amongst the foremost and most conspicuous acts of its Government, and the promotion of which was greatly helped forward by the energy of George Gennadius, a devoted patriot as well as scholar, was the providing of a free education for the enfranchised people. The natural result of this, in a race like the Greek, was a strong impulse given to poetic genius. It must suffice to note those only whose influence upon their age and people has been most felt, with a slight mention of a few living writers of note.

And here although first in the list is placed the venerable and time-honoured name of Rhangabês, it must not be assumed therefore that the poetry of three generations of this gifted family has been a power among the people, commensurate with that of another writer who will shortly be mentioned. The Rhangabês are of a noble Phanariote stock, and James Rhizos Rhangabês, the father of Alexander R. Rhangabès, the present Greek Envoy at the Court of Berlin, was greatly distinguished in the world of letters. James Rhizos Rhangabês was also a poet, who wrote several lyrical poems, besides dramas, and translated the Æneid, but was possibly in more estimation as a critical writer. At all events, his revered son, Alexander, has surpassed him, both in style and power, and also in literary activity.

The indefatigable industry of Mr. Alexander Rhizos Rhangabês through a long life (for born in 1810 in Constantinople, he is now in his seventy-eightn year)

ARISTOTLE VALAORITÊS.

deserves especial attention. In his youth, after completing his academical studies, he learnt the use of arms in Bavaria as an officer of artillery. Returning afterwards to Greece, he entered the Ministerial service, and

was in the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, which he resigned in 1843. In 1844 he was appointed Professor of Archæology in the University of Athens, which post he filled twenty-three years, during which time he was also

JULIUS TYPALDOS.

for two years both the Minister for Foreign Affairs and the Member for the University. He was successively sent as Chargé d'Affaires to America, Paris, Constantinople, Paris again, and Berlin, which post he still occupies. During all this time he has been always studying and enriching the literature of his country with the labours of his pen. His eleven volumes of collected works cover a large field: archæology, education, and other subjects being treated by him in a manner worthy of his knowledge and experience. Chiefly written in the style approved by the new Athenian school, they range through a variety of subjects, and are equally inspired by patriotism and by love. His patriotic poems are spirited, and of his love-lyrics it may be affirmed that their general character is that of sprightly elegance. Heredity in intellect is well borne out by this remarkable family, for his son Kleon, besides being the author of many lyrical poems of merit, has especially distinguished himself in dramatic composition. His "Theodora" deserves the attention of all students of modern Greek.

It was reserved, however, for a poet born after the struggle had commenced to depict more graphically than any other, either before or since, the many episodes of that fiery ordeal. A native of Epirus—the very stronghold of the most cruel of despotisms—Aristotle Valaoritês, a man of the highest culture, devoted his great genius to describe in scathing and touching words all that his country had suffered, and, at the same time, to rouse its aspirations.

If all the records of those bitter days had perished, and the poetry of Valaoritês had alone remained, the whole tale would have been told in language that needed no commentator. A student of modern Greek, if he neglected the poets, would suffer loss; but if, in passing them by, he made an exception in the case of Valaoritês, it would suffice: the Greek poetry of to-day would be justified through him.

Valaoritês wrote only in the language of the people. He opposed warmly the efforts of the Purists and the Athenian school, and in eloquent words, which showed his burning zeal and patriotic love, he besought his country to cling to "the language in which the race has sung its funeral wails from Mahomet II. to Rhigas the Redeemer. In this language the Klephts sung on Pindus, on Kissabos, and on Olympos. If it be a ruin, let us respect it. Bonds and pursuits, martyrdoms and bloodshedding, have justified it," &c. The poetry of Valaoritês is necessarily sad. It was not in his earnest mind to tune his lyre for solace and joy in Bacchanalian strains like the sweet singer Dionysius Chrystopoulos, surnamed the modern Anacreon, who sung the praises of the wine-cup in mellow glowing stanzas, when his country was weeping tears of blood. Not for Valaoritês were songs of love to black-eyed damsels (*μαυρομμάτα*) when his dreams for the future of Greece were yet so far from realisation. The sorrows of Greece—the future glory of Greece—those were the only themes which woke his strains. Well did he earn the cognomen of the national poet, and well does he merit the grateful appreciation of his compatriots. His poems, however, which are generally long, do not readily admit of quotation, and must be read in their entirety.

Julius Typaldos was born in Kephallenia in 1814, but his family was of Italian origin, and his mother, the Countess Theresa Righietti, was an Italian. In the popular mind of Greece, Typaldos is generally associated with Valaoritês as being a truly national poet. Certainly no Greek poet has shown more patriotism in his writings, nor has any Greek poet had so much popularity during his lifetime, as that which always accompanied Typaldos.

His verse, filled with the love of country and religious feeling, is sweet and full of grace; smiles and tears alternating in sympathy with his theme, and sometimes, as in the grim poem descriptive of the death of the wicked mother of the cruel Ali, it approaches the powerful. He, like Valaoritês, wrote in the language of the people, and although his poetry seldom attains to any very high flights, yet it has truly been said of him, that the name of one whose songs live in the memory of a people, will never die. His poetry pleases Greece, and the universality of two or three of his lyrics is almost unbounded, although there is little in them beyond an exquisite harmony and melody. "The Flight," which is the greater favourite, is given here in a literal prose translation, with an outline and concluding stanza of "The Two Flowers."

"THE FLIGHT.

"Awake, sweet love, it is the depth of night, all nature is slumbering, all is still:
Save where the pale moon, keeping her watch like me, wanders alone through the heavens.
As a cruel decree would part us, we will seek afar some spot where we can live for each other.
Awake, sweet love, it is the depth of night, all nature is slumbering, all is still."

And the moon's rays shone on them pityingly, whilst the two lovers gazed on her with tearful eyes.

"Row, belovèd, row, let us flee far away whilst the wind is hushed on the smooth waters."

And as the oars dipped down into the waves the maiden pressed a kiss on the brow of her lover.

"Row, belovèd, row, let us flee far away whilst the wind is hushed on the smooth waters."

She looked on the shore, which was vanishing like a moist cloud, and bade it farewell with a sigh.

"Farewell, ye valleys, ye fresh, cool springs, and ye sweet birds of dawning, for ever fare ye well.
O mother! a fervent love drives me far from thee into a strange and distant land.
Row, belovèd, row, let us flee far away; the air is hushed and still, and it is the dead of the night."

And the moon goes before them bearing hidden consolations in a thousand unknown and mystic feelings.

The two lovers afar in a foreign land look on her, and in each other's arms find paradise and life.

"The Two Flowers," which is only second in popularity to "The Flight," possesses the same qualities of smooth harmonious verse, with some pathos, but on the whole it is unimpassioned, and has an appearance of sentiment rather than of deep feeling. The description of a young girl in early morning tripping lightly over the flowers to meet her lover at the church, is very prettily drawn. She wears a red rose on her breast, which she gives him. After some years he returns to the spot, but there is then no maiden awaiting him; all that he sees is a white stone with a black cross.

"Alone at that quiet spot, I knelt, Maria, before thy tomb, and kissed it fervently.
From the flowers scattered thereon, I took one, white and pure, like thy virgin self.
I placed it with that which thou once gavest me.
Behold in that lily and that rose, how many bitter memories are entwined!
Symbols are they of the death of youth and beauty.
Joy is ever, here below, the twin sister of grief."

Conspicuous among contemporary writers for range of subject, literary industry, in addition to the higher qualities required to make a poet, is Antonios Antoniades. In dramatic composition he is, perhaps, the most successful, although his epic poems, particularly the "Creteid" (Ἡ Κρήτεϊς), are fraught with interest, and show much literary skill. The "Creteid," the scene of which is laid at the time of the occupation of Crete by the Venetians, consists of 12,000 lines, and gives a vivid picture of their despotic and cruel, albeit Christian, rule. Through the narrative is woven a pretty but tragic love-tale, interspersed with graphic descriptions of many ancient customs, which are still extant among the hardy and liberty-loving Cretans who inhabit the White Hills. Antoniades has also written many excellent lyrics. Another dramatist as well as lyrist, Demetrius Vernadaki, has striven to introduce the romantic drama into Greece, through his tragedy of "Maria Doxapatri," for which he has been censured by the eminent critic Roides, as having trod too closely, as an imitator, on the footsteps of his divine master and model, Shakespeare. In an elaborate introduction to this most interesting play, the time of which is laid just after the conquest of Constantinople by the Crusaders, Vernadaki has endeavoured to show that the romantic drama, and not the classic, is the drama of the future for Greece; and that the inspiration of the modern Greek dramatist must be drawn from the history of the sufferings of his country, as also from her patriotic struggles, and from episodes in the War of Independence, adding in conclusion his heartfelt conviction that a great dramatic poet will one day arise worthy of that history, and of Greece.

The verse of Achilles Paraschos, a living and very popular poet, may be at once characterised as gloomy. Sadness has, no doubt, hitherto been too predominant a feature in modern Greek poetry. The modern Greek Muse needs to come out more into that sunshine which bathes her country with golden light. "The Orphan" is, perhaps, the best example of the pathetic strains in which Paraschos delights, although "Desire" (Πόθος), which expresses the wishes of a son at his father's grave, may be more powerful.

"I would I were the cross in his dark grave, aye to remain;
I would I were the heavenly dews upon that earth to rain;
I would I were a tree to gladden him with shadows meet,
A little bird to sing to him, a flower with perfumes sweet;
I would I were the burning lamp, i' the tomb that o'er him shone,
Or that myself his grave could be, and he ne'er be alone."

Paraschos has also great power as a satirist. Two three years since he wrote a poem, after his visit to

DEMETRIUS BIKÉLAS.
(*From a Photograph by Walery, Paris.*)

Western Europe, in which in strong and burning language he compares the boasted civilisation of London and Paris with that of his own country. The social vices of both cities are depicted without reserve, and most unsparingly lashed. "If this be civilisation," he cries, "give me

the barbarism of my own dear land." It would appear, however, that Paraschos saw only the outside of London and Parisian life, and was not initiated into the Home. Among living Greek writers none, however, have attained a more wide-spread reputation than Demetrius Bikélas, though, perhaps, this is more due to him from his position as an historian and essayist, than as a poet. Nevertheless, his one volume of poems, which has recently gone through a second edition, is admirable as much for the noble thoughts enshrined therein as for their melodious expression. If it is to be regretted that he has too early left the shrine of the Muses, it may well be said of much of the prose-writing in his "Tales" that it is in itself true poetry, both in style and feeling. "Loukis Laras," which has been translated into almost every European language, is an exemplification of this remark, and also some shorter tales, as "The Priest Narcissus" and "The Ugly Sister." His countrymen owe him a never-to-be-forgotten debt of gratitude for his admirable translations of Shakespeare into his own language, and this remark is made not because Shakespeare was an Englishman, but rather as an echo to the true observation of Vernadaki in his "Introduction" to "Maria Doxapatri," that the plays of Shakespeare are for all countries and for all times. The excellency of the renderings of these dramas, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *King Lear*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Macbeth*, both for fidelity and literary style, is unquestionable. And here, whilst speaking of Demetrius Bikélas as a poet who has latterly almost merged into a prose-writer exclusively, a few words will not be out of place in respect of another name, Dr. Spyridon Lambros —a poet whom Mataranghas includes amongst the

DR. SPYRIDON LAMBROS.

(*From a Photograph by Fratelli Vianelli, Venice.*)

brotherhood in his anthology, but who has for some time completely forsaken the Muses, and is now widely known as an historian. That he could have written much more good verse the few examples left, sufficiently witness, but it is more than probable that Dr. Spyridon Lambros will be remembered rather as the historian than as the

GEORGE DROSINÊS.

(*From a Photograph by W. Höffert, Dresden.*)

poet. Five out of the six specimens included in the anthology of Mataranghas are love-poems, and the sixth, "To an Old Bottle," exhibits humour.

It is like meeting a refreshing breeze laden with perfumes to open the pages of George Vizyenos and George Drosinês. The legends of the former, often old-world legends of Greece, presented in modern language and modern garb, have a charm peculiar to themselves. Bright and sunny as his own skies are all those nature-pictures in which he portrays the return of Spring, his marriage to the widowed Earth, and the wooing of Lady Earth by the four Seasons. There are many other delicious little myths, one narrating how a starving but pious mouse, entering a church, abstained from nibbling the holy bread, and for that good action had wings given it, and so became a bat. How it was also that a creature like the mole was condemned to an underground existence, viz., because a man, in too much hurry to bury the dead after a battle, interred a fellow-creature who was still living; hence his transformation, by way of punishment, into a mole, ever himself to live beneath the earth he had been so eager to pile on another. The praise of the bee—called, in Greece, "God's blessing"—is also well drawn in the good daughter who went to her dying mother when sent for, whilst her brother and sisters excused themselves as being "too busy," and were all changed respectively into a hedgehog, a tortoise, and a spider, whilst she became a bee, carrying a blessing wherever she went; as also in "The Building of St. Sophia," in which a bee becomes an architect and furnishes the design. These poems are by far the best examples of the talent of George Vizyenos.

George Drosinês is a young poet of great promise.

In his poetry there is a profusion of sunlight and golden rays, sparkle and ripple. Having already produced so much that cannot fail to please, it is but natural that still greater things are to be looked for from his pen. His gay strains, whether they be love-lyrics or rustic idylls, have all a simple beauty which is perfectly charming, and, without being set to music—for which many are especially adapted—they ring out their own melodies. Seen through a translation, he has been compared to our own Lovelace and Herrick, whose names, it is more than probable, he never heard, and also he has recalled to some the name of Heine. His graceful talent is not confined to poetry. His prose—or, again one may well use here the expression, his poetry in prose form—is equally pleasant to read. His tales—the chief of which, "Amaryllis," ought to become as popular in England as it is on the Continent—his "Rustic Sketches in Eubœa and other Places," are all full of poetic life and feeling.

The following little lyric, as it is a general favourite, may serve to exemplify the style and character of many of his love-songs :—

"WHY, MARY?

"When I tell thee, on thy mouth so small and sweet,
The hues, the scent, the dews of roses, meet,
Thou tak'st it well and smil'st, Mary;
But when I would (a little dew to sip)
A bee become and fly to thy red lip,
It angers thee; but why, Mary?"

As some short mention at least must be made of Greek poetesses in THE WOMAN'S WORLD, space will not allow of any more than a passing allusion to the

GEORGE VIZYENOS.

(*From a Photograph by Graffe and Vathis, Paris.*)

names of Kostes Palamas, and Dr. Angelos Vlachos, the latter poet deservedly eminent, though he has been much influenced by German poetry, whilst the verse of Palamas is undoubtedly national in character.

There have not been up to the present time many poetesses in modern Greece. To show, however, that

VIRGINIA EVANGELIDES.

the women of Greece have a more than moderate share of the poetic talent, it is not needful to go back to the days of Sappho. The very festival dances themselves still to be seen in Greece are an evidence of indwelling poetry among the women. As one of these dance-songs would hardly be out of place as introductory to a notice of the Greek poetesses, the following is chosen from one of those which are given in Drosinês' "Sketches in Eubœa," which he heard himself at a festival among others of equal poetic imagery. The reader of "Paraskevy" will at once perceive that the youth has fallen in love with a maiden who is already betrothed to another :—

"Oh, mother, on the threshing-floor when I saw the damsels dancing,
They gleamed as white as waves of milk, and like the snow were shining.
I will become a redbreast good, or eke a noble falcon,
And I will straightway carry off the betrothéd Paraskevy,
And I'll bear her to a goldsmith, and he shall analyse her :
And then I'll take the golden ore, and then I'll take the silver,
And I will make a goblet, and a cross and ring transparent:
The ring I'll wear, and evermore will drink from out the goblet,
And because of Christianity the cross I'll worship ever."

This dance-song is a good example of the imagery and fancies with which this folk-poetry is replete.

In his excellent collection, "Parnassos," Matarangha only makes mention of one female poet, of whose writings he gives but two examples. The translation of Lord Byron's "Giaour" was published by her husband after her death. Aikaterina Dousios does not appear to have written much. Born in Constantinople in 1820, she was so carefully educated by her parents that she became not only conversant with classic Greek, but with the literature

of the principal European languages. She went with her mother, when seventeen, to Athens, where she soon married, and through the next twenty years of her life was absorbed in the bringing up of her children and literary pursuits.

A far higher place, however, in the world of letters is due to Angelica Palli, notwithstanding that she wrote chiefly in the Italian language, Italy being the country of her birth, although her parents were both Greek, her father having been in Epirus, the land of poets, and her mother being a Peloponnesian. This celebrated woman was born at Leghorn in the year 1798, twenty-three years before the standard of liberty was unfurled. She was a poetess by nature, endowed, as it were, with both the Italian and Greek genius. She mastered not only classic and modern Greek, but also the Italian, French, and other European languages, and was possessed of a memory so great and so retentive that she learnt and remembered through all her life the whole of Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered" and Alfieri's tragedies. In Italy her renown was widely diffused on account of her familiarity with Italian literature. The learned J. Rhizos Rhangabês wrote these lines in commendation :—

"Thou, O Angelica Palli, art the tenth Muse, and singest like a nightingale in winter as well as in spring."

Among other men of note, Lamartine and Manzoni were numbered among her friends, and it was in the presence of these two great men that she improvised a poem on the sorrows of Sappho, which inspired them with so much enthusiasm, that both wrote some impromptu lines, and presented them to the lady, by the appellation of "Sappho."

Photeiny Economides, whose contributions to Athenian papers must frequently have met the eyes of their readers, but whose verses have not been published in book form, frequently received highly commendatory notices from her countrymen, who lamented her death, as the loss of a true poet.

In that excellent collection of the Greek poets, Ποιητικὸς Ἀνθὼν, which promises to be the most complete anthology hitherto published, the editor of which, Mr. I. G. Tsakasianos, is himself a poet, there are many contributions by Miss Virginia Evangelides, a volume of whose poems, entitled "First Verses," has recently been published. Many of these are very sweet and melodious, but as the subjects are, for the most part, the pretty suggestions which occur frequently to a poetic imagination, as "An Autumn Leaf," "A Lover's Invocation to the Moon," &c., preference is here given to a short patriotic poem, which shows the capability of the authoress in themes more difficult of treatment. A somewhat free translation of the first two verses will serve to exhibit the scope and style of this young poetess. There is feeling and spirit all through this poem, which is a kind of elegy: "To those falling gloriously for freedom" (Εἰς τοὺς ὑπερ ἐλευθερίας ἔνδο-ως πεσόντας).

"O noble band and valiant! Ye who thus are stricken down
For the glory of our Hellas! for her honour, once divine.
Which now with loss is threaten'd sore — a death without renown,
Nor ever more a laurel wreath will round her brow entwine.

"Bravely ye fall, as those wild, roaming, untam'd beasts are slain,
When it is sought to rob them of both life and forest lair;
Yet upon you where ye lie with naked breasts which wounds bestain,
'Tis still your country's earth that ye with love are clasping there."

E. M. EDMONDS.

St. George the Chevalier.

BY THE LATE DR. ANNA KINGSFORD, M.D.

DURING the last few years a growing interest in the subject of religious metaphysic has shown itself in certain strata of our intellectual world. This interest has taken many forms, and attached itself to many developments, some of which have been chiefly distinguished for eccentricity, and have attracted attention rather by this quality than by their intrinsic value as solid contributions to thought. Phrases, symbols, and expositions of theosophical doctrine gathered from sources unfamiliar to the ordinary Western mind, and requiring for their comprehension the study of a foreign tongue and of a strange and intricate theology, task too much the intellect of a seeker trained in the Christian faith and seriously bent on the profitable study of its mysteries. Fain would he learn what are these mysteries without recourse to a foreign interpreter. His own Church, his own creed, he thinks, should teach him all that he seeks to know, and he cares not to set aside and reject names and symbols hallowed by the use of ages among his people, in favour of others new to his ear and tongue. If a revival of religious metaphysic is imminent among us, let it then be directed along the old channels worn deep by the prayers and aspirations of our fathers. Let us hear what the tradition of our faith has to unfold to us of arcane secrets, and to what mystic heights of transcendental thought the paths trodden by Christian saints can lead us. For the legends and visions of the saints are full of precious testimonies to the esoteric origin and nature of Catholic dogma; and the older and more venerable the tradition, the more fundamental and spiritual its character. Chiefest for us, and most important among such sacred legends, is that of ST. GEORGE the Champion, not only because he is for English folk pre-eminent among the saintly throng celebrated by our Church as each November-tide comes round, but also because his story is thoroughly typical of the class of esoteric tradition in which Catholic truth and faith crystallised themselves in simpler and purer-hearted times than these. Students of religious mystic thought can scarce do better than turn to such a tale by

way of proem to more elaborate research. There, in softened outlines and graceful language, they will find an exposition of the whole argument of spiritual metaphysics, and a complete vindication of the method of theosophy. At the outset of a new line of inquiry the mind is usually more quickened to interest by parable than by dissertation. All great religious teachers have recognised this fact, and have directed their instructions accordingly. Nor can those who care to pursue a systematic study of Christian mysticism afford to despise these poetic embodiments.

The highest form of thought is, after all, imaginative. Man ends, as he begins, with images. Truth in itself is unutterable. The loftiest metaphysic is as purely symbolic as the popular legend.

The Catholic tale of St. George, our national patron and champion, was once of world-wide renown. But since our youth have taken to reading Mill and Huxley, Spencer and Darwin, in place of the old books wherein their ancestors took delight, the romances of the Paladins and the knights-errant of Christian chivalry lie somewhat rusty in the memories of the present generation. I propose, then, first to recite the legend of the great St. George and his famous conquest, and next to offer an interpretation of the story after the esoteric manner.

According to Catholic legend, St. George was born in Cappadocia, and early in the fourth century came to Lybia in quest of chivalrous adventure. For this great saint was the noblest and bravest knight-errant the ranks of chivalry have ever known, and the fame of his prowess in arms vied with the glory of his virtue, and made his name a terror to all evil-doers the wide world over.

In Lybia there was, in those days, a city called Silena, near whose walls lay a great lake, inhabited by a monstrous and fearsome dragon. Many a redoubted knight had fallen in conflict with this terrible beast; none had obtained the least advantage over it; and now for a long time it had laid waste and ravaged all the country round, no man daring to attack or hinder it. Every day for many a long year past the miserable inhabitants of Silena had delivered up to the dragon a certain number of sheep or kine from their herds, so that at least the monster might be appeased without the sacrifice of human life. At last all the flocks and the kine were devoured, and the townspeople found themselves reduced to a terrible strait. The dragon besieged the walls of the city, and infected all the air with his poisonous breath, so that many persons died, as though smitten by a pestilence. Then, in order to save the people, lots were cast among all those who had children, and he to whom the die fell was forced to give a son or daughter to the monster. This terrible state of things had already continued for some time, when one day the fatal lot fell to the king, none being exempted from the tax.

Now the king had an only child, a fair and virgin daughter. To save her from so horrible a doom he offered to any man who would redeem the tax, his crown, his kingdom, and all his wealth. But the people would hear of no exchange. They demanded that the king should bear the stroke of fate in common with the meanest citizen. Then the king asked for a reprieve of eight days to lament his child and prepare her for her death. Meanwhile the dragon, infuriated at the unusual delay, hung continually about the city gates, expecting his victim, and poisoned all the sentinels and men-at-arms who guarded the walls. Wherefore the people sent messengers to the king and reproached him with his faint-heartedness. "Why," said they, "do you suffer your subjects to die for your daughter's sake? Why doom us to perish daily by the poisonous breath of the dragon?"

Then the king, perceiving that he could put off the evil hour no longer, clad his daughter in royal apparel, embraced her tenderly, and said, "Alas! dear child, I thought to see my race perpetuated in thine heirs; I hoped to have welcomed princes to thy nuptials; but now thou must perish in the flower of thy youth, a sacrifice to this accursed monster! Why did not the gods decree my death before I brought thee into the world?"

When the princess heard these sorrowful words she fell at her father's feet, and, with tears, besought his blessing. Weeping, he gave it, and folded her a last time in his arms. Then, followed by her afflicted women and a great concourse of people, she was led like a lamb to the gate of the city. Here she parted from her companions, the drawbridge was lowered across the deep moat, and alone she passed forth and went towards the lake to meet her destroyer.

Now it chanced that just then St. George, in his shining armour, came riding by, and, seeing a fair damsel alone and in tears, he sprang from his horse, and hastened to offer her his knightly service. But she only waved him back and cried, "Good sir, remount your steed and fly in haste, that you perish not with me!" But to this the saint responded, "Tell me first why thou art here with such sad mien, and why this crowd of people on the city walls gaze after us so fearfully." And the princess answered him, "Thou hast, I see, a great and noble heart; but make the more haste to be gone therefore. It is not meet that one so good should die unworthily."

"I will not go," returned the knight, "until thou tell me what I seek to know."

So she told him, weeping, all the woeful tale; and St. George made answer with a brave heart, in a voice that all the townfolk on the walls could hear, "Fear not, fair maid; in the name of Christ I will do battle for thee against this dragon."

Then the princess loved him, and wrung her hands and cried, "Brave knight, seek not to die with me; enough that I should perish. There is no man living that can stand against this dragon. Thou canst neither aid nor deliver me. Thou canst but share my doom."

As she spoke the words, the waters of the lake divided, and the monster rose from its depths and espied its prey. At that the virgin trembled, and cried again, "Fly! fly! O knight! stay not to see me perish!"

For all answer St. George flung himself upon his steed, made the holy sign of the cross, and, commending

himself to Christ, lowered his lance and rushed full on the open jaws of the hideous beast. With such force he directed his aim that the dragon was instantly overthrown, and lay, disabled and powerless, at the feet of the saint. Then, with the words of a holy spell, St. George cast a great fear upon the monster, so that it was shorn of all its fury, and durst not lift its body from the dust. Thereupon the blessed knight beckoned the princess to approach, and bade her loose her girdle, and, without fear, bind it about the dragon's neck. And when this was done, behold, the beast followed the maid, spell-bound, and thus they entered the city.

But the people, when they saw the dragon approaching, fled tumultuously on every side, crying out that they would all surely perish. St. George therefore struck off the monster's head with his sword, and bade them take heart and fear nothing, because the Lord had given him grace over all evil things to deliver the earth from plagues.

So, when the people saw that the dragon was slain, they thronged about St. George, and kissed his hands and his robe; and the king embraced him joyfully, praising his valour and prowess above the fame of all mortal men. And when the saint had preached to them the faith of Christ, the whole city was straightway baptised; and the king thereafter built a noble church to the honour of our Lady and of the brave St. George. And from the foot of the altar flowed forth a marvellous stream, whose waters healed all manner of sickness; so that for many a long year no man died in that city.

Such is the legend of the patron saint of England—a legend reproduced in Spenser's poem of the "Faery Queen," wherein St. George appears as the Red Cross Knight, and the princess as Una, the mystical maid, who, after the overthrow of the dragon, becomes the bride of her champion.

Need I recall to any student of classic story the resemblance between this sacred romance and that of the Greek hero Perseus, who rescued the fair Andromeda from the fangs of the sea-monster which would have devoured her? Or whose divine favour it was that directed and shielded the Argive champion; whose winged sandals bore him unharmed across sea and land; whose magic sword and helm armed and defended him?

With all these symbols the name of HERMES is indissolubly connected. His are the Wings of Courage, the Rod of Science, and the Helmet of Secrecy. And his, too, is the Sword of Power, the strong and steadfast Will, by which the elemental forces are overcome and controlled, and the monsters of the abyss bound in obedience,—those spiritual dragons and chimeras that ravage the hopes of humanity and would fain devour the "King's Daughter."

For Hermes—Archangel, Messenger of Heaven, and slayer of Argos the hundred-eyed: type of the stellar powers—is no other than Thought:—Thought which alone exalts man above the beast, and sets him noble tasks to do and precious rewards to win, and lifts him at last to shine evermore with the gods above the starry heights of heaven.

All the heroes are sons of Hermes, for he is the Master and initiator of spiritual chivalry. The heroes are the knights-errant of Greek legend. Like St. George and his six holy peers; like Arthur's knights; like the Teuton Siegfried, the British Artegal, and many another saintly chevalier "sans peur et sans reproche," the heroes of yet older days — Heracles, Bellerophon, Theseus, Jason, Perseus—roamed the earth under divine guidance, waging ceaseless warfare with tyranny and wrong; rescuing and avenging the oppressed, destroying the agents of hell, and everywhere delivering mankind from the devices of terrorism, thrall, and the power of darkness.

The divine Order of Chivalry is the enemy of ascetic isolation and indifferentism. It is the Order of the Christ who goes about doing good. The Christian knight, mounted on a valiant steed (for the horse is the symbol of Intelligence), and equipped with the panoply of Michael, is the type of the spiritual life,—the life of heroic and active charity.

All the stories about knights and dragons have one common esoteric meaning. The dragon is always Materialism in some form; the fearsome, irrepressible spirit of Unbelief, which wages war on human peace and blights the hopes of all mankind. In most of these tales, as in the typical legend of St. George, there is a princess to be delivered,—a lady, sweet and lovely, whose sacrifice is imminent at the moment of her champion's arrival on the scene. By this princess is intended the Soul:—the "Woman" of Holy Writ, and the central figure of all sacred dramatic art of every date and country. That the allegory is of such wide and ancient repute, proves the identity of the needs and troubles of humanity throughout the ages; yet one cannot fail to be struck with its special bearing on the present state of thought. It seems, indeed, as though the story of St. George and the Dragon might have been written yesterday, and dedicated to the men and women of our own times. Never, surely, has the dragon ravaged and despoiled the earth as he does now. When at first he came upon us, it was not much that the monster's appetite demanded. It was satisfied with the sacrifice of a few superstitions and antique beliefs, which we could well spare, and the loss of which did not greatly affect us. These were the mere sheep and kine of our outlying pastures. But at length all these were swept away, and the genius of Materialism remained unsatisfied. Then we began, reluctantly, to yield up to it far more precious things,—our religious convictions, our hold on sacred Scriptures, our trust in prayer, our confidence in heavenly providence,—the very children of our hearts, bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh, endeared to us by the hereditary faith which had become even as nature itself. All these we gave and with tears; many of them had made life lovely and desirable to us, and without them our hearth seemed desolate. But complaint and resistance we knew to be in vain; materialistic science devoured them one by one; none were left in all that ancient city, the Human Kingdom, whose ruler and monarch is Mind. This our sovereign—Mind—had hitherto cherished with fond delight one lovely and only child, the Soul. He believed that she would survive

and perpetuate him, and that for ever her heirs should sit on the throne of his kingdom. To part with her would be blight and ruin to all his hopes and aspirations. Better that he should never have drawn breath than that he should be forced to see the child he had brought into the world perish before his eyes.

Still, with ominous persistence the terrible monster hangs about the gates of the city. All the air is filled with the pestilent effluvium of his nostrils. Relentless, indeed, is this pessimistic science. It demands the sacrifice of the Soul itself, the last lovely and precious thing remaining to despoiled humanity. Into the limbo of those horrid jaws must be swept—with all other and meaner beliefs and hopes—faith in the higher Self-hood and its immortal Life. The Soul must perish! Despair seizes the Mind of man. For some time he resists the cruel demand; he produces argument after argument, appeal after appeal. All are unavailing. Why should the Soul be respected where nothing else is spared? Forced into surrender, the Mind at last yields up his best-beloved. Life is no more worth living now; black death and despair confront him; he cares no longer to be ruler over a miserable kingdom bereft of its fairest treasure, its only hope. For of what value to man is the Mind without the Soul?

Poor and puny now indeed the crown, the wealth, the royalty of Mind. Their value lay alone in this, that some day they should devolve on *her*, that for *her* they were being garnered and stored and cherished.

So the Dragon triumphs; and the Soul, cast out of the city, stands face to face with the black abyss, expecting her Destroyer.

Then, even at that last and awful hour, the Divine Deliverer appears, the Son of Hermes, Genius of Interpretation, Champion of the Spiritual Life. As Hercules slew the Hydra, the Lion. and many another noxious thing; as Theseus the Minotaur, as Bellerophon the Chimera, as Rama the Ogre Ravan, as David the Giant, as Perseus the Gorgon and Sea-monster, so St. George slays the Dragon and rescues from its insatiable clutch the hope and pride of humanity.

This hero of so many names is the Higher Reason; the Reason that *knows* (*gnosis*) as distinguished from the Lower Reason of mere opinion (*doxa*). He is no earthly warrior. He carries celestial arms, and bears the ensigns of the God.

Thus the commemoration of St. George, and of the famous legend of which he is the hero, involves the praise of all valiant knights of the Hermetic art throughout the ages. Every divine man who has carried the enchanted sword, or worn the sandals of the winged God, who has fought with monsters and championed the King's daughter—Una, the one peerless maid—is celebrated in the person of our national patron saint. The Order to which he belongs is a Spiritual Order of the Garter, or Girdle of the Virgin; and its ensign is the armed chevalier trampling under his horse's hoofs the foul and furious agent of the nether world.

The idea of knighthood implies that of activity. The pattern saint and flower of chivalry is one who gladly fights and would as gladly die in noble causes. The words pronounced of old times on the dubbing of a knight, "Be gentle, valiant, and fortunate," are not words which could realise themselves in the dullard or the churl. To the good knight, the ardent love of beauty, in all its aspects, is indispensable. The fair lady of his dreams is the spiritual bright-shining of goodness, which expresses itself to him fitly and sweetly in material and visible things. Hence he is always poet, and fighter in some cause. And he is impelled to fight because the love of beauty burns so hot within him that he cannot abide to see it outraged. His very gentleness of heart is the spur of his valour. Champion and knight as well as thinker and student, the Son of Hermes is of necessity a reformer of men, a redeemer of the world. It is not enough for him to know the doctrine, he must likewise do the will of the gods, and bid the kingdom of the Lord come upon earth without, even as in the heaven within his heart.

For the rule of his Order is the Law of Love, and "Love seeketh not her own."

Smocking.

THIS very pretty style of gathering is less popular than it deserves to be, probably because the general idea is that it is extremely difficult to execute. This, however, is a mistake, for, with patience, it may readily be mastered, and, the principle once understood, it is very quickly worked.

Smocking may be applied to an innumerable variety of purposes, but answers best on soft woollens, such as serges, cashmeres, or flannels. Oatmeal cloth and various cotton materials are, however, sometimes embroidered in this way. Bathing-dresses look specially well and uncommon if they are ornamented with smocking round the yoke, sleeves, &c. Now that Garibaldis are likely to remain long in fashion, nothing could be more satisfactory in all ways than one of these made of some soft all-wool material with a smocked yoke and cuffs. The work washes perfectly; hence it is particularly well adapted for use on children's frocks. The fashion of ornamenting under-linen with smocking is also slowly gaining ground.

Many changes, too, may be rung on the combinations of colour to be used. On an art-green or brown material, old-gold stitching looks well, red on white, blue or salmon-pink on cream-colour, amber or scarlet on black, while for some of the more elaborate patterns the silks used may be of various shades of the same colours—

shades of yellow, from cream-colour to golden-brown, looking specially effective on a seal-brown cashmere foundation.

In learning the art of smocking, I should advise that a striped or cross-checked material should be used to

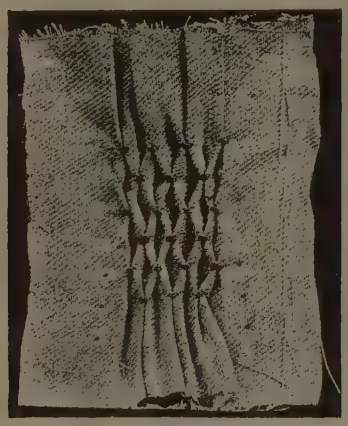


Fig. 1.

practise upon, to save all trouble of marking the material, until the chief characteristics of the work are understood. I will now, however, suppose that a plain cream-coloured foundation is to be used, and, in order to keep the gathers straight, it will be necessary to mark their places on the foundation itself. For this purpose a piece of perforated cardboard is generally used, and should measure about ten or twelve inches long and about a quarter of a yard wide, according to the size of the piece of material. A number of holes must be cut out of the cardboard with a sharp penknife at regular intervals. To do this, lay the cardboard down on a piece of soft wood, with the point of a penknife cut out one of the small spaces that are enclosed by four holes, miss seven holes, cut out the space enclosed by the fourth and fifth holes, miss seven holes, cut out another space, and continue all along the cardboard. Come back to the beginning of the row, count five holes below the first one, and cut out the space enclosed by the sixth and seventh holes. Miss seven holes, cut out the next space, and proceed until the whole of the piece of cardboard is covered with these holes at regular intervals. These intervals between the holes allow for rather large gatherings. The cardboard is then laid quite straight on the material, held firmly in place so that it cannot slip, and with a sharply-pointed lead-pencil a dot is made on the material through each hole that has been cut out of the cardboard, as below.

When all the holes have been pricked through, and if the cardboard is not large enough for the space to be smocked, it must be carefully shifted, the top row of holes being placed exactly over the last row of dots, and the marking continued as before. Special care must be taken to ascertain exactly how many rows of gatherings will be required, as it is impossible to add more after the smocking is once commenced. Should the material be a dark one that lead-pencil marks will not show upon, a finely-pointed piece of coloured chalk may be used instead. Transferable dots for smocking, to be ironed off on the material, like other transfer designs, are to be purchased at many fancy shops, and save considerable trouble if the gatherings are required rather large and far apart.

The dots being all made on the material, the gathering must next be done very carefully and regularly—for on this much of the success of the work depends—with strong thread of a different colour to that which is afterwards to be used for the embroidery, as it has to be drawn out when the work is finished. A very large knot should be made at the end of the cotton, for it is very exasperating, when drawing up the gathers, to find the cotton give way suddenly at one end. The stitches are made from dot to dot, picking up each one; a long stitch is thus made between each mark. This plan is apt to leave the dots showing when the work is complete, so many workers prefer to take up a stitch *between* instead of *on* the dots. The former plan is somewhat easier, as the marks serve as a guide by which to keep the lines of fancy stitches straight; but it is a pity to run any risk of spoiling a good piece of work by marks of pencil or chalk. The other end of the thread must be drawn up closely, and twisted round a pin to keep it from slipping. There is considerable art in drawing up the gathers, for if they are too loose the gathering will not look regular, and if they are too tight each fold will be difficult to pick up. The gatherings must be stroked into regular folds as each thread is drawn

Fig. 2.

up. When the whole expanse of material that has been set aside for smocking has been gathered, the ornamental part of the work must next be begun.

The following diagram will serve as a key to the pleats, and render it more easy than it otherwise would be to follow the directions given. The Roman figures

down the sides represent the gathering-threads, the Arabic figures the pleats.

I.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	I.
II.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	II.
III.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	III.
IV.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	IV.
V.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	V.
VI.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	VI.
VII.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	VII.
VIII.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	VIII.
IX.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	IX.
X.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	X.
XI.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	XI.
XII.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	XII.

Fig. 1 shows a simple "honeycomb" pattern, which is certainly the easiest pattern to work, and, to my fancy,

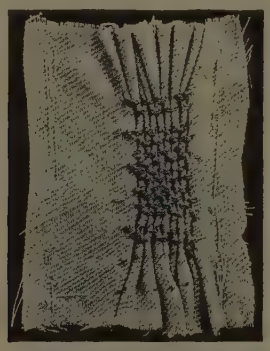


Fig. 3.

is one of the most effective when completed. It is very elastic and extremely durable.

To work it, commence at the top left-hand corner. Put the needle into the first pleat from the wrong side through to the right side at I. 1; sew I. 1 and I. 2 together over and over so as to make a good-sized dot. Put the needle through I. 2 to the wrong side, and bring it up again through II. 2; sew II. 2 and II. 3 together, making the dot just as in the first one. Put the needle in again to the wrong side at II. 3, and bring it up and out to the right side at I. 3. Sew I. 3 and I. 4 together as before, bring the needle down again to II. 4, and sew this and the next together. Continue in the same way to the end of the row, and then begin again at III. 1, sewing III. 1 and III. 2 together. Continue the dots in exactly the same way as the first two rows were done. Finally, draw out all the gathering-threads. In working this pattern, great care must be taken as regards two points. One of these is in passing the needle back to the wrong side after finishing a dot, to be careful to keep the needle in the pleat that is being worked upon, not to let it go astray to the pleats on either side of it, or the regular elasticity of the work will be lost. The second point to be borne in mind in all smocking is that in passing from pleat to pleat the thread must always be carried down the work lengthwise, never across or horizontally, or this, again, will spoil the elasticity.

Fig. 2 shows a "diamond" pattern that is a great favourite. It is frequently used in conjunction with the honeycomb just described, which forms a sort of heading for it, as well as a finish for the lower part. The main difference is, that the threads are passed from row to row of the gathering on the right, instead of on the wrong side of the work. To work it, bring the needle up from the wrong side at I. 1, make a stitch in I. 2 from right to left, bringing the needle out below the thread; draw these two folds close together, pass the needle down to II. 3, make a stitch through it from right to left, keeping the thread over the needle; then take up II. 4, bringing the needle out above the stitch; draw these folds together. Take the needle to I. 5, make a stitch, keeping the thread under the needle; take up I. 6, keeping the needle below the stitch. Draw the folds together as before. Go to II. 7, pick up that pleat, keeping the thread over the needle; take up II. 8, bringing the needle out above the stitch; go on thus till the end of the row is reached. Start the next row from III. 1, make a stitch in III. 2, bring out the needle above, go to II. 3, take it up with the needle above the stitch, pick up II. 4, with the needle below. Go to III. 5 and III. 6 as before. The next row is also commenced from III. 1 and III. 2, then go to IV. 3, and IV. 4, and so on. The sketch shows this pattern worked rather largely for clearness' sake; it is really much prettier and more effective when the gatherings are closer together.

In working stitches of this sort it is well to bear in mind that if the next stitch is to be worked below, the needle must be brought out *below* the stitch then being worked. Should the next stitch be above, the needle must be brought out *above* the stitch, so that it is in readiness for the next stitches.

Fig. 3 represents a very pretty design that is known as the "basket" pattern; it is more difficult to work regularly than are some of the others I have described.

Commence at I. 1, sew this and I. 2 together in the usual way, then sew I. 2 and I. 3 together just below the dot made in I. 1 and I. 2. This done, sew I. 3 and

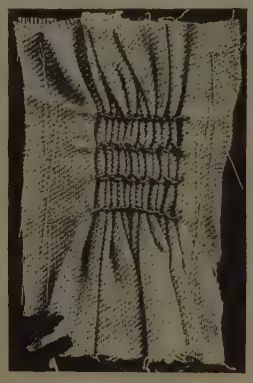


Fig. 4.

I. 4 together, then I. 4 and I. 5 just below, and so on. The width of this is, of course, determined by the number of rows of stitches that are worked. Five or seven rows, with one row above and below it, form a very good pattern.

The "rope" pattern (Fig. 4) is exceedingly quickly worked, and, simple though it be, is effective and satisfactory where fine work is required. The "rope" is simply made by working across the material a line of what is known in ordinary embroidery as outline-stitch,

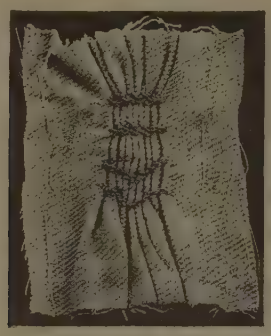


Fig. 5.

one fold of the gathering being picked up with every stitch. The material is held over the left hand so that the lines of the gatherings run along the length of the fingers, not *across* them, as in most of the other patterns, and the needle is always brought out on the right-hand side of the thread. This stitch is often worked first above and below a more elaborate pattern, so as to steady the pleats and make them easier to work over.

The double row of stitches shown between the rope stitch in Fig. 4 is nearly as easy to work, the difference being that in every other fold of the gathering the needle is brought out on the left-hand side of the thread instead of on the right-hand side.

Fig. 5 represents a pretty pattern that is known as "feathering." The work is held over the left hand as described for the rope pattern. Start from I. 1, and bring the needle up to the right side just a wee bit to the left-hand side of a gathering, and make a button-hole stitch through I. 1 and I. 2; pass to the right-hand side of the gathering and make a stitch through I. 2 and I. 3, then into I. 3 and I. 4 on the left-hand side of the gathering, and proceed, alternately working the stitches to the right- and left-hand sides of the gathering-thread.

The "double chevron" shown in the lower part of Fig. 5 is merely a variation of this feathering. It requires a little attention to get it even; there is no other difficulty about it.

Commence at I. 1, work the first button-hole stitch, then a second still more to the left, and just one pleat further on, then a third, one pleat further still, and yet more to the left, and continue till five stitches have been worked. It is easier to work this stitch if the five stitches are placed at such distances apart that the fifth stitch just reaches the gathering II., and, of course, to the fifth pleat of it. Then the opposite direction is taken by the stitches, so that the embroidery is brought up again to I. 9. Should any difficulty be found in getting these stitches even, if working on a washing material, the lines of the zigzag may be lightly put in with lead-pencil as a guide to the worker. A double line of this feather stitch is better than one, as it makes the embroidery so very much handsomer. In short, there are many ways in which this pattern may be varied, and a row or two of rope stitch carried along at the top and bottom is a great improvement.

Fig. 6 shows a simple "lattice" pattern, which is so very elastic as to absolutely need two rows of rope stitch to enable it to keep in place at all. In the sketch, rope stitch is worked across the gatherings I. and VI. Then bring the needle up to the right side of the work at II. 1; make a stitch like a herring-bone stitch through III. 3 and III. 2, take the thread up to II., through II. 4 and II. 3, then down again to III. 5 and III. 4, and so on to the end of the row.

Work the same pattern on the rows of gathering IV. and V. Of course any number of these herring-bone rows may be worked, according to the width the pattern is desired.

These are a few only of the varieties of smocking, but, I think, give sufficient insight into the manner of working to show how easily new and very effective designs may be invented by a clever worker. The length of the gathering-stitches must be of necessity determined by the substance of the material, the purpose for which it is required, &c. The samples given here are bold and sufficiently large for serge, cashmere, or flannel. For under-linen, or for tussore silk, zephyr, or

Fig. 6.

any similar material, finer and more delicate work will be needed.

In order to give the work a neat appearance when finished it should be laid right side downwards on an ironing-board, with a damp cloth over it, and gently pressed with a moderately hot flat-iron. This should be done before the gathering-threads are removed.

E. T. MASTERS.

May Fashions.

By Mrs. JOHNSTONE.

"NE'ER cast a clout till May be out" is an old saying which has a good deal of truth in it; but when May comes, our minds are wont to be much occupied with "changing of clouts," though we may not be able to carry our plans into action till June roses blossom.

Some few years ago fashionable women appeared out of doors, as soon as summer came, "in their figure," as the French say—viz., without any special mantle or out-door garment. Whether old or young, fat or thin, all women seemed to follow the same idea. To a certain extent also the bodices were all cut on one pattern, with coat-sleeves and basques varied only by more or less trimming. It required a courageous woman, if she were still young, and yet chilly by nature, perhaps not over-robust in health, to muffle herself up in a mantle. Now we are going into the contrary extreme; and however hot the weather, however youthful the wearer, a mantle, jacket, or cape of some kind would seem to be a necessity. The only exception this year is likely to be when an Incroyable coat is worn, for then any extraneous covering would be very like what in homely parlance is known as "putting butter upon bacon."

To have appeared at a smart fête in a mantle some years ago would have been looked upon as the essence of dowdiness; now the new models are so becoming to a good figure that few well-dressed women would care to be seen without one; especially strengthened by the all-important knowledge to the average female mind that they are correct and orthodox. Thin arms can hide themselves beneath cape-like sleeves, or sacques of lace, or rows of fringe; and those who suffer from embonpoint may disguise it by trimmings of falling pendent drops, which serve in such marvellous fashion to diminish apparent bulk. Indeed, there is nothing to complain of in the fact that Fashion has declared herself in favour of out-door coverings, for the new mantles of the season are singularly elegant; and it would not be a satisfactory calculation to reckon how many lives have been sacrificed to inadequate clothing: bonnets that do not cover the head, tender throats left unduly exposed, and colds caught by insufficient coverings—to say nothing of the loss of energy and vitality due to bad health.

New Spring Mantles.

The first figure in the illustration of Messrs. Lewis and Allenby's new mantles wears what is most difficult to obtain—a becoming mantle for a woman who is no longer young. It is made in black corded silk, rich of

texture as well as soft and supple, yielding to every line of the figure. The long pendent sleeve-piece, distinct from the shoulder, entirely covers the arm. It is

PITH BONNET.

trimmed with silk passementerie, in which there is no admixture of beads; the sides are edged with close-set gimp, and fringe borders the lower edge. From the throat the front is almost hidden by black lace with a design of boules or balls as large as marbles. This falls below the mantle in two long ends, and mingles with the skirt draperies. The basque at the back is somewhat longer than in those cloaks intended for younger women, and it is trimmed to match the sleeves.

The next figure (seated) wears a velvet mantle, a material which is likely to find as much favour in June as in March. Note how becomingly the high lace-trimmed collar encircles the slender throat, and from it starts a lace jabot, falling to the waist. The trimming, carried diagonally from the shoulder to the bust, is a brown and gold galon made of open cord-work, and appears again on the basque, which is drawn up extremely short in the centre of the waist at the back, beneath a bow which is duplicated on the shoulders. This basque ends beneath the arms, meeting the long narrow fronts, into which are inserted puffings of lace, slashed like a Tudor sleeve. The sleeve, in this instance, is all lace, and illustrates one of the newest features in present fashions—the sack-sleeve—which supports the elbow and allows the arm to pass through it below the forearm.

The third figure in the foreground wears a light-coloured mantle trimmed with the finest jet. The colour may be wild-thyme-green, beige-red, or some of the golden-browns, as well as black; or it can be made in one of the transparent brocaded gauzes, with coloured linings. The jet-work, entirely composed of fine cut beads (which glisten like so many diamonds), ends in the front in a large bow on the bust. Here the shape indicates the figure, but does not define it, as it does most faithfully at the back. Like all the new shapes, this mantle needs a well-draped skirt beneath it, well-petticoated, throwing it out sufficiently and not too much. The importance of this can hardly be too strongly impressed on those who desire to dress well. It is on this account that models are apt to look so much better in the showrooms than when they reach home, for those who are engaged to display them are most careful of all these details. It is the minute personal study which a Frenchwoman devotes to every item of the toilette, however insignificant, which makes her so often excel our countrywomen in the result.

Smart little cloth jackets—in beige-colour, dark blue, dark brown, grey, and black—for young girls are made with much variety as to the cut in front; at the back they are very short, and fit closely. Sometimes they fasten diagonally; in other examples they have one revers; and in the variety and daintiness of the waistcoats there is no end. The cream-faced cloth jacket, with flat gilt coin-buttons, still carries off the palm. Its trimness is suggestive of a vivandière, though it does not lose one whit of its lady-like style thereby.

"Let your face be younger than your toilette" is sound advice, given by one who knew; and it specially applies to that part of dress which comes under the head of millinery. The choice of a bonnet is, perhaps, the most important of the decisions which have to be made so continually with regard to dress. Natural materials are playing an all-important part in bonnets. The bright young face on this page is framed in one composed entirely of a plaited pith fabric hitherto used for trimming, but introduced by Mme. Valerie, of New Burlington Street, as a fabric useful for the entire bonnet. It is of a pinky

HAT TRIMMED WITH LILAC.

string tinge; the insertions are sewn closely together; the crown is of the horse-shoe form, slightly indented; the brim turns backwards; and above, the beige-toned ribbons and the white marguerites stand up boldly. The hat on this same page has a broad brim in front, which

becomes considerably shallower at the back, where it is hidden by a bow of mousse velvet. Above the crown is a gigantic loose bouquet of lilac. Fashionable hats all resemble walking gardens, and the crowns are so hidden under flowers that it is difficult to tell of what they are composed. Perhaps it is on that account they are often quite different from the rest of the hat; sometimes, with firm strong straw brims, crêpe and tulle drawn crowns serve for the foundations on which the flowers rest.

So decidedly has Lady Fashion gone hand-in-hand with Dame Nature this year, that nothing in flowers is *à la mode* unless it looks as if it had just been gathered in the garden and tied up loosely, and there and then set in its place to stand erect, according to its own sweet will. Rushes from sedgy banks have been chemically treated and transferred to bonnets, with real grasses, real lavender, and real rose-twigs—all submitted to a treatment which renders them hard and durable. Shaded ribbon may be substituted for ribbon velvet on this hat, and the side can be turned up to suit the wearer. The brim is lined, but not bound, with velvet.

The bonnet in the right corner of this page recalls the Empire period, and Mrs. Jordan in her youth, when she played the Country Girl with such roystering vitality that she won all hearts. It has the flaring brim which proved so becoming in the Country Girl, and which requires a fringe of hair. In later days we named a similar shape the "Langtry," but this present revival is slightly different. The black straw is fine and supple, contrasting well with the daffodils beneath the brim, and the bunch which towers above the crown, intermixed with black velvet; the strings are also of black velvet,

BLACK HORSEHAIR BONNET.

and quite narrow. This is essentially a young woman's bonnet. Our next is an illustration of one of Mme. Valerie's black horsehair-bonnets, embroidered in gold; for there is almost as much of a gold-fever in dress now as there was in Australia in mines some years ago. Our model is trimmed with gold wheat-ears, and ivy-leaves matching in tone the large green ribbon bow at the side.

THE EMPIRE BONNET.

There is a bow under the brim of this bonnet, and the strings are of black velvet.

Among toilette novelties, a preparation called Pasta Mack has been introduced. It is a white powder made up into tablets, and when mixed with warm water, either in bath or hand-basin, it imparts to the water a most delightful perfume.

Veils are still worn across the face, made of spotted tulle. The spider-web net is so becoming that many prefer it to the spots. Tulle Écossais, with tiny floral patterns, is also new. Its merit is the fineness of the groundwork on which these infinitesimal flowers are worked.

By the way, now that summer and presumably warm weather are approaching, we would recommend to women and growing girls who affect soft flexible stays, to try Dr. Brooks' Patent Knitted Corsets. For young girls' wear specially, they are admirable, also for wearing when boating and playing tennis, cricket, &c.

The group of three dresses made by Messrs. Redmayne, of New Bond Street, indicates the prevailing styles in spring dress-making. The first damsel wears a soft silk gown shot in red and blue, for it would seem to be quite impossible now to ignore shot effects. If they are not apparent in the bonnet, they must be in the dress, or even in the stockings. In woven materials this shot effect is produced chiefly by the warp and the woof being of two colours. But in ribbons this is not always so; the *changeant* or chameleon effect is brought about by dyeing one colour upon another, so that the first tone is seen through the other in certain lights. In our model, however, the plain interwoven shot is mixed with a stripe thrown on a shot ground; for it must be borne in mind, in choosing new gowns, that stripes are the leading characteristics of *les modes*

as they are. The ends of the scarf draperies are edged with crystal beads, also introduced round the front of the bodice at the waist, which ends there abruptly, like some of the Directoire coats. Cross-cut pleats come from the shoulder of this same bodice, and there is a pointed strap carried over the shoulder on to the front. On the opposite side the drapery is arranged without the ends, and is continued on to the back.

of the skirt are made, soft veloutine being the material employed. The bodice fastens diagonally, and the waist is outlined by a ribbon which is tied loosely in the immediate front. Very large buttons are used, and also on the side of the skirt. This appears to be entirely gathered to the bodice, and is full at the back. The opposite side to that principally displayed in the picture is caught up in easy folds to the waist, so that it

SPRING IN-DOOR COSTUMES.

In the middle figure we have an example of one of the many coat draperies which are to be worn as the summer ripens, and have been growing steadily in favour during the springtide. The petticoat is composed of a check material of curious colouring — salmon, butter-colour, brown, electric blue, all interblended, but with the subtle art which characterises the prevailing colour amalgamations, no one tone being permitted to clash with the other. Electric blue is, however, the dominant tint here, and it is in this that the bodice and sides

forms a curtain-like drapery at the side. In the cuffs, which are hidden in the sketch, a little of the checked material is introduced. A blue of a different tone is employed for the groundwork of the third illustration—a woollen stuff, which is mixed with white in the stripe. On the right side there is a dark blue panel of silk, while on the other the striped upper skirt is simply caught up carelessly at the waist. The bodice is double-breasted, and has silk revers. Beneath these revers is a ruffled vest of soft silk of a cream tone.

PARIS.

A FURORE has seized the fashionable world for private theatricals. At Mme. Adam's, at the Marquise de Lillers', at the Baroness Marie de Lille's, at the Baroness Neily d'Orisel's, at Mme. Lippinau's (eldest daughter of Alexandre Dumas), the chief attraction of evening gatherings has been the acting of a *Comédie de Salon.*

Mme. Lippinau, by right of being her father's daughter and his pupil, has proved herself worthy to be his interpreter. There was a certain audacity in an amateur undertaking to play the part of the heroine in the *Visite de Noces*, immortalised by Desclée, but Mme. Lippinau showed herself on this occasion an artist of no common order.

The setting in which the piece was given was perfect. At one end of the great hall a dainty theatre, erected by Bellois, nestled under crimson hangings. A gallery, supported by slender pillars of sculptured wood, ran round the hall; beyond gleamed the "Salle des Armes." The crowd of masculine guests who assembled there seemed composed of the most illustrious men of the day.

The ladies sat below in the hall, and, while waiting for the signal to be given that would cause the stage to vanish and the cotillon to begin, they applauded the *Visite de Noces*, and the farce which succeeded, *Un Mariage dans un Chapeau*, written in one evening of exuberant spirits by Alexandre Dumas, assisted by the incomparable Vivier.

COSTUME FROM THE MAISON DOUCET.

But dress is our theme; let us therefore hasten to come to it. Mme. Lippinau, in *La Visite de Noces*, appeared in a Directoire *déshabillé* designed by Morin Blossier. It was composed of an under-gown of pink watered silk, and redingote of pearl-grey faille; the front, draped with creamy lace, fastened here and there with knots of pink ribbon. The Directoire scarf was pink.

For the ball, the charming hostess wore a pale, bright costume, also designed by Morin Blossier: a low-necked redingote gown of cream faille, the front covered with soft billows of Indian gauze; the bows of ribbon, and wide sash, knotted behind, were of maize watered silk.

The skirt was short, of course, clearing the ground all round; for Fashion has decreed that dowagers alone should this spring wear dresses with trains.

Mme. Armand, this lady's sister-in-law, wore a dress that led the mind back to France and the Court of Louis XV. The redingote over-dress was of Pompadour silk, the cream ground strewn over with flowers of natural hue. The gown, looped up with bows of moss-green velvet and opened in front, displayed a petticoat of rosewood-coloured satin, edged with a thick pinked-out ruche. A cascade of bows of moss-green velvet and rosewood satin descended down the front of the bodice.

The Maison Morin Blossier has excelled itself lately in turning out delicate creations. One dress for the beautiful Countess de Villeneuve-Albuquerque, in its shimmerings of lilac satin and shot taffetas, gleaming with every shade of grey running into purple found on the wood-pigeon's breast, was one of its happiest designs. The skirt (straight, as all skirts are now made in front and at the sides) was edged with a thick ruche of the shot taffetas; bows of lilac satin ribbon fastened the front of the bodice. Another gown for the same lady was of slate-grey watered silk, striped with satin; the front of the skirt was draped; the redingote *à la Barras* was ornamented with collar and cuffs of gold embroidery. A guimpe and over-sleeves of gold tulle were to be worn with this dress.

A visiting-dress was composed of moss-green faille. The straight skirt, fringed with jet, opened on one side, displaying a petticoat of black brocade, flowered over with white lilac and dim gold foliage. The brocade was repeated on the waistcoat, the narrow revers of which and the cuffs were of moss-green velvet. A thick jabot of white crape gave a bright finishing touch to the costume.

Another dress of tender vernal harmonies—for green in all its varied shades, from deep emerald to the freshest tones of opening leaves, is a favourite colour—was of young-moss-green faille, brocaded with the golden-green of newly unfolded euonymus; the front of the skirt was draped. The back of the bodice and a narrow gathered train were of pale moss-green satin lined with golden-green; the scarf was of the latter tone.

Our illustration of a costume from the Maison Doucet may be studied with benefit by those who would fain understand the secret of that elegant simplicity in which the Parisian artist in chiffons excels.

Those deft French fingers possess the art of draping as no other fingers do. By catching up a fold here and there they bring about results of line which are the despair of dressmakers of other nations to imitate. No ingenuity in trimming or splendour of texture used can replace the effect to be attained by the artistic manipulation of folds in drapery.

This "robe Doucet" is composed of an under-dress of black plush, and sleeveless polonaise of black pekin, widely striped black satin, and sicilienne. The polonaise is slightly draped; the folds fall as if the drapery had been thrown carelessly over the wearer's head and allowed to fall in its own way, being kept in its place by a stitch here and there. The black plush is repeated in the plastron of the bodice, and in the sleeves, which, placed high over the shoulders, have a suggestion of mediæval picturesqueness; a gleam of jet trimming introduced here gives a touch of brightness to this perfectly simple costume. The sash, with floating ends tied at the side, is of black watered ribbon.

The last decree of Fashion is to be sought for in the dainty, fresh spring costumes that with May will come into favour. The windows of the old-established Maison La Ferrière, Rue Taitbout, are beginning to blossom like a parterre of flowers. For twenty years this house has sustained a reputation for elegance that made it Worth's rival under the Empire, and now that of the Maison Morin Blossier.

Our illustrations will give an idea of some of the pretty costumes made in the modified Empire style now so much in vogue.

A Duchesse de Berri gown of foulard, the écru ground strewn with pink flowers of tender old-rose tone; the straight skirt bordered at the hem with a band of old-rose-coloured ribbon; the simply draped tunic lifted over the hips. The bodice, gathered and pleated into a corselet of old-rose silk, is bound round the waist with a wide sash of the same rose silk, hemmed at the ends and fastened in a large knot at the side.

With this dress is to be worn a bonnet of coarse, unbleached straw, the front resting on a turban of old-rose crape, the outside trimmed with bows of straw and deep crimson velvet.

More graceful still, if somewhat audaciously quaint in colour, is a Directoire costume of shot green and red taffetas; the skirt falls in flat folds and is adorned in front with four high quiltings covered with embroidery wrought in unbleached silk. The redingote *à l'Incroyable*, with large revers half hidden by those of the waistcoat, is likewise embroidered; the waistcoat and sleeves are of simple taffetas; the waistcoat opens over a shirt of thick white crêpe, embroidered in green and red.

Another novelty comes in the form of the large "casaque Dubarry," composed of Spanish blonde, laid in flat folds over silk. In our illustration the silk and lace are black, adorned with a collar, a jabot, and waistbands of quilted ribbon, shot like a wood-pigeon's breast. The sash, a simple band of the same ribbon, is tied behind or at the side. The round hat is of black straw, lifted on one side with loops of shot ribbon, from which rises an aigrette of red roses and green leaves.

Contrasting in its joyous brightness of tints with the somewhat sober richness of this last costume is an Empire dress, flat in its outline of gathered folds. It is of taffetas of the delicate shot blue known as Eau de Nil, covered with minute stripes of "lotus-leaf" green. The collar, the flat sleeves, and the sash are of pale blue brocaded silk. Plaques of assorted passementerie are introduced as trimming. With this dress is worn a Joséphine capote of blue crape, trimmed in front with shell-like loops of lace of the new "putty" tint held by a crescent of gold. The aigrette is blue mingled with gold. This "putty" tint is pretty, notwithstanding its ugly name; it is a sweet, warm tone of grey with a touch of fawn, and is known as "bise" in French.

Shot taffetas is the favourite fabric for spring dresses; its shifting hues seem in harmony with the transition period of the year, and it holds its place between the richer faille and the thinner foulard. A dress turned out by the Maison Laferrière of "abricot" taffetas shot with ivory-white, the skirt draped and hemmed with "bise" guipure, was a very graceful example of a warm light harmony, wrought in colour and stuffs. The polonaise worn with this dress was cut coat-fashion behind in long narrow flaps; the front displayed a gathered plastron, striped with bands of guipure. The straight high collar and the cuffs were trimmed with guipure. A sash of black watered silk ribbon tied at the side gave an effective finish to the dress.

Another costume was of shot silk that ran through every tone of rose from that of the dying rose to flame, mingled with miniature stripes of ivory-white. The "casaque Princesse" opened at the side and displayed a petticoat veiled and draped with black lace. The collar, the cuffs, and the great jabot that was gathered in at the waist by the sash of black watered ribbon, were of black lace. Wide floating half-sleeves of black lace fell at the shoulders, like épaulettes.

A new and somewhat startling combination of colour is of dried plum or currant-coloured silk, shot with cherry. Such a dress made with a polonaise cut open revealed a bodice of crimson faille embroidered with Pompadour flowers. The high straight collar and cuffs were of a shaded brilliant red ribbon laid on flat. The sash, very wide and tied in loops, was half of Pompadour taffetas, half of the brilliant shaded red ribbon. One of the new colours is "ventre de biche," a warm delicate fawn. A costume of this colour, in the old-fashioned fabric mousseline de laine, was made with a skirt falling in straight wide folds to the ankles; on each fold was laid a black silk watered ribbon, striping the skirt from waist to hem. The gathered bodice was trimmed with a plastron of black watered silk; across it, from the right shoulder, was brought round a sautoir of the same ribbon. The straight high collar, the cuffs, and the sash were of black watered silk.

From dresses let us pass to bonnets. The great Parisian milliners are now only disclosing the result of their secret conclave's decision regarding the summer fashions. The edict has gone forth that the pretty feathered denizens of the woods are no longer to be immolated for the adornment of woman. Feathers are proscribed. Flowers; bows of ribbon, of crape or gauze; scintillations of gold and silver, are to replace plumes. All the artificial flower makers are at work in Paris and in the Southern departments, imitating blossoms with a delicacy and faithfulness of representation as if they were disciples of Mother Nature herself.

Balzac in his marvellous story, "Honorine," has described a woman earning her bread by making artificial flowers. He shows her living surrounded by plants, sharing their life as an artist shares that of the nature he paints. The supreme novelist has not exaggerated the toil some artificial flower makers expend upon their creations. Not a few copyists of flowers in France literally live among growing plants, studying every delicate shoot, finding no detail too trivial to copy, no toil too arduous to expend upon imitation of the living model. Flower-making, there, is an art pursued in an artistic spirit. The secret of the exquisite grace, the perfect droop, and the realistic tenderness of hue in French artificial flowers, lies in this arduous and loving imitation of nature.

To return to our theme: bonnets, except those influenced by the Directoire style of head-gear, are to be small capotes. These capotes are to be adorned with an aigrette of flowers rising above the brow from loops of ribbon or gossamer material. Rose-tipped daisies, cowslips, forget-me-nots, lilacs, violets, all the pageantry of sweet spring blossoms form the present favourite floral livery. Sometimes the crown of the bonnet is literally

RUSSIAN BONNET FROM THE MAISON VIROT.

covered with blossoms; sometimes they garland it round, rising above the forehead in a diadem; oftener they nestle among the loops of ribbon, or lie in sprays, looping up the uplifted side of the round hats that are now in vogue in Paris.

Green is a favourite colour, but amongst the new colours that vie with it, in our Parisienne's estimation, is the "gant de Suède" brown, a delicate tan which mingles admirably with gold. A capote of this colour in crêpe de Chine with an aigrette of tulle of the same soft tint, on which rested a cluster of roses and buds of gold mingling with green leaves, the gathered folds of the capote caught by a ribbon of gold and brown passementerie, was shown at the Maison Pariset.

In Virot's show-rooms we are surrounded by pretty capotes of crape and embroidered stuffs, mingling with large round straw hats, lifted on one side with great sprays of flowers and bows of ribbon; and with toques, coquettishly touched with gold gleaming under clusters of feathers and aigrettes of ribbon.

Here are some of the models on view. An Empire bonnet, with soft crown of crape or embroidered gauze, and border of cut straw. A band and loops of velvet

embroidered with ears of corn, harmonising with the straw, surround the crown, under a tuft of feathers.

The Russian toque comes next in favour. Last winter this coquettish head-gear was made of phosphorescent velvet, the crown gathered and trimmed with sable. The crown is now composed of Oriental embroideries; the lifted border festooned with gold and outlined with pearls. An aigrette of bows of pistache-green satin and pale pink is placed in front. The charming Countess Runsky Kartskoff first wore this daintily gorgeous head-gear, and it has since become fashionable.

As the bonnet may be considered the crown of a woman's out-door costume, so the cap appears as the finishing touch of her in-door *déshabillé*.

At Virot's I saw a collection of those pretty head-dresses, all fantastic and picturesque.

A "Cleopatra" cap, in satin of the new copper-colour—a brilliant yet tender shade of orange—damasked with gold, and trimmed with a circlet composed of a double row of gold sequins; the crown gathered and quilted in the form of uplifted ears on the sides. A "Sultane" cap of sky-blue and silver damask, with sides of moss-green velvet, braided with gold, tied up at the top of the head with bows of pale blue ribbon. A "Baby" coiffe in deep pansy velvet, with crown of lilac satin, veiled with steel embroidery, the border outlined with steel, and trimmed with clusters of lilac ribbon.

A velvet Medici toque of the shade of green known as "vert antique," covered with embroidery of the Renaissance pattern; bordered with pearls, and trimmed with a panache of gold on one side. The "Isabeau" cap, an austerely picturesque head-gear of thick white crape, crinkled and edged with a double row of festoons; a short veil fastened with black velvet bows falling behind. The "Henri II." cap is of crimson velvet, embroidered in gold chenille. The velvet rising in a crest in front, is lined with pink satin, and fastened by knots of roses.

I forgot to mention that Lentherie, of the Rue St. Honoré, was the designer of the pretty head-dress for a fancy ball, an illustration of which accompanied my last letter.

VIOLETTE.

VISITING COSTUMES FROM THE MAISON LAFERRIÈRE. BONNET, AND BASKET FOR BON-BONS, FROM THE MAISON VIROT.

THE WOMAN'S WORLD.

Woman and Democracy.

THE most obvious as well as the most important characteristic of our age is the progress of Democracy. When the present reign began the word Republic took the mind far away across the Atlantic, or far back into the ages of classical antiquity. When it celebrates its Jubilee the same word points out a people divided from us only by the streak of silver sea which we are proposing practically to dry up, and invites imagination but a little way forward into the future, in order to find its literal scope correspond with the far wider virtual significance which it possesses already. We seem to have returned to the age of the Pisistratids and the Tarquins. The rulers of the past are disappearing. But they are not succeeded by an oligarchy such as succeeded the expulsion of the kings, at a time when the workers of the world were slaves; what we confront is an actual rule of the people; perhaps discarding all semblance that veils its dominion, certainly refusing any limit by which it shall be actually checked. Nor has the word a merely political significance with us as, so far as we can judge, it had in the twin Aryan races who at the same time—but by no mutual instigation—felt some common impulse of awakening vitality, as severed waters feel the touch of spring; banished the tyrant, and enthroned the Demos. For in our Demos, the agora and the forum no longer enclose the battle-field of Freedom. That struggle seeks to penetrate every chink which opens into a fresh department of the life of man. Our home feels the influence of Democracy no less than our Senate and our judgment hall; even by the domestic hearth, and in the solitude of the study, it is still impossible for us to forget that the idea of authority has grown dim. The last vestige of the patria potestas is fading, the subjection incident to age and sex appears to be passing away; the first, indeed, cannot be altogether annulled while the laws of Nature hold, but the second is a thing of the past, and by some complainants is said to be even inverted. The subjection of women, among bad and brutal men, must, of course, be a permanent danger, for no possible arrangement can prevent women being weaker than men. But when subjection is found only in the train of brutality and crime, its day is past. Our Laureate, writing forty years ago, side by side with the well-known quotation that woman should be to man "as perfect music matched with noble words," told us that it is the part of man to command, and woman to obey. The line marks the date of "The Princess." Some men do command, some women do obey, but obedience is no longer the ideal of marriage. If it be still the ideal of the nursery, that is the only sphere we can claim for it even as an ideal.

The triumph of Democracy is felt not only in all men's acts but in all their thoughts. Our most cherished traditions give way before it. A liberal education in the days of our fathers meant an acquaintance with literature; in the days of our sons it seems likely to mean an acquaintance with science. The change involves more than a substitution of material. It is a revolution of method. The old ideal was selective The university of the past said, "All knowledge is useful, but all knowledge is not educating. We will choose out and set our stamp upon that information which deserves the name of culture. We open no storehouse where the student may, like Juvenal's braggadocio, look through the wealth of the East and choose out a sixpenny cup. To us he must come not as a purchaser to a shop, but as a child to a parent; we will at once select and impart our instruction, and when he quits us, whatever else he has failed to learn, he shall, at least, be aware that there is such a thing as a hierarchy of knowledge. He shall imbibe with the very air he breathes, the knowledge that certain languages, certain literatures are *classical;* that we summon them to exhibit and unfold in its typical significance what is valuable in all history and literature. In like manner (though with less insistance) we choose out the most abstract principle of science, and let mathematics represent all physical law. We believe that the knowledge of Greek and Roman literature and history holds a clue and supplies a stimulus to the study of all other literature and history, that mathematics imparts the spirit of all physical science; but we are not prepared to justify this belief, or to renounce it when confronted with the finest specimens of our failures. The learner must accept it from us, or can be no pupil of ours."

This voice is of the past. The university of the future must *select* nothing, she can only *collect*. She may, indeed, bring forward the history of Greece, observing to the critical student, as a shopman points out the durability of a stuff to a purchaser, that the victory of Thermopylæ secured Europe, enlisted Æschylus, provided the theme of Herodotus. So much is *science*: these are facts respected by the man of science just as much as any other facts—just as much, but not more. The purchaser looks at his wares, takes out his purse, balances the pro and con., and refuses no trustworthy information before making up his mind. But if he then decide on a coarser stuff, the obsequious shopman must hasten to produce it. If the learner look at his eight or nine hundred pounds, his three or four years of fresh youth, and decide that he could spend them more remuneratively on the history of America than of Greece, or that the study of physiology would pay better than either, Alma Mater must not frown. She must keep no especial complacency for the son who learns the old lesson; the world of knowledge is one vast Republic, one fact is as good as another. "One man, one vote" reproduces itself in the world of learning as "one fact, one link," and in a chain all links are or should be equal.

Even in the very citadel of our moral life, Democracy seems to be triumphant. Our fathers thought that as there was a hierarchy of knowledge in the world without, so there was a hierarchy of discernment in the world within; that there was within the man that which spoke the language of command. Here too, it seems, the principle of equality is to have its way. The command is translateable into counsel; the voice that seems to say "Do, or refrain from doing," if we investigate its origin and its meaning, proves to utter nothing more than an urgent representation of the consequences of action or inaction. The conscience speaks only as the statesman may address the Demos, it may warn, inform, instruct; but command never. Kant deemed that the "categorical imperative" set our feet once again upon the solid rock which the critical analysis of the intellect had seemed to dissolve to cloud, but in our day the imperative is everywhere analysed into the conditional. Every faculty, as every person, must translate a claim on obedience into a maxim of prudence and a suggestion of expediency. There is no authority anywhere. There is only knowledge and the influence which knowledge can acquire by uttering warnings and giving instruction that the average man can receive.

On what side in the struggle between the ideas of the past and future are we to rank the influence of woman? To many the question will seem absurd. It would be merely silly to ask with reference to this or anything else how the influence of *men* tells upon it. Men are bad and good, wise and foolish, vivid and torpid, venerable and despicable, and any other pair of antitheses you please. Surely the same may be said of woman. Doubtless it may; nevertheless, it is our belief that woman has a special vocation in face of the new democracy. In the new development of female influence characteristic of our day, though this be in itself a part of the democratic movement, there lies, we believe, an implicit vindication of all that is true in aristocratic feeling: an antidote to all that is false and poor in democracy.

We do not mean by this, as is often said, that women are specially Conservative. It is just as true, it is more true, that they are specially Radical. Women will be always the most unmitigated and fervid partisans of any cause capable of attracting their partisanship. Almost any man sees modifying circumstances in the neighbourhood of principles, the woman who sees them is a remarkable woman. Make women citizens (a measure on the expediency of which no opinion is offered here) and you will no doubt add to the constituency a good many votes which represent a much stronger retrograde impulse than that felt by almost any man. But at the same moment you call into existence a sympathy with the forward movement, which, in its vitality and its momentum, far exceeds what is felt by ordinary men. There are no Radicals like women. How could it be otherwise? It is not merely that women are always weaker than men, and always prepared to take the side of the weak. That is much, but not all. Women inherit in a peculiar degree the feelings of women. The stirrings of awakening aspirations after freedom as they are uttered by a Euripides, reach an Englishwoman or a Frenchwoman through a long series of intensifying gradations; the throb of sympathy with freedom comes from a depth far beyond any individual capacity of emotion. The smouldering indignation of some mute inglorious Joan of Arc bursts into flame in a victim of modern injustice; a Mary Wolstoncraft gives voice to many a dumb tortured heart long since at rest; a Madame Roland utters the hopes and the disappointments of thousands of ancestors who hardly expressed these aspirations even to themselves. Woman has been the slave of man; and now in her newly-won freedom she gives thanks for standing as the spokesman of all the enslaved. And then, again, she keeps the virtue of the slave, the passionate devotion, the self-obliterating interest in another life that slavery does develop whenever, as must sometimes happen, it affords the natural shelter of weakness rather than the repression of desire. So much is true in the notion that her influence is specially Conservative. "The artisan," says Aristotle, "only so far partakes of virtue as he partakes of slavery." That expresses the ideal of many a woman. What the philosopher meant was, that the only chance for the artisan of living a life associated with anything elevated or noble, was to belong to a group, and that the only way for one of the working classes to belong to a group, was to be the slave of a man of leisure. A slave might rejoice in the fame of a Pericles or an Aristides, a free artisan was cut off from any connection with that political life which for the citizen of antiquity was the only life. Something like this, if we use some milder expression than slavery, is the old-fashioned creed for that half of humanity hitherto just as much cut off from public life and every career of interest as the artisan of Athens. A woman has hitherto been felt of value only when she belonged

to a man; and it is the aspect of female character thus developed and exhibited which, mirrored in Art, has taken typical significance in the eyes of the world. A Desdemona, an Ophelia, suggest no resistance even to the harshest injustice. "Man to command, and woman to obey," is the ideal of the poet. Goethe's line—"Dienen lerne das Weib bei Zeiten nach ihrer Bestimmung"—almost translates that of Tennyson. Doubtless many a woman feels the emancipation of her sex as the tearing down of a shelter that encloses all she cares for. These are certainly not a majority of women, we strongly suspect that they all belong to the upper classes; but they are representative women in the eyes of men, and this makes them seem more numerous than they are.

One would have thought it almost too obvious to state that women must be naturally democratic. Sympathy with disorder, reluctance to employ stern measures of repression, are always attacked as womanish weaknesses. The catchwords of polemic argument, trustworthy witnesses at all events as to general opinion, testify to the belief that woman is always on the side of indulgence towards wrong. The consciousness of weakness is an unvarying factor in the character of every woman; the sympathy with weakness is the strongest emotion in every mother. Where a man sees wrong, a woman, if she does not see unpardonable crime, discovers misfortune. Women are just as harsh as men, but theirs is the cruelty of the slave as he breaks his chain, not the severity of the judge who condemns reluctantly. Human beings, if they knew all, would rarely inflict punishment; one half of them always remember this when at their best, and when they forget it, are more vindictive and cruel than the other half. No one can have the virtues of the weak without their faults; bad women are more cruel than bad men, but good women will always be more lenient. And to say that the best of a class will be lenient towards wrong is to say they will side with the governed against the governors, and that in that entangled struggle of good and evil which has always gone on between authority and reform, the strength of woman will not be on the side of authority.

Must we then see in the enfranchisement of women no more than a potent stimulus to feelings already dominant, and opinions already accepted? It would seem as if we must, while we look at the character of average women. But it is not from an observation of its average specimens that we learn the influence of a class. It is from the knowledge of its ideal. What is the danger of modern Democracy? Surely the most ardent democrat will allow that its tendency is to substitute the class for the nation; and if he do not think this an evil, we should say that he only exhibits that danger in its worst form. The consciousness of belonging to a nation is elevating to all who share it. The consciousness of belonging to a class is almost invariably lowering. It is possible to take a petty and selfish view of the interests of one's nation; it is possible to take a noble and elevated view of the interests of one's class. But we should say that in actual fact the possibility has been rarely illustrated in either case. National feeling opens long vistas, calls up rich varieties of association, emphasises everywhere the enduring, the perennial. Class feeling is temporary, materialistic, external; it approaches so near to vulgarity, that any character which has a vulgar side shows that aspect when class interests are in question. The sacredness of kindred is the truth that men need at all times and all seasons; which under influences that emphasise the separateness of individuality, or merge it in a group formed by interests merely external and material, they need as they hardly need anything else. Surely it is from that half of humanity which contains the mother that human beings should learn the sacredness of kindred. It is from her that they have learnt all that is dangerous in the claim of kindred; she has perverted that bond of closest union which should expand towards and sanctify every other union, as the Jew perverted that commandment which proclaimed one day holy to the Lord in a peculiar sense in order to bear witness that all days were thus holy. But so strangely in this world are good and evil interwoven, that perhaps no one can bring out the deepest meaning of a principle who has not felt the temptation that is latent within it. The love of one means often an icy indifference to the welfare of all besides; the domestic hearth becomes a fountain of vicarious selfishness, of despicable self-satisfaction, an enclosure shutting out all that is expansive, elevated, patriotic. But the escape lies in the same quarter as the peril. In the union that is not more necessary to man than to woman, but the thought of which is more dear to her, lies the germ of all union, ready to expand the moment it finds its appropriate soil. Marriage joins a human being adapted for an intimate and exclusive union to a human being adapted for a broad and inclusive union. In the blending of these ideals is the hope of our race, and so lofty, so large is this hope that we should not despair, although the progress of the ages seems rather to be marked by an oscillation between either, an intermittent loss of what is noblest in both, than by any advance towards their actual blending.

It cannot be said that a woman ever belongs to a class in the same degree as a man does. Her sex is a class in a deeper sense than his, and does not, to the same extent, admit of cross-classification. A mill-girl and a duke's daughter may appear as much separated by their several interests as the brothers of each, but they feel the beckoning of a common future, and when each bends over her first child's cradle the difference is less than the resemblance. They each feel the thrill that is older than humanity, they cannot but lose, to some extent, the full pressure of those severing instincts which are far younger. The timid dam grows bold when danger threatens her cubs, but they know no sire. Nature—prophetess that she is!—does indeed pause a moment, as she lingers over that bird life with which all her fanciful suggestions would seem associated, to fashion forth a miniature type of the home; the nest suggests the hearth. But her progress is *away* from that suggestion; some superhuman observer, watching the progress of evolution, might deem it a freak of creation. The race, as it approaches humanity, forgets the

mate-life so low down in its development—forgets it till the limit that separates the animal from the man is passed. Maternity is animal, paternity is human. In that distinction lies, according to the new views contributed by science to the history of our race, all the claim of a true aristocracy. The female pedigree is the longest, woman's moral life has a more ancestral claim. It is from the dumb ancestors of humanity that one half the race inherits emotions that still stir and enlarge the whole being. These emotions, so far as they exist in the other half, belong wholly to the realm of spirit; and are the gain of the adult race, an acquisition of yesterday. The first man who discovered that he was a father, it has been said, was a man of genius. Set that speculation side by side with the unquestionable truth that the first female who knew herself to be a mother was not a woman of genius or even a woman at all, and you see how different must be the relation of man and woman to that family life which is the nurse of all morality. A woman, we often hear it said, seems older than a man at the same age. Is it only seeming? Is it not a plain fact that the moral life is older in the female world than in the male? And as it is older, so it is more intense. In man it is wrought up with thought; in woman with sensation, and sensation is older than emotion, in the individual as in the race. The joy that thrills the mother's heart as her babe's cry is silenced at her breast, the anguish which she has just endured when that cry first greets her ear—all these close, intense approximations of sensation and emotion, by which character is moulded far more than by the wisest thought or the clearest argument, condition the natures of women who are not mothers. By experiences such as these, transmitted through sexual heredity to those who have not known them, is worked the daily miracle which removes the centre beyond the self, which makes the frivolous and the stupid self-forgetful; and in recognising need and helplessness as positive claims, mirrors in some poor trashy existence that Divine outpouring of love and help, unprompted by any hope of return, which is hardly exhibited in any other relations of life even by men and women eminent for virtue.

"Man and woman," says a religious mystic, "are each to each the image of God." "Tous les hommes," says a Frenchman for whom the word God has no meaning, "sont menteurs, inconstants, faux; toutes les femmes sont perfides, vaniteuses—le monde n'est qu'un égout sans fond, mais il y a au monde une chose sainte et sublime: c'est l'union de deux de ces êtres si imparfaits et si affreux." How can imperfect human beings be to others not more imperfect, the image of the Divine? Assuredly not by any glamour of illusion; the sense of preciousness in the bond lies in the deepest part of the nature, and if that is false, nothing is true. But as gas meets gas and water is born, so from the union of that which is imperfect—miserably imperfect—there arises perfection. Most men, and almost all women, have understood this at some time or other even if they have not experienced it. They have seen, if they have not felt, how all the worst misery of human life is but a confused ignorant sense of its fragmentariness, how it is lulled into peace whenever two become one. Perhaps there dawns no day on this world of trouble and disappointment in which some man and some woman do not look upon it with wondering eyes, asking whither its misery has fled. For ordinary man the experience and the memory pass almost together; the ordinary woman remembers—as Dante remembered Beatrice. In her sense of incompleteness, in her craving for the presence of an opposite nature, in her continual yearning to exchange the *I* for the *We*, lies the true medicine for the ills of Democracy—a medicine not the less healing because it may become a poison. Women have opposed the interests of the family to the interests of the nation, and have taught men to sacrifice the large group to the small. The true woman will strengthen the antithesis—not of the family to the nation—but of the family and nation to the class. Her influence strengthens every organic bond, and leaves those weaker, and only those, which group men as the pebbles on the sea-shore. She represents all that is good in Democracy, for her sympathies must be ever with the weak; but the central principle of the true Aristocracy is bound up in her very existence; for she can never lose the impulses and emotions originating in a moral life older than that of man.

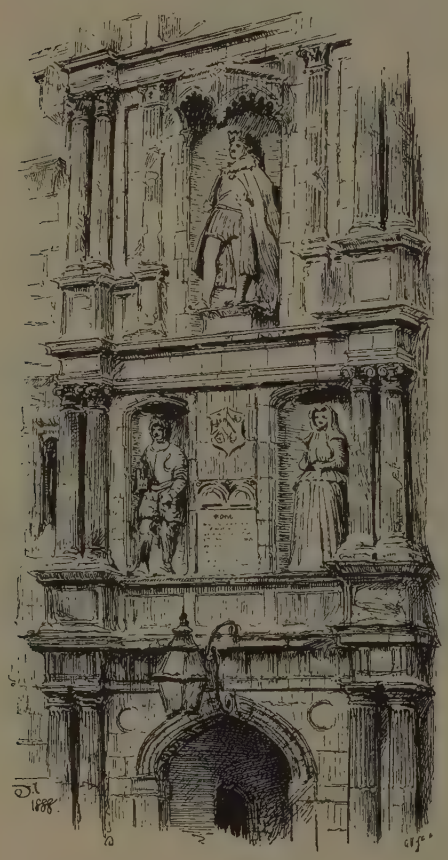
JULIA WEDGWOOD.

The Women Benefactors of Oxford.

East Quadrangle, Jesus College.

"NISI lotrix, sordida, rugosa et anilis," says old William of Wykeham, in defining what ladies are to have access to his College. For the stern old founder of those two great educational establishments now known as Winchester and New College was not minded to show more gallantry to the other sex than he could possibly help. No woman was to be admitted to the monastic seclusion of academical life unless she was a washer-woman, wrinkled with years, and of unprepossessing appearance. Thus cleanliness was to be secured, while unseemly temptations were to be avoided. The example of the munificent yet discourteous bishop was rigorously followed in other collegiate institutions in Oxford, which did their best to keep up an ascetic and monkish ideal; and it is only in the present century that Oxford has opened its doors to women, or given them a chance of an intellectual competition with their more fortunate rivals. Yet even William of Wykeham dedicated his twin Colleges to a woman, St. Mary of Winchester—adding thus a third Mary to the old "Mary of Oxford on the Banks of the Thames," to whom the Cathedral of Christ Church is dedicated, and the St. Mary of Littlemore

which now forms the University Church in High Street. And though Oxford was grudging in its benefits to women, it never hesitated to accept benefits at their hands. Among the list of benefactors to the University there stand out the names of many celebrated women, who either bequeathed lands or gave monetary endowments, or else actually helped in the foundation of Colleges. "Sit piis memoria," and the sons of Oxford who till lately have been so busy in excluding women from their examinations, their lectures and their degrees, should, in



STATUES OVER THE HALL DOORWAY, WADHAM COLLEGE.

common gratitude for feminine liberality, sometimes remind themselves of their benefactors' names.

Among the mists of legendary history which surround the early years of Oxford, appears a name which is preserved by many academic associations in later years, the name of Frideswide. She has become the centre of myth and miracle, chiefly owing to the industry of those unveracious historians, William of Malmesbury, John of Tinemouth, and Prior Philip; but the simpler account in Leland's Collectanea has nothing incredible in it. It appears that in the year 727 an alderman or "subregulus" of the name of Didan (who was afterwards magnified into King Didanus), a man of some power and dignity in the city of Oxford, had a wife called Saffrida, and a daughter called Frideswide. The daughter had had a most pious education under the care of Elgiva, and so devoted was she to the religious cause, that she not only herself embraced a monastic life, but persuaded twelve other virgins of respectable families to follow her example. Her father knew and approved of these virtuous inclinations, and when his wife Saffrida died, he constructed a conventual church, and after dedicating it to St. Mary and All Saints, he committed it to the superintendence of his daughter at her own request. In after-years the King of Mercia, Ethelbald, who perhaps had a Royal residence in Oxford, munificently contributed to the construction of certain inns ("diversoria religioni aptissima") in the vicinity of the church, and thus arose the Priory of St. Frideswide, together with those schools, courts, halls, or hostells, which were the precursors of the Oxford Colleges. Frideswide died on the 14th day before the Kalends of November (October 19th), A.D. 740, but the conventual church to which she gave her name was, in process of time, developed into the Cathedral of Christ Church. The chronicle states that she was buried in the Church of St. Mary of Oxford on the Banks of the Thames, and on the north side of the choir in the present Cathedral stands a shrine of St. Frideswide, close to a monument to another lady, who was a great benefactress to the priory, the Lady Elizabeth de Montacute, daughter of Sir Peter de Montfort, of Beldesert Castle, who died in the reign of Edward III. In the Latin Chapel there is a window in which appear many scenes in the legendary history of St. Frideswide, how she was taught by St. Cecilia, how she was sought in marriage by the King of Mercia, how she fled from his suit to Binsey and took refuge in a pig-sty, how she returned to Oxford, where she was besieged by the troops of the King, who was thereupon struck blind for his impiety, and how finally she died in the odour of sanctity. The shrine is sometimes called "The Watching Chamber," because in it the guardian angel of St. Frideswide was supposed to have kept watch over the sainted founder of the priory.

From the dawn of English history we pass to the clear light of day when we reach the date of the foundation of Balliol College in 1282. In 1263, or a little later, John de Baliol had joined the army of Henry III. against Simon de Montfort and the rebel barons, but died somewhat suddenly in 1269. He was the father of the unhappy King of Scotland, who rose against Edward III., and the husband of Devorguilla, Dervorgilla, or Devorgoil, daughter of Alan of Galloway and grand-daughter of David of Huntingdon. John de Baliol, the lord of Harcourt and Castle Barnard, is said to have died at Newby Abbey, founded by Dervorgilla, near Dumfries, and his lady embalmed his heart and placed it in a case of ivory, bound with silver, near the high altar: on which account the Abbey—of which the ruins still remain on the banks of the river Annan—is called Sweetheart, and Sauve-cordium. On his death Dervorgilla took upon herself to carry out the designs which her lord had apparently entertained of making some provision for scholars. She lodged the scholars, to whom her husband had granted annual exhibitions, at first in a house which she had hired from the Chancellor of the University of Oxford (called Old Balliol Hall), and

subsequently in a tenement purchased from a wealthy citizen, on the present site of Balliol College. The statutes which she gave them under her own seal, dated from Botel or Bootel in Cumberland, in 1282, written on a piece of parchment of the size of a small quarto, are, though no longer in force, still in the possession of the College. The ancient seal, which is in every respect much superior to the one at present in use, represents John de Baliol and the Lady Dervorgilla in a kneeling attitude, each with a hand raised to support the College buildings above. In the upper compartment is a figure of the Virgin, and under her feet are the words "Domus Scholarium de Balliolo" in a contracted form. Nor was Dervorgilla the only benefactress of the Society, for in 1620 the sister of the celebrated Lord Bacon, Lady Elizabeth Periam, endowed a Fellowship and two scholarships, out of lands at Hambledon and Princes Risborough in the county of Bucks, and Mrs. Brackenbury founded scholarships for the studies of Law and History. Those who pass Henley on the river Thames in their summer holiday can see the monument of Lady Periam in the church.

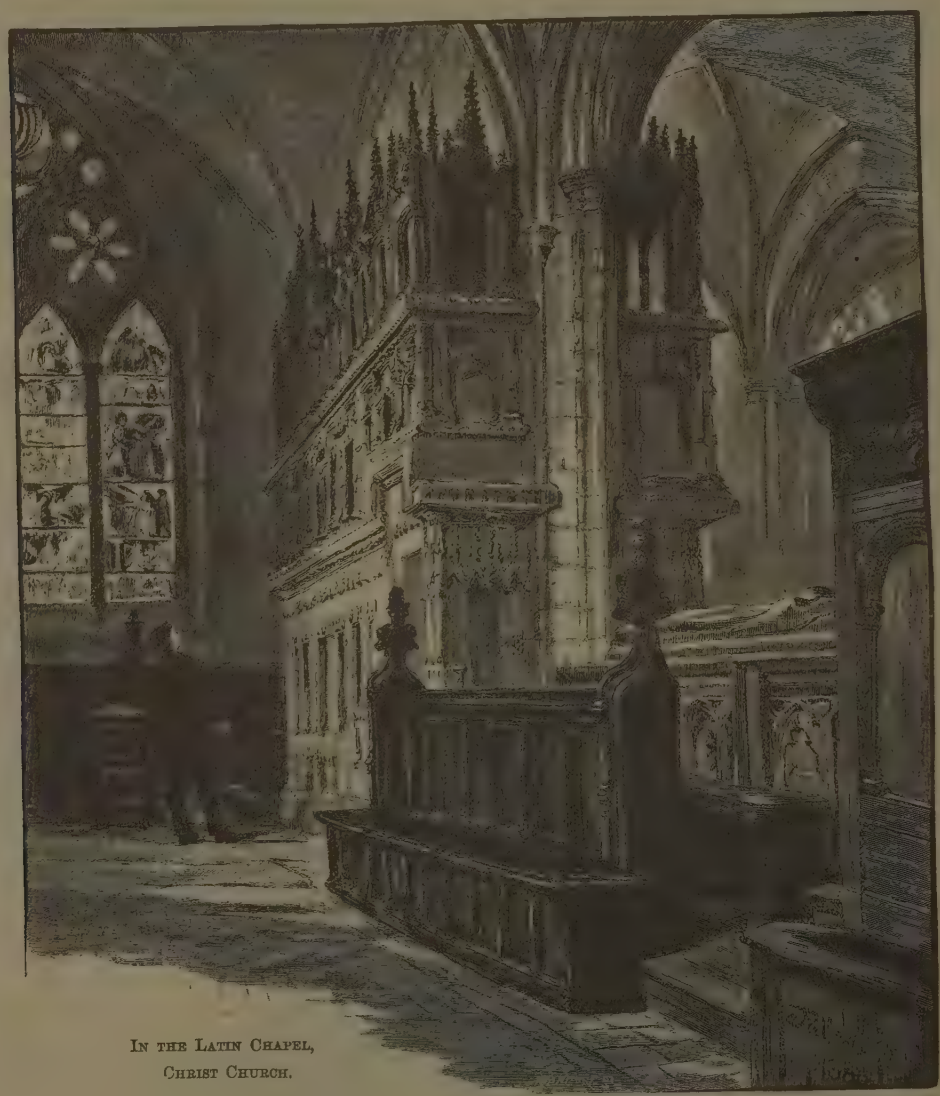
If we leave Broad Street and turn northward to the parks, and to the hyperborean region which now the married Tutors and the educated ladies have made their own, we come to another College which owes its foundation to the pious zeal of a lady — the Lady Dorothy Wadham. Wadham College dates from the beginning of the seventeenth century, but long before that period a colony of Augustinian friars was settled on that which was afterwards to be its site. The friars were famous as teachers of philosophy and theology, and their name survived for two or three generations in the practice of holding disputations "apud Augustinienses," vulgarly called "doing Austins." Every Saturday in full term these disputations were held by statute in the School of Natural Philosophy, and every Bachelor had to appear once a year either as opponent or respondent before he could proceed to his Master's degree. But of the buildings of the Augustinian friars no traces now remain, unless, indeed, a doorway at the eastern side of Wadham College, leading from the garden, be held to show traces of their earlier architecture in its style of construction and its lock of enormous size. The establishment was in ruins when the site was purchased for the present College. The founders were Nicholas and Dorothy Wadham, but in this case, as also in the case of Balliol, the chief task devolved on the lady. Nicholas Wadham was a native of Devonshire, and became possessed of "the noble moated seat of Meryfield," in the parish of Ilminster, Somersetshire—a man whose family had been long held in honour in the West of England. Having inherited the vast fortune of £3,000 sterling, his earliest intention seems to have been to found at Venice a College for young Englishmen of the Roman Catholic Church. Subsequently he was persuaded by his friend Mr. Grange to devote a part of his fortune to the erection of a College at Oxford for the benefit of the Church of England. But many obstacles came in his way, and death finally interfered with his designs in 1609. His widow, Dorothy, at once took steps to give effect to his philanthropy, and in 1610 purchased of the citizens of Oxford the site of Wadham College for the sum of £600. On the 31st of July in the same year the Vice-Chancellor, Doctors, and Proctors, accompanied by the Mayor, came in procession from St. Mary's Church, and, with the singing of a solemn *Te Deum*, the first stone was laid in the eastern part of the College, where the chapel now stands.

ENTRANCE TO QUEEN'S COLLEGE.

Dorothy Wadham herself appointed the first Warden, Robert Wright, a Fellow of Trinity College, and afterwards Chaplain to Queen Elizabeth and King James I. He was a remarkable man in other respects than mere learning. Being made Bishop, first of Bristol and then of Lichfield, this stout old Cavalier at the age of eighty bravely defended his episcopal castle at Eccleshall, in Staffordshire, against Sir William Brereton and the rebels in 1643, and sealed his loyalty by his life. Two characteristic anecdotes are related of the founder. Before she had finished her structure, Dr. Philip Bisse, Archdeacon of Taunton, bequeathed his library of two thousand books, valued at £1,700 (so, at least, says

Wood), to the College. Dorothy Wadham not only ordered a full-length portrait of him in his Doctor's robes to be placed over the library door, but also chose his nephew, John Swadell, to be one of her first Fellows, although he had not yet taken his degree, "ob singularem amorem avunculi sui erga collegium meum." The other instance of her kindness was shown to John Buller, whom she appointed as butler, being, as Wood says in his Annals, "a decayed gentleman" and a near relative of hers. His favourite walk was long called after him "Buller's Non Ultra Walk." Portraits of Nicholas and Dorothy Wadham in stone, the former in armour, stand under the statue of King James I. over the door of entrance to the hall, facing the quadrangle. In the great room over the gateway were held the earliest sittings of the Royal Society, founded by some of the distinguished men of the College, such as Dr. Wilkins (who married the sister of Oliver Cromwell) and Sir Christopher Wren.

Of the Colleges which claim to be Royal foundations, at least two are indebted to the generosity of Queens. The first of these, Queen's College, had for its patroness Philippa, wife of Edward III., whose chaplain and confessor was Robert Eglesfeld or de Eglesfeld. This worthy man, in 1340, purchased three tenements in St. Peter's parish, with plots of ground adjoining, and in the January of the following year obtained a Royal Charter from his Sovereign to erect a Hall of the Queen's scholars, "a Collegial Hall of scholars, chaplains, and others, to endure for ever." Queen Philippa herself gave sums of money from time to time to the new foundation—for instance, in 1353 it is recorded that she gave "xxvi*l.* iiij*s.*," and again as a contribution to the Hall "xij*l.* xvj*s.*" Her son, afterwards Henry V., was



IN THE LATIN CHAPEL, CHRIST CHURCH.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

(From the Portrait by Zucchero at Jesus College, Oxford.)

educated here, and had a chamber over the old gateway opposite St. Edmund Hall, where on the window was the following inscription :—

"In perpetuam Rei memoriam
Imperator Brittaniæ
Triumphator Galliæ
Hostium victor et sui
Henricus V.
Parvi hujus cubuculi
Olim magnus incola."

The portrait of this "victor of his foes and himself" is to be found painted in glass in the north window of the library. Philippa was not the only Royal benefactress to this Society. In 1626 the ill-starred Henrietta Maria obtained from Charles I. the gift to the College of three rectories and three vicarages near Southampton; and when part of the College was burnt down, in 1778, Queen Charlotte contributed £1,000; Queen Caroline having previously, in 1733, given a like sum towards the completion of the new buildings. So truly can the Colleges boast that "Queens have been their nursing mothers."

SEAL OF BALLIOL COLLEGE.

The other College which claims the patronage of a Queen, Jesus College, has not been so happily assisted. In 1571 Queen Elizabeth assented to the Petition of Hugh Price, or Ap Rice, Treasurer of St. David's, that she would be pleased to found a College for the maintenance of certain scholars of Wales, "to be trained up in good letters." A grant of timber from the forests of Shotover and Stow was added by the Queen, whose effigy appears on the College seal with her usual title, "Eliz. Dei gratia Angliæ, Franciæ et Hiberniæ Regina, Fidei Defensor," &c. But for many years, principally owing to the failure in Dr. Price's revenues, the College remained without any efficient income, and at the commencement of the seventeenth century it consisted only of a Principal, two or three Fellows, and a few commoners, who inhabited buildings, not in the shape of a quadrangle, but described as halls, opposite Exeter College. Sir Leoline Jenkins, who became Principal in 1660, was the second founder, to whom the College is perhaps mainly indebted for its present revenues and patronage. An interesting portrait of Queen Elizabeth is preserved in the College Hall.

We have as yet only mentioned the principal lady benefactors of Oxford; there remain a host of others who contributed various sums to different Colleges in different periods of their history. Among these may be mentioned the celebrated Margaret, Countess of Richmond, the mother of King Henry VII., whose name survives in the Margaret Professorship of Divinity; the two ladies White, wives of Sir Thomas White, who are commemorated in the grace still used at St. John's College; Lady Elizabeth Paulet, wife of Sir Thomas Pope, the founder of Trinity College; and the picturesquely named Ela Longspée, Countess of Warwick, grand-daughter of King Henry II., who gave much land to Merton College. The Countess of Warwick was also a benefactress to the University, for in 1293 she deposited in a chest (afterwards called the Warwick Chest) 120 marks to be advanced in loans to poor scholars, without interest, on proper security. To these names there are many others which ought to be added. There is Mrs. Elizabeth Shiers (1700) in the case of Exeter College; Margaret Dagvyle (the wife of a Mayor of Oxford) and Joan Trapps (wife of a London goldsmith) in the case of Lincoln College; Elizabeth Morley of Westminster, Mrs. Joyce Frankland, and Sarah, Duchess of Somerset, in the case of Brasenose; Lady Frances, Countess of Warwick, in the case of Corpus Christi College; and Juliana, the wife of Alexander Stafford, an early contributor to the revenues of Pembroke College. Worcester College has also been much indebted to feminine benevolence. In 1717 Mrs. Margaret Alcorne, widow, of St Giles', Oxford, bequeathed to the College one-half of her estates, which enabled the Society to commence the erection of a new chapel, hall, and library in 1720. Lady Elizabeth Holford, who was a benefactress both to Christ Church and Pembroke, gave in 1717 two exhibitions; while in 1739 Mrs. Sarah Eaton endowed seven Fellowships and five scholarships, and her trustees erected new buildings in 1776.

It would be wearisome to go through all the names in detail; enough has been said to show how deep is the debt which Oxford owes to women's liberality in the past. Slowly woman is conquering her rights to recognition in the University. She appears now by the side of the Fellow and the Tutor within the College walls; she has established her own Halls of collegiate life at Somerville and Lady Margaret. That she should be helped and not thwarted in her efforts at education, is the least repayment which she may lawfully claim from Oxford by virtue of many ancient deeds of munificence; for in the endowment of teaching and the foundation of Colleges not once nor twice in the history of the University has it been proved that "dux fœmina facti."

W. L. COURTNEY.

Some Recollections of Cobden.

(From a Photograph by Messrs. W. and D. Downey.)

I HAVE been asked to write on some subject on which I feel great interest, and although I am utterly incompetent to the task, yet I can but try my best; nor can I do better than in a manner recall the many happy, pleasant hours I spent in former days both at Sussex and in London with my dead and valued friend, Mr. Richard Cobden. He was ever ready to come and fill a seat at luncheon or dinner when we lived at Dangstein, and had some congenial guests to meet him, and how pleasant he was! what a fund of information he possessed, and all given out so pleasantly. He certainly was one of Nature's noblemen, for though not good-looking, when he spoke his face lighted up, and he looked inspired by the eagerness of his own spirit. How brilliant his talk, and he withal so gentle, even when he was assailed by irritable and irritating politicians with views apart from his own. The only time his gentle nature rose to the occasion was when any mention was made of his irreconcilable enemy, Lord Palmerston, whom he always believed to be not a sincere politician, and then he would say, "However or whatever I may say of the old gentleman, he will still call me his honourable friend."

During my great friendship with Mr. Cobden, I was more or less—as I then lived in the country—taken up with botanic and other pursuits, and most regretfully I have to own that I took but little interest in politics, and therefore I never mixed myself up in any of the topics of the time, though I do remember always going—at his wish—to the House to hear him speak, and I can still call to mind how interested I became in his speeches about China, and many others he made on questions of peace, agriculture, or rather reform of the Corn Laws, and retrenchment. In attacking our "Services" he not only had to contend against powerful interests connected with the families of the upper and middle classes of the country, but also against many honest though mistaken opinions as to the causes of national greatness and the sources of our power.

It was the spread of such opinions which led—on the occasion of the Chinese war in 1857—to the rejection of Mr. Cobden by the West Riding, and of Messrs. Bright and Milner Gibson by Manchester, and not only this, but in his own native county, Sussex, he was accounted no prophet, and he might have said, or rather thought, in the words of a modern author, "The whole county is in every sense conservative—that is to say, brutally satisfied with the present ordering of things." As I have said before, his opinions were not appreciated in Sussex, and but few of the neighbours (indeed, even at his funeral few attended) could smother their political feelings enough to admit so pleasant a companion into their midst; more was the pity for them, for the loss was indeed theirs, and I well recollect his wishing me to take him to a certain country house, near Petersfield, although in Sussex, noted for the beauty of its surroundings as well as the marvels of its interior and its works of art. I proposed our advent to the hospitable and kind hostess. She answered, "With pleasure," she would have the house garnished and set in order, and all its rarities and works of art ready for us, thus feeding us bodily (as we were to have luncheon there) and mentally; but she added that I must excuse her being absent, as she could not meet Mr. Cobden, nor encourage such opinions as he had then begun to develop.

When one reflects what changes have taken place, and how the Radical wheel has turned round since Mr. Cobden's death, Liberalism permeating all classes, even to those who were most narrow-minded, we look back and wonder; but, more or less, all of us must agree that most probably this is all for the best.

With all his admiration for American institutions, he was never for advocating Republican Government for this country. I now am sitting with the book of his political writings before me, and it may interest those who have deigned to read this short memoir of my departed friend if I quote a few passages from it. He says:—

"We believe the Government of the United States to be at this moment the best in the world; but, then, the Americans are the best people, and we have a theory that the Government of every State is always—excepting in periods of actual change—that which is the best adapted to the circumstances and wants of its inhabitants. But they who argue in favour of a Republic, in lieu of a mixed Monarchy, for Great Britain, are, we suspect, ignorant of the genius of their countrymen. Democracy forms no element in the materials of English character. An Englishman is, from his mother's womb, an aristocrat. Whatever rank or birth, whatever fortune, trade, or profession, may be his fate, he is, or wishes to be, or hopes to be, an aristocrat. The insatiable love of caste that in England, as in Hindostan, devours all hearts, is confined to no walks of society, but pervades every degree, from the highest to the lowest. No, whatever changes, in the course of time, education may and will effect, we do not believe that England at this moment contains even the germs of genuine republicanism."

Perhaps my readers, having read Mr. Cobden's views on democracy, might also be interested to see, in an abridged form, his ideas on Ireland and the Irish Church.

After commenting on the deplorable state of that unhappy country, he says:—"What remedies remain for this suffering country? We shall pass by the cry for the repeal of the Union, because every one knows that to have been only used as an engine for the purpose of acquiring a power to coerce England into other acts of justice. A Parliament in Dublin would not remedy the ills of Ireland. That has been tried and found unsuccessful, for all may learn in her history that a more corrupt, base, and selfish public body than the domestic Legislature of Ireland never existed, and the very first declaration of the United Volunteers, when, in 1781, they took the redress of her *thousand* wrongs into their own hands, was to the effect that they resolved to use every effort to extirpate the corruptions that so notoriously existed in the Irish Parliament; and one of the first acts of the same patriotic body was to invest the Parliament House in Dublin, and, at the point of the bayonet, to extort from these native legislators redress of their country's grievances. To come next to the scheme of emigration, all must regard with feelings of suspicion and disfavour any attempt to expatriate a large body of our fellow-countrymen, and we hold such an antidote to be only like removing the slough which has arisen from a wound, whilst the disease itself remains untouched. But, unhappily, the maladies of Ireland have taken such deep root that legislation cannot hope, for ages to come, effectually to eradicate them; whilst here is a mode by which thousands and thousands of our fellow-creatures are eager to be enabled to escape a lingering death. Surely, under such circumstances, this plan, which would leave us room to administer more effectually to the care of her social disorders, deserves the anxious consideration of our Legislature. Capital, like water, tends continually to a level, and, if any great and unnatural inequality is found to exist in its distribution over the surface of a community, as is the case in this United Kingdom, the cause must, in all probability, be sought for in the errors or violence of a mistaken legislation. The dominant Church opposed to the national religion is, we conscientiously believe, in this case the ordinary existing cause of this discrepancy. There cannot be prosperity for Ireland until the law of equalising the temporalities of Catholics and Protestants shall have removed the foundation of this hideous contention. To this consummation we must be ultimately driven, for nothing short of this will content the people of Ireland. We advocate no spoliation. Let the vested rights of every individual be respected; especially let no part of the tithes fall to the merciless grasps of the landlords of Ireland, who with many exceptions may be regarded as the least deserving body of its people. But let the British Parliament assert the right to the absolute disposal of the Irish Church revenues, excepting in cases of private property, and let an equal Government grant be applied to the religious instruction of both faiths *according* to the *numbers of each*, as is the rule in France and Belgium at the present day. Such a regulation, by preventing Englishmen from holding benefices in Ireland (there would be no longer the temptations of rich livings and sinecures), would lead to a beneficial influence of the Protestant ministers in that country, for what could so much tend to destroy all hope of their proselytising the poor Catholics—what, in fact, could be so much calculated to make those ministers despised and rejected as to send amongst them, as is now the case, and ever has been, strangers, who, whatever may be their worth (and we believe the Church of England clergy, *as a class*, to be at this moment about the best body of men in London), are ignorant of the character and habits, nay, even of the very language of the people? What chance have these in competition with the Roman Catholic priesthood, who, drawn from the middle or lower ranks of their countrymen, after an appropriate education in Maynooth College (there are always four or five hundred of such students), are sent back to perhaps their native village to resume the personal and familiar acquaintance of its inhabitants? What should we say if the Government of Austria, Russia, or Turkey (for each of these has a State religion differing from ours and from one another, and yet pronounced by the law of the land to be the only true belief) were found to be applying the whole of the religious revenues of its country to the service of the faith of one-seventh of its subjects? What should we think if the Russian Government were to bestow the *entire* of the property of the Greek Church upon the Catholic or Armenian fraction of its people? In every country we find the established religion in harmony with the consciences of its people, excepting in Ireland, which in this as in other respects presents to us an anomaly which has no resemblance amongst the nations of the world. In concluding our observations upon this portion of our task, we shall briefly ask, Does not the question of Ireland in every point of view offer the strongest possible argument against the policy of this country for the time during which we have wasted our energies and squandered our wealth upon all the nations of the Continent, whilst a part of our own Empire, which more than all the rest of Europe had needed our attention, remains to this hour an appalling monument of our neglect and misgovernment?"

Mr. Cobden's political character was the result of a rare and fortunate combination of personal qualities and of external circumstances. Emerging from the agricultural class, and bred up (to use his own expression) "amidst the pastoral charms of Southern England," trained in a large commercial house in London, and subsequently conducting, on his own account, a print manufactory in Lancashire, Mr. Cobden possessed the peculiar advantage of a thorough acquaintance and sympathy with the three great forms of industrial life in England. In Mr. Cobden's life we have enduring proofs of pure morality, keen intelligence, perfect disinterestedness, undaunted courage, high patriotism, and an immovable faith in the predestined triumph of good over evil; and whatever may be thought of his political character, it will be admitted that no man has made a deeper impression on the policy of this country during the last fifty years than Richard Cobden. Living as close as he did to us in the country, and we so often seeing each other, we had no need of correspondence,

therefore the few letters which will appear here were those which were written at long intervals, and when his mind was restful from politics. There is one, a most touching tribute to his dead son, for whom he entertained such a passionate tenderness, that he never wholly recovered from the sudden shock which his death —borne to him with a terrible earnestness—gave him.

"*Dunford*, 21st May, 1856.

"MY DEAR LADY DOROTHY,—We shall be delighted to see you and Mr. Nevill on either of the days you mention, 28th or 29th, and at your own hour. I return to town again on Monday week. It is really very unnatural to turn one's back on the country at this moment, when Nature is beginning to put forth all her attractions. Could you justify before a tribunal of taste the desertion of Dangstein for Grosvenor Street in the month of May, were you put on your trial for the offence, and the judges were allowed a view of your grounds and conservatories? I should despair of a verdict in your favour. With kind remembrances to Mr. Nevill, "Very sincerely yours, "R. C."

"38, *Grosvenor Street*, 1856.

"MY DEAR LADY DOROTHY NEVILL,—Do not think me insensible to the kindness which prompted you, in the midst of your own anxieties, to think of us in our dreadful sorrows. We have indeed been plunged into unhappiness. May God spare you, my dear friend, the affliction with which He has been pleased to visit us. Our affectionate boy was at a school at Weinheim, selected for me by Chevalier Bunsen, who resides at Heidelberg, fourteen miles distant. Up to the last all the accounts both of his progress in his studies and of his physical health were most satisfactory. Indeed, the very last report, dated a fortnight before his death, described him as the foremost boy in the sports of the playground, and as exciting the admiration of his playmates by his activity, strength, and courage. It was under these circumstances that he was snatched suddenly from us for ever by an attack of scarlet fever. Dreadful as would be such a bereavement under any circumstances, it was rendered still more distressing by its suddenness, and the absence of all warning or time for preparation. Owing to a misunderstanding between the master of the school and Chevalier Bunsen, no telegraphic message was sent, and I heard nothing till I heard all. The poor boy was in his grave before we heard of his illness. This has added greatly to my poor wife's sufferings. She has hardly up to this moment been able to realise to her mind the dreadful fact. She cannot picture him to herself as anything but full of vitality, such as he always was in her sight. Time, much time, will be necessary to draw a veil over her memory, and dim the recollection of the past. I tell all her kind friends to forget her for a while, and leave her till God in His own good time shall have restored her to a state of resignation and peace. She came up with me to my lodgings here last Monday, at my urgent wish, but she pleads to return, and we shall go back to-morrow. She has seen none of her friends; and although there is no perceptible improvement, I hope she will benefit by the change. Your kind heart will induce you to bear with me through this long and sorrowful note. With kind regards to Mr. Nevill,

"Believe me, very sincerely yours, "R. C."

"*Manchester*, 17th September, 1859.

"MY DEAR LADY DOROTHY NEVILL,—It is very pleasant not to be forgotten by one's neighbours, but I regard it as a special honour to be missed by you. Your kind note did not reach me till several days after it was written, otherwise it should have been answered earlier. My wife and I have been visiting many of our old friends in this vicinity. The change has been of benefit to her, and it has enabled me to look after some private affairs which ought to have been attended to long ago. I have some property here which has been a trouble to me, owing to its having been neglected. I suppose all politicians neglect their own affairs, but I don't think they are justified in doing so, for, in my opinion, duty as well as charity begins at home. So I must be a money-grubbing old hunks for the rest of my days, but I assure you I have no intention of turning my back on Dunford, and I hope to be there again next midsummer; indeed, I should not die happy if I did not expect to be buried under the shadow of my favourite South Downs. In the meantime I think we have been fortunate in our tenant, Colonel H., who seems to be a quiet, gentlemanly man, precise and conscientious in small matters, and with a disposition to keep men and things in order. This is exactly the character one would seek for in a tenant of a furnished house. The only danger is that he may probably keep the establishment up to a higher standard than I shall be able to maintain, and when I come back my gardener may not like to be deposed from the command of another man or two to be his own digger. In the course of a week or so my wife and I shall leave this part for the South. She will stay a few days with our friend, Mr. Ashburner, at Brighton, whilst I pay a visit to Dunford, to take a peep at my farm and arrange with Mr. Lunn for the purchase of some sheep. Tell Mr. Nevill I shall, on feeding them, try the cotton-seed cake. Whilst at Dunford I shall prefer to take a bed at the cottage at my farm, where my papers, &c., are deposited, and where I have a comfortable room. Afterwards my wife and I shall proceed to Paris, to stay with our children during the winter. I expect to be obliged to pay one visit to England before the House meets. I hope Mr. Nevill is bearing the low price of wheat with fortitude. I can now sympathise with him, being myself one of the agricultural interest. I don't expect corn to be much higher for the next six months. In the meantime the manufacturers in Lancashire are exceedingly prosperous. Profits are good and wages are rising, and every one is content, and consequently no one cares about politics. I hope you are not pleased with this wretched China war. It is lucky for me that I am not in the Cabinet, to be made responsible for the crimes and follies of our own representatives in that region. Why could not Mr. Bruce have gone to Pekin, as Lord Macartney and Lord Amherst did, without attempting to force his way at the head of a fleet of ships of war? *We*

should not allow a foreign minister to come up the Thames in that fashion. When shall we show the heathen world that we are really Christians, by doing to them as we would be done by? Pray remember me kindly to Mr. Nevill. Believe me, yours very sincerely,

"R. C."

"*Dunford*, 6th August, 1858.

"DEAR LADY DOROTHY,—My relation, Colonel Cole (15th Regiment), is coming from Portsmouth to-morrow afternoon to see me, and I am sorry I cannot have the pleasure of accepting your kind invitation to dinner. But should it be quite agreeable I shall be happy to drive over with him to take lunch with you on Monday. My wife I cannot persuade to go anywhere, but she begs me to thank you for your kind invitation. So with the aid of my friend, Mr. Bright, your Tory friends have managed to weather the Session. How lucky they are in having Palmerston for leader of the Opposition! They ought to insure his life. What a glorious piece of news we have in the completion of the Atlantic Cable! A message may now be sent to America in less than no time, beating the sun by several hours. When the old Greeks invented Phœbus at the risk of their mythology, they never dreamed of anything half so grand as this. With kind regards to Mr. Nevill, I remain, very truly yours,

"R. C."

"*Paris*, 14th June, 1860. 69, *Champs Elysées*.

"MY DEAR LADY DOROTHY,—You did me the honour to ask me for my photograph. Though I have not followed your advice by sitting to Disderi, I think I have found an equally competent operator. Indeed, I am told that he is even now considered superior to the famous artist of the Boulevard des Italiens. But of this I must leave you to judge. I have been detained here longer than I had contemplated when I first reached Paris, but not longer than is necessary for completing the work in hand. I am unable to say within a few weeks when I shall be able to return to England. My wife thinks of returning to England shortly with the children, who are very anxious to exchange Paris for Dunford. The weather has been very bad here almost ever since I arrived last October. The sun has been very rarely visible, and rain has fallen with very few exceptions, I was going to say, daily. To-day it is as bad as ever. It seems as if we are going to have a fall of water to compensate for the long dry season of late years. It brings to mind the old doggerel—

'No man more surely pays a debt,
Than rain pays fair, and fair pays wet.'

I hope it suits your sandy slope at Dangstein, and that Mr. Nevill is not complaining of his farming prospects. But I fear we are not likely to have a good harvest. It is very certain to be late, and that is always unfavourable for the Northern Counties, where a part of the crops never ripens in late seasons. However, let us indulge the hope that the sun may speedily shine upon us. Remember me kindly to Mr. Nevill, and I remain, yours sincerely,

"R. COBDEN.

"You must not trouble yourself to answer this, as I shall look forward to the pleasure of seeing you in Sussex. My wife begs her kind regards."

"MY DEAR LADY DOROTHY NEVILL,—I am very much honoured and gratified by your frank offer to pay us a visit. My wife and I shall be most happy to see you and your guests and Mr. Nevill if he be at home. Will you come to-morrow or next day, and take luncheon with us at half-past one? My wife is at Chichester, but will be home this evening. She went to hear the Cathedral music yesterday with a friend. Ever yours truly,

"R. COBDEN."

"*Algiers*, 19th January, 1861.

"MY DEAR LADY DOROTHY,—It was, indeed, very kind of you to think of me when in another quarter of the globe. I will not lose a post in replying to your kind inquiries. The weather here is delightful. It is an English summer. I suspect from the admission of the natives that we have an exceptional fine season. However, I have derived great benefit from the change. There is really no excuse for coughs or asthmas here, for we have generally a blue sky, and never any fogs or white frosts. I have been annoyed for many months with a sort of stiff neck. It is precisely the same as if I had sat in a draught and caught cold yesterday. I have a difficulty in turning my head without turning my body. You know I have been (all my life) rather stiff-necked in a moral sense, but this permanent muscular affection is rather novel and puzzling. However, I hope it will yield to the warm weather, and other remedies. You would be delighted to see the fields, and the gardens covered with roses and flowers. In walking in the country the other day I plucked a little wild flower like a larkspur, with leaves somewhat resembling parsley, and I remarked to my wife, "If we had found this in Lady Dorothy's conservatory, how we should have admired it!" The hedges are generally made of cactus and aloes, and they would puzzle the fox-hunters to go through them. The country is generally very uncultivated, and is covered with dwarf palms. The date palm does not bear fruit here, though the trees grow very tall. You must penetrate some hundreds of miles into the interior to find the best dates. The city of Algiers, which stands on the steep slope of a hill, presents a strange aspect to the European visitor. There is a greater variety of costume than even at Cairo. You see Arabs, Turks, Jews, and Greeks mixed up with every variety of military French uniforms. There are a great many soldiers here, and I confess I should not feel quite so safe among the Arabs (who in their heart have no love for the Infidel) if we had not a strong garrison of the *pantalons rouges*. The Moorish women walk about with their figures enveloped in white muslin, leaving only holes for the eyes. If one of these were seen walking near Dangstein, the country people would be frightened, and would think that a newly-buried corpse had escaped from the churchyard. There is a Jardin d'Essai, or experimental nursery garden, near Algiers, kept up by Government, which affords pleasant walks. A great number of the shrubs which you have under glass are flourishing here. The custard-apple flourishes.

What surprises one is the rapidity with which the trees grow. There are some which in fifteen years have grown as large as they would have grown in forty or fifty in England. They have very little idle time, for there is no winter, and, if they get plenty of water, they grow rapidly in the summer. The orange-tree is very fine in Algeria, but they are cultivated more extensively at Blidah, thirty miles in the interior, than here. They require a great deal of water at their roots. In fact, all the fruit, whether dates or other things, depends on irrigation. 'Their feet in water and their heads in the fire' is the phrase used by the natives to show the treatment that agrees with them. If the climate did not make people idle, what an immense production there might be where there is no winter and the land of waters requires no rest! The vegetable market in Algiers at eight in the morning is a sight to see, such piles of cauliflowers, beans, peas, and new potatoes. I cannot say a word about politics; I am busy with 'Adam Bede,' 'The Woman in White,' and other equally amusing volumes. I spend as much time as possible out of doors. There are forty or fifty English visitors here for their health, besides a few residents, and there is a staff of engineers and navvies employed by Peto and Co. on a railway and a boulevard, for which they have a contract. The hotels are good, but not cheap. Many people find lodgings a little way in the country. There —I am afraid I have exhausted nearly all my Algerian news. Pray give my kind regards to Mr. Nevill. I hope the severe weather has not interfered with his farming operations. I hear a good account of my lambs. I shall remain here till I get quite strong, and my return home will depend on the weather in England. I shall not attempt to be in the House at the opening of Parliament. I was working in Paris the whole of last summer and autumn, and can therefore take a little holiday with a clear conscience. My wife joins me in kind regards to you and family. Very truly yours,

"R. C."

"*Algiers*, 23rd February, 1861.

"MY DEAR LADY DOROTHY,—My wife will have the pleasure of writing to you with the beads, and I merely wish to add that I am also sending some amber beads they procured for me. Having called at the Jardin d'Essai here, and spoken with the intelligent director, he tells me that he has only about one hundred cocoons of the kind of silkworm [these were a new kind of worm, called the Ailanthus silkworm, from the creatures feeding entirely on the leaves of the *Ailanthus glandulosa*, which I was very anxious to obtain] you allude to, and that he obtained them from Paris, where he advises me to apply for some. He wrote me the following:—'Pour avoir des œufs ou des cocons de ver à soie de l'Ailante, s'adresser à M. G. Ménéville, Sécrétarie de la Société Impériale d'acclimatation à Paris.' I give you this address so minutely that you may be enabled, if you are impatient to possess these little animals, to send for them before I return through Paris; otherwise, if you will be so good as to express the wish, I shall be delighted to execute the commission for you on my way home. The weather is delightful here. Last week I placed a thermometer on a table in the sun in front of the house, and it stood up to 95. We find it too warm. With kind remembrances to Mr. Nevill, I remain, very truly yours,

"R. C."

"*Dunford*, 10th November, 1863.

"Some friends are coming to stay with me on Friday for a few days, and I am sorry that my wife and I cannot accept your kind invitation. There is *one* of your expected guests with whom I should have liked very much to have had a quiet gossip about things in general at Dangstein. My friend, who is coming with his Quaker wife to see me, is a member of this good-for-nothing Government (Mr. Gilpin, of the Poor Law Board), and therefore must not join the *tête-à-tête* with Lord Henry Lennox, but may tell the latter that if he can contrive to ride across the country to call on me, we will contrive to have a little treason together. He and I have generally voted in opposite lobbies, as you know, but yet there has been a certain geniality between us, I suppose because we are both Sussex men, for in these days of nationalities people of the same county become, in a certain sense, partisans. My wife sends her kind regards and thanks. With best compliments to Mr. Nevill, I remain, truly yours,

"R. C."

These are all the letters I can find; some, alas! have been mislaid, others given away, and soon after this last one herein written Mr. Cobden was called to his rest. He caught cold going up to London one bitter day in March, to speak against the Quebec defences, and arrived in Suffolk Street a dying man. He had previously been attacked at Dunford with inflammation of the lungs. This became aggravated by incessant coughing, and he died in London.

So many years have elapsed since Mr. Cobden's death, that I can call to mind but few anecdotes about him. But I do remember his driving over to Dangstein and walking in the gardens. Afterwards he was joined by Mr. Bernal Osborne, who gave him his usual salutation: "Well, Cobden, how is Lord Palmerston?" knowing full well this was the only query likely to flutter Mr. Cobden's uniform amiability of temper.

Seeing some pieces of looking-glass swinging on a stick in the flower-beds, "What are those for, Lady Dorothy?" was the immediate inquiry from Mr. Cobden.

"Why, of course," I replied, "to frighten the birds away."

"Frighten the birds away!" exclaims Mr. Bernal Osborne. "You may frighten the cocks away, but all the hens will stop and look at themselves."

Mr. Cobden always carried on his voluminous correspondence in the drawing-room of his house, writing at a side table whilst his young children were romping in the room, and constantly appealing to him. His attention was never distracted by their interference.

To all who knew and loved him his death came as a most terrible blow. He sleeps in rest near the peaceful valley under the shadow of his beloved South Downs, by the side of his only son, whom he loved so dearly, in the little graveyard full of forgotten griefs and aspirations; and I cannot better close this brief memoir of the days

when I knew him so well than by quoting the speech made to his memory by Mr. Bright at Bradford, July 25th, 1877, after he had gone from us:—

"There is not a homestead in the country in which there is not added comfort from his labours, not a house the dwellers in which have not steadier employment, higher wages, and a more solid independence. This is an enduring monument. He worked for these ends and for these great purposes, and he worked, as it might be said, even almost to the very day when the lamp of life went out. He is gone, but his character, his deeds, his life, his example, remain a possession to us his countrymen, and for generations to come. As long as the great men of England are spoken of in the English language, let it be said of him, that Richard Cobden gave the labours of a life that he might confer upon his countrymen perfect freedom of industry, and with it its attendant blessings of plenty and peace."

The old house, Cranmore, near Midhurst, belonged to the ancestors of Mr. Cobden, and was occupied by them. It now belongs to R. Fisher, Esq., whose son married Mr. Cobden's eldest daughter. DOROTHY NEVILL.

Marie Bashkirtseff, the Russian Painter.

I CALLED the other day on a Russian lady who lives in one of those fashionable villas which stand amid their gardens of palm and pine, aloe and cactus, along the Promenade des Anglais at Nice. It was one of those cloudless days so common on the Riviera, when sky and sea are of a glowing blue whose intensity defies all description. Coming out of this living glory into a darkened room, I was greeted by a tall woman, carelessly clad in a shabby black gown, with grey hair and a blanched, furrowed face that looked as if it had forgotten how to smile. This lady was the mother of Marie Bashkirtseff, a girl who at twelve years of age

MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF.

began keeping a diary, which, continued throughout her short life, will remain one of the curiosities of literature; who, dying at twenty-three, left two pictures judged worthy of being placed in the Luxembourg. From the age of four this extraordinary being had been consumed by a thirst for future greatness. She imagined herself, in turn, the first dancer, the favourite singer, the most accomplished harp-player in the world; as an orator she electrified vast multitudes; she would have consented to marry the Czar to save his throne and to bring about social reforms which should bless the sovereign and his subjects. In any case, she was determined to play a leading part on the stage of life.

JEAN AND JACQUES.

To the student of human nature the record of Marie Bashkirtseff's girlhood is one of the most instructive, the most fascinating of books. Too young to dissemble, the writer unconsciously lays bare her inmost soul, with all its foibles and frailties, its lofty aspirations, its pitiable vanities. It is exactly like seeing some one living in a glass house, or hearing them thinking aloud. No doubt, had the authoress lived longer, she would have taken the first of the two volumes and thrown it into the fire. But, psychologically speaking, it would have been a thousand pities not to be able to trace the development of this powerful nature from the chrysalis state of the most sublime egotism to its full growth, when insight into and sympathy with the pathos of human life carried the impressionable poet-painter entirely beyond the narrow limits of self. She admits that, to begin with, what she madly desired were the riches, the titles, the glittering accidents of fortune, till too soon she was consumed by the fever called life. And her restless spirit was ever in extremes, for she surprises us, in turn, by her worldliness and her romanticism, by an almost insolent belief in herself checked by fits of deepest despondency, and by the singular blending of a calculating intellect with the impulsive hot-headedness of a petted child.

In order to understand this curious, composite, prematurely developed nature, it is necessary to cast a glance at her family and surroundings. Marie Bashkirtseff was born at Poltava, in the Ukraine, on the 11th of November, 1860. Her father, the son of General Paul Gregorievitch Bashkirtseff, was a wealthy landed proprietor belonging to the Russian gentry, and Maréchal de Noblesse in the above-mentioned town. He married a Mlle. Babanine, but, the union not proving a happy one, the young wife returned to her parents with her two children, Paul and Marie. In 1870 Mme. Bashkirtseff left Russia, accompanied by her parents, her

sister and two children, a little niece Dina, Walitzky the faithful family doctor, governesses, nurses, and dogs of various descriptions. They became henceforth part of that floating Russian population which drinks the waters at Baden-Baden, stakes its thousands at Monte Carlo, and looks upon Paris as its earthly Paradise. Thus from the age of ten Marie may be said to have seen life. Spoilt, flattered, idolised by all her relatives, she freely observed the rich, frivolous, pleasure-loving society around her. Yet her thirst for distinction did not suffer her to rest idle. Amid the distractions of travel and social pleasures we are surprised at the instruction this young girl had given herself, at the extent and variety of her reading. She had mastered several modern languages, knew Latin and even Greek; but music was her master-passion before her magnificent voice had been impaired by the throat-disease which was to ruin it. Education in the deeper sense (which would have supplied the moderation and moral balance for want of which, I think, she perished) she had none; and, later on, she bitterly regretted having so prodigally wasted her energies in idle words and fantastic caprices. At the age when most little girls are still playing with their dolls, this precocious child experienced all the fluctuations of the tender passion. She has most great poets, it is true, from Dante to Goethe, to keep her in countenance; but what is curious is the mixture of *naïveté* and shrewdness with which she fixed her affections on an English Duke, it being difficult to disentangle how much of her adoration was due to the Apollo-like features of this "curled darling," how much to the perfect appointment of his four-in-hand. She had seen him only a dozen times, they had never exchanged a word, and he ignored her very existence; but she told herself that when once her voice held audiences enthralled, he too would be among her admirers, and what more natural than that he should ask her to exchange the singer's crown for a ducal coronet? This castle in the air suffered a rude shock when she was informed by her governess that the handsome Duke was about to take a wife unto himself. Choking with emotion and hardly able to keep hold of her lesson-book, she confides her misery to her diary in the following words:—"I am wretched—wretched; but my unhappiness is quite different from what I formerly endured when a wall-paper or a piece of furniture displeased me."

The comparison shows that Marie had much of the child left in her, spite of much premature knowledge of life. Some years afterwards, when domiciled in Rome, she was to experience a more serious affair of the heart. At fifteen or sixteen Mlle. Bashkirtseff was already like a girl of twenty. She had a finely-developed figure, a dazzling complexion, hair of a golden-red, and, without being regularly handsome, her face had an expression full of life, fire, and energy. She herself says that photographs could never do her justice, as the want of colour deprived her of that unrivalled freshness and fairness which was her chief charm. Indeed, her extreme admiration of herself is one of the most unpleasant features of her diary. But then, had she lived longer, she would probably have blushed at such a description as the following:—"My hair, done up in a simple knot, is redder than ever. Wore a woollen gown of a peculiar shade of soft creamy white, with a lace fichu round the throat. Had the look of a portrait of the first Empire. To make the picture complete, I should have been sitting under a tree, book in hand. I love solitude with a looking-glass in order to admire my white hands, so delicate and just faintly tinged with pink inside." The only excuse one can find is that the artistic instinct may account, to some extent, for this Narcissus-like self-love. Yet she was her own severest critic; so conscious of her foible that, after reading *Faust*, she thus takes herself to task:—"Where is the devil? Where is Margaret? Alas! the devil is always with me! My foolish vanity is the devil." Yet her love of dress and amusement did not interfere with more serious interests. After visiting churches, museums, picture-galleries, and concerts in their many changes of residence, she found time to read voraciously, sitting up till two and three in the morning studying the classics, history, philosophy, modern French and German literature, and still feeling, what is so true, that the more she learnt, the more there remained to learn. Her intense vitality is the key of this many-sided activity. Her thirst for a succession of fresh sensations is quenchless, and sometimes she has an uneasy foreboding that this desire to "live by steam" may prognosticate a short existence.

On such a nature the first impression of Rome acted like strong wine. "Its beauties and ruins intoxicate me!" she exclaims in her enthusiasm. "I want to be Cæsar, Augustus, Marcus Aurelius, Nero, Caracalla, the devil, the Pope!"

These wonders of art and history gave a keen zest to the rides on the Corso, the balls and masquerades of the Carnival. At one of the latter she made the conquest of a young Roman, nephew of a Cardinal, whose dark expressive eyes, winning manner, and personal attractions seemed a portion of the romance which belonged to the place. At first she trifled with him as a kitten with a mouse, by way of practising her coquettish wiles, for among her multifarious studies she did not omit the study of mankind, particularly man. At first sight this Roman youth, in spite of his good looks, would seem the last man to attract the fancy of this proud, intellectual, ambitious girl. He had no great career in view, was still dependent on his family for support, and skimmed along the surface of life void of care or thought. Such as he was, however, his youth, beauty, joyousness were infectious, for though, to use her own expression, there was nothing feminine about her save the envelope, that, she admits, was excessively so. But this game at hearts turned into sober seriousness. They walked, talked, danced, rode out together, once in the Campagna, mother and cousin following demurely in a carriage. There is a passage in Tourgeneff's "Eaux Printanières" where a man and woman moved by an unacknowledged passion ride at a killing pace across young wheat-fields, heedlessly trampling the springing crop under their horses' hoofs. Such a ground-swell of passion may have stirred in Marie Bashkirtseff when putting her horse to a smart gallop she shot past the Cardinalino, and unable to rein it

in, was borne along faint and trembling, her hat flying off, her glittering golden hair streaming wildly behind her. When at last her cavalier succeeded in grasping the reins he was pale as death, and the pressure of their hands at parting was not what it had been. A confession of love, a proposal of marriage followed, and if passionate looks and soft speeches are a test of the sincerity of a man's affection, then did this dark-eyed Roman adore the blonde Russian girl. Yet, owing to the psychological analysis to which she had accustomed herself from childhood, Marie often had moments in which she read her own heart and Pietro's with pitiless insight. It was only the feminine envelope after all that was under the spell, her intellect standing aloof, coldly critical all the while. But the opposition of the young man's family, in whose eyes the emancipated lady and her relatives were schismatics and possibly adventurers, enlisted all her pride, her energy, her wilfulness even, on the side of this marriage. Not so the Cardinalino, whose easy-going temperament recoiled from coping with obstacles to win his father's consent; the volatile young man retired for a while into a convent. In the meanwhile the Bashkirtseffs left Rome, returned, and then went back to Nice; but Marie, who could not endure to be thwarted, and whose family had always treated her as a princess in exile, sought Rome for the third time under the wing of her long-suffering aunt. There was a strange romantic meeting, a midnight appointment in a little recess of one of those grand staircases in Italian palaces; Marie with palpitating heart, starting at each gust of the driving rain, Pietro kneeling at her feet with her hands in his, looking up with such wonderful fire in his black eyes that half in fear, half in tenderness, she covered them with her white fingers. They supposed themselves to be seriously considering their future prospects, instead of which their broken speech lapsed into long silences, during one of which the girl suddenly took her lover's head between her hands and kissed him on the eyes and mouth. This stolen interview ended rather comically. Seeing a light in the adjoining room, the aunt concluded that her niece as usual was burning the student's midnight oil, and called to her in a loud voice that it was four o'clock. After a brief reluctant parting Marie hurried up to her aunt's room, who scolded her for spoiling her eyes by sitting up so late. Whereupon the girl laughed defiantly, saying, "I've not been reading, I spent the night with A——." "Ah," cried her aunt, "I suspected as much when I called. I dreamed that your mother came to me and said, 'Don't leave M—— alone with A——,' and then Marie felt a cold shiver go through her as she realised that she had run a real danger.

The memory of this last interview and of her voluntary kiss remained a thorn in the young girl's memory. Long afterwards the thought made her cry and shiver with rage.

Three more years passed, during which the Bashkirtseffs pitched their tent now in Paris, now in Nice, now in some fashionable summer resort. Some of that time was spent by Marie in Russia, to make acquaintance with her father, as she desired to bring about a reconciliation between her parents, in the hope of his coming to live with them. His presence would not only materially have increased their income, but also have been advantageous to their social position. The novelty of Russian life, where she felt as a foreigner, interested Marie at first, but her impressions of the country were hastily formed, and she never got to feel at home. How unfamiliar she was with some of its customs, is shown by her imagining that she was creating quite a sensation when, sitting beside her father, clad in a peasant's dress, she drove past the gaping rustics of his village; the fact being that it is quite usual for young ladies in the country to wear this picturesque, tastefully embroidered costume, which is imitated in the highest ranks. If the peasants looked at her with surprise, therefore, it must have been for some other reason; probably because they regarded her as a stranger.

Marie Bashkirtseff must indeed be judged as the product of modern French life; better still, perhaps, as a type evolved by cosmopolitan influences acting on primary racial characteristics. We recognise Slav elements in her alternate moods of hope and depression, her impressionability and that fervid energy which, to judge from the types depicted by Tourgeneff and Tolstoï, are more frequently an attribute of Russian women than men. Otherwise the social atmosphere of Nice, of Rome, and of Paris had moulded the mind and manners of this young girl, who at a time when others of her age are only eagerly waiting to begin life, was already deeply depressed and disillusioned, and, still in her teens, could have exclaimed with Alexander that she had as yet done nothing for immortality. In her diary she stands up her own accuser and judge, condemning herself as a cheat who had not kept faith with herself, and she cries, "Show me a single thought, a single happy remark, or wise action of mine! Nothing but folly. I fancied myself clever and I am absurd; brave and I am a coward; I believed I had talent, and what have I done with it?"

The splendid mezzo-soprano which had justified her ambitious hopes was gradually destroyed by the disease destined to sap her life. At seventeen Marie Bashkirtseff took up painting, and what seemed at first the caprice of a rich young lady became the master-passion of her life. In October, 1877, she entered Julian's life-school in Paris, where women, though working in a separate *atelier*, enjoyed precisely the same advantages as the male art students. From a life of change and excitement she now passed suddenly to the monotony of real hard work, driving to the studio each morning at nine, going home for the twelve o'clock breakfast, and reappearing at one for the afternoon. Her extraordinary capacity astonished her teachers, who would hardly believe that she had had no previous instruction but what is generally given to young girls; and her genius, her beauty, her lively sallies made her a favourite with the pupils in spite of her overbearing temper. I have been told an anecdote by one of her fellow-students, showing how much of the young barbarian remained under the elegant exterior of the *Parisienne*. One day arriving twenty minutes too late, she missed her turn at choosing her place to draw from the model; full of rage she protested that it should be given up to her A

quarrel ensued between her and the other girl, who was her best friend. To the surprise of everybody Marie suddenly burst out with a string of abuse in true Billingsgate style. Then rushing out she stopped and wiped her feet, exclaiming, "When I have trodden among dirt I am obliged to get rid of it thus!" Half an hour afterwards she returned quite quietly, took her place and began working, but never again spoke to her quondam friend.

THE UMBRELLA.

Her progress may be followed step by step in her journal. Sometimes she went forward by leaps and bounds, sometimes she felt persuaded that her work was good for nothing, and failure her fate in life. All the same she laboured to acquire the *technique* of her art with the fervid intensity belonging to her character. And she had every encouragement to persevere; for Julian assured her one day that her work was simply phenomenal. "Take your drawing," he said, "take it to any of our first artists, I don't care whom, and ask him how much time is required to draw like that from the life, and no one—do you hear?—no one will believe it possible to have done it in less than a year; and then tell them that after a month or six weeks you draw from the life with that solidity and power."

After eleven months of study the medal was awarded her at the competition by Robert Fleury, Bouguereau, Lefèvre, Boulanger, and Cot. With the whole passionate intensity of her nature, Marie Bashkirtseff threw herself into her new vocation. Not content with the official hours of study, she took private lessons in anatomy, she modelled in clay, she made slight sketches at odd moments, and nevertheless found time for an immense amount of reading, as her diary abounds in remarks on the many authors she perused, from Homer

to Hugo, from Plutarch to Zola. The last-named novelist filled her with unbounded admiration. She was so deeply affected by the truth of "L'Assommoir" that the description of the misery of these people made her positively ill. At times she began to rebel against her own favoured lot, and nothing pleased her better than to escape from the fashionable Champs Elysées to go hunting in the Quartier Latin for rare old editions, for plaster casts, for skulls. The narrow streets full of students returning from the colleges, the lined faces of hard-worked men and women, the music-shops and bookstalls seemed to her more conducive to genuine artistic life than the uniformity of those splendid streets with never a dark alley, a beggar, a barefoot child.

With the exception of various summer trips for health's sake, and a second journey to Russia, Mlle. Bashkirtseff went on uninterruptedly with her painting, but it was not till after a visit to Spain with her aunt in 1881 that she mastered her art and struck out a vein which drew attention to herself as a rising painter. Her perception of form was spontaneous and innate, but the glory of colour seems to have revealed itself to her in Spain through Velasquez. His unrivalled *technique*, his brush-power, his stupendous realism made her, as she says, raise herself on tip-toe to seize the secret of his divine truthfulness, which shook and troubled her inmost soul. This admiration, it is true, was shared by all the Impressionists, being a phase of the French school of her day. Characteristic of the change which art was working in her is the fact that at Granada her first impulse took her not to the famous old Moorish palace, but to the prison where convicts slaved at their hopeless toil. A great pity overflowed her for the fate of these unhappy men, in which their misdeeds and crimes were obliterated. Her sentiment for them is a strange mixture of womanly compassion with artistic enjoyment. These picturesque criminals with their wild heads, and shifty expressions, and unstudied attitudes, drive her almost crazy with the longing to paint them. But what a picture might one not make of this golden-haired young artist sitting pale and ardent in the gloomy Spanish prison, with gaolers and prisoners and astounded but deferential officials grouped round her, watching her white hands as they vigorously sketched the face of one of the convicts whose sinister physiognomy seemed made for the darkest deeds, though in fact he was only condemned for forgery!

This singular contrast is the key-note which cannot fail to strike the student of Marie Bashkirtseff's life and painting. Some of her critics asked in astonishment why this rich young Russian girl, delicately nurtured and beautiful, should go out of her way to represent on canvas some of the saddest, even ugliest scenes of city life; the waifs and strays of the streets, the loafer, the homeless tramp furtively snatching a moment's oblivion by the wayside. And she herself would have failed fully to account for her choice. Obscure instincts, deeper than the reasons she assigns, were probably at work within her. Her primitive, and in many respects untutored nature, must have felt occult sympathies with what is oppressed and downtrodden on earth. For did she not belong to the sex that has hitherto been held in subjection, and to a nation whose very name signifies bondage? It was natural, therefore, that the inmost chords of her soul should have thrilled to the sad minors in the music of humanity. They must have awakened echoes reaching far beyond her personal experience and memories, but yet entwined with the very tissues of her brain. And just as bondslaves were the first promulgators of the Gospel, it is not surprising if in art, in literature, and in politics, women are becoming the interpreters and champions of the social and humanitarian movement of our time.

MATHILDE BLIND.

(*To be continued.*)

STATUETTE BY MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF.

The Truth about Clement Ker:

Being an Account of some Curious Circumstances connected with the Life and Death of the late Sir Clement Ker, Bart., of Brae House, Peeblesshire. Told by his Second Cousin, Geoffrey Ker, of London.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN THE COTTAGE.

RS. PATTERSON stopped her milking while she listened to Eleanor's message. It was some apology for a bundle of clothes which had been promised and then delayed in the sending; and I was struck then, as I had been before, by the woman's dignified manner, the genuine self-respect and moderation expressed in every line of her worn face; it was easy to see that, as a girl, she must have been very nearly as beautiful as her daughter.

After she had answered me I did not go away directly. I stood with my back against the door-post of the little lean-to shed, and looked idly on at the patient cow, at the regular action of the woman's hard skilful hands, and the way the white milk fell, in rhythmic jets, streaming into the pail. If I turned my head I saw the dark, bare mass of the hills; cold grey rocks streaked with wet; sombre colourless slopes of heather where the mist was for ever breaking, and moving, and forming up again—the only thing alive under that sky of iron.

I must have been silent for longer than I knew, for after a bit she looked up at me as if surprised.

"You're never going home again without speaking a good word to our Ailie, Mr. Geoffrey?"

"I've been in the house," I said; "I—— But I shall go in again presently."

Her shrewd eyes rested upon my face for a moment.

"The other gentleman from the great House—he was very keen about taking the picture of her just as she sits there, and without her even changing her kerchief. He said he had seen pictures made of faces like hers when he was on his travels. He *said* he had seen them in church," she added, half smiling, and even speaking with a sort of embarrassment, "but that I think will just be some of a young gentleman's way o' talking."

She was silent for a minute or two, the milk streaming into the pan.

"He made a great show of asking my leave before he even began it, Mr. Geoffrey," she said suddenly. "And I saw that it pleased my lass to have him want for it. She gets none too much pleasure, at the best—my little lass," the mother said tenderly.

I don't know why, but I got it into my head that all this was meant as a kind of apology, a tacit appeal to me for understanding and sympathy.

"Well, Mrs. Patterson, at least she well deserves all the enjoyment we can give her," I began, speaking as naturally and heartily as I could. And even as I said the words, a vision of that face as I had just seen it—that face with its unconscious, quiet smile, its flushed cheeks, its trusting, attentive, radiant eyes—that face in which everything seemed at once glowing, and transfigured, and fixed—a vision of it, I say, rose up distinctly before me. I turned away my head as from an actual presence, and stared out of the door at the bleak ungrateful country.

"It looks as if we should have another shower before long," I said. "Oh, by the way, Mrs. Patterson—I was very sorry indeed to hear about Patterson's bad luck with those lambs."

"Aye, sir." She rested her forehead against the cow's broad flank, her fingers never once pausing in their mechanical motion. "He was always one for the ill luck, James was. He was the eldest, sir, at home, but he never could get on with his father's ways; him that's grandfather now, sir; an' when he was no more than a bit of a lad, an' when he was in service in the south—under-shepherd he was, sir, on the same farm as my own father worked on—it was always the same story. It's always the same, do what he will. Hard-working an' sober he is; there's no one can deny it for him; an' if he touches so much as a wooden bowl, sir—Crummie's bucket there—it's my belief it 'ud just break apart in his two hands like so much china. An' he can't help it, sir. He's just worn the life of him tender with all the troubling; he's none so strong as he was.

"And it's not that he doesn't understand his business," she went on after a brief, bitter silence; "hard-working he is. There's Macbane, sir, that's Sir Clement's other shepherd on the Head; it's him as wants our cottage for his wife; Macbane, he looked in only one night last week just to tell James how he'd never seen a finer, likelier lot of lambs than that last lot of ours. 'Twas Macbane himself that said so."

She moved her head away and looked up at the red cow. "*She'll* go next, Mr. Geoffrey," the woman said briefly.

"What! Mrs. Patterson, sell your cow?"

"Aye, sir. That's the next thing to go, Mr. Geoffrey."

She continued milking steadily; but her face, which had retained one expression all this time, now began to work and quiver under the influence of an irrepressible emotion.

"It's James's fault and it isn't his fault," she broke out suddenly. "Ill luck he was born with, and ill luck has lived with him. Ill luck i' the wife; ill luck i' the child; ill luck i' the old dottering father, and black, black ill luck i' the master he has worked for all these years."

The pail was full; she got up from her milking-stool, raising the bucket carefully from the ground.

"I'm not forgetting he's your own blood-relation, Mr. Geoffrey, sir, an' a kind, kind heart you have shown us; aye, and your brother too. I can't speak o' that, sir,

it bides *here*." She pressed her hand against her bosom. "The men, sir, they'll never put up wi' one word against the master—the Laird they call him—an' him a husband an' a father—the father of a girl-child, an' threating to drive *my* girl from off his land."

She came out as far as the door, still carrying her pail. Then she put it down on the step and looked up at me.

"Mr. Geoffrey——" Her mouth twitched painfully, and she caught at her breath with a kind of hard sob. "If we leave this," she said, "it will just kill Ailie."

"Look here, Mrs. Patterson; I shall speak to Sir Clement myself about this. There must be some mistake, don't you see? Don't you see yourself there must be some mistake? It's all nonsense your going!" I cried out hotly. "If Patterson has lost his sheep again, well—well! better luck next time. It isn't his fault, I'll be sworn. I'll tell Sir Clement so. I'll—I'll get my brother Dick to speak to him; Clement will do anything my brother asks him. It's only just some stupid mistake; don't you see?" I went on repeating.

I kept patting her on the shoulder like a child, and all the time, even as I made them, I felt that to each one of us, knowing Clement, my promises must sound like vain words.

She did not seem to hear me. Suddenly she seized my fingers with her rough, heavy hand. "My girl will die," she said in a quiet voice, which was absolutely toneless. "I've done my duty by all the others, Mr. Geoffrey, but *she* was my first-born; my little baby as crept close—close to my heart when I was young, an' my heart nigh to breaking. An' now to see her pine away i' some city street—her as has never spoken the first hard word to the mother who fretted away all her baby's strength an' her joy o' living——"

She stooped down to pick up her pail; a few drops of the contents splashed over upon the doorstep, and, from behind a heap of sticks and straw, a small brindled kitten had darted out and was lapping up the milk greedily. "That's *her* cat; she's awful fond o' that little creature," Ailie's mother said absently.

We both stood there, looking down at the small eager purring ball of fur; when it lifted its round head to look back at us, Mrs. Patterson pushed it gently with her foot. "They're all good children—the others," she went on in the same apathetic and yet piteous voice. She kept her eyes fixed on those bare mountains all the time she was speaking, and I noticed that she seemed to take it for granted that I was already acquainted with her story; perhaps she thought I had heard of it from Dr. Wauchope; or, more likely, she did not think at all about me further than that I happened to be present.

"Yes, they're good children, sir, an' willing an' ready to help me or their father. They're good an' biddable; an' there's Jean, poor lass! she's had her own handful o' trouble. But *she!*—'Twas at home, sir, she came to me, i' the thick o' my crying, at home i' the old Warwickshire cottage. She was a year old, nearly, before James brought me up here to keep house for the old man. That's more than nineteen years ago, Mr. Geoffrey, and 'twas just about this time o' year, an' a day something like this one. We came up that path, over the shoulder there, him carrying the baby, for I was not strong. I was fairly mazed, too, with the sight of naught but just the cold empty heather."

She was silent for a minute or two, pressing her lips tightly together. Then she bent down: she picked up the little cat, smoothing it with her rough working hand. "Ailie sets a store by the creature; it must ha' strayed out here without her knowing it," she said. She took up her pail again. "When you lived down in Warwickshire, Mr. Geoffrey, you didn't maybe know the country down Stratford way? I've always wanted to ask you," she asked suddenly.

I had never been there, I told her.

"Not to Stratford-on-Avon, sir? There's a heap of gentlefolks goes there to see the town. I—I hoped you might ha' been there," she said in a disappointed sort of way. At that moment the expression in her eyes reminded me extremely of Ailie. "My father was a Stratford man. I was born at Loxley, myself; Loxley village. That's further in the country, sir. I'd like to see it again."

"I wish I had been there. But when I lived at home I never went anywhere. I never travelled at all," I cried.

"It's nothing much to see, Mr. Geoffrey. It's only just the village, sir; and the big trees with all the sweet green leaves on them; an' there's a bit o' the road goes up-hill. But I'd like to see it again; I would," the woman said, sighing.

When I went into the cottage again, Gilbert Ashleigh was not there. "He's gone, mother. He said the light was too bad," Ailie said. "He will have to come back to finish," she added a moment after. She was looking at me; she was speaking to me; but that half-smile which never once left her lips—that expression of attentive surprise as though she were listening to some far-off harmony—all this was completely new in her, and—no! I did not need to be told it was not of me that she was thinking.

CHAPTER XV.

IN MY LADY'S CHAMBER.

SINCE their conversation together that night on the terrace, there had come a change in Richard's manner towards Eleanor which I noticed at once; and of which, as it seemed to me, it was impossible that the other members of the household should remain unconscious. It was, to poor Dick, as if a storm had raged over the placid surface of his easy-going nature, stirring up depths of life within him, reawakening old and desperate hopes, and bringing uppermost ancient dreams of an impossible happiness; and as dead bodies are said to rise in the sea after some unusual convulsion of its deep waters, so the presence of this passion which he thought of as dead confronted him once more, and with a changed and more awful aspect. I believe that Richard was speaking the simple truth when he described to me his long and faithful devotion to the memory of his cousin's wife as an

affection which had become to him wellnigh a habit of life—a feeling which he had long ceased to question—a pain which he accepted as a matter of course, and the sharpness of which, and the pang, had even become in a measure blunted by long use, and so endurable; but still a feeling which existed in him as a part of himself, undisturbed by either time, or changes, or hope, or fear.

But since their talk together, as I have said, all this was altered. A spirit had passed over the surface of the waters. There had been that in Eleanor's tone, in her looks, in the very extremity of the appeal she made to his powers of magnanimity and self-control, which had moved the young man strangely. To any one knowing him and watching him as I did, it was easy to see that he was profoundly disturbed. He was both restless and unhappy. He never, of course, spoke a word to me upon the subject which engrossed all his waking and even his sleeping hours (although, long afterwards, he admitted having been both conscious of, and grateful for, the sympathy with which I endured all the variations of his humour). But what cruel misgivings—what days and nights of anxiety and longing and bitterness—what maddening fruitless struggles those vague confidences of Eleanor's were still to cost him! As for Lady Ker, she was, or appeared to be, more self-possessed and more serene than I had ever known her. She even treated her husband differently; with more assurance; she took his presence or his action, as it were, more lightly. She ceased to look preoccupied. Her sensitive and hesitating nature seemed to rise up; to expand, as if delivered from the burden of some intolerable doubt; and having, as it seemed to me, transferred the weight of her disappointments from her own shoulders to those of Richard, she experienced a new feeling of relief, and was content to pause and enjoy the sensation, the security, of this fresh truce with Fate.

If she ever asked herself what she might be making Richard suffer, at least she never allowed the thought to affect her own appearance of absolute calm and cheerfulness. I used to see Clement looking at her very hard on occasions; for all his pretended indifference and scoffs, I thought then (and this belief was subsequently confirmed by himself in the conversation I had with him) that very little passed in the conduct of the people about him of which he was not aware. As his wife grew more composed, it seemed as if his own reckless temper were becoming more unmanageable; he alternated between fits of sudden gloominess and a kind of wild mocking merriment which spared scarce any one of us. In spite of all Lady Ker's precautions and Richard's firm purpose of silence, I hardly know how we could well have escaped coming to some open rupture at this juncture, if it had not been for the presence of the two Ashleighs, brother and sister. There was a kind of impenetrable good-humour, a weight, and a sense of force and sanity about Gilbert Ashleigh, which braced and regulated the moods of those who came in contact with him, like so much fresh air. He was so genuinely and vividly interested in himself, it was impossible to resist sharing in his pleasure. He absorbed the disturbed humours of the people about him, as the full summer sun will drink up the low-lying mists from a plain, himself the royal centre of the visible system, radiating life and making the duskiest corners shine. As for Evelyn, her gay artless presence filled the whole house with an atmosphere of charming, youthful inconsequence. She had a very small, but a sweet and true voice, and would go carolling about the great empty galleries by the hour together, like a bird—a tame bird, cage-bred; there was never a suggestion of ambitious wings about *her*.

In those days she was seldom to be seen far from Eleanor's side. I think Lady Ker must have taken pains on this point; for she was never alone. When I went to her room I found Janet or Miss Ashleigh, and more commonly both of them, always in her company. I know for a long time Dick did not see her, or speak with her, away from the young girls' presence. It was the only sign Lady Ker gave of being conscious of any change in their common relation to one another. In all other respects she treated Richard as if he had indeed been the dear brother she called him; and whatever anxiety, whatever emotion she may have experienced, concealed it all, and all her hopes and thoughts and fears, behind a friendly and inscrutable and smiling face.

I was passing her own tapestried sitting-room one morning soon after breakfast, when, the door being ajar, she recognised my step and called me in.

"Are you looking for Richard, Geoffrey? He is here and—— Come and give us your advice: 'tis a question which of our old firs are to be cut down in the avenue yonder? I am for letting them all stand, myself. The view does well enough as it is, and—and I do not love changes," my lady said in her clear quiet voice, and bending her face a little lower over her embroidery work. "But Clement thinks it will be pleasant to see further down towards the lodge."

"Aye, to see me riding homewards when I am still a long way off. The trees are too near together as it is; and you will be able to look out for me, Nell, either from here or from the gallery window. If we conclude to spend the winter here *en tête-à-tête*, it will be quite a little amusement for you. The cold world may not understand these subtilties of feeling; but what then? do we not understand one another? Where was I reading the other day that very slight things make epochs in married life? And the winter days are lonely; you will enjoy waiting for my return," Clement remarked affably, and without lifting his eyes from a plan he had spread upon the table, and on which he was noting something in pencil.

"As for spending the winter here—" my lady began with some eagerness. Then she checked herself: she glanced quickly across the room at Dick, who was also writing: the colour rose in her cheek. "Run, my Janet, and see if you can find Miss Ashleigh in the garden. She went out after breakfast, I have not seen her since," Lady Ker said.

"I think cousin Richard knows where she is. He was talking to her this morning, oh, for ever so long! They are always talking secrets now. And when they were playing ball in the music-room the other day, the

day it rained, Evelyn sent me away; she said I was only a torment. And cousin Richard laughed," the little girl cried out, pouting, and looking too at Richard through the veil of her long floating hair.

"And so you are a torment: a *terza incomoda* very often, and when you least know it," said her father again with one of his short infrequent laughs. "Did old Gilbert say anything to you about shooting over the Low Moor after luncheon, Richard?"

"No."

Lady Ker pushed back her chair. "I am sorry to disturb you, but— Could you give me that skein of silk? No; not those. The lightest blue ones, please—on the little table—" Her fingers just touched Richard's as she took the package of embroidery silks from his hand. "This is not the first time we have marked down trees for cutting. Do you remember the oaks at Castleton, Richard? Your father was with us; he told us stories about each tree as if it had been a personal friend. It was the only time I ever saw him, and he was so kind to me. I remember his pleasant voice, and his white hair, and his eyes—like Geoffrey's. He seemed a much younger man than I expected—we were all very young then; you were at Oxford still," says my lady with a sigh.

My brother looked down at her. "We were very young. I remember it perfectly," he said.

"*I* remember those oaks," said Clement. "I fell out of one of them once, and got a thrashing from Frank into the bargain—for stealing rooks' eggs."

He got up, rolling together his plans, and brushing off a speck of dust from the sleeve of his immaculate morning-coat. "Are you coming, Geoff?" he asked. "That is a rather good gown you have got on this morning, Eleanor. It fits you, which the other thing didn't. And those dark green tones with the silver suit you very well, my dear. I observe with pleasure that you have more colour in your cheeks of late. You have taken to blushing again as you did when I first knew you. It is very becoming. *Je vous en fais mon compliment.*"

At that, my lady turned fiery-red. "I am glad my dress pleases you," she said in a very dry voice, and without lifting her eyes from her work. She pulled her embroidery frame nearer to her as she spoke; her hands were trembling, and half the silks Dick handed her had fallen to the floor.

"Take care," her husband said again, with perfect good-humour.

He stooped to pick up her work, and as he gave it back to her, he first patted her burning cheek, and then rested his hand caressingly upon her shoulder; she drew back quivering from his touch.

"Yes, my dear Nell. *Je vous en fais mon compliment,*" Sir Clement repeated deliberately. Her evident embarrassment, and the distaste expressed by every shrinking line of her figure, only seemed to amuse him; he watched her, smiling, through half-shut eyes. "It is not flattery, believe me. Richard, there, who has had the happiness of knowing you even longer than myself, would tell you the same thing. The rest of us may change for the worse, but you—I assure you, you have found the secret of perpetual youth. Don't move, Richard; don't go on my account, my dear fellow. I am taking Master Geoff away with me; you can finish your work here in peace. You have plenty of time; old Gilbert is sure not to turn up before luncheon; he is not nearly up to his old shooting form this year. Our friend Ashleigh seems to share your capacity for retaining youthful habits, my dear Nell. The objects of his devotion may vary, but Ashleigh remains the same; Ashleigh is invariable; 'tis only Time who is responsible for the alterations, eh, Nelly?"

"I don't know," said my lady, flushing again. Then she made an effort and looked resolutely at him. "I don't occupy myself with Mr. Ashleigh's affairs. I believe he is painting somewhere on Brae Head," she said very coldly.

"Painting one of Geoffrey's little friends. Precisely so. Dabbling a little in what he is pleased to call art, and making a great deal of what he is pleased to call love, as that man puts it in the book," Clement retorted gaily.

He gathered up all his papers on the table. "Are you coming, Geoff?"

I saw his dark, inscrutable, red-rimmed eyes glance first at my brother Richard, and then back again at Eleanor. A curious expression, an expression I could in no way account for, passed over his face. "Are you coming?" he repeated mechanically, and I followed him out of the room into the wide sunny gallery, shutting the door behind me, and leaving those two alone together.

As the door closed Lady Ker looked up from her work with some slight inarticulate exclamation.

"Did you speak?" asked Richard, facing round suddenly upon his chair.

"No." She bent her face down again until all but the top of her head and a knot of fair hair was hidden by the tall carved frame. "Oh, no; won't you go on with your writing—I mean, finish what you are doing? I won't disturb you. If Janet—I—I mean I have sent for Evelyn Ashleigh, she will be here in a few minutes," Eleanor said breathlessly. She shook her head slightly; forgetting that he could not see her, she even tried to smile naturally and carelessly, but her rigid and trembling lips refused to obey her will, and the same thought, the thought that now—now they were alone, made both their hearts beat almost to suffocation.

"Lady Ker——" Richard began again.

He stood up, and again it seemed as if the same instinct moved them both at the same moment; she, too, rose to her feet. She gathered up all her bright wools and silks into one great parti-coloured heap, which she placed upon the table beside her and then bent over it, turning it round and round in her hands.

"You say you have not forgotten. But you did not call me by that name *then,*" she murmured, without raising her head.

Richard looked at her. "Eleanor!"

"Ah, yes. But that is not it. But it does not matter. You used to call me Nell; but it does not signify; it does not matter now," she said once more, in

the same quick breathless way. She pushed the tangle of silks all to one side and looked up at him. In her heart she felt that all this was futile; that a force greater than her own had overmastered her will. The little table stood between them, and she rested both hands upon it. "I wanted to see you. I wanted to speak to you," she repeated. She looked up at him with wide, frightened eyes. "I—I never see you now, Richard."

"My dear, whose choice is that?" the young man said sadly enough.

Her glance fell. "But I asked you, yes, I asked you myself—the other night——"

"You asked me! You beckon me to come and then you bid me keep silence. You call me to you, and you send me away. You say you trust me, and then you avoid me as if I were your enemy. You—you thrust other people, any one, every one, in between us," Richard broke out passionately. He took a step forward; he never took his eyes off her face, and she could feel his glance resting upon her own eyelids like a weight. "It is time we understood one another," he repeated in a voice which, even in his own ears, sounded strange. "If you had not consented to see me now I must have asked to speak to you later. I must have asked what—yes, what it is you would have me do, Eleanor. Would you have me go? would you have me stay? I have finished my work here. I can go to-morrow morning if you have no further use for me."

"To-morrow morning?" she repeated; and he saw her lips tremble.

"I told you—I told you I would rather die than disappoint you," he said suddenly, "and it is true. I am at your service as I have been at your service all my life. But—but you bid me care for you as if I were your brother, and I cannot do it. It is impossible. I cannot do it. It is false."

"You—cannot——"

"No," Richard said again. He drew a long breath and stood up, looking at her. "I love you so! I thought you must have understood it. I have loved you all my life; since the days you were speaking of; since the time you were a little girl. There has never been a day in my life when I did not love you better than all the world. Yet you never knew it; you never guessed it. Well—!" He threw back his shoulders with a gesture that was familiar to him. The calm morning sunshine pouring in at the large windows lighted up the faded tapestries, and fell full upon his hair and face. "I told Clement that you did not know. I never meant that you should know. I never meant to tell you. Only—that night on the terrace. I see now it was all my own mistake, but I thought then you did not want me to speak, and yet you understood—you understood what I was feeling. I thought——" He stopped short, and the blood rushed back to his face. "Look at me, Eleanor!" At his words a quiver passed over her heavy eyelids, but she did not change her position, or lift her eyes to his face. Her white hands were still resting on the table in front of her: he leaned over and took them both into his own hot grasp. "You have known me all your life, my dear. I think that you can trust me. And I don't think that you can be really angry with me," Richard said very simply, "because I love you so."

Lady Ker did not answer immediately. She made a slight movement with her hands, and he drew his own away at once, stepping back for a pace or two. "Will you wait—a minute?" she said at last, and speaking with an effort. She did not lift her head.

"Wait?"

"Yes; wait here. I will come back in a minute;" and already, while she was yet speaking, she had moved towards the further door, the door leading into the music-gallery. She went out without looking at him or turning round, and as the heavy tapestry portière fell behind her, Richard threw himself down upon the nearest chair. Never before, and never again, did he feel for any woman what he experienced at that moment.

As for Lady Ker, she herself could have given no explanation of her action. In the very middle of the long gallery she stood still. Here too the joyous sunshine streamed in at each one of the many latticed windows, throwing innumerable squares of light and shadow on the floor; lighting up her dark motionless figure, and the dingy gilded Cardinal Virtues, and all the emblematical designs and carvings of the great fireplace at her back. She stood so for a minute or more, looking all about her with wide shining eyes which distinguished nothing. A curious, an indescribable sense of wellbeing and calm, the calmness of irrevocable satisfaction, of fulness, of completion, crept like a warm mounting tide through all her being. Slowly, slowly, and holding her breath, she lifted up one hand and covered with it her quivering face; and then all at once, and as if yielding to some hidden summons, she turned abruptly round, and walked back into the other room.

Richard rose from his chair as she entered, but she made a motion to him with her hand. "Wait!" She drew the portière carefully behind her and stood back against the old faded tapestry, leaning against the closed door.

"I think you are right," she began. "I think we ought to understand one another, Richard." She threw a rapid glance in his direction; her eyes seemed to pass over him without resting anywhere. "Did you ever ask yourself," she added abruptly—"I say, did you ever ask yourself how it was that I came to marry Clement?"

"Never, Eleanor."

"Ah, and yet you are very sure of the existence of this—this sentiment of which——"

"I love you, if that is what you mean," he answered without looking at her. "Why should I have asked myself questions about your marriage? You would not, you could not have married him unless you — you thought——" Then in his turn he, too, was silent. He stood opposite to her, with his back to the window; facing her, but at some distance away, and grasping with both hands the back of a chair. At that moment there came a sound of voices, then a laugh in the passage outside, and light running footsteps which passed the door.

"It is Janet," Lady Ker murmured under her breath. She looked up. "I have been a weak and a selfish woman all my life," she said very calmly, "and now, yes,

now I have my reward. Stop, Richard, let me speak out. Judge me as you will, but let me—let me tell you, Richard. Yes, I have my just reward. When I was a girl I threw myself all away for the sake of *this*—this sort of thing you see about me. I was poor and I hated it, Richard. You remember our life at home. I hated it, the troubles and the restriction, and when Clement asked me to marry him, I thought I saw a great door opening before me. I meant to live in a new world, an easier world. I was tired of claims and efforts. I wanted my own way, and riches and happiness and liberty—and I chose *this*." She let her hand fall to her side. "If he despises me now, who—who gave him the right to do it?" she asked bitterly.

"Eleanor!"

"We had not been married three months before he made me afraid of him, Richard, and I had never loved him; what could I answer him when he went his own way? You heard how he spoke to me just now of Gilbert Ashleigh? The first year Mr. Ashleigh came to our house he—he chose to fancy himself in love with me," my lady said rapidly. "It is his way with women, I know, but I think—I think he really did care a little. And Clement, I told Clement of it, and it amused him like a good joke. Wait, let me tell you everything, Richard; for it was then, it was then I began to remember old days—and all your old pride in me, and all your old care. 'Ancient kindness,' those were the words that were always following me, day after day, day and night. 'Ancient kindness—looking ancient kindness on my pain.' Whatever I did, the words went with me. I used to long so to meet you, Richard; we were in London then. I did not love you; I did not love anybody; even my Janet made me remember *him*. But every day, oh, more and more every day, I felt that if I had trusted myself to you there might have been something in the world still to look up to; there might have been something left uncheapened—something to rely upon and—and to love."

Richard buried his face in his hands. "Good God!" he said hoarsely.

"Yes." Lady Ker glanced at him again and went on in the same low, hurried voice. "We were in London then. It was after I had been back to my people. It was after Castleton was sold. I had not seen you for years; I did not even know where you were; but in all that crowd of people there always seemed to be some chance, some possibility of meeting you. And so I did; do you remember it? I saw you in the Park, walking with Lord Milton. You were going to keep an appointment, you said. Janet was with me, and you talked to the child. You had scarcely a word to speak to me, Richard."

"I remember," Richard said, in the same choking sort of voice.

"You would not stop. And I had to leave town the next day. And I had waited so long to see you. I—I don't know what I had expected. But I very nearly told Clement all about it that night; I think I was half mad. And you—you were going to meet some one else."

"I was going to meet Geoffrey."

She looked up then. "Ah," she said, letting the curtain fall. "And I thought it was some other woman who was waiting for you. I thought so—all these years."

She took two or three steps forward and paused. At that moment she looked very beautiful. "Richard," she said, trembling. She went over to where he sat; she stood close beside him, looking down at him and resting one hand slowly, and with a gesture of infinite tenderness, upon his bowed head. "Look up, Richard. See! I said I had had my punishment—and yet you love me. When all my life was in my own hands I gave you nothing, dear—and yet you loved me. It is too late—too late. All is over for us; and it is I who have done it; I have brought this sorrow upon you, and yet——"

"Eleanor!"

He was holding both of her hands, but she did not look at him. She turned her head aside; there was a pink stain on either white cheek. "There, I have said it. And yet—I loved you all the time," she murmured almost inaudibly.

"And you—loved me?" Richard repeated, looking up into her calmed, transfigured face.

He looked up, but he made no attempt to draw her nearer to him. He did not even kiss the hands he held in his, but again and again he pressed the little cold trembling fingers against his eyes, his cheek, his lips, in a passion of tenderness, a transport of love, and frenetic devotion and pity wholly indescribable.

They remained silent, looking at one another, for nearly a minute before Lady Ker spoke. "Dear," she said, "there is something—something tells me that never again shall we know such another day as this—you and I. Take it; take it for all it is worth. With all my heart and soul I love you; I trust you; I honour you, my Richard. If you go, if you come, far or near, it is all the same between us. I depend upon you. Whatever, yes, whatever you would have me do——" She stopped short. She turned her face aside, away from him, gazing about the room with paling cheeks and wide-open uneasy eyes. "You will be strong for both of us. You are not like *him*. You—you are like that man 'who sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not;' I always think of you when I read it. Yes, who changeth not; for I know myself, oh, I know myself, Richard. Look! this *is* my will; I mean it. Oh, when you remember me later, think of me, remember me as I am now!" She glanced at him sideways, biting her lips, and all at once, and to her own surprise, she broke out into an almost hysterical laugh. "Clement is always taunting me with having no will! Oh, he knows it. He says I am weak; he says—he says—You accused me just now of playing with you" she added rapidly. "You said I beckoned you towards me only to send you away. How can I—I——"

She looked at him again, and a great tear rolled suddenly down her pale cheek and fell upon his hand. "I could try to be strong—for you," she said humbly.

In all this time Richard had scarce answered her a dozen words, but if he did not speak, it was, as he afterwards confessed to her, that he felt his own voice failing.

After eight years of silent and unalterable and lonely longing and worship, he had lived to see the object of his long hopeless devotion turn very woman and require help of him: he had felt his goddess tremble in his arms.

"And weak or strong," he said, "you are yourself, and I ask for nothing different. Different? Now, by Heaven, Eleanor! I wonder can you have any idea of what you are, of what you have always been, to me? I can't talk," Richard said very simply, his handsome, honest young face flushing red—his eyes filled with tears—"I can't *tell* you, Eleanor. I never could express myself like you and Geoffrey; and now I—I am too happy, I think. But you can do with me what you will. Why, I would give all my life to save you one moment of pain or anxiety. Do you think I am not man enough to take care of you? or that I want anything from you—anything that costs you—" He held her hand to his cheek again, looking up into her eyes and smiling. "No. You have never been taken care of, but *I* shall do it. I shall live to do it. Only, I can't think now; not at this minute, Eleanor. I—I am too happy."

She had stood there motionless, hardly breathing, listening to his words as in a dream; but now, all at once she started violently, throwing back her head. "What is that? Listen!" She snatched her hands hastily away from him, and turning sharp round, bent once more over her heap of coloured silks.

There came a noise of heavy hurrying footsteps along the gallery; the boudoir door was flung open. "Oh, sir! oh, my lady!" cried out Bright, appearing suddenly in the doorway. He put his hand up to his throat; he had been running hard, and the old man gasped for breath. "Oh, my lady, I beg your pardon; but oh, for God's sake, Mr. Richard—Mr. Geoffrey, sir!"

"Geoffrey!"

"They are bringing him in—the men are bringing him in," old Bright said hoarsely. "And we've sent for Sir Clement, my lady. But no one knows what it is. And they've found him lying there like dead."

(*To be continued.*)

A Roman Love-Song.

(Rhymed Sestina.)

If Love would bring me where my lady is,
We having been so great a while apart,
All the fair speech and song I made of this
My longing for her—great within my heart—
Being so swiftly to her presence come,
Would die for joy and leave me cold and dumb.

And I should envy even the ground, the dumb
Green ground she treads on, and the grass that is
So close about her feet, the winds that come
And stir her hair this way and that apart;
But most of all the myrtle at her heart—
Love were well paid with less a prize than this.

Oh! nights, long, wakeful nights, fair even as this
I dream in—all the world asleep and dumb—
That knew our fancied meeting, heart to heart!
Chill dawns that told how cold the waking is
To find our lives are still as far apart,
And days of weary waiting yet to come!

I lie and watch the moonlight go and come,
Pale shadow of a purer world than this,
And hear where down the ilex-wood apart
Sings Philomel, who all the day was dumb,
With so divine a note that sure it is
The rise and falling of Love's very heart.

Oh! Love, the heart of night is in my heart,
And with the moon, strange moon- it fancies come,
And I forget that any world there is,
Or any other singing bird than this—
So sweet it is for lips that erst were dumb
To break in song the poisoned thought apart.

Ah! now it is not hard to sit apart
And sing Love's praises. Yet within my heart
There grows a doubt the day will find me dumb,
When with my fairest songs I fain would come
Before her face, who have no way but this
To show how glad and high her service is.

Gentle my master! speak that there may come
A spirit of song to dwell within my heart,
When thou dost bring me where my lady is!

Dorothy F. Blomfield.

Women and Club Life.

"SEND your horse home and stop and dine here with me, Julia; I've asked Trixy Rattlecash and Emily Sheppard," says Mr. du Maurier's Miss Firebrace, as she reclines at ease in the luxurious club-chair.

"Can't, my dear girl; my sainted old father-in-law's just gone back to Yorkshire, and poor Bolly's all alone," replies Mrs. Bolingbroke Tompkins with a sigh of regret for the freedom of spinsterhood and the charms of club life.

It is not ten years since the appearance of this little bit of dialogue and its accompanying sketch in the pages of *Punch*, and already the world has drifted into a stolid acceptance of the fact of feminine club life; has come to look on, without surprise or amusement, at the rapid growth of women's clubs, adapted to the various requirements of various classes.

Demand, say the makers of that mischievous pseudo-science, political economy, creates supply. What has hitherto been felt as a vague longing—the desire among women for a corporate life, for a wider human fellowship, a richer social opportunity—has assumed the definite shape of a practical demand, now that so many women of all ranks are controllers of their own resources.

From the high and dry region of the residential neighbourhood the women come pouring down to those pleasant shores where the great stream of human life is dashing and flowing.

In class-room and lecture-theatre, office and art-school, college and club-house alike, woman is waking up to a sense of the hundred and one possibilities of social intercourse; possibilities which, save in exceptional instances, have hitherto for her been restricted to the narrowest of grooves.

The female club must be regarded as no isolated and ludicrous phenomenon, but as the natural outcome of the spirit of an age which demands excellence in work from women no less than from men, and as one of the many steps towards the attainment of that excellence.

As Miss Simcox points out, in a recent number of the *Nineteenth Century*, no great performance in art or science can justly be expected from a class which is debarred from the inestimable advantages of a corporate social life.

To turn from the general to the particular: it is now my intention to enumerate and consider the most important of those ladies' clubs in London, which have followed so closely on the heels of Mr. du Maurier's little skit.

Of these, the Albemarle Club (founded in 1881) is, perhaps, the best known. Its members consist of ladies and men in about equal numbers, from whom an annual subscription of five guineas is exacted, the original entrance-fee of eight guineas having been suspended by the committee in 1884. In the large, conveniently-situated house in Albemarle Street, ladies can entertain their friends of both sexes, make appointments, or merely pass the time pleasantly in the perusal of periodical literature.

How many a valuable acquaintance has been improved, how many an important introduction obtained in that convenient neutral territory of club-land!

Here, at last, is a chance of seeing something of A or B or C apart from her sisters, her cousins, and her aunts—all excellent people, no doubt, but with whom we personally have nothing in common, and whose acquaintance we have no desire to cultivate. And here is a haven of refuge, where we can write our letters and

STRONG-MINDED LADY AND FASHIONABLE FRIEND MEETING AT THE CLUB.

read the news, undisturbed by the importunities of a family circle, which can never bring itself to regard feminine leisure and feminine solitude as things to be respected.

Of more recent date is the Alexandra Club, for ladies only, situated in Grosvenor Street, whose list of members, no less than that of the Albemarle, includes many names well known in society, and in artistic and political circles. For this club no lady is eligible "who has been, or would probably be, precluded from attending Her Majesty's Drawing-Rooms;" a nice phrase, full of the sound and fury of exclusiveness, and signifying not so much after all.

There is an entrance-fee of three guineas, and an annual subscription of three and two guineas for town and country members respectively; and sleeping accommodation is available at moderate charges, including beds for ladies'-maids.

Men may not be introduced to the club as visitors—a restriction which, in my opinion, places it at a disadvantage with the Albemarle.

It is a significant fact that, established as recently as 1884, the Alexandra already numbers about 600 members.

Not the least interesting of female clubs is the University Club for Ladies, which came into existence at the beginning of last year. For this are eligible as members the graduates of any University; registered medical practitioners of the United Kingdom; students or lecturers who have been in residence for at least three terms either at Newnham or Girton College, Cambridge, or at Somerville or Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford; undergraduates of any University who have passed the examination next after matriculation; and students who have passed the first professional examination of any medical corporation. It will be seen, therefore, that this is a club of workers; and the working woman not being apt to have much spare cash at her disposal, it has been organised on a more modest basis than either of those before alluded to. A guinea entrance-fee and a guinea annual subscription represent the expenses of membership; nor have the University ladies aspired, so far, to the dignity of a club-house, but have contented themselves with a small but daintily-furnished set of rooms on the upper floors of a house in New Bond Street. Simple meals at moderate charges can be obtained of the housekeeper; but if Cornelia Blimber or the Princess Ida objects to the austerity of this scholar's fare, an arrangement has been entered into with the Grosvenor Restaurant opposite, by which more luxurious cates can be supplied to her on the shortest notice.

Here, amid Morris papers and Chippendale chairs, old acquaintances are renewed, old gossip resuscitated, and any amount of "shop" of various descriptions discussed.

> "And where have all my playmates sped,
> Whose ranks were once so serried?
> Why, some are wed, and some are dead,
> And some are only buried.
> Frank Petre, then so full of fun,
> Is now St. Blaise's prior;
> And Travers, the attorney's son,
> Is member for the shire."

The suburban high-school mistress, in town for a day's shopping or picture-seeing, exchanges here the

THE OLD LADY WHO KEEPS ALL THE PAPERS.

discomfort of the pastrycook's or the costliness of the restaurant for the comforts of a quiet meal and a quiet read or chat in the cosy club precincts; the busy journalist rests here from her labours of "private viewing," strengthening herself with tea and newspapers before

setting out for fresh lands to conquer. The mingled sense of independence and *esprit de corps* which made college life at once so pleasant and so wholesome are not wanting here in the colder, more crowded regions of London club-land.

Differing somewhat in scope from the clubs described above is the Somerville Club,* in Oxford Street, which aims at combining the usual advantages of the club proper with those of the class or college; organising debates, lectures, and social evenings for the benefit of its members. These latter are drawn from all classes of society; the annual subscription is ten shillings. The original idea of its founders was to create a social centre for women to whom the ordinary social advantages are not easily accessible. Only women are eligible as members, but men may be introduced as visitors. Reading-room, library, &c., are provided, as at other clubs, and refreshments can be obtained at very moderate charges.

The ice, then, may be considered to have been fairly broken, and the woman's club to have taken its place among our social institutions. There is, so far, no good reason to suppose that, intoxicated by the sweets of club liberty, ladies have been led away into any of those extravagances prophesied by Mr. du Maurier and other humorists.

The female club-lounger, the *flâneuse* of St. James's Street, latch-key in pocket and eye-glasses on nose, remains a creature of the imagination. The clubs mentioned are sober, business-like haunts enough, to which no dutiful wife or serious-minded maiden need feel ashamed of belonging. If the Alexandra, with its talk of Drawing-Rooms, aims rather more at smartness than the rest, it is none the worse for that; nor are we to blame the "frivolous" woman for following in the wake of her professional sister.

LUNCH.

But it is to the professional woman, when all is said, that the club offers the most substantial advantages. What woman engaged in art, in literature, in science, has not felt the drawbacks of her isolated position? Apart from that intellectual solitude to which Miss Simcox alludes in the article before quoted, she has had to contend with every practical disadvantage.

* The original subscription to the Somerville Club (founded in 1878) was five shillings. This club dissolved itself at the end of last year, and has recently re-established itself on a slightly different basis. After June, 1888, an entrance-fee of ten shillings will be charged.

She has had to fight her way unknown and single-handed; to compete with a guild of craftsmen all more or less known to one another, having easy access to one another, bound together by innumerable links of acquaintance and intercourse. It is all uphill work with her, unless she be somebody's sister, or somebody's wife, or unless she have the power and the means of setting in motion an elaborate social machinery to obtain what every average follower of his calling has come to regard as a right.

The number of professional women of all kinds has increased so greatly, and is still so greatly increasing, that, with a little more *esprit de corps*, women might do a great deal for themselves and for one another. A level platform of intercourse for members of the same craft, regardless of distinction of sex, may assuredly be looked forward to in no distant future; but at present I believe the fact of sex to have too great social insistence to render such an arrangement practicable, though such institutions as the Albemarle Club are steps in the right direction.

Not long ago, indeed, a motion was brought forward for the admission of women to the Savile Club. Its rejection must be a matter of regret to all women engaged in literature and education; but the fact that such a motion was brought forward and considered is of itself significant.

At this point we seem to hear the voice of some excellent Conservative upraised in protest. "You have dismissed Trixy Rattlecash and Julia Wildrake," it says, "but do you hold up anything so admirable after all? Is Cornelia Blimber elbowing her way into a man's club-room such an edifying spectacle, when all is said? Is it such a beautiful thing that Mrs. Jellaby should absent herself from home at all hours of the day, or the Princess Ida take to haunting the neighbourhood of Bond Street? Are we expected to rejoice over the fact that Blanche and Psyche can entertain Cyril and Florian at a club dinner, or to sympathise with the selfishness of Penthesilea in disregarding the social claims of her family?"

In reply, I can only say that I am considering things as they are, not as they might be. We are in England, not in Utopia; it is the nineteenth century, and not the Golden Age; the land is not flowing with milk and honey; those commodities can only be obtained by strenuous and competitive effort.

It is not for me to rejoice over, or to deplore, the complete and rapid change of the female position which has taken place in this country during the last few years. It is a phenomenon for our observation rather than an accident for our intervention; the result of complex and manifold circumstance over which none of us can be thought to have much control. The tide has set in and there is no stemming it.

It is not without regret that one sees the old order changing and giving place to new in this respect. The woman who owns no interests beyond the circle of home, who takes no thought for herself, who is content to follow where love and superior wisdom are leading—this ideal of feminine excellence is not, indeed, to be relinquished without a sigh.

FIVE O'CLOCK TEA.

But she is, alas! too expensive a luxury for our civilisation; we cannot afford her.

To ignore blindly this fact, to refuse obstinately to face it, only means the bringing down of sorrow and distress on the heads of every one concerned.

A day has come when the most conservative among us must realise the necessity for women of leaving off weeping and taking to working, no less than man.

Now an unmixed diet of work is no more suited for Jill than it is for Jack; she must be left, moreover, to choose her own games, and play after her own fashion. A course of worsted-work and morning calls to a woman desirous of the peaceful amenities of club-land would be about as enlivening as the celebrated game of chevy-chase, in *Vice Versâ*, to the young gentlemen of Dr. Grinstone's Academy.

There is no reason to suppose that because she is a member of a club a woman will develop the selfishness of her husband and brother; that, for instance, she will seek to emulate the young man in *Punch* who wondered why his family went to the expense of taking in the papers, considering he saw them all at his club!

Do we hear of unladylike excesses among the students of Girton or of Somerville Hall? Of the undue extravagance and evil habits of those hard-working and self-respecting bodies? And who does not remember the prophetic chorus of many Cassandras and Isaiahs which greeted the establishment of lectures for women at Cambridge?

Let it be remembered that, while the old state of affairs was in many respects beautiful and satisfactory, it was the source of much and of increasing evil; adapted rather for the happiness of the chosen few than of the unchosen many. To its upholders in these days can only be attributed an unphilosophic disregard of the greatest happiness of the greatest number.

And yet, in the words of Clough's undergraduate:—

"Often I find myself saying—old faith and doctrine abjuring,
Into the crucible casting philosophies, facts, convictions—
Were it not well that the stem should be naked of leaf and of tendril,
Poverty-stricken, the barest, the dismallest stick of the garden,
Flowerless, leafless, unlovely for ninety and nine long summers,
So at the hundredth, at last, were bloom for one day at the summit,
So but that fleeting flower were lovely as Lady Maria?"

Often I find myself saying it, perhaps; but always to return, as the hero of the poem did, to the recollection that interchange of service is, after all, the law and condition of beauty. Let us, then, remember that, while we lose much, we gain, perhaps more, by the new state of affairs.

AMY LEVY.

Love's Absolution; or, an Episode of London Life.

IT was a dreary December evening, dreary everywhere, but especially so in a narrow little street, of two-storied houses, lying at the back of Westminster Abbey, and in close proximity to the river, from whence the stealthily creeping fog was sullenly mingling with the blacker fumes emanating from the City; the embrace of these two unlovely atmospheres combining to envelop both the street and its inhabitants in darkest obscurity.

Sleet, rapidly developing into snow, was beginning to fall, adding to the prevailing gloom, while the lamps, looming through the fog, failed in their friendly purport of guiding the steps of those unfortunates whom necessity or misery kept abroad on this wretched evening.

In one of the houses of the street described above, in a room at the back of his little shop, the shutters of which he had put up, hopeless of further customers in such weather, sat a man in the prime of life fashioning a wedding-ring, and surrounded by sundry articles of humble jewellery, mostly in a broken condition.

Once the foreman to an eminent firm of jewellers, Owen Chester now worked at his trade on his own account. In his way he was a remarkable-looking man, for the shadow of a great sorrow lay on his face, giving nobility to the otherwise rather rough-hewn features. He was tall and strongly built, and to all appearance possessed the athletic strength of one in the full vigour of manhood. Yet, notwithstanding his eyebrows and eyelashes were jet-black, his hair was nearly white, while a pronounced furrow between his deep-set eyes gave to this sad and solitary worker a stern, almost forbidding appearance, which changed to scornful fierceness as, having completed the ring, he held it on his forefinger at arm's-length, murmuring in bitter irony—

"To be called for to-morrow, when he trusts to place it on his sweetheart's hand. Ah! little he wots there's many a slip between the cup and the lip. Sweethearts! black and false hearts they had best be termed." As he spoke these words in passionate scorn, he cast the ring down, exclaiming despairingly, "Seven years to-day, seven long weary years, and yet I can't forget. Oh, God! grant me forgetfulness or death."

Flinging himself forwards on the table as he spoke, he buried his face in his hands, giving himself up to sorrowful and despairing retrospection, as was ever the case on each recurring anniversary of this, the saddest day in Owen Chester's sad life. It was the anniversary of what should have been his wedding day. Seven years back, he had loved, as a man of his strong nature alone can love—devotedly, passionately—a beautiful girl, a milliner in a fashionable house of business.

She had coquetted with him long, angered him often, by her flirtations with others, especially with one whose character was well known to Owen, and whose attentions to Flora—he being a gentleman by birth—could mean the girl nothing but shame and evil.

But all this was forgotten and forgiven; friendly warnings were disregarded, when, one day, placing her hand in his, she promised to be Owen's wife, vowing that she had equally discarded from her thoughts and heart that high-born rival who had roused his fiercest jealousy and indignation, and Owen believed her.

For three Sundays they sat side by side, he glancing proudly down at her downcast eyes and trembling figure, as he listened in happy triumph while their names were called in church.

How modest and pretty she looked! Little did he dream that the heart which he fondly trusted beat in loving unison with his own, was filled with another's image—was breaking for the sake of one who, though professing to adore her, had laughed, almost contemptuously, at Flora's imagining he could make her his wife. This rude shattering of her airy dreams of passion and ambition was the only reason which had impelled Flora at last to accept Owen. For in the thought that he was about to lose her for ever might she not sting that other proud lover, who held her unworthy to bear his name, into such regret as might still inspire him with a desire to offer her marriage?

Poor, foolish girl! Love, combined with ambition, had rendered a naturally amiable character both cruel and selfish.

As the day approached for her union with Owen, she grew paler and thinner. The last straw to which she had clung failed her. The unworthy stratagem by which she had trusted to rouse nobler sentiments in her former admirer's breast had proved fruitless.

Friends gossiped, maintaining she still held meetings with him; Owen indignantly turned a deaf ear to every report, for where he loved he trusted, and had not his loved one sworn all was over between her and the man he despised and hated above all others?

The wedding morning, so anxiously looked forward to by Owen, finally arrived. According to Flora's decision they were first to meet on this day in church. Counting time by the impatient beats of his honest heart, Owen stood at the altar-rails awaiting his bride.

Was she ill that she thus tarried? The recognised hour of marriage had nearly elapsed, and still the bridegroom, with white face and eyes of wild anxiety, did not move from his post, for the only friend who had accompanied him volunteered to go in search of the tardy bride. Some little time had passed since his departure, and the clergyman was preparing to leave the church, observing, "No marriage could now take place this day," when with hurried footsteps and scared countenance Owen's friend returned, and approaching the bridegroom,

laid a compassionating hand on his shoulder, saying, "Come home, Owen. Something terrible has happened. You must bear this blow as a man should."

Fiercely Owen thrust him back, exclaiming wildly—

"The truth! nothing but the truth! If she is dead, say so."

"Worse, Owen, far worse."

"Worse? What can be worse?" shrieked Owen.

"Shame and disgrace are worse. Though living, she is dead to you for ever. She has fled with another, and not to be his wife."

As though a bullet had struck him to the heart, Owen staggered, then fell heavily forward to the ground. They thought the blow had killed him, but it had not dealt so mercifully with the unfortunate man. He awoke to life, though not to reason, and so violent was his mania that, being without near relatives, it was found imperative to place him in an asylum, where he remained for many months, unvisited, forgotten; for Owen had no great friends, his quiet reserved character having tended to render him unpopular. The whole wealth of love and kindliness lying dormant within him had never been called into existence until he met Flora. Then, like a torrent long pent up, it had flowed out towards her in one mighty rush.

That strong love she had despised and trampled upon, but he could not recall it. It had gone from him, leaving his heart empty, desolate of all but sorrow, and horror of the fate this poor, frail woman had prepared for herself.

For some time after his reason was restored, feeling disinclined at first to mingle with old associates, to face a world become so barren to him of all happiness, Owen remained on at the asylum, tending at his own desire the other patients. But he was endowed with a brave spirit, and as his bodily health returned, he determined to live down his aggravated sorrows, and begin life afresh. Then only he realised the ruggedness of the path lying before him. His story was too well known. The fatal stigma of the asylum clung to him like the brand of Cain. His old employer had supplied his place. Others turned coldly or evasively from his proffered services. And after several unsuccessful efforts to obtain employment, mortified and disappointed, he took the humble abode where he still dwelt, making, in course of time, by his patience and industry, a living sufficient for his wants. But he had become a stern, morose man, shunning his fellows, seeking no sympathy, and brooding over his wrongs and griefs in a loneliness none ever dared to intrude upon.

The name of her who had worked him such appalling evil had never passed his lips from the day she had betrayed him; but upon every recurring anniversary of that unforgotten day, a gloom, blacker than the darkest night, enveloped the unhappy man, and he would remain for hours plunged in dreary retrospection of his bitter past.

No angry or revengeful feelings mingled with his sad reminiscences. Compassion deep and true for his erring love filled his whole soul with boundless pity. Dread of the depths of sin into which she might have sunk, anguish at the thought of what the eternal future held in store for her, drove all harder thoughts from his mind. He had been always a deeply religious man, and his religion, since his misfortunes, had become stern and desponding in its nature. He dwelt much on the punishment of sin, little on the mercy of God. It was known that he often passed whole nights in the streets, coming home in the early hours of morning pale and weary. He was searching for Flora, for he knew she had long been discarded by the man for whose sake she had betrayed a truer lover. And never did he pass some poor outcast without a shuddering fear, yet latent hope, that in her he might recognise one whom he considered as a lost soul, unless the road of repentance was opened out to her. For he allowed there was forgiveness for the repentant sinner, and perhaps her chance of salvation might even be greater were she cast down from the high places of iniquity, where pleasure and guilty success left no room for remorseful thought, into those blacker depths where so many of the vain and weak of her sex were finally stranded.

"Oh, just and merciful Judge of all sinners, grant her time for repentance. If I have lost her in this world, let me find her in the next. Forgive her, as I have long since forgiven."

Such was the cry of this faithful heart, as he kept his solitary vigil on this the seventh anniversary of his sorrow. As Owen gave utterance to this passionate appeal, he raised his head, extending his arms upwards. Suddenly they dropped, and he started up quickly—nervously, at the unusual sound of a cab rattling up the quiet street. In another moment it had stopped at his own door, the bell of which was furiously rung.

Like all people leading a lonely life, Owen was slow and cautious in his movements, and now gave himself time to wonder who this intruder of his peace might be. In the meanwhile he heard the cab-door bang-to violently, after which the vehicle was driven swiftly away. "A mistake, evidently," thought Owen, as he began wearily to prepare his frugal supper. But he had hardly sat down to it, when another ring at the bell—a feeble echo of the former peal—again startled him, and getting up he approached the shop-door, only half opening it, for the cold was intense, and the snow, now falling fast, drove in his face in large flakes as he peered out in the darkness. Though the fog had cleared he could perceive no one, and was about to re-close the door, believing himself the victim of some street Arab, when to his astonishment he heard a child's sweet voice cry out plaintively—

"Oh, please don't shut Tiny out. She is so cold and tired."

Stooping quickly in the direction of the voice, Owen discovered a diminutive figure crouched down in a corner of the doorway, but so covered with snow that it was not surprising he had at first failed to see it. In her hand, for it was a girl, she held a diminutive bundle.

Obeying the impulse of the moment, and kind always to children, Owen took hold of the child's hand, and closing the door quickly, drew her into the shop.

The poor little creature, who was about five or six years of age, had a painfully sad, wistful face, and was

meanly clad in a tattered black frock, and a shapeless bonnet. She was pale and trembling, and the tears streamed down her thin cheeks as Owen said softly—

"Who has been cruel enough to send you out this bitter night, my poor child? What do you want, little one?"

"Please, sir, I am come to stay." Owen started. "He wanted to send me to the Union, but mother, she said Tiny was to come here."

"Mother!" repeated Owen, "who is your mother? And who is *he* who wants to send you to the Union?"

"Step-father. He's wicked, and beats poor Tiny. And oh, please, sir, I have a letter from mother. They say she's dead, but I know better, for she told me she was going to heaven, and I want to go there too if—if I could find the way. And she said you were good and kind, and would show me the right road."

Here the child began to wring her little hands and to sob bitterly. More mystified than ever, Owen led her to the fire, and patting her encouragingly on the head, asked for the letter.

It was carefully concealed inside her ragged frock. With deepening curiosity he took it from her, trusting it might contain some elucidation of the child's mysterious appearance. But though the envelope was correctly addressed in his name, the handwriting was wholly unknown to him. Notwithstanding, at the very first glance of that which it enclosed he uttered a cry so wild and piercing, that the child who was seated at the fire still gently sobbing, started up, gazing at him in terror. And, indeed, Owen's appearance was sufficient to have alarmed even a stouter spirit than that of this trembling waif. He was white as death, while his dilated eyes, fixed on the letter before him, seemed to be starting out of his head. The handwriting of that letter was too well known to him. It was Flora's, and many, in the same hand, yellow and worn, lay in a cabinet close by.

Suddenly he dropped the letter, or rather it fell from his nerveless grasp, and springing to his feet he seized the child roughly by the arm, and dragging her towards the lamp, closely scanned her every feature.

Terrified by his wild look and manner, she cried out piteously—

"Oh, don't beat Tiny! Mammy said you would be good to her. Oh, mammy, come back, and take Tiny to heaven!"

Her little head fell back as she spoke. She had fainted.

Recalled to himself, not only by the piteousness of her appeal, but by the fear she might be dead, Owen lifted her in his arms and carried her into the back room. Painfully light as was the unhappy child's weight, he was trembling from head to foot as he laid her on his own bed. But the necessity of immediate action was imperative, reflection must come afterwards. And as he chafed her cold wasted hands and arms, compassion deep and Christ-like overwhelmed him at sight of the cruel marks of ill-treatment to which this poor waif had been subjected.

But Tiny's suffering little heart was beginning to beat again, and supreme joy filled his own at this evidence that she still lived; and finding his kindly but clumsy efforts to restore her to full consciousness prove unavailing, he called for the aid of a neighbour, a widow who lived overhead, and hastily handing Tiny over to her care, observed hurriedly—

"We must make inquiries about this poor child to-morrow. She has been left at our door, and in any case must remain here to-night, Mrs. Bentley. You have, I know, a motherly heart."

Without waiting for a reply he left the room. As he did so Tiny opened her eyes and fixed them upon him. He shuddered, for they were Flora's eyes appealing to him for pardon and compassion. Mechanically, like one who walks in his sleep, he returned to where he had left the letter. Would he find it there still, or was his belief of having received it the creation of a diseased brain? Could he be going mad again?

A wail from the room above, whither the child had been conveyed by motherly hands, the open letter still lying on the table, convinced him that all that had occurred within the last few moments were stern realities.

He had but glanced at the opening lines of that letter. Now he slowly and deliberately read it to the end. And thus it ran:—

"OWEN,—The hand which traces these lines will be cold and stiff in death when they meet your eye. Oh! cast them not aside. Read them, read them, for the sake of Him who died for sinners, of whom I am chief. But if I have sinned much, I have suffered much, though not more than I deserve; and, Owen, I have repented, I have, indeed. But what repentance can undo my wrong to you? Yet something whispers that you have forgiven me. And if you could forgive, surely God will not be less merciful! I have seen you often, Owen, when you little knew I was near, and longed to throw myself at your feet, but did not dare. Shall I tell you why I have the certainty of your forgiveness? One night when my heart was desolate within me, I turned into the meeting-house where we used to go together, and I heard you pray for one who had wrought you great evil, and I wept, Owen. Ah! how I wept, for I knew you were praying for me. But your prayer saved me; that night repentance entered into my soul, and I vowed to sin no more.

"He had forsaken me and my child then, but one in a humble walk of life offered me marriage, said he would be a father to my babe. For her sake I accepted. God best knows how he fulfilled that promise. But I bore all his ill-treatment, even to blows, through long dreary years as expiation of what I had made you suffer. But what I could not bear was his cruelty to my unoffending child. This has slowly killed me. When I am dead he has sworn to send her to the Union. Owen, for the love of Christ, save her from this. Unknown to him she will be conveyed to your house. Have mercy on her. Keep her from future evil. Teach her the road to heaven. Guard her from her mother's sins, and so heap coals of fire on the head of repentant and most unhappy "FLORA."

Even in his bitterest hour of sorrow Owen had never shed a tear, the iron had entered too deeply into his soul for him to find relief in tears; but as he now concluded Flora's appeal for her nameless child, he buried his face in his hands, and wept aloud. Slowly it was dawning upon him that his prayer was answered—answered more fully and freely than he had ever hoped or trusted it would be. The woman he had so truly loved had not become that vile thing from which all good people instinctively shrink with compassionate loathing. She had repented—was safe for all eternity.

But she had bequeathed him a legacy, the acceptance of which must be the confirmation of his forgiveness. She implored him to become the guardian of her child, of *his* also, of that man whom he would willingly have killed at one time had it been in his power.

He had long forgiven Flora. But was he called upon, in proof of that forgiveness, to cherish beneath his roof the living proof of her sin, of her treachery to him? He started to his feet at the thought, clenching his hand convulsively, wrestling in desperate agony of spirit with the conflicting emotions by which he was torn.

Becoming calmer after a time, he fell on his knees, praying, as was his wont in every difficulty, to have the way made clear to him. When he arose from that prayer his decision had been made.

Even as God had granted his petition for Flora, so surely was he bound to grant hers for Tiny.

Locking up her letter in the cabinet which held those others, once so cherished, and which he had never had courage to burn, he hastily took up a candle and mounted the stairs to the room where the child lay.

On the landing he met the woman in whose care he had placed her, who observed with tearful eyes—

"Poor stray lamb, she has sobbed herself to sleep." Then looking up at Owen with deep curiosity, she added, "She's been dropped here purposely, I'm thinking, Mr. Chester. But of course, if none come to claim her to-morrow, you will send her to the Union."

"No," replied Owen firmly, "God has sent her to my door. Here she shall remain." In softer accents he said, "I know something about this child, Mrs. Bentley. I will tell you more to-morrow."

He re-opened the door where Tiny was, as he spoke, shutting it gently but decisively after him. He wished for no witness of what passed between him and Flora's unhappy offspring.

For a moment he remained perfectly still, then with a throbbing heart approached the bed and gazed wistfully down on the sleeping child, who looked whiter and more wan than when awake.

That her repose was not that of happy childhood was evinced by her laboured breathing, and the expression of terror which had not deserted her little face even in sleep. Her hair, matted and tangled, was scattered over the pillow; and her thin arms, with the hands tightly clenched, were thrown over her head, while tears still clung to her eyelashes, and stained her cheeks. A sad and moving sight!

Overcome by the child's piteous aspect, Owen sank on his knees by the bedside, murmuring—

"Flora's child! Oh, Father in heaven, how different had she been mine also!"

An irrepressible sob escaped him, startling and awaking the little sleeper, who, springing up, looked wildly around her. Catching sight of Owen, she cowered down, striving to hide herself with the bed-clothes, as she exclaimed in smothered accents of intense terror—

"Oh, please, please don't hurt Tiny any more, and she'll do all you tell her!"

Evidently the poor child was only half awake, and still pursuing some painful dream, for her whole form was quivering with intense terror. But Owen put his arms tenderly around her, and drawing her towards him, said in a voice of inexpressible compassion—

"Have no fear, Tiny. Nobody in this world will ever hurt you again."

The child looked up at him with wondering eyes, in which, however, confidence dwelt as she repeated in awe-struck tones—

"Nobody will hurt Tiny any more. Then I am in heaven, and you must be God. But where is mammy?"

"You are not in heaven yet, Tiny, nor am I God. But I am going to teach you the road to heaven, where one day you will see Him, and find your mother," answered Owen in deep emotion.

Closer to him crept the child, nestling her head on his shoulder as she whispered in surprise—

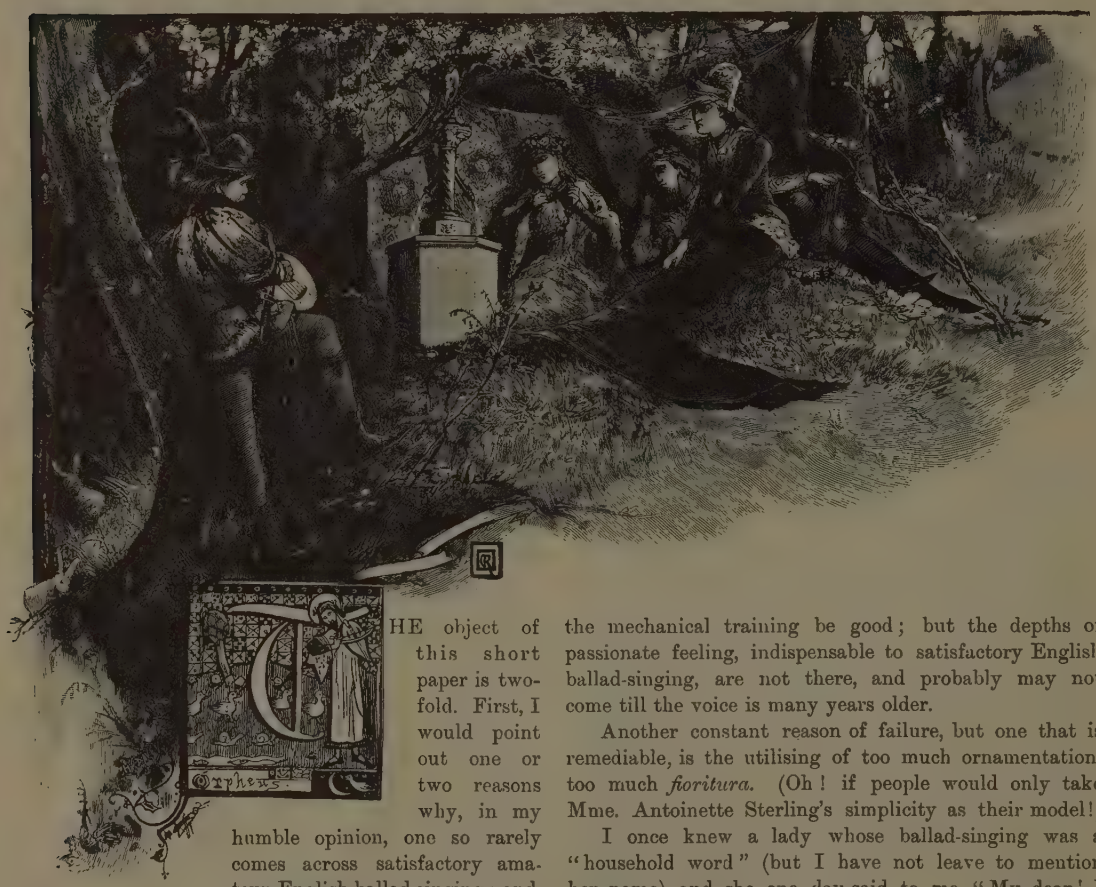
"Why, those are mammy's words. And if you are not God, you must be good like Him, and won't send Tiny back to step-father"—she shuddered—"or to the Union."

"Never, Tiny. I call God to witness that henceforth you are my child."

He waited a moment, but she made no reply. The wearied waif was falling asleep again, and a peace of mind, unknown to him for years, rose in Owen's heart as he observed a smile resting on her face. Laying her gently down, he stooped and dropped a kiss on her brow, upon which a tear also fell. That tear washed out all remembrance of Flora's sin, that kiss was the seal of his perfect forgiveness, deciding for ever the fate of Flora's child.

VIRGINIA SANDARS.

A Woman's Thoughts upon English Ballad-Singers and English Ballad-Singing.



THE object of this short paper is two-fold. First, I would point out one or two reasons why, in my humble opinion, one so rarely comes across satisfactory amateur English ballad-singing; and, secondly, I would venture a few suggestions to would-be ballad-singers. Before I begin, however, I wish to state that, having been nothing but an obscure amateur musician all my life, it must be distinctly understood that I do not aim at "laying down the law," but I would simply "air" my own ideas; so if my readers are good-natured enough just to take my words for what they are worth, they probably will do no good, but they cannot possibly do any harm.

I fear I shall not recommend myself to my readers when I begin by saying that one of the most common causes of failure in ballad-singing arises from what is, for the moment, an insurmountable difficulty to youthful singers, namely, that when the voice is at its freshest and purest—in fact, when it is young—the most requisite quality, called "soul," must of necessity be generally absent (or, at all events, very undeveloped) in consequence of the performer's inexperience in heart-teachings. A girl's voice may be sweet and true, and the mechanical training be good; but the depths of passionate feeling, indispensable to satisfactory English ballad-singing, are not there, and probably may not come till the voice is many years older.

Another constant reason of failure, but one that is remediable, is the utilising of too much ornamentation, too much *fioritura.* (Oh! if people would only take Mme. Antoinette Sterling's simplicity as their model!)

I once knew a lady whose ballad-singing was a "household word" (but I have not leave to mention her name), and she one day said to me, "My dear! I haven't a run or a shake in me—and never had!" and I never heard her attempt one; but the beauty and pathos of her ballads were entrancing.

Those privileged individuals who can call to mind Mme. Dolby's singing, will remember that although she possessed runs and shakes to any amount, she rarely utilised them in her English songs, and most certainly her voice and "style" were as near perfection as anything this side the grave.

Some of my readers may remember a lady who made a great stir several (I may say, many) years ago in the *élite* of the London musical world. I allude to Mrs. Murray Gartshore. She was a most satisfactory amateur, and those who ever had the privilege of hearing her sing "Give me back one hour of Scotland," or "Love me if I live, love me if I die!" will not have forgotten it. Her voice was an ample mezzo-soprano, but her deep notes were wonderful, having all the richness and pathos of a real contralto. She invariably sang without notes,

and accompanied herself standing, for she said she could not bring out her voice in a sitting posture. She was not young when I first saw her, and although far from handsome, there was an expression in her face as she sang which was very remarkable, for one saw that her very soul went out in her music, and that her thoughts were far away—far beyond her momentary surroundings. I recollect once hearing her sing a most touching song, called "Love not" (the words written by the famous Mrs. Norton). It was at a house in Grosvenor Square; I forget who was the hostess, but the drawing-room was crammed, and as the last notes of the sweet voice died away every one was discovered to be in tears. The universal emotion would, probably, have lasted some minutes, had not a smothered and sepulchral groan issued from the body of the room—apparently coming from some agitated individual whose face seemed buried in a pocket-handkerchief—and then a deep manly voice uttered these oracular words:—

"Her dog! her dog! Tell her to sing her dog!"

The speaker was old Lady Morley, a lady well known for her sympathetic kindness of heart and for the masculine depth of her tones. The "dog-song" for which she craved was a great favourite with Mrs. Gartshore's hearers, but I forget its title. It related most graphically the rescue of a drowning man from the waves by a dog, and on the occasion in question Mrs. Gartshore, with her usual unaffected good-nature, complied with Lady Morley's loudly-expressed wish.

I had never heard the "dog-song" before, and I never forgot it. I listened, I remember, with breathless interest as each word was simply and clearly enunciated; and when, at the conclusion, Mrs. Gartshore's voice joyfully rang out, "He is saved! He is saved!" my feelings overcame me to such a degree that I had to be hustled out of the room into a neighbouring apartment to compose myself; for, being somewhat young in years, I cried (as the children call it) "out loud," and created quite a disturbance.

I often heard Mrs. Gartshore sing afterwards, and I do not think she liked me the less for my unconventional sobs. Poor lady! she is dead now; but I can see her still, standing at her pianoforte, weirdly pale, and looking straight before her, as though she saw Something, unseen by the bystanders. She had a way also, after concluding a song, of remaining erect and quite still; gazing, as it were, through and beyond the room in which she was—almost as if she were awaiting some long-expected answer to her plaintive and passionate melodies; and it would be quite two or three moments before she seemed to recollect herself: then she would turn with a smile to old Lord Lansdowne, and sink into a seat. Lord Lansdowne (grandfather to the present peer) was always to be seen close to Mrs. Gartshore's pianoforte when she sang, for he was deaf; and although he was ever regarded as a hard man and a practical, I have often seen him belie his character, hanging upon that lady's touching notes with tearful eyes.

To the youthful amateur I would now give a few hints which may prove useful.

Above all things, when you sing, forget yourself and think only of the music, for singers for effect are unbearable; and if you wish to please and touch the hearts of your hearers, you should sing simply (without notes is best, and accompanying yourself), and as naturally as you speak, both in expression of face and in articulation. All unnatural grimaces, either in the struggle to open your mouth sufficiently, or in the anxiety to produce a fascinating (?) expression, must be strenuously avoided. A clear pronunciation, too, is most important, and most difficult in the English language, for so many words almost necessitate the closing of the lips, such as "nymph," "lip," "moon," "bridge," "love," &c. &c.; but this difficulty will be obviated by a sensible vocalist—one who has the tact to *ménager* such words. All tricks and affectations must be shunned "as a sailor shuns the rocks," or they will inevitably shipwreck the performer. Some girls, who would not otherwise sing badly, make themselves thoroughly objectionable through tricks. I will cite one or two cases that have come under my own observation.

I once knew a young girl who, whenever she reached any especial passage to which she wished to impart thrilling emphasis, would twist and turn her body from side to side, as though she were in the very extremity of torture—a trick which was inexpressibly aggravating. Another would put on what, at starting, was an affected smile, but which speedily resolved itself into a painful grin—painful to others, as it evidently was to herself, for it made one's very jaws ache to watch her spasmodic efforts to keep her mouth "in position," seeing that whether she chanced to be pouring forth words of tenderest love, of direst hate, or of agonising jealousy, the grin was ever the same! No; let us have no tricks, no affectations, no grimaces! I was cured of "making faces" by my singing-master, who one day, in the midst of my song, hurriedly placed a mirror before me, and I caught myself looking so excruciatingly absurd, so painfully ugly, that ever afterwards any good or bad looks I possessed (at all events during my vocal efforts) had the merit of being natural.

Sing as you really feel at the moment, and do not "try to feel what you sing," as so many well-meaning teachers conjure you to do. "Feeling" will never come till it does so naturally, and without trying; and do believe me that all *travaillé* feeling is (like some old lady's wig in one of Dickens's inimitable stories) such a glaring deception that it ceases to be one, and takes nobody in.

Finally, dare I offer one hint (almost amounting to a solemn warning) to some mature amateurs? I have humbly endeavoured, as far as my feeble lights shine, to teach young performers how to sing; and now my anxiety is to teach old ones, or nearly old ones, how *not* to sing; for I know no more sorry sight or sound than that of a poor lady with a cracked voice, or one who will not allow that her voice has gone away and left her.

To these middle-aged sufferers (of whom I am one) I would say kindly but firmly, Dear Mrs. Vorbei! dear sister! be persuaded by me, and never sing publicly again—no, not even *en petite comité;* for your voice is (speaking honestly) cracked—or, at best, very uncertain,

and disposed to play heartless pranks upon you; for when you open your mouth to sing, curious husky noises (over which you have no control) issue from your lips, distressing your hearers much, and yourself more, for they—your hearers (the kind ones)—assure you what you know is false—*i.e.*, that your voice is "as lovely as ever"; while the vulgar herd laughs, not discerning that, to you, those husky sounds are real and literal *larmes dans la voix;* for no one (but the sufferers) knows the bereavement it is when one's voice is dead. No, dear lady! have the courage to confess yourself *passée*, and sing only when you are alone, or perchance with some close friend (then you are not so much to be pitied as some!) who remembers what your voice once was, and who prefers even its sad ghost—so suggestive of the past—to the merry discords (I speak advisedly) called "music" of the present.

"Ah! tempo passato! perchè non ritorne!"

WILHELMINA MUNSTER.

The Society of Lady Dressmakers.

HOW many women there are who sicken with despair as the undoubted truth is daily borne in upon them, that in both the educational and literary markets the supply is greater than the demand, and that no one without special gifts and peculiar fitness can now hope to win even standing-room amongst the jostling crowd that besieges the strait road to success in either of these professions! Let them come to us and they will hear a more cheerful tale.

The idea of our Society had its origin in Cambridge, the head centre—it may be remarked in passing—of the movement for the higher education of woman. It may be that the near neighbourhood of Newnham and Girton afforded good opportunity for observing how few of the ladies striving to live by "things learned" had the aptitude required. It may be that those on the watch-towers there realised, even more vividly than we below, how useful other, and less ambitious, openings would be for the rank and file who could not hope to win the name and fame of their more highly endowed sisters. Some of us in London had long desired to see such an experiment tried, but it is to a handful of Cambridge ladies that must be given the honour of putting the idea into form and getting it started as a limited company. And how difficult a matter that is, let any amateur, unacquainted with the intricacies and technicalities of company law, make trial on her own account.

After awhile, when the shares began to be freely taken up, it seemed fitter that the head-quarters of the Society should be transferred to London. Drawing-room meetings were held, and the prospects of the Society were so far encouraging that the Board of Directors felt themselves justified in taking premises and venturing on opening the business. This they accordingly did at 87, George Street, Portman Square, on the 1st of October last. Luck has been with them so far. Two French *premières*, who have worked in some of the best houses both here and in Paris, have been engaged as "heads of departments;" whilst the Board were fortunate enough to secure, early in the proceedings, a lady manager of the very first calibre, fitted in every way for the difficult position she has to fill. In the *atelier* are now gathered together a company of ladies who, I am proud to say, can show work as good in quality and as refined in finish as the soul of any woman can desire. Girls apprenticed to us are put in the way of learning their art with the most complete thoroughness—that is to say, from its very beginning. In the ordinary dressmaker's establishment it is, I am told, quite possible for a girl, unless unusually bright and receptive, to leave at the end of her term knowing very little more than when she came. With us this will not be so, for we have a double purpose: (1) to turn out first-class work at just, and not exorbitant, prices; (2) to establish a school of dressmaking for ladies, at which the teaching given shall be as good as can be had anywhere. When once firmly rooted in the capital we hope to send out branches into the provinces, and by establishing like schools in all the big towns, help to solve the problem—what to do with the "redundant 6 per cent." of unmarried women—there as well as here. Then, too, we have visions of self-supporting boarding-houses to be opened in connection with the Society, so that parents and guardians sending girls to us from the country will know they are "mothered" and spend bright evenings—their days' work done. But this is in the future—though a future neither dim nor distant, I trust. For the present we must be content to go softly. Before we launch out into any new undertaking, we must feel assured that we shall be supported by those who recognise that this is a bit of world's work well worth the doing and the helping forward. Now the Society can be helped in three ways—(1) by taking shares; (2) by ordering dresses; (3) by making its aims known as widely as possible. Miss Ellis, Honorary Secretary, will give every information to inquirers; whilst if there are any ladies who wish for light and leading, Miss Blumberg will guide their steps aright.

Only one word more. We do not seek the philanthropic customer. We are not a Society that asks for alms; we are strictly commercial and intend to "survive" on the Darwinian principle. If any lady gives her first order out of charity, I venture to think that she will give a second, based on a sounder principle, namely, because she finds she gets a full equivalent for her outlay when dealing with the Ladies' Dressmaking Society.

R. A. COOKSON-CRACKANTHORPE.

The Endowment of the Daughter.

R. WALTER BESANT deserves the cordial thanks of every woman in the country, for his eloquent appeal on behalf of "the army of necessitous ladies" now in our midst. More than thirty years ago the warning note was raised, but people are so slow to accept unwelcome truths, that a kind but short-sighted policy on the part of parents still keeps their daughters in "the fool's paradise" complained of by Mr. Besant, who does well to repeat the cry raised thirty years ago by a little band of earnest thinkers with whom I was associated. In 1858 we asserted that, so far from women being all maintained by men, the Census proved that three million out of six million adult Englishwomen had to work for bread: consequently, we urged that new duties and new views should at once be accepted; and we pointed out that the miseries which befall penniless women are so dire, that it is criminal of parents not to provide against such contingencies. In 1888 Mr. Besant still finds it necessary to protest against the selfishness and wickedness of bringing into the world children for whom no provision is made. "It is bad enough for the boys," he continues, "but as for the girls—they had better be thrown, as soon as born, to the lions." He then speaks of the "absolute duty" of teaching girls some trade, calling, or profession. So far, the old warning voices of 1858 and the present one of 1888 are in accord; but I do not feel disposed to agree in the statement Mr. Besant makes with such confidence, viz., "that the average woman hates and loathes compulsory work." We heard the same kind of assertion in the American Civil War: "The black people don't desire freedom, and are happier as slaves," said the Southerners; and "that girls don't want to work, but prefer idleness," is still the conviction of many who do not recognise that the tastes and pursuits of even the average woman have been influenced by the changed conditions of life in the nineteenth century. Nor am I prepared to follow Mr. Besant when he says that by giving women remunerative work "the men are made poorer;" this idea seems to be founded on an economical misconception. To the employment of women in factories, for instance, may be traced half the wealth and progress of the nation, and the consequent increase in our ships and commerce has afforded productive channels for the energy of men. "If we open the Civil Service to women," he adds, "we take so many posts from men which we give to the women, *at a lower salary;* if they become cashiers, accountants, clerks, they take these places from the men." But if this should be so, I contend that the heaviest burden should not be laid upon the weakest shoulders, and one sex is as much entitled as the other to bread—and that is what wages mean.

In 1868, when Mr. W. R. Greg took up the parable, and asked, "Why are women redundant?" he fancied the solution of the whole problem was to be found in emigration; the women "condemned to celibacy, struggle, and privation here," might, in his opinion, if transferred to the Colonies, find in exchange a life of usefulness, domestic affection, and ultimate prosperity. No one who knows the work accomplished in connection with my good friend, Mrs. E. L. Blanchard, can accuse us of having undervalued the chances, during the last twenty years, for women abroad; but when this remedy has been applied as far as possible, there will still remain thousands of educated women at home, who must be taught to work, and, unless they are provided for, they must chance starvation, or do worse. By the jealous trades-unionism that meets women at every turn in the struggle for existence, and the well-meaning masculine restrictions on honest industry, some women are driven into dishonour, from which not all the romantic chivalry professed for the sex has ever shielded them.

The discussion which has been raised by Mr. Besant's proposition of an endowment, shows very plainly how little people in general have yet realised the difficulties which still surround women suddenly thrown on their own resources through the death or misfortunes of father or husband. For years I have been in direct communication with women of every rank—from the highest to the lowest throughout the kingdom; I receive letters day after day, so similar, that but for their different post-marks and signatures, you might think they had come from the same place, and referred to the same person. The father had a good income, but he lived up to it, and it died with him; his sons have some sort of footing in their different trades or professions, but the daughters have nothing to live on, and nothing to hope for. They never dreamt that they would be left unprovided for. Widows and daughters of clergymen, doctors, lawyers, merchants, and officers, come to me with the same sad tale. "I have absolutely nothing; I am ready to do anything you can suggest, but I have had no training;" and a look of blank despair comes over the face of the hopeful applicant when she receives the reply, "Then I fear you have little chance; training alone can enable you to offer the work which commands remuneration." Special talent is a force which may cut its own channel, but the average woman without training, or some special gift, naturally finds it impossible to earn her daily bread. Skilled work does not come by nature, as Dogberry insisted reading and writing did; no man can get on without training, and the woman who works in any capacity, needs the same advantage. I know that in many callings men have to encounter keen competition, but there is no class of Englishmen compelled to give their services in return for food and shelter, yet ladies are often reduced to this. I could tell some strange stories of unique positions offered to those reared in luxurious helplessness, when left in middle life without provision. Here are two specimens:—

"An active clever lady could be given the practical management of a large London boarding-house. A cheerful home offered as compensation."

"A lady required to undertake the education of two young children in return for a pleasant home in the country, and occasional drives in the pony-carriage."

Some people do not scruple to demand the whole of a lady's time and require her to teach all kinds of accomplishments; to be treated "as one of the family" is the only recompense suggested. How can ladies dress themselves without money; and what provision can they make for the needs of old age or sickness? One Christmas I analysed one hundred and fifty cases of ladies brought up in luxury who applied to me for help when suddenly left destitute; sixteen had incomes of from £10 to £18 a year; twenty-nine from £5 to £10, and the rest absolutely nothing. One hundred and three of these applicants were over forty years of age. What can such destitute ladies do? They are ashamed to beg, but too often sink into the mere recipients of charity. *Expectation* was their sole *provision;* their fathers were content to hope that marriage would place them above want; the money was spent on the sons, and neither training nor insurance saved them in the hour of need from what Mr. Besant justly describes as "struggles of the Incompetent and the helplessness of the Dependent."

Before I refer more specially to "the endowment" which Mr. Besant says the bride's mother should demand, I wish to glance at another aspect of the duties which devolve upon those who would save women from the pains and penalties of poverty. First, we must create a healthy public opinion respecting women's work. A great deal of trouble comes from the false pride fostered: middle-class people think girls lose caste by household work in the Old Country; many are willing to let them take situations in the colonies from which social prejudices debar them at home; those who work for a salary, sell their embroidery, paintings on china, &c. &c., or seek employment of any kind, are continually spoken of as "destitute ladies;" the kind of feeling conveyed by this designation makes them ashamed of undertaking work or remunerative occupation, and they consequently crave to undertake it privately under false names, or even numbers. The work societies—well-intentioned efforts, but mischievous under their present arrangements—pander to this false sentiment and promise not to "disclose their members' names." Two sisters once applied to a friend of mine for remunerative work in her art studio, but wished to stipulate that they should never be seen by the others who worked there! Another who was admitted used to get a companion to go out before she left in the evening, to see if any one was about, so great was her terror of meeting some acquaintance who might discover she was supporting herself by honest industry. Women of the middle class still cling desperately to the "shabby-genteel" idea that work is degrading, but it can scarcely be wondered at; we have not long ceased to despise industrial callings in the case of men. I remember in the days of my youth being taught to regard "a man in business" as quite outside the country society in which I found myself! We are now getting used to gentlemen traders, and every woman of position who openly undertakes paid work for which she is qualified by talent and training, will help in breaking down such contemptible notions and the fear of losing "social status."

Mr. Walter Besant says, "Let us endow our daughters:" he reminds his readers that every respectable French girl has her *dot;* that in Germany and other countries there are various ways of providing for unmarried women, and that the hour has come for English men and women to save those they love tenderly from privations and temptations they cannot even bear to contemplate in the case of others, obstinately refusing to see that "their own turn may come next." I heartily endorse Mr. Besant's suggestion, but I cannot for a moment relax my demand for definite training; whether a woman has to wrestle with the world as a breadwinner or not, she needs to be brought up in a practical manner, and taught that independence of thought and action is better than interesting weakness and glorified subjection; otherwise a careful parent's endowment may be frittered away, or make her the prey of a designing adventurer. But with such safeguards here indeed lies an opportunity which should no longer be neglected. The manner of effecting such a provision is still perhaps open to question. I had a scheme placed before me some weeks before Mr. Besant's article appeared, and which is now undergoing revision; it will probably be given to the world very soon after these lines are published. It is called "The Home-for-Life" Society, and originated with Mr. Alfred Morris, of Manchester. It will certainly afford a splendid opening not only for wise parents, but for rich uncles and generous godfathers, and kindly friends. No more silver cups and spoons, but a deferred annuity! The Society proposes three forms of provision: one by homes, which will give parents the satisfaction of feeling that it can never be alienated or sold; another takes the shape of a money annuity, and a third will enable women working for themselves to pay a monthly contribution for the purchase of an annuity to commence at an age to be agreed in each case, and calculated at the lowest possible rate consistent with safety.

I have refrained from touching on the growing number of girls who fail to find satisfaction in the mere round of balls, theatres, and a life of pleasure; or else there is much I should like to say respecting this phase of the question. I could also, but for want of space, point out how the interests of the whole community demand the joint work of man and woman; such co-operation would make marriage nobler and more complete, enrich and strengthen the mother's influence, and even give to single life a dignity and strength:

"Self-reverent each and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities,
But like each other even as those we love."

Then, as the poet said in speaking of his ideal knight:

"The twain together well might move the world."

EMILY FAITHFULL.

June Fashions.

By Mrs. Johnstone.

JUNE is the month of fruition; our flowers and our dresses are seen at their best. We expect sunshine, and we generally enjoy it, so that everything is seen *en couleur de rose.*

The tint of the year is green; no undecided green that melts into blue, but the emerald and watercress tint that is really becoming. It asserts itself mostly in millinery, and green tulle bonnets trimmed with broad green velvet, with water-lilies at the top, are to be seen at most fashionable gatherings. Time was when ladies did not wear hats in town; now young girls hardly sport anything else, and some married women only put on a bonnet when the occasion absolutely demands it. Doubtless it is on this account that so many are stringless, and so approach nearly to the hat. They are shaped somewhat like a round tent, the flowers forming a point on the top of the head, and, whether it be loops of velvet or ribbon, they all start from this apex. In the hand these bonnets look extremely small; not so on the head, where their adornments give them height. Floral bonnets are being prepared for Ascot and other peeps of Vanity Fair. Some of them are entirely composed of small blooms clustered together on a wired shape, with an upstanding bouquet at the side; but newer and more original are bonnets composed of one single flower, such as a gigantic rose or a peony, made thus. Resting on the head are large velvet pink leaves set in a circular form, and above them silk leaves (smaller, and of a slightly lighter tone), crowned with a tuft of rose-buds. There is nothing *bizarre* in this head-gear; on the contrary, it is eminently becoming. Another of the same class of bonnet is composed of moss-green velvet leaves, surmounted by a bunch of lilac and most natural mignonette.

Tea-Gown of Printed Surah, with Embroidered Collar. Dinner-Dress of Pompadour Brochè, with Cream Lace Flounces.

These styles of head-gear accord well with the floral parasols, surmounted by a rose as large as an ordinary cabbage, and bordered by rose-leaves made of lisse. The groundwork of these parasols varies greatly, from velvet to the most transparent piece-lace, and they

display a variety of flowers, which sometimes are used in bunches as a trimming, and sometimes constitute the parasol itself, the upper part forming the heart of the flower, the lower portion the petals. The idea is poetical, and suited to a summer day. The size is not quite so large as the parasols of last season. *En-tout-cas* are most used for every-day wear, and red more than any other tone. They have long cane handles with gold tops, and serve a double purpose, being used as walking-sticks. Of course you know that a woman of fashion requires a cane in this year of grace 1888 quite as much as the beaux of a century back. A glance at our illustration on page 380 shows how she uses it, as also the latest cut of Directoire bodice with its elongated waistcoat, introduced by Messrs. Lewis and Allenby.

Next to green, red is the favourite colour. Red cotton gowns will be worn, and red bonnets. Red tulles, by a strange perversity of taste, are covered often with red beetles, which inspire an inclination to shake them off, and so to get rid of a foreign and an undesirable ornament. Americans call all insects of the kind "bugs," and, notwithstanding the unpleasant association, they are buying bonnets largely, with a beetle of some species used as trimming.

There is a great disposition to show the hair through the head-gears, which are sometimes cloven down the centre from the forehead to the nape of the neck, while others have fronts composed of detached bands of jet. Jet is the one favourite material, and, trimmed with mixed flowers, assimilates with most dresses. The brims of many bonnets are edged with jet ruches, or with silk pinked ruches of two tones. The strings are sometimes made of lace, sometimes of narrow velvet, and start from the middle of the back, without being attached at all to the sides.

The printed surahs and toiles de soie, which, after all, are a revival of the useful foulards, are being employed for tea-gowns, and in our first illustration an easy mode of making is shown. Apparently the dress is cut in one, and the front breadth fastens on the left shoulder, the collar being embroidered, also the cuffs. The sleeve is new, easy, and comfortable, coming below the elbow. It is just the kind of dress which could be worn without stays, as tea-gowns all originally were; or it can be made dressy enough for home dinners. On a hot summer day, it could be slipped on comfortably after a long walk or drive. Dressmakers are directing more attention to tea-gowns than to almost any other style of dress, the demand is so great. While some of these garments are made of striped moire and velvet, in the new cowslip-green (a perfect colour for candle-light and for day wear), to fit the figure exactly, the bodice cut open in front; others are concocted of house-flannel, or simple mousseline de laine, which is printed with floral sprays, and is fresh and well suited to youth. The back should flow easily, and the front is generally loose, often made with wing-like sleeves of some thin material.

RECEPTION DRESS.

The accompanying figure (p. 377) wears a dinner-gown of Pompadour broché, made to rest on the ground. It has the appearance of being a lace skirt, with a silk one over it. You see the double flounce of vandyked lace in the front, and again at the side, where the silk opens to show it. The bodice has each shoulder differently trimmed.

The fronts of evening gowns are the medium for displaying most elaborate materials and minute ornamentation. Much of the wide lace intended for them is really an embroidered net, into which are interwoven bands of gold, mixed with white silk, which softens it while it gives it substance. Many of the striped nets have hand-painted flowers in natural colourings between, or sometimes the sprays are worked in silks. For tea-gowns they are made sufficiently long to form a blouse to the bodice.

The Directoire style suggests the best silk embroideries arranged to form the fronts of the more costly gowns. They always have an important design at the foot, which is often simply accompanied by distinct sprays above. Large sheaves of straw are set on a rich white poult de soie, the designs bordered with fine gold cord, and detached wheat-ears sparsely scattered all over. Crêpe de Chine is worked with true lover's knots in gold, enclosing garlands of Pompadour roses. Moires have the watering outlined with spangles, intermixed with

sprays of grass and wheat, and many conventional patterns of the Pompeian order are finely wrought. Stomacher pieces accompany such work for the bodices. Tinsel threads are used for floral bouquets on net and silk, and play a most important part in the guipure galons, recalling the play of tints in mother-of-pearl or opal,

> "——— like colours of a shell,
> That keeps the wear and polish of the wave."

The colours are good in themselves, but rarely has Dame Fashion blended them so deftly.

Mme. Renande, of Sussex Place, South Kensington, has a number of beautiful stuffs from which dinner and tea-gowns are made in original and pretty combinations, such as yellow and coral-pink (both light and delicate) and heliotropes of two tones. The lisses and crêpes de Chine are some embroidered, some interwoven with diagonal insertion of lace to suit matrons, while the grenadines in all colours make young girls' gowns, and are especially well suited to summer dinner-dresses, that have to stand the daylight. They are looped up with bunches of ribbons in girl-like fashion.

The redingotes that Mme. Renande makes are a useful and elegant style of dress, which can be either simple or elaborate. The skirts are made of plain wool or of shot silk, and the redingote reaches almost to the hem, has wide velvet revers, and square pockets, cuffs, and collars, the back being arranged in large folds. The addition of tinsel galons makes an elaborate dress, though a fancy and plain woollen combined answers every purpose.

Opera-cloaks go through various phases from time to time, and just now they are elaborate and bright in colouring, some of the brocades being outlined with gold, and the satins are embroidered all over with floral sprays. Mme. Renande has brought out a new shape, short at the back, the square fronts pleated and falling low on the dress. The fronts and backs are united by a straight basque like a Directoire pocket, and large gimp ornaments of a combination of all the colours in the stuff appear in front, on the shoulders, and at the back.

"You may wear your rue with a difference." Indeed, opinions differ widely as to the depth of mourning necessary to show respect to the departed. But in our more enlightened times people are beginning to see that it is no proof of woe to shroud themselves in perishable silk crape, which spoils with every shower and soon looks shabby. Messrs. Briggs, Priestly, and Sons have conferred a public benefit by introducing some silk and wool crêpe cloths (forty-four inches wide, soft, and firm) with all the mournful appearance of crape. These are calculated to bear the wear and tear of constant use. Wool crêpe cloth is even stronger; and there is a thicker make with large-patterned crapings, intended for cloaks, and useful for the deepest garb of woe. For summer and dinner wear there are three qualities of wool grenadine, two of them as thin as barège; and the pure white veiling, with black ribbons, could be worn as the depth of mourning lessened. For first mourning there is Melrose cloth (which has a fine interwoven pattern like a thick make of silk called widows' silk), silk and wool Henrietta cloth, and silk and wool Armure cloth. The combination is one which deserves special attention. Black and greys and lavenders are so generally worn now, that it is not easy to find a good half-mourning material; but some pepper-and-salt grey and black stuffs of the same firm in silk and wool exactly meet the want. Some are fancy-woven and some are plain, but all display a streaky admixture of tones which children call "thunder and lightning." And there can be no doubt as to why they are worn; no one would select them save for mourning.

PROMENADE COSTUMES.

The group before us gives a faithful impression of the dresses now worn out of doors. In the prominent figure the bonnet is stringless; the wired ribbon combined with flowers makes it stand up high over the face. The dress is of two colourings. The plain petticoat has a flounce

with a double heading, and is of the lighter tone, which also borders the redingote, forming revers in the front of the skirt and bodice. A gathered vest with collar appears beneath the turned-back portion. At the back the skirt is sewn in large pleats to the point of the bodice, and important metal ornaments of mixed colouring fasten the revers on the bust and at the waist: a new treatment which opens out an admirable use for the old clasps of antique design, that used to be worn years ago, and are still existing. The little girl wears a hat that is turned up only on one side, but with an abrupt and very decided corner covered with velvet. The crown is completely hidden by flowers, now a prevailing style, the straw or velvet, of which the rest of the hat is made, being superseded by a transparent foundation. It is a healthy mode, as it lessens the weight. The dress is a mixture of finely embroidered muslin and silk; the skirt is simply full and gathered, as is the muslin cape. The silk is cut after the order of a Louis XV. jacket, only it is caught up at the side. It turns back in front to show a contrasting lining, fastened with one large button, the cuff showing a corresponding button and the same colouring. Beneath these is a vest, which ends below the waist in a point. The idea and the mode of carrying it out are quite new. The young girl standing behind the child wears a dress in which the idea of one gown over another is again apparent; as it is in most of this season's dresses, though it has many developments. Here the under-skirt can be composed of lace flounces, plain or goffered, the over-dress being draped in points above it. It is a polonaise, and might well be adapted to washing-gowns, though these are now mostly made with full sleeves gathered into a band, hidden by an upturning cuff, or showing many runnings, on which a round lace, like a bootlace, is sewn, the accompanying tags being allowed to hang. The gatherings are often repeated on the outside of the arm, below the shoulder, and in the middle of the length. Full bodices with belts are essentially well suited to cottons, but it is more fashionable now to carry the fulness down to the long point which comes below the waist, and to trim the bodice with one or two revers of a contrasting colour, often covered with lace. The draperies are always long, the back being arranged full, and sewn round the point. At the side the skirts frequently open to show a series of scanty flounces trimmed with lace, which is laid on, and not sewn, at the edge. Polonaises are a distinguishing feature in washing-gowns, and in the simple mousseline de laines, with tiny esprit spots, such as red on a cream ground, or white on a red ground. The polonaises are long enough to almost hide the under-skirt; this is full and plain. The trimmings on bodices—such as ribbon or bands of embroidery or lace—start from beneath the arm-pits and meet in the centre of the front, which is becoming to the figure, and quite an original treatment. Wide sash ribbons are often placed in the same way with another broad sash, an arrangement nearly always seen in the Directoire styles. The double sash seems to swathe the waist, and—if properly arranged—diminishes its apparent size.

RACE-COURSE COSTUME.

There are two new materials for simple summer dresses—viz., "mousseline chiffon" (like fine undressed Mull muslin), which, by means of a cool iron, will keep in good order a long time, and is to be had in all colours; and "crêpon Pekin," which is more costly. The latter makes beautiful dresses by itself, or is applied to the fronts only, and might replace the lace in the reception dress of our second picture. It shows a silky stripe of uniform tone matching the groundwork, made of a tenacious thread, yet so soft it might be passed through a wedding-ring. Race-gowns made of it would have parasols to match.

Stripes display an infinite variety. The striped moire, with its bouquets, is used for the back of the dress on page 378.

PARIS.

THE fashions of the early days of the present century, eccentric in form, audaciously brilliant in colour, are strongly influencing those of to-day. Last winter, green and yellow in their crudest and most dazzling tones of apple-green and mandarin-yellow, wrought in velvet and satin, were worn for ball-dresses. The yellow was rendered more dazzling by the introduction of scales of gold, or of martial trimmings of gold braiding; the vernal tints were poetised by floral trimmings, or delicate embroideries of blossoms. As the spring advances, the ascendency of the two favourite colours grows more marked. We see cabbage-green jackets, and frog-green cashmere costumes; while hats are adorned with gold in panaches or in clusters radiating like suns. Gold shines everywhere: it glitters down the seams of gowns; it glistens round their bodices; it twinkles over the forehead; it encircles the waist, the throat, the wrists. It is the dominating note in every design, here wrought in embroidery, there fashioned in a flower, or in a star, then appearing again in the braided trimming.

The leading dressmakers strike the keynote of fashion; our *élégantes* take it up and play upon it varied modulations. The response this season is a clash of brilliant and bizarre harmonies. Sometimes there is a tendency to extravagant effects, for it is very difficult to manipulate with tact this whirl of startling colours and fantastic forms.

RACE-COURSE COSTUMES, FROM THE MAISON WORTH. HATS, FROM THE MAISON VIROT.

Green and yellow—in their most uncompromising shades—are still the notes of colour struck with a bold hand by the leaders of fashion, and the fair Parisian women are answering in chords of hues that recall the feathered vesture of parrots or the freshness of

meadows. Shortly—civilised womankind of every nationality will catch up the strain, and echo it shrilly or pleasantly, according to the player's sense of harmony.

Tosca green, Imperial green, Marie Louise green, tender moss green, delicate spring leaf green, bright with suggestions of golden pink, through cool reed green, and more prosaic cabbage and spinach green, run the scales of vernal tints; the yellow takes it up with sunbeam yellow, ducal yellow, canary yellow, mandarin yellow, jonquil yellow, marigold yellow, kingcup yellow, gleaming copper yellow, dull jaundice yellow. Through every shade and to every complexion the gamut of the two regnant colours runs and plays its harmonies.

There will always be, however, a few truly elegant women who will refuse to submit to any edict laid down by Fashion, not in accordance with their own individual tastes. The colours they prefer, and which become them most, they will always wear; the style of their figures and faces will be their final guide in all matters relating to dress. They may seek some new inspiration in the prevailing craze, but as they do not impose their taste upon others, they neither accept that from which they differ.

The costumes made by that master in the art of design in dress, Worth, for Mlle. Marsy in the *rôle* that she is now playing at the Porte Saint Martin, are examples of a taste superior to fashion. These exquisite creations are in tender tones of grey, pink, and violet, suggesting the delicate sweetness of pastel colouring.

The first is a Récamier dress of violet Indian cashmere, draped in front with classic simplicity; the skirt is flat at the back, the sleeves are wide, a sash of black watered ribbon is tied behind.

A gown of tender rose-colour, in thick faille, draped in Greek fashion, displays on one side a skirt of cream net; it falls in a train behind; the bodice is gathered in folds at the waist.

Another violet dress of faille. The skirt is flat, striped with interludes of black lace introduced at every breadth. The round cape is trimmed in the same style.

A silvery cashmere draped on the side, and trimmed with heavy silk fringe. The sleeves, collar, and wide white watered silk sash, knotted behind, are all embroidered in silver.

Worth brings the same perfect taste to the design of the ball-dresses which emanate from his show-rooms. One of his late designs, in its chromatic scales of colour, its discords and harmonies, excited and satisfied the eye, as he alone understands. It was of maize satin, strewn with delicate rose-buds. The skirt fell in straight folds. It was trimmed with thick flat ruches of tender blue net, and opened over a petticoat of the same net. This petticoat was trimmed with ruches of yellow-toned chicoré-green, fastened here and there with blue ribbon, which was repeated in knots on the bodice.

Our illustrations are of dresses, also designed by Worth, to be worn at the races.

One dress reaches the highest note of the diapason of fashion. It is composed of pink faille, veiled with embroidered net, gathered in a deep flounce. A coat of heliotrope bengaline covers the back of the skirt, cut off in front at the waist; it opens over a waistcoat of turquoise-blue brocade, flowered over with many-tinted blossoms. A jabot of Mechlin lace, a sash of black watered silk, revers of brocade on the sleeves, adorned like those of the coat, with big metal buttons, complete a costume of eccentric richness.

Less accentuated in style, and more restfully harmonious in its tints, the second dress is of cream bengaline, striped with bands of pale Suède cloth. The plain petticoat is edged with a band of Suède cloth. The polonaise, plain at the back, is striped in front with equal bands of Suède cloth and bengaline. The graceful and easy folds are a model of beautiful, if somewhat complicated, draping. A Tosca green scarf of Oriental silk, embroidered in gold, supplies a touch of brilliancy to the costume. This dress can be made up in crêpe de Chine, either blue, tender pink, or maize, striped with bands of cream lace.

A fashionable woman's *déshabillé* is as picturesque and dainty as is her gala attire. Mlle. Cély, the *lingère*, has on view in her show-rooms, in the Rue de la Paix, some tasteful specimens of this less formal apparel. One is in the style of Louis XV. The redingote jacket, of striped ivory satin and watered silk, opens over a chemisette of ivory net, fringed and embroidered in pearls. A jabot of lace edges the two sides of the jacket, the wide sleeves and falls in soft, undulating outline over the embroidered skirt. The necktie and wristbands are of watered ribbon, shot with the tints of mother-of-pearl.

A pretty dressing-gown is made in the fashion of a Muscovite blouse. It is of transparent rose-white woollen material, worn over a slip of pink taffetas. The flat skirt falls in gathers over the hips; the front resembles a *chemise russe*, and is crossed with three deep horizontal tucks, through which pink ribbon is inserted, fastened on one side with tiny butterfly bows. The long, wide sleeves are trimmed at the shoulder with stripes of pink ribbon. The flowing sash, the necktie, and wristbands are of pink watered ribbon.

Another "stay-at-home" dress, the splendour of which allows it to be worn at an intimate dinner-party, may be described as a symphony in white, the notes being the varied stuffs of which it is composed brightened with gleams of gold. The front and back of the skirt are of white brocade, displaying a petticoat of unbleached Surah silk, veiled and draped with folds of white silk muslin embroidered in ivory-white silk. The bodice—a square-cut jacket hemmed and embroidered in gold—shows a chemisette of the unbleached silk draped with embroidered silk muslin; the half-sleeves are cut square and slashed with gauze. A wide white watered silk sash is knotted at the side; the high collar is fastened in front with a bow of white watered ribbon.

My last description of a gown must be that of a pretty ball-dress for a very young girl. It is blue as a May morning sky. The pale azure crape skirt falls in straight, small gathers from waist to ankle; the tunic is disposed with scarcely any drapery over it, like a veil lifted on one side. The bodice, with folds *à la vierge*, is fastened with knots of blue watered silk ribbon, matching the wide sash.

One word concerning bridal dresses may not come amiss in the season when youth's fancy is lightly turned to thoughts of love. The fashion for these bridal toilettes is to surround them with suggestions of softness and grace rather than of splendour. The pliable peau de soie silk is much used; supple faille striped with satin is also in favour, covered with clouds of lace or mingled with ivory-white crêpe de Chine, the whitest, perhaps, of all white textures. A gleam of silver braiding may be introduced, but the tendency is to make the bridal dress lily-white, with no alien glitter introduced into the colourless radiance of the stuffs that form its virginal melody. Flowers are liberally used for its adornment; the orange-blossom, by right of its significance in the language of flowers, keeps its sovereign place above that of every blossom in gracing the wedding-day. Clusters of orange-flowers, mixed sometimes with myrtle or other favourite white bloom, nestle in the clouds of lace or gauze, or catch up the folds of whatever other delicate texture is used in the trimming. The corsage of the bridal dress is made full, the folds caught at the waist by a girdle; the skirt falls in long folds disposed behind in a round or oval train.

Bridesmaids appear this season habited in rose and white; sometimes tender leaf-green is substituted for pink, but *couleur de rose* is the tone most in vogue for the apparel of the bride's attendant maidens. Nothing can be prettier than the sight of the central white figure, surrounded by the delicate brightness of pink in all its shades. The bridesmaids' gowns are short; they are often made of dotted pink gauze, striped with horizontal bands of pink ribbon; the gathered corsage and the full sleeves are of crêpe de Chine, or India silk, also disposed in draperies over the skirt. Bouquets of roses and carnations carry out the arrangement in pink, which is broken only by the introduction of a tan-coloured note in the gloves and shoes.

Gant de Suède appears to be a favourite colour for the bride's going-away dress. The simple costume is brightened with a touch of gold braid at the throat, wrists, and hem of the skirt.

If we turn from the consideration of spring attire to that for summer and the *bains de mer:* red, which is decidedly out of favour at social gatherings and in the Bois, yet shows signs of holding its own by the salt sea wave. Its gaiety of tone, as poppy-red, and its resisting quality to the destructive influence of the briny breeze and glare of sunlight, make it an invaluable colour for wear on the sea-shore.

Cheap fabrics for sylvan summer wear will be found in the new muslins and percales. Sprigged muslins are coming in, such as our grandmothers wore in their young days; percales also, flowered all over with dainty patterns of blossoms, and adorned with wide bands woven into the stuff, on which are massed together the sprigs scattered over the gown. Ribbon of the colour or shot with the dominant hues in the variegated design is to be used for the sash, the folded collar, and the wristbands of the full leg-of-mutton sleeves. Sometimes the design is a slender pattern in a single colour. A pretty and simple dress of écru percale, covered with a graceful outlined pattern of indigo-blue, is to be made, with sash, collar, and wristband of blue faille ribbon. We are glad to note that the Marie Antoinette fichu, in black and white lace, is coming into vogue again for afternoon and evening wear.

Stays are made to suit the fashion of the day. The waists are shorter and the make-up simple. A flat lace border edges the shot taffetas, of which the more dressy stays are composed; these are lined with tender green, old pink, copper or sunbeam-yellow silk. The morning stays, made by Mme. Laty, are of chamois leather without whalebone, and fitting the figure like a glove. They have no hem nor lace border, but are finished with a festooned edge pinked out in the leather.

The hair is dressed for evening wear much as it has been of late. The piled-up frizzed hair is, however, giving way to a somewhat lower arrangement of locks falling in a coquettish point over the forehead. Our great authority in head-dresses, Noirat, now replaces the *cache-peigne* of flowers and foliage by wreaths or half-wreaths, or by Josephine diadems composed of bands of gold, or by delicate garlands with aigrettes of jewels or airy erections of butterflies' wings and ribbon. These are very becoming, and suitable alike to blonde curled hair or dark wavy locks.

Bonnets are legion, in capricious form, and of bizarre colour. The Maison Virot, as usual, displays an unflagging fancy in meeting the demands of an eccentric and fluctuating taste.

Here is a capote—a mere trifle of black lace touched with gold. The border of lace is edged on either side with a string of gold beads. The crown is a cloud of black net scarcely veiling the hair. In front, in the form of an aigrette, are two black-plumaged birds with tails disposed in the form of a lyre.

Another bonnet is a knotted turban of gold net. The crown is composed of clusters of ripe-maize-coloured ribbon.

A spring-like bonnet is of lilac crape, decked with an aigrette, a *cache-peigne*, and long sprays of lilac in blossom.

A daintily quaint head-gear, in shape like an upset basket, is composed of tiny pinked-out gathers of maize-coloured net, the pointed border striped with bars of black velvet embroidered in gold. Placed in front, a tuft of yellow and black buttercups.

A tasteful capote of ivory crape, delicately mounted in circular gathers, is draped with a shell-like arrangement of black lace, and a knot of maize net; clusters of chrysanthemums of yellow, ruddy brown, and black are placed inside and outside.

The Directoire bonnet, the wide flat border of which surrounds the head like an auréole, is in high favour. Here is one of black English straw, the border lined with embroidered ivory net. Knots of mingled tender green and ivory ribbon placed at the back support clusters of green and ivory feathers, inclining forward.

Another ample bonnet, very pleasing in its suggestions of spring, is composed of meadow-green net, veiled with net of the same tint, falling at the back in a long scarf to be twisted round the throat. Inside and outside

is placed a half-wreath of daffodils fastened by knots of green ribbon.

The same bonnet can be made in blue net garlanded with a half-wreath of blue corn-flowers, and a poppy-red net garlanded in the same style with poppies.

It is difficult to paint in words the pretty quaintness of those Directoire bonnets, made sylvan with blossoms and flowing ribbon. Here is one of cut coarse straw, lined with gathered pale blue crape; the strings pale blue; a cluster of Bengal roses on the crown. Another of the same coarse straw is lined with chestnut velvet, and is all garlanded with tufts of marguerites, yellow and ruddy brown, lilies of the valley, and foliage.

These floral trimmings are sometimes replaced by trimmings of knots of ribbon fastened with gold pins.

Toques are still worn, but their vogue is declining. One of chestnut-brown cut straw, trimmed with a velvet turban to match, is brightened with tufts of primroses and other golden woodland blossoms.

The picturesque grace of Sarah Bernhardt in the Empire costumes she wore in *La Tosca*, has given the impetus to the rage that has set in for the Directoire head-gears. The last exaggeration of fashion may be seen in an immense round hat made of lace, woven in straw—green and maize; each row of lace is separated from the next by a roll of reed-green bengaline, lined with moss-green velvet. Round the almost inaccessibly high crown, composed of bengaline, is twisted a long scarf of black net, upon which rises an aigrette composed of two black-plumaged birds, nestling in clusters of mingled green and ripe ears of corn.

The prettiest of all these fantastic creations is the graceful Hortense de Beauharnais hat, in cut straw lined with smooth English straw, trimmed above and under the brim with clusters of roses and honeysuckle and streaming ribbons.

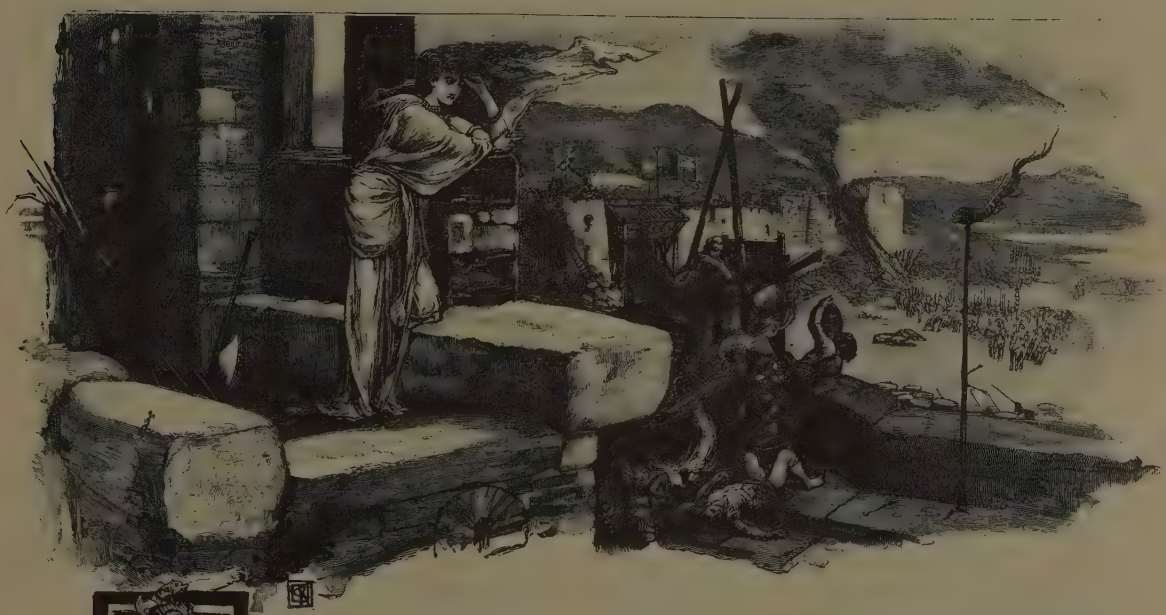
The Norfolk hat is of chip straw lined with white "paille de riz," trimmed with black feathers and ribbons. Lastly, we have the Dora hat, of black "paille de riz," trimmed outside with knots of black satin ribbon, and inside, under the flap, is a *chou*, resting on the hair. One word about parasols. They are made to match the bonnet. Here is one of maize-coloured net, the sides outlined by bands of watered ribbon of the same tint. Tufts and wreaths, either of violets or roses, adorn it, fastened by knots of ribbon. The handle is a vulture's claw grasping a mandarin orange.

More original still is a parasol of fine straw, fringed with straw and lined with delicately gathered crimson net—matching the wreaths of poppies placed outside. This parasol suggests a miniature thatched roof, or hay-stack, brightened with trails of poppies. VIOLETTE.

TEA-GOWN, FROM THE MAISON CÉLY, RUE DE LA PAIX.

THE WOMAN'S WORLD.

Decebal's Daughter.



"TAKE the box on your shoulders, Fausta—it will not spoil your proud Roman neck to bend under the weight of Dacian treasures."

So spoke Andrada, the tall and graceful daughter of Decebal, who—majestic in her cream-white robe—lifted the heavy coffer in her finely-moulded vigorous arms as if it had been but a light load, and placed it on the shoulders of Fausta. The supple form of the latter—bronzed by the sun—trembled with anger and concentrated vengeance; while the curls of black hair bound back by a fillet from her narrow forehead had the air even of wishing to revolt against Andrada's exactions; and her glittering dark eyes shot forth sparks of anger, as she ground her teeth in suppressed rage.

But Andrada seemingly took no heed of these rebellious signs; stately and majestic, she glanced at the Roman maiden, whose stature she exceeded by the head and neck, and with a movement of impatience flung back the loose tresses of her hair. With an imperious gesture she called to a man who was passing along, driving before him a band of Roman prisoners in chains. "When are they to be burned?" asked she.

"When you have given the order to your women," replied he.

Andrada fixed her eyes on the plain below; but for an instant they shone with exuberant joy, as if the sun were reflected therein—then, under the arch of her frowning eyebrows, the expression changed to one of sombre and dull anger.

"Let them wait," said she, dismissing the man with a movement of her head. "Come, Fausta; get down to the river and bury the coffer in the pit hollowed out for that purpose in the river's bed—the men there will help you."

"What good is there in hiding the treasure," asked the girl with quivering lips, "since the Romans are always vanquished?"

"Twice, in truth, has my father been the victor, but the third time *we* shall succumb."

"Ah! then it will be *you* who will have to carry the burdens in Rome, as I do here!" said Fausta mockingly, as she directed her steps towards the river.

"*Never!*" cried Andrada.

"We shall see as to that," murmured the Roman maiden, and her white teeth shone between her tightened lips.

Fausta was not far on her way when she encountered the young Dacian, Bicilis, who grew red with anger as he saw her bending under the weight of her heavy load.

"Leave it where it is, Bicilis," said she; "it does not hurt my shoulders so very much."

"It hurts the shoulders and the heart as well—mine, at least," replied he, as he took down the coffer and gave it to a Roman prisoner to carry.

"Andrada has no feeling," cried he; "how can she torture you so cruelly!" At these words hot tears streamed from Fausta's eyes.

"I wish I were dead," said she. "If you love me, Bicilis, put an end to my misery—take your sword and kill me now!"

"Instead of that I will raise you to the level of a queen," said he, "and Andrada shall have to bathe your feet, like a servant."

"Bicilis, they are coming. Shall you be faithful to me when Trajan is here?"

"You saw at Turnu the piles driven into the Ister * to form a bridge for the legions to pass the stream in safety? I would lay my body down across your little feet for the Romans to walk over!" Saying these words he entwined his arms around the slender waist of the young girl, who for a moment allowed herself to be pressed to his heart; but catching sight of Andrada advancing in the distance, she escaped from him, and continued her way towards the river. The course of the water had been turned so as to excavate a deep fosse, destined to hold the treasures which the Dacians wished to put in safety, dreading a fresh invasion of the Romans.

Andrada rejoined Bicilis, and bade him order the prisoners to carry food and clothing to the Cave of Cozia, beneath the Deva Fortress. There was their last refuge—in the impregnable mountain, near to the mines of gold, so attractive to the cupidity of the Romans. Bicilis listened in silence, and, preceded by the prisoners in single file, he passed through the iron gate which led to the cave. A narrow pass between two giant rocks conducted him to this last, and only safe, refuge of the Dacians. He paused at the great gate, and while pretending to examine it he withdrew the bolt, took it away, and flung it into the stream of the Strau, which flowed close by.

"What could he have been saying to Fausta?" thought Andrada, and calling to her from the river-bank said, "Do you see these Romans—my prisoners? They will die ere night falls, so their lips will be mute; but you—you will stay with me, for I like to have you near me; it is useless to try to escape, for at the first attempt to do so you shall be chained with irons to my side. Well understand this, if you hold to your life *and that of the prisoner whom you go there so often to see!*" The sparkling eyes of Fausta followed the direction of Andrada's hand, which pointed to a fortified tower.

* The Danube.

"Ah! Longinus!" said she, laughing.

"Why do you laugh?" asked Andrada.

"Do you not know that Trajan said, 'Decebal may do what he pleases with Longinus; it is a matter of indifference to me'?"

"And with you is it equally indifferent?"

"To me all is the same—everything—everything."

"Fausta, Fausta! you do not speak truly—were it so, why should your eyes be constantly directed towards that tower? You are waiting for a signal from the Roman!"

"I?"

"Yes, you; and when you run quickly up the steps which lead to Longinus's prison, and hide yourself there, you think that Andrada is blind!"

"It is true; Andrada is blind, completely blind!"

The hot blood mounted to the neck and temples of Andrada as she seized on the curly head of Fausta and bent it like a reed. "If you go up again to that tower, you shall be beaten with whips—do you hear?"

"I hear."

Fausta escaped like an eel, leaving a mesh of her black hair in Andrada's hand; raising herself up she cried, "At Rome, at Rome, *you* shall wear chains and be attached to Trajan's triumphal chariot; *you* shall be whipped, and *you* shall bow your head lower than you have made me bow mine." So saying she darted off like an arrow to rejoin Bicilis with the prisoners in his charge.

Andrada shrugged her shoulders. "She will have to die," said she, "but it would really be a pity; for though she is a viper, she is a very charming one. She must be slowly tortured to death, and she will hiss to the last! Yes, she must die, though only by *my* hand; she comes of a noble race, and none other but myself must touch her brown skin."

Like to a goddess who weighs in her hands the future of poor humanity, Andrada stood, calm and majestic, looking fixedly on the yellow sand at her feet.

On that same morning Longinus had received from the hands of Fausta a small phial, which he concealed in the folds of his toga, and had drawn the young girl towards him and embraced her as if to thank her. She did not defend herself from his caress. "I allow you to embrace me," she said, "as you will not live to upbraid me for having permitted it."

"Trajan is sacrificing me," said the prisoner.

"*You* have but to imagine you are dying on the battle-field. Our cause is won; the Dacians will be put to death, all—all—except Bicilis, who has betrayed them; and Andrada, who will walk before the triumphal car in chains, and I shall hold the chains, and I will bruise her arms, and beat her with the whip with which ——" and here the young girl hid her face in her hands and sobbed.

"Poor Andrada!" said Longinus.

"Poor Andrada?" cried Fausta; "and it is you, Longinus, who say this? Even this very evening she will have our soldiers who are her prisoners cast into the flames! But you—you will escape from this disgraceful death, for I have stolen from her this poison, which shall

save you from slavery and shame. You will die free; whereas she shall be flung to the earth, and I will crush her under my feet. But, alas! where can I now fly?—for she suspects me, and will bind me to her side, so that I may witness the funeral pyre and hear the groans of agony. I shall go mad." So saying, she covered her ears with her small hands, and ran off.

For some time Longinus regarded the phial of poison—it seemed as if he could not detach his eyes from it—then he suddenly concealed it in his mantle.

Fausta had found a hiding-place in the cave, where she would not be an eye-witness to the terrible spectacle; and although Andrada questioned Bicilis very severely as to her whereabouts, he would not betray her retreat.

The Dacian women flung the prisoners into the flames, and the lurid light shone on the prison of Longinus; he shuddered as the crackling of the fire and the cries of suffering reached his ears. Suddenly his prison-door opened, and in the red glare appeared Andrada, calm and unmoved.

"I have come to say to you, Longinus, that my father is willing *even now* to set you free, if you will but prevail on Trajan to yield us the territory as far as the Ister; and the lives of all the remaining prisoners shall be spared, they shall be given back to you."

"I do not hear your words, for my ears are stopped by the groans of my fellow-countrymen."

"They must die, or they would betray us; but you—you will live!".

"One does not accept gifts at the hands of an enemy."

"But, if peace be made, shall we not be friends? I have been compelled to forbid Fausta visiting you these past days."

"She is a slave."

"She is mine; I have received her as a gift from the hands of my father. I hold her life; I like her; and yet I know she seeks but an opportunity to betray us."

"And they call that *liking* in this country!"

Andrada smiled. "As one loves a mortal enemy—as the eagle loves the gazelle," said she; "as the sun loves a drop of rain, which he embraces voluptuously before drinking it up."

Night descended on the smoking butchery, and a soft wind carried across the plain, clouds of ashes bearing a sickening nauseous odour.

"Something is burning near this," said one of the Roman legion, which was furtively approaching in the obscurity.

In the cave, Decebal was seated, while Andrada stood before him, leaning against a large stone, on which burned a small oil-lamp, flickering and smoking.

"Father," said she, "I can do nothing with Longinus. He has had time for reflection, but his bearing is obstinate and decided; as well as we, *he* knows that the Romans are too powerful against us. Shall I show you what I have prepared for you and your warriors?" She raised the lamp, and let its light shine on skins filled with wine and oil, on sacks of rice, and heaps of maize. But at the extreme end of the cave there glistened some luminous thing, and, approaching the lamp, there glared out upon her in the darkness the eyes of Fausta, like the eyes of a wild animal. Instinctively Andrada felt for the hilt of the poignard in her waist-scarf, but, leaving it in its place, she seized Fausta by the wrist and dragged her from her hiding-place. "By what right are you here?" asked she.

"I was but screening my eyes from the sight of your bonfires," replied the girl.

"Poor child!" cried Andrada mockingly. "Here, take this bracelet; it is for you to wear in the triumphal procession in which you say I am to take part."

Fausta seized the bracelet, flung it on the ground, and crushed it under her sandal. "On that day it will be the conqueror himself who will recompense me," said she.

Andrada smiled. "Worthy pupil of such a master—'One does not accept gifts from an enemy!' Go and bring Bicilis to me."

While Fausta crept outside, murmuring softly the name of Bicilis, Decebal, his head resting on his hand, called to Andrada thus—"My child, you are brave? I know it."

"Yes, my father."

"No longer can we defend the town."

"Then we must burn it to the ground, father."

"And what shall we do if we find ourselves surrounded by the enemy?"

"Here is your precious goblet of gold, and in that corner the draught which will procure for us the last sleep, my father."

"You have thought even of this? And I, who had dreamed of another future for you?—I had hoped to induce Trajan to make you his wife; there was a time when he would have been but too happy to purchase peace at such a price."

"Think you that Decebal's daughter would gain value in her own eyes by becoming a Roman Empress? No, my father; it is so easy to die, and I will not survive you."

Decebal sighed heavily as Bicilis entered.

"Longinus gave this writing to his guard," said he.

Decebal opened and read—

"You are lost, Decebal; the enemy is in your house."

Decebal held out the writing in silence to Bicilis, who, smiling, said, "He seems to forget that you are no craven coward, and that you can count on your faithful allies."

"There is but that little serpent Fausta who could betray us; she should have been burned with the rest."

"She shall yet die, my father," said Andrada.

Bicilis cast a look of hatred on Andrada, though it fell unremarked, her eyes being fixed on the ground.

"We have enough provisions in the town," said Decebal. "We can defend ourselves for a time against the Romans and their insatiable thirst for conquest; but what gain we by holding out? Sooner or later we must surrender." His sombre countenance was bent towards the earth as he twisted his beard nervously with his hand.

"They will not find many possessions when they do

arrive," said Andrada; "after the men have perished, then the women will, with their flaming torches, set fire to Saramisegethusa; for this all is prepared."

Steps were suddenly heard approaching the cave, and a warrior was visible in the distance. Decebal shaded his eyes with his hand—the better to look into the light; ascertaining who was nearing him, he cried, "Bato! what brings you here? Are you the bearer of evil tidings?"

"Longinus is dead, my lord."

Decebal sprang from his seat. "*Dead!*"

"Yes, my lord, dead; with this empty phial in his hand."

Andrada recognised a phial which she usually carried about her person, but which had some days past mysteriously disappeared. Her lips murmured the one word "*Fausta!*"

Decebal rose to his feet; his face was purple with anger; his beard seemed even to stand out straight, from passion. "Cut off his head, and show it to the Romans as soon as they approach," cried he.

"My lord, would this be prudent?" asked Bato.

"The time for prudence has passed," said Decebal huskily; and, showing him the writing, "Read."

Bato shook his head. "They think to weaken us by mutual want of confidence," said he; "they do not take into account that with us Dacians every one counts on himself; we fear but one thing—slavery; and we know how to protect ourselves from that."

Bicilis again looked towards Andrada, who still remained calm and motionless as a morsel of stone from the cave.

"And our women?" asked he.

"Our women will die! Trajan knows Andrada's beauty, and has sworn to be its possessor."

Then Andrada aroused herself. "Trajan is a mighty Emperor," cried she, "but Andrada is yet more powerful."

"To the gates!" cried Decebal, rising, while his voice resounded in the cave like an echo from the bowels of the earth—that voice which, like the fan-fare of a clarion, had so often incited his warriors to acts of valiant courage.

Andrada hastily sought Fausta, for now—now she *must* die, and there was not a moment to be lost. But Fausta was nowhere to be found!

Andrada searched even the tower, where, in the grey morning light, lay the decapitated trunk of Longinus. She turned aside, for the spectacle was too sickening even for a Dacian woman. Suddenly came wild shouts and the blasts of horns, while a clashing of arms was heard at the nearest gate of the town. The Romans, under the cover of the blackness of the night, had silently approached, and were now assaulting the town on three of its sides at the same time. Their fury had redoubled when the morning light had brought to their view the head of Longinus. Andrada still looked down from the summit of the tower. She saw her father giving his orders with his habitual cool self-possession; she saw the fierce, but as yet unsuccessful, assaults of the Romans, as stones and javelins were showered upon them from the heights of the ramparts. At one of the gates she perceived Bato; at another, Bicilis. The bright sun shone in all his glory on a grandiose spectacle: the hand-to-hand and bloody strife; the young maiden, silent and solitary, near to the headless body of Longinus!

Suddenly a gliding graceful figure crept along and drew near to Bicilis. After exchanging a few words with him, it disappeared, and made its way to the nearest gate. Andrada felt the hot blood bounding in her temples as, breathless, she watched the traitress. An instant afterwards the gate was forced, and the Romans entered in dense masses. Andrada applied her two hands to her mouth, and sent forth a shrill cry, like to that of a bird of prey—a second, yet a third time, and then rushed to the flight of steps leading from the tower. But, alas! there was a door at the bottom of these steps, and this had been fastened from the outside! "Fausta!" cried she, biting her lips with her teeth until the blood flowed. She looked around her; the staircase was obscure, but she perceived a stone which was loose and had fallen away. Could she raise it? Stiffening her arms, and with the force of an Amazon, she lifted it above her head and flung it against the door. The door shook, but the hinges did not yield. A second effort was more successful, and the wood of the door shivered into splinters. Then Andrada seized on two torches, and, lighting them at the smouldering ashes, forced herself a passage amid the throng. On all sides were women, only waiting her behests. They flung the torches to right and left—from house to house—with the cry of "Andrada! Andrada!" Soon the streets were a sea of flame, enveloping the Roman insurgents. Decebal heard the cry, and, looking back, perceived the troops of his enemy breaking in on every side amidst the fires of the incendiaries.

The red sun has sunk behind the clouds of smoke; Decebal, wounded and dispirited, followed but by seven of his warriors, had found a last retreat in the Cave of Cozia. He is seated by a stone table, watching the blood trickling from his wounds; the others are leaning against the moist stone—moist with the blood of their chief. Decebal's voice is heard under the vaulted roof, growling like the plaint of a lion in its death-agony—

"Only you? only you left of the living?"

"We only."

"Where is Bicilis?"

They looked at each other in mute alarm.

"I ask you, where is Bicilis?"

"With the Romans," said one at last, with a hesitating voice.

"With the Romans! A prisoner?"

"No, it is he who leads them."

"This is more bitter than death," cried Decebal. "And we, what is there left for us to do?"

"To die together," cried they all.

"And Andrada, my daughter," he said, with a trembling voice, "they have not captured her?"

"No, father; Andrada is no easy captive," cried she, entering the cave with a rapid step and a torch in her

hand. "Trajan is coming, and Bicilis leads the way! Bicilis who opened the gate to him! Bicilis, your friend!"

"I know full well—all is finished—for the last time give me the cup, my child."

Andrada's hand shook as she filled to the brim the jewelled flagon. Without hesitating, Decebal raised it to his lips and took a long draught.

"It re-animates one," said he, as he passed the cup on to the others, who, in turn, all drank of it in silence. Soon a gentle lassitude penetrated their powerful limbs and weighed down their heavy eyelids.

"The rest for me," said Andrada, once more filling the goblet. "My father, I drink to the *noble hero*—Trajan—the vanquisher of flames and corpses;" she put the cup to her lips, but a rapid movement caused it to fly from her hand. It was Fausta, who with an air of mocking triumph cried, "To Rome, Andrada—to Rome." But the words died on her lips as Andrada quickly drew a dagger from her waist-scarf and thrust it into Fausta's throat; a jet of blood spurted out as she withdrew the stylet and plunged it, red and reeking, into her own fair breast.

Bicilis, mad with grief, flung himself on the lifeless body of Fausta. "Fausta, Fausta!" cried he, "for your sake am I a despicable traitor."

Andrada was supporting herself by the side of the rock, the blood welling from her wound. She raised her foot towards Bicilis, as if to crush a serpent. At the same instant Trajan stood before her. She smiled feebly on him.

"Thou art still living, noble daughter of Decebal—living for me! Thou shalt be the adoration of my life."

"Yes," said Andrada, "it is I, the daughter of Decebal; and you—you are the *great hero* Trajan."

So saying she drew the poignard from her breast, her eyes closed, and she sank fainting to the earth.

Trajan caught her in his arms, and kissed her discoloured lips, while a tear fell from his eyes on the pale face of the daughter of his enemy.

Around them in a circle were seated the Dacian warriors leaning on their swords, their lifeless eyes turned towards their statue-like chief.

"Decebal," cried Trajan, "Decebal, let us be friends. I weep with you, I deplore the sacrifice of yon noble maiden." But no answer issued from the mouth of Decebal.

"Do you not see that they are dead?" said Bicilis. "Andrada gave them their last sleeping draught."

Trajan turned with contempt upon Bicilis. "You here, miscreant?" cried he. "Depart hence; your breath is a profanation."

But Trajan's followers said, "Show us where are the treasures—the mines of gold—the caskets of precious stones."

Bicilis led them to the banks of the river, turned aside the water, and discovered to them the deep fosse in its bed, which was speedily disembowelled.

"Now throw the traitor into the pit!" cried Trajan.

"Is that to be my recompense?" asked Bicilis.

"Thinkest thou that I will suffer near my triumphal car a wretch who has been trampled under foot by Andrada? Go, to thy death!"

In vain Bicilis protested, entreated. Trajan was immovable, and Bicilis was seized and thrown into the fosse; the earth covered him, and the waters of the Ister flowed over his narrow tomb.

The bright beauty of the intrepid virgin was never effaced from the heart of Trajan. She and her father were interred with regal honours.

The documents which might have given us more information as to Decebal's daughter have not been found; perhaps they were burned in the fire of Saramisegethusa, or perhaps they disappeared in the great stream of the Ister.

Of the once powerful Dacian people but few traces remain — some few words in the Roumanian language, the classical garments, the shaven crown, and the long curls which are still allowed to flow over the shoulders of the Roumanian peasants.

CARMEN SYLVA.

[This translation has been specially made for THE WOMAN'S WORLD by Mrs. E. B. MAWER, of Bucharest, with Her Majesty's express sanction.]

A Lady in Ancient Egypt.

FRESCO REPRESENTING A FEAST. (*In the British Museum.*

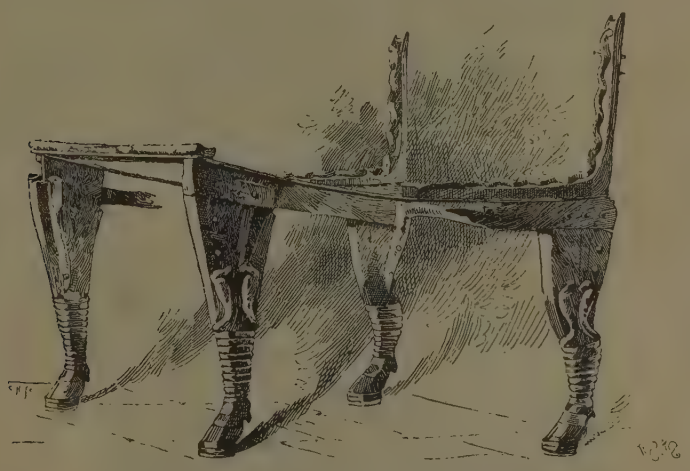
THERE is a great fascination to us who live in this world of the nineteenth century, surrounded with everything belonging to our own time, to look backwards and to try to pierce the veil which covers the remote past, and to picture to ourselves the life of those who lived in the childhood of this world, which sometimes seems to us so old. In the land of Egypt more than five thousand years ago there reigned a civilisation and culture which might in many respects put our much-vaunted superiority to shame, and we may in thought not only rebuild their temples and trace the history of their great conquests, but also repeople this ancient world with real men and women, dress them in their own clothes, and learn to know their ways and faces as if they were truly the old friends which they ought to be. In other ancient lands this is almost impossible, so much has perished, so little remains to us with which to put together a picture full of the small details of every-day life. In Egypt, the whole life of the nation rises before us, and prince and peasant, queen and lowly maiden alike, live again with all their daily surroundings. This almost magical resurrection of an ancient people in full life and activity is due to two causes: first, to the dryness of the climate, which has preserved to us perishable substances and beautiful paintings in such perfection, that many seem as fresh as if they were pictures of to-day; and, secondly, to the character of the old Egyptians themselves, who desired to live for posterity, and to perpetuate, not the great facts of their history alone, but also the daily life of each individual.

The houses in which they lived are gone; there are scarcely any remains of them, except at Tell-el-Amarna, in Middle Egypt, and there we can only trace the foundations and follow the course of the streets. These houses they built of mud and wood to last but for a moment, and they called them inns or hostelries; while their tombs, their dwellings as they said for eternity, they built of stone. The sanctity of the grave has preserved to us in these tombs, treasure chambers, and in no other country of the world has the truth of the old maxim been so conclusively proved, that "the measure of respect paid to the dead is an index to the state of civilisation of the living." Here in the tomb the immortal pictures have rendered the earthly life of the ancient Egyptian eternal; here the "lady of the house" is always at home, and even the mysteries of her toilet are revealed to each careless passer-by who casts his curious glance upon the walls. One of the most interesting revelations that dawn upon the unlearned observer is that while most of the tombs in other countries show us the deceased taking a touching farewell of this world, or are filled with mournful panegyrics, or joyful hopes of a future existence, the Egyptian tomb stands by itself in the absolute freedom of treat-

ment allowed to the artist, who, unconscious that he is standing on holy ground, perpetrates his jokes upon the people of his time; his drawings are often more the equivalent of Du Maurier's social satires than of Leslie's trim modern maidens. In some inner chambers his fertile imagination is cramped within narrow limits, and the warning finger of the priest is raised against the intrusion of things too secular; but in the entrance halls and passages it would seem as though he had often had free commission to cover so much space, and his taste for caricature has given us a vivid insight into the manners and customs of his time. From such an artist we learn in a realistic way that ladies in Egypt of three and four thousand years ago not only wore jewellery, but that they were not above the frivolity of chattering together when they met upon the relative beauty of their earrings. They required, or at all events they often had, the assistance of many handmaidens, whom we see surrounding their mistress at her toilet, some bringing her flowers, some jewels, some vases of perfumes, some busy rubbing oil into her soft skin after the bath, while others stand patiently awaiting her bidding. Afterwards we see these ladies of fashion as with careless ease and natural grace they join in the feasts, they sit listening to the music of professionals, or are themselves the performers, or converse, or look on at the dancing of hirelings. In every trait depicted they are essentially human, essentially feminine, essentially living.

In trying to estimate how much an exaggerated spirit of fun has sometimes been at work in these pictures, we are aided by the objects placed in the tombs with the bodies. Here we find all the necessaries of daily life, such as food and clothing, as well as the surroundings of a comfortable home, such as books and furniture. Amongst the latter, beautiful works of art have been preserved to us, as for instance, the throne of Queen Hatasu (recently presented to the British Museum), made of wood, inlaid with gold and silver, in which, nearly four thousand years ago, this famous royal lady sat and planned her wonderful expeditions to the spice lands of old. But perhaps even more curious and interesting than gorgeous thrones of kings and queens are the articles used and worn by a lady in her every-day life, and amongst these we will first mention the wigs, which are often found placed in wig-boxes ready for her to put on. Some of these are very elaborate; one in the British Museum is almost perfect, and consists of an upper part entirely composed of little curls, while the long hair below is divided into numberless small plaits; another at Berlin is very similar, it is still less broken, and each little plait has a curled end.

In the fresco of the feast at the British Museum the ladies have their hair dressed in a compact mass, divided at the ends into tiny plaits. Fashionable ways of dressing the hair or of shaping the wig may be discovered by studying the statues of the deceased, which were placed in the tomb. These are often represented wearing wigs, some short and thick, as that of the beautiful statue of the lady Nefert in the Boulak Museum; others with longer hair flowing down over the shoulders, or with two thick pieces in front covering the ears and descending over the chest. All show elaborate care and trouble, and, indeed, in some the face itself seems secondary to the immense mass of hair which surrounds it. These wigs were made either of sheep's wool or of human hair; the former were probably for every-day wear; the latter, perhaps, kept for festivals, for state occasions, or for wearing in the temple processions, when the women no doubt had to appear in all their splendour before their king, who was both High Priest and monarch. These immense wigs would then give them additional importance; viewed by itself such a wig doubtless appears an absurdity, but seen in numbers it must have produced a pleasing uniformity, not less imposing or more ridiculous than the shakos of our guards, or the wigs of our barristers.



Throne of Queen Hatasu. (*In the British Museum.*)

But wigs were not always worn by every Egyptian

lady; it was a glory to have long hair, and it was only when this failed her that she had recourse to what was purely artificial. In one of the novels of ancient Egypt, the "Tale of Two Brothers," we find the heroine of more than three thousand years ago so busy braiding her hair that she begs her brother-in-law not to disturb her, but to fetch what he wants from the chest himself, "lest her locks might fall by the way." Perhaps the prettiest way of wearing the hair is found in the representation of one of the lute-playing damsels in a Theban tomb, whose naturally curling hair follows the curves of both head and neck, giving us a pretty picture of a graceful girl amongst so many that border upon the grotesque.

Amongst the women of Nubia we find living pictures at the present day of these old Egyptian styles; and the shocks of hair in innumerable little plaits, carefully oiled with castor-oil, make one sometimes wonder whether the ladies of the old frescoes are not around one in very life; while in the children's hands are dolls made of pieces of cane, with miniature models of ancient wigs pinned on to the top with a long thorn.

ANCIENT EGYPTIAN WIG.

Wooden pillows are used by these Nubian women, hollowed out for the head, not so much to give rest in sleep as to guard the hair from being injured during unconsciousness. Wooden pillows from Egyptian tombs fill glass cases in our museums, and it is strange to see how little difference there is between the ancient and the modern.

Curious hair recipes occur on some of the papyri, some of which are very absurd. One to prevent the hair from turning grey directs that a salve should be made from the blood of a black calf cooked in oil; in another that of a black bull is preferred for the same object; evidently the colour of the animal was to pass through the salve into the hair. In another place we read of the tooth of a donkey dipped in honey being used for *really* strengthening the hair; and the ingredients for an ingenious compound are given for injuring the hair of a rival, and the counter-remedy to be used by those who think their hair-oil has been tampered with by a suspicious *friend*. Cakes of some composition which absorbed oil were always placed on the heads of the guests at feasts, and from them the oil gradually trickled down through the hair. A most disagreeable practice this may seem to us, but to them it appears to have given great pleasure; and with the Egyptians, as well as with the Hebrews, oil was symbolical of joy and gladness. Rouge and other colouring substances were used by women in Egypt to enhance, as they thought, their beauty; the eyes had often a green line underneath them; the lashes and eyebrows were pencilled in black; and, as in modern Egypt, the nails were always stained red with a preparation from the henna plant. In our museums we can see the little pots and vases formerly filled with these unguents and colours, and the pencils they used with them, as well as various sorts of combs and hair-pins; of the latter there is a very pretty set in the Museum at Boulak — single-pronged wooden pins with jackal-heads, stuck into a cushion in the form of a turtle, which was evidently one of the favourite dressing-table ornaments belonging to the deceased lady.

All these little essentials of the toilet were placed in the tombs by the loving hands of friends and relations for the use of that spiritual body, which they believed required all the adornment the lady had loved upon earth.

Notwithstanding the elaborate care lavished by the Egyptian lady on her personal adornment, she adopted a simplicity of dress suitable to the climate in which she lived. Except for the wig, the head was usually uncovered, with sometimes a coloured band tied round it. The queens often wore the vulture head-dress, but this was more as an official ornament than as a covering. In common life also the women, both of high and low degree, went barefoot, though they had sandals to wear when they were in full dress. These sandals were made of papyrus, or palm fibre, or of leather; they had straps to pass round the foot and between the toes, and in some a piece of the sole was turned up, and bent over the toes to protect them; in later times some of the leather sandals had sides to them, which causes them very much to resemble modern shoes.

We cannot help noticing in Egypt, as in other countries, how very much national or individual character is expressed by the form of dress worn. In the ancient tombs of Beni Hasan the nationality of the strangers (there represented as arriving in Egypt) is indicated not only by their Shemite faces, but also by their long rich robes, contrasting with the plain white dress of the Egyptians, which was in accordance with

the character of that nation, whose simplicity, gentleness, and poetic temperament is yet seen amongst the modern dwellers on the banks of the Nile. Herodotus says of dress in Egypt that "the men have two vests, the women only one;" and it is a fact of Egyptian history that the dress of the man was always more

Transparent Dress.

elaborate and complicated than that of the woman. The old historian adds that "they [that is, both men and women] are so regardful of neatness that they wear only linen, and that always newly washed." The testimony of Herodotus is borne out by the representations of men washing their clothes found at Beni Hasan (about 2000 B.C.), while every traveller on the Nile often sees the modern Egyptian washing his one long blue shirt in the river; afterwards he washes himself, and then putting on his wet garment, both dry together in the sun as he goes about his work.

Under the old empire in ancient Egypt, both queen and peasant wore, as a rule, the same close-fitting robe, which reached from the shoulders to the ankle; this was either supported by two straps somewhat like the modern braces worn by men, or it covered the shoulders and opened on the chest in V form. These dresses were made of linen, sometimes of an unbleached yellow hue, though white was preferred as the coolest and the most cleanly.

When later the great conquests of the Egyptians opened out the country to foreign influences and customs, we find a great change in the fashion of dress; then it was that both men and women began to wear the long transparent robes, more decorative perhaps than useful; these are found represented most perfectly in the sculptures of Abydos, though some of the casts from the tombs of the kings at Thebes in the British Museum give us a very good idea of their beauty. The outer robe which covered the old close-fitting garment descended in graceful folds to the feet; it was sometimes made without sleeves, part of the dress hanging over the shoulders and tied in front with long bows; at other times the left arm only was put through a sleeve, and the right arm left free; or there might be two sleeves either almost close-fitting to the arms, or hanging down nearly as far as the knees. These dresses were capable of artistic draping according to the taste of the individual, but always in the case of the woman followed the beautiful lines of her figure, and were never forced, like some of the men's clothes in ancient Egypt and some of the modern dresses of our own country, to represent an exaggerated shape which could belong to no human being. The dress simply clothed the figure; the woman, too unconscious of her beauty to try to hide it, allowed the long sweeping lines to be seen, until the Greeks taught them those beautiful elaborate folds of drapery which win the admiration of the world. The material found in such quantities in the tombs is never "made up" into dresses, partly because such dresses as were worn required little *making*, partly perhaps because the living friends and relations thought that the fashions might alter so much in the course of years, that the lady who was gone to the Hidden Land would rather have her trousseau in such form that she could use it as she liked. This material is always of linen, generally toned by age to a beautiful yellow or tawny brown. Notwithstanding

Transparent Dress.

their love for white, we often find the Egyptians represented their goddesses or their deceased friends in robes remarkable for the wealth of colouring lavished upon them. These dresses are sometimes yellow with

red sashes tied in front, the long ends reaching to the bottom of the robe; sometimes red covered with yellow stars; others are embroidered in diamond patterns with pearls and precious stones, designs of lotus or papyrus forming a beautiful border at the top and bottom. This colouring may seem to us crude and harsh, and indeed it is quite unsuitable for our dull climate, but in the atmosphere of Egypt the brilliance of the sunshine takes out all vivid colouring, and blends it into the softness and harmony of a rainbow.

The Eastern love for colour and decoration was shown also by the taste of the ancient Egyptians for jewellery, often composed of many-coloured enamelled pastes or stones in harmonious patterns; this is fully borne out in the Egypt of to-day, where young and old,

A DOLL OF ANCIENT EGYPT.

rich and poor, alike love their jewels, whether they consist of costly diamonds, or of strings of cheap and gaudy beads. In the old frescoes the ladies are represented literally covered with ornaments, and we are able to compare these pictures with the objects themselves found on the mummies. Some of these have a religious character, such are the amulets and charms, which were supposed to help the deceased in the under-world, the sacred eye of Horus, the symbols of life and of stability, the scarabæus or sacred beetle; numbers of these are found in the coffins, in either costly or common metal, according to the wealth or rank of the deceased. Rings with emblems of the gods are very frequent; they often tell us to the service of which divinity the wearer was devoted, or they give us his rank, as they were often used as official seals. In the Louvre is, for instance, the ring of Rameses II. with a horse on the seal. Pectoral plates, sometimes of rich workmanship, protected the heart of the deceased, and were often in the form of the outspread wings of the sacred hawk or vulture, the feathers beautifully enamelled in different colours. All mummies had their jewels, but some of the most beautiful which have been found are those now at Paris, which belonged to a son of Rameses II. These are surpassed by those of Queen Aahhotep (mother of Aahmes I. of the Eighteenth Dynasty, or of his wife Nofertari) which form one of the glories of the Boulak Museum, and show us to what perfection the Egyptian goldsmiths of that period carried their art. Some of the bracelets are of gold open work, with figures of animals wrought in enamel. The large necklace is composed of eight or nine rows of ornaments; of these we may mention the little gold jackals that sit on their haunches, the figures of antelopes pursued by tigers, the vultures and hawks with their wings outspread, the lotus and other flowers; all these were sewn on to some material by a little ring behind each figure, and the whole was fastened round the neck by a clasp composed of two hawks' heads of gold. Below this necklace was worn the pectoral, in which the king is represented standing in the centre of a little shrine; on either side is a divinity pouring over his head the water of purification. Besides these jewels there is the queen's diadem of gold with sphinxes guarding a cartouche of blue enamel, and many amulets and charms; one of the latter consists of a little gold boat with golden rowers holding their silver oars under the orders of the commander seated in the centre. Many of the human and animal figures in this collection are really beautiful sculptures in miniature. With her jewels was buried the queen's mirror of gilded bronze, its ebony handle decorated with a carved golden lotus-flower. Mirrors of the same shape are to be found in all museums; the Arabs in Egypt sell them to the tourists, and the Nubian children treat them as playthings; they are all loot from the tombs of ladies of the ancient past, who seem to have found great delight in studying the appearance of dress or features with the help of their mirrors of polished bronze.

Thus we learn, both from the pictures of bejewelled ladies and from the mummies of the ladies themselves, that jewellery was much more an article of dress in the old time than it is now; in fact, it follows from the above that, while giving but scant attention to the more perishable materials of their clothing which was worn in the simplest possible forms, they lavished their skill of workmanship upon the more costly and more lasting jewellery. Bracelets were worn on the upper part of the arms, as well as on the wrists; heavy twists of gold adorned the ankles; other jewels covered the forehead, neck, and breast. Earrings were introduced from the East during the period of the great conquests of the fourteenth century B.C., and were often so heavy that they were fastened to the wig instead of to the ears. In no museum can Egyptian jewellery be so well studied as at Boulak, where it

THE TOILET OF A LADY OF ANCIENT EGYPT.

survives in all its beauty and costliness, and excites our wonder at its workmanship. Not only do we see precious stones, enamels, and inlaid work in rich setting, but we find that the clasps of necklaces and the hinges of bracelets are on models which have not been improved upon at the present day. Their necklaces were no mere strings of beads, but an elaborate collection of jewels or gold representations of animals and the like, which really formed a garment, a graceful close-fitting covering for the neck, shoulders, and upper part of the chest, so that it must often have appeared from a distance like a glittering golden suit of mail. Naturally only queens and people highly placed could afford such costly ornaments, but the spirit of decoration extended to the people, and no female mummy was buried without her necklaces, even though they should consist only of rows of coloured beads skilfully woven into the form of an open network to cover the neck; indeed, it would appear that their intention was to have some decorative covering which should allow of cool breezes lightly fanning the upper part of the body, and at the same time should form a complete investment.

Their childlike enjoyment of adornment with bright colours is seen more perfectly in those wreaths of flowers, which were really the jewellery of home-life in Egypt. The wreaths worn round the heads of guests at feasts were nearly always composed of lotus-flowers, both buds and full-blown blossoms being used; while their necks were wreathed with garlands of various kinds. And flowers were used, perhaps, even more to decorate the lady at her death than they had been while she was alive. Wreaths and bouquets are always found with the mummies; and when the mummy-case of the grandson of Queen Aahhotep was opened at Cairo, the body was found covered from head to foot with garlands, and, strange to relate, amongst the flowers was a dead wasp, quite perfect; attracted by their sweet smell as the body lay in state before the funeral, it had flown in, and is now, perhaps, the only specimen of a mummied wasp in the world. Children made these garlands, just as children do nowadays, by putting the stalk of the one flower through that of the next, and then they delighted in hanging these flowery chains round their own necks, or round those of their parents. There were loving little children in that old country of the Nile, and our hearts are full as we see the objects brought from the graves of the girls and boys who, sad to say, died in the very springtime of life. More touching far than the costly jewels or the curious and wonderful wigs are all these tokens of genuine child-life. Dolls made of wood or bronze, with painted bodies and bugled hair, some well made, some with little likeness to humanity; animals with strings to pull their jointed limbs: a hippopotamus in the British Museum, crocodiles with movable jaws at Berlin and at Leyden. As we look at these toys the children of that far past seem very near us, with their human love for their mock babies, picturing to us the love of those mothers of ancient Egypt, whom when we know, we must revere and honour.

Helen Mary Tirard.

Toy Hippopotamus. (*In the British Museum.*)

Some Irish Industries.

I.—THE POPLIN WEAVERS OF DUBLIN.

IN Dublin, as in most cities, there are districts little known except to those whom poverty or business brings thither: districts once the haunts of rank and fashion, but now frequented only by the poorest of the poor. Such is the Coombe, the refuge of exiled Huguenots in 1685, the home for generations of weavers, and the centre of the Irish poplin trade. Those whom chance leads to explore this quarter, are surprised to find amidst the squalor houses whose broad frontage, wide doorways, large windows, and decorated lintels show, even when broken or defaced, that skill and wealth were lavished on their erection. Within, the worn, grimy staircases are broad and frequently enriched by carvings, the mantels bear half-obliterated coats-of-arms, while elaborate cornices adorn the principal rooms, into each of which a family is now crowded. In Weaver's Square, and neighbouring courts and alleys, there are dwellings whose high-pitched roofs and dormer-windows have a distinctly foreign aspect; but comparatively few of these quaint survivals now exist, since innumerable rookeries have been swept away and replaced by artisans' dwellings of the brightest red brick, more comfortable, perhaps, but infinitely less picturesque.

When Louis XIV. revoked the Edict of Nantes, nearly fifty thousand Huguenots emigrated to England; amongst them were nobles, gentlemen, and artisans, who founded colonies at Spitalfields and Norwich. Of the artisans, many were silk weavers, who continued to ply their trade in exile, and gradually increased their business. Soon the refugees became too numerous, and looked for other quarters in which to settle. The Government was anxious at the time to introduce into Ireland some manufacture that would not interfere with any English industry, for it had recently suppressed the woollen trade of that country, as clashing with the corresponding branch of English commerce, and many workmen were thrown out of employment in consequence. The refugees were therefore invited to establish themselves in Dublin, and accordingly, in 1693, several of their number arrived in that city. They chose for their residence the Coombe (or Valley), which lies in the heart of the city, and forms part of the "Liberties" of Dublin, so called because of certain privileges once accorded to dwellers therein. Two chapels were set apart for French Protestant worship; one of these was in Peter Street, the other was the ancient Lady Chapel of St. Patrick's Cathedral, and Swift, according to tradition, often joined in the service held in the latter, or sat listening to the lengthy sermons, half-hidden by a friendly pillar.

Some of the new-comers belonged to the upper classes, and the names of D'Olier, Dubedat, La Touche, and others familiar to Dubliners, show how firm was the hold these refugees took on the country of their adoption. The La Touches, originally from Blois, established a bank, and, taught tolerance by their own sufferings, were the first to give credit to, and open accounts with, Roman Catholics, who were as unpopular with the Government in those days in Ireland, as the Huguenots had been in France.

The settlers amalgamated with the people amongst whom they lived. By degrees they dropped many foreign customs, they married Irish wives, they changed their names, either translating them into English, or calling themselves by some title whose sound approximated to the French. Blanc and Lebrun thus became White and Brown, Dulau was transformed into Waters, and Le Sauvage into Savage and Wilde. While those belonging to the upper classes kept to the Reformed religion, most of the artisans became Catholics after a few generations, or at least suffered their children to be brought up in that faith, and these changes of name and of belief render it almost impossible to trace their descendants at the present day. If one does by chance come across a weaver of "the old stock," he differs in nothing from the purely Irish population around him. Connection with the Huguenots through some grandfather or great-grandmother is, however, not uncommon, and is a source of pride to many a worthy Irishman. One of the last genuine descendants of the refugees was a man named Ivres, who died some years ago, and who preserved many of the characteristics of his forefathers, though he did call himself *I*vers. One permanent trace of their residence in the Coombe the Frenchmen have left. Londoners born within sound of Bow Bells are supposed to have more than ordinary difficulty with the unruly letter h, and a decided tendency to confuse their v's and w's. In like manner, Dubliners born within hearing of the chimes of Christ's Church or "Patrick's," wrestle vainly with the consonants th. On their lips "this and that" becomes "dis an' dat," so that "a Liberty boy" may readily be known by this peculiarity, although the speech of the foreigners whom the children once imitated is heard in that quarter no more. But we anticipate—in 1693 looms whirred in every garret, and French was as much the language of the Coombe as it used to be of Soho.

Silk weaving soon became an important branch of Irish industry. The Government protected the manufacture in a special manner at the outset. The Irish Parliament passed enactments intended to benefit the silk trade, and placed it under the care of the Royal Dublin Society, which appointed a board of twelve directors to look after its interests. These noblemen and merchants offered a bounty of twelve per cent. on all silk goods manufactured in the country after June,

1764, and deposited for sale in their warehouse in Parliament Street. So flourishing was the trade at this time, that the annual sales amounted on an average to £70,000, and the material was celebrated far and wide. Evil days, alas! were at hand. By a subsequent Act passed in the twenty-sixth year of George III., the Society was forbidden to dispose of any portion of its funds in supporting an establishment where Irish silks were sold. In 1783 the sales had declined in value to £25,000.

Irish poplin is, as most of our readers are aware, a mixture of silk and wool, the first forming the warp, the last the weft. Silk probably ran short during our wars with France, and some ingenious workman devised this plan of doing with half the usual quantity. The exact date when the two were first combined cannot be clearly ascertained. Thomas Reynolds, a member of the United Irishmen, who betrayed Lord Edward Fitzgerald, claimed (according to his life written by his son) that his grandfather, who was engaged in the silk trade, was the first to manufacture poplin, but others have disputed the distinction. In one of her letters from Ireland, Mrs. Delaney speaks of buying "a tabby night-gown" for her sister; could this "tabby" have been the original of our modern tabinet, or was this last a softer quality of the first-named?

From 1783 to the present day the manufacture of poplin has struggled on, sometimes employing many workmen, again finding occupation for very few. The material is so beautiful, so soft, so durable, so richly coloured, so easily adapted to every style of drapery, that it deserves wider popularity than has fallen to its share. In 1840 Mr. Otway reported that "people bought the goods for charity's sake." There should be no charity in the matter; poplin has intrinsic merits that entitle it to a high place in public favour. Some of the best Parisian houses have discovered its merits, and most lovely are the robes, most graceful the clinging tea-gowns trimmed with costly Irish lace, that have been fashioned for the trousseaux of Frenchwomen of rank. This delicately-tinted fabric lends itself to every device that fashion can invent, and requires only to be known to be esteemed.

Being desirous of learning as much as possible of the process of manufacture, we began by visiting the establishments of Messrs. Atkinson and Messrs. O'Reilly, Dunne, and Co., who, with Messrs. Pim and Co., are amongst the principal makers of poplin for dresses, as Messrs. Fry and others are of poplin for curtains and upholstery. These firms gave valuable information, besides putting us in the way of seeing the weavers in their own homes.

Messrs. Atkinson had some looms at work on their premises in College Green at the time, and we were at once conducted to the winding room. Here, in one corner, was a woman turning a large wheel that set all the machinery in motion, while half a dozen others of different ages stood before a revolving frame, and with the utmost dexterity wound hanks of silk of every hue on reels. To an onlooker ignorant of its mysteries the work seemed very complicated, but the girls knotted or twisted, tied or broke the threads with an ease and quickness born of long practice. Men were at work in a larger room above filled with looms, and each workman had before him a piece of poplin in process of manufacture. On one, a Jacquard loom, was a delicate figured tabinet; the pattern, ostrich-feathers of the *vieux rose* tint, most wonderfully true to nature in every soft curl and fibre, scattered on a ground of ivory-white. Like the Gobelin tapestry weaver, the weaver of brocade sees only the wrong side of his work, so we had to stoop and look under, at some risk to our headgear, to catch a glimpse of the beautiful effect when finished. Deep cardinal, dull grey, blue, black, innumerable were the shades of colour that flashed before our eyes as the looms whirred, and the shuttles shot backwards and forwards. Here was material for a Court train, there for a bridal dress. An old man with spectacles on nose was tediously occupied in putting all in order to begin—the most troublesome part of the affair. When the silk of the warp is wound on the great wooden rollers off the reels prepared by the women, and stretched on the loom, there is often a fortnight's hard work before the weaver in carefully picking every knot or irregularity, removing broken threads, and putting all in perfect order. The smallest defect passed over at this stage would injure the quality of the manufactured poplin. One advantage hand-looms have over steam-power: if anything goes wrong they may be stopped immediately, whereas, before steam can be shut off, a yard of the fabric, or more, is spoiled; still, every precaution is taken, and in this instance our spectacled friend was examining the warp thread by thread, though these were fine as a spider's web. Over each weaver's head, but a little in front of him, hangs the pattern—innumerable squares of thick, whitey-brown cardboard connected together, and pierced with circular holes. By consulting this, the workman sees what groups of threads should be raised to produce a certain effect. At each shoot of the shuttle one of these squares folds up and the next drops into position, and thus they move in endless procession.

Having examined the different looms, and vainly tried to grasp the details of what is technically termed "the harness," we were shown the raw material dyed and undyed. Great twists of silk of every hue, from the faintest pink to the deepest crimson, from the palest sky-blue to darkest sapphire, from the tint of a Gloire de Dijon rose to a glowing orange, were piled one upon another. Hanks of wool of shades to correspond filled rows of shelves, and a quantity of both materials, as yet uncoloured, lay in order on the tables. The silk comes from China and from Italy; Indian silk, owing to its deeper natural colour, has been found less suitable. Some of the silk is dyed in Dublin, the rest in Coventry; it loses twenty-five per cent. of its weight in the process. Inferior silks, none of which are used in the manufacture of Irish poplin, actually gain the same amount, so clogged are the threads with foreign matter, which dissolves at the first shower of rain and leaves the material a limp rag without value or substance. Such goods can of course be sold cheaply by dishonest producers, but a single day's wear reveals their true

character. The wool comes from Australia; none other answers the purpose as well. Sheep were introduced from our greatest colony, but the quality of their fleece soon changed under the influence of a damper climate. The wool varies in thickness, some being as fine as thread; it is all hard, and very closely spun. We were told that a lady, desirous of seeing if it would answer for knitting, began a sock, but did not succeed, as owing to its fineness the work progressed but slowly, and when completed was not soft enough for use. This yarn is wound from spinning wheels by women on to the little bobbins which are placed in the shuttle and thrown across the silk. Patterns are furnished chiefly by Macclesfield, as those invented by Dublin schools of design were found impracticable. They are divided into small squares, each corresponding to a single thread, and roughly coloured, exactly like the hideous, old-fashioned, Berlin-wool patterns, except that, in this case, the colouring helps only to guide the workman, and does not in any way indicate the shades he is to choose in carrying out the design. The man who punches the cardboard patterns for the looms, counts these squares and makes his holes to correspond.

Having seen the entire process of manufacture, we were shown the rolls of poplin made up for sale, and nothing more beautiful of the kind could be imagined. Soft, rich, and uncrushable, the poplin falls in the most graceful folds; there is no stiffness nor hardness of outline where it is employed. Cream, white, pale blue, dull green, an exquisite pearl-grey, a delicate shrimp-pink, artistic yellows, and many others were unfolded for our benefit. Some handsome figured tabinets were also shown, amongst them the ostrich-feather pattern before mentioned, here reproduced in dull red on an old gold ground. Besides the brocades intended for dresses, there were many others in church colours, and of ecclesiastical designs. Of these, Messrs. O'Reilly, Dunne, and Co. had an immense stock, and seemed to make them a specialty. Poplin is particularly suited for religious uses, since, unlike inferior silks, it contains no cotton, a mixture of which last is, they say, forbidden by the rubrics, which recognise three materials only —silk, woollen, and linen. There were scarlets and purples sufficient to robe every cardinal and bishop in Europe, and all shades of green, yellow, red, and white for vestments. This branch of the poplin trade ought to be more lucrative than it actually is.

Having thanked those who had so obligingly given us information, our next step was to visit weavers working in their own homes; and, furnished with some addresses, we set out to explore the (to us) unknown Coombe.

With some difficulty we found the street and number that held the first place on our list. The weaver we wished to see was a woman, presumably about four or five-and-thirty. The weavers would seem to be a jealous class; they like to keep the trade in their own families, and son succeeds father with tolerable regularity. Of the women who weave, most are the daughters of weavers, and very excellent work they do, too, when sufficiently robust to bear the constant pressure upon the treadle. The men once grumbled at girls getting the same pay as themselves, but were told that there was no reason why they should not, if they did as much and did it as well. This was startling doctrine to the complainants, who thought they deserved a higher wage because of their sex, and they went away discomfited.

Ellen C—— very soon made her appearance, a slight, somewhat worn-looking woman, with the snowy skin and black hair characteristic of one type of Irish good looks. There was very little to see, she remarked, but that she would be pleased to show us. Trade was bad; there was scarcely any demand for poplin, though to her mind there was no handsomer nor better material. She had just finished a piece of black, but had not yet taken it from the loom, and would be paid to-morrow. She did not know when she should have another order; perhaps very soon, perhaps not. She could weave about two yards in the day by constant application, and make ten or twelve shillings a week, sometimes more, when in work. Yes, poplin could be made cheaper and better than imported goods; if times were good, the manufacturers could afford to ask lower prices and yet give the best materials. She admitted the fabric was expensive, but then how good and durable it was, how superior to the trash sold as silk, weighted and clogged with dye! It was difficult to sell it for less when it was so little sought for, and so many had to make something by it.

The house was exquisitely clean, and this holds good of all the weavers' homes; even the poorest are distinguished for taste and neatness, squalid as is the neighbourhood where these people live. Ellen C—— had only two rooms, very poorly furnished, but in excellent order, though our visit was quite unexpected, and we took her unawares. In the outer apartment stood her bed with its snowy counterpane, which was screened off from the rest of the room. The central table, covered by a blue cloth, bore a flourishing geranium, a canary sang in the window, the uncarpeted floor was scrubbed white, the various chests of drawers and cupboards shone as if newly varnished, and a few gaudy religious pictures brightened the walls. The inner chamber was almost entirely filled by a loom, and here the poor, patient creature lived and worked all alone from year's end to year's end, happy if she succeeded in earning her daily bread. Elsewhere, the main features were pretty much the same, cleanliness and patient poverty on all sides.

Our most interesting interview was with a man who dwelt in one of the quaintest old houses in the locality, with a high-pitched roof, to whose strength and antiquity he drew our attention. At first he was rather gruff, but finding us really interested in his work, he brightened up and became quite voluble. No one who has not spoken to them knows how interesting are intelligent artisans. Theirs is the knowledge of experience, not of books; when they have complicated work to do, and are masters of it, they acquire, by that alone, an astonishing amount of useful information, and though they are unable to talk learnedly, they thoroughly understand what they say.

Having made friends with the weaver, he led us up a flight of rickety, corkscrew stairs to an attic vibrating with a whirring loom. The room held two, but one was idle, work being scarce; at the other sat his daughter, a pretty girl of twenty. Her fair hair was neatly braided, her black gown, though relieved by white frilling at neck and wrists and a coquettish apron, was simplicity itself; her manner was excellent, respectful but unembarrassed. Her work was brocade of an ecclesiastical character—crosses enclosed in circles, yellow on a white ground. To the beams of her loom she had pasted such pretty scraps as pleased her, and one or two ballads which we fancied she sang as she worked. Beside her stood a mug of spring flowers, and she drew our attention to her good fortune in having a distant view of green fields, and even of the hazy outlines of the Dublin mountains across the housetops. "It was an advantage," she said, "to be placed so high." One might build a romance of the quaint old house, and the young life flourishing in its gloomy shadow. The maid seemed an innocent Lady of Shalott, humming softly to herself as she cast her shuttle, and watching her embroidery grow beneath her touch, in the happy days before she looked down to Camelot. Her father soon chased such idle imaginings. This was a proud family; they had been weavers father and son in the same house for nearly two hundred years, and the blood of French Huguenots flowed in their veins. If it was mixed with a large proportion of Irish this did not tend to lessen their pride, and the old man was eager to tell how his grandfather was the first to invent or adopt this or that improvement, and what marvellous work his father had done for some long-dead, noble lady. There were no better weavers in Dublin, he said, than his two sons. One of them was employed on handsome curtains at a manufactory near; should we like to see them? We answered in the affirmative, and another girl, even prettier than the first, was summoned, who said she would be delighted to show the ladies the way, and while she put on her hat and jacket, her father talked on.

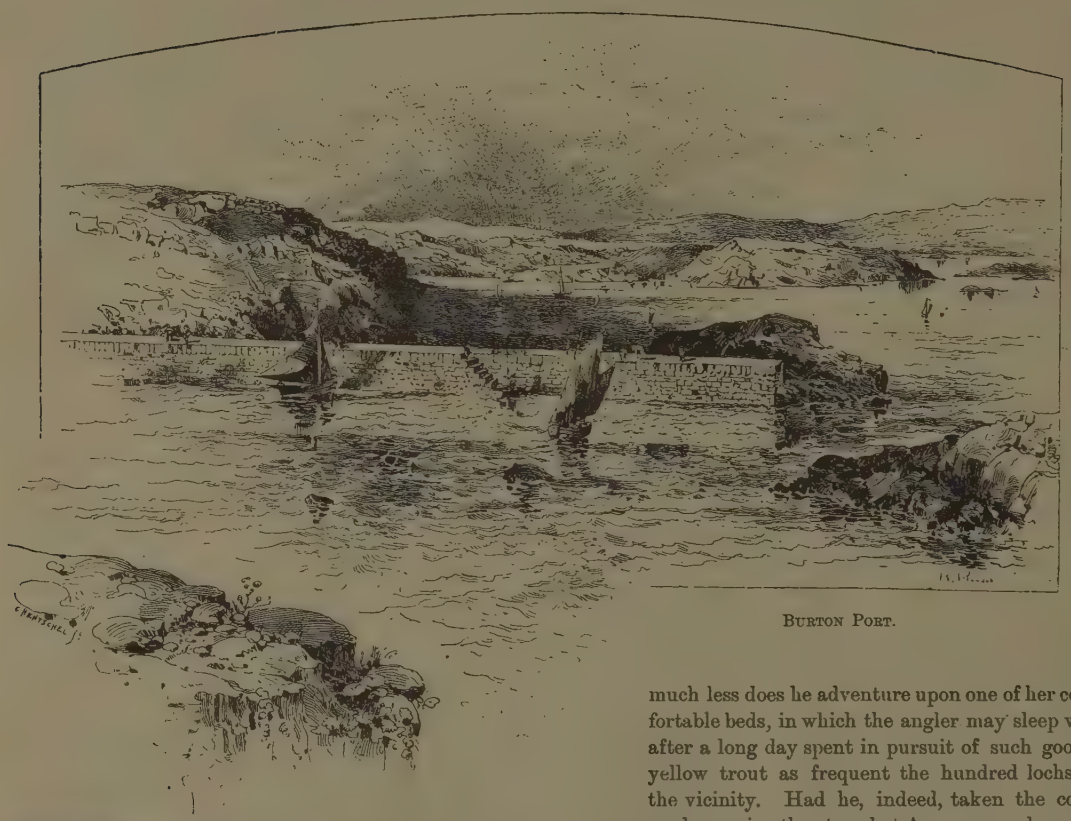
Times were bad, said he too; poplin was not appreciated as it should be. There were so many middle profits to be made that prices had to be kept up. "Would it be better," we asked, "if the workman and the public were brought in more immediate contact, if a man could make what he liked for any individual?" "Yes, undoubtedly," he replied; "but then the trades unions would not approve of that, as some weavers might get too much to do, and others none at all." Silk handkerchiefs, he told us, had been imported from England and sold at a very low price. He offered to make some similar, but of better material, at the same cost. Yet it fell through somehow—the public preferred the poorer kind; he could not understand it.

We descended to the living-room, its bulging windows filled with geraniums; amongst its quaint old furniture was a carved bookcase, a genuine antique, which the owner evidently valued. In one corner stood a queer apparatus, and the floor around was strewn with tiny circles like fairy coinage. This, the father explained, was used for punching the weavers' patterns; one of his sons was the only man in Dublin who could make them. They were expensive, costing sometimes over ten pounds, and seldom less than four, the number of holes in each amounting to hundreds of thousands in a complicated design. Near this was a spinning wheel for filling the bobbins with wool. This was his good woman's business, and we had glimpses of an inner apartment with another idle loom. On the ground floor the wife was occupied in tediously picking the warp of a web in readiness for her husband; in fact, every room had in it some implement of a weaver's trade. By this time "Mary," as he called her, had donned a neat black hat and jacket, and was ready to conduct us, so with many thanks to her father, who was with difficulty induced to accept a small gratuity, we started through a maze of lanes and alleys. Our destination was a house exactly like hundreds to be seen in any French town. We entered through a wicket in the great *porte-cochère*, and found ourselves in a square courtyard, across which we made our way. The place seemed half-ruinous, but we succeeded in climbing some steep stairs. On every side in the great bare rooms were looms, these all unoccupied, some broken, some in working order; but the place quivered with the rattle of machinery from above. At last we found Mary's brother in the upper storey, and the curtains on which he was engaged justified his father's praise. He had been three weeks getting them in order, and had only done about a finger-length. Once fairly started, he could do nearly three yards in the day. The loom was of unusual width, and very heavy. In the same apartment were several women and girls engaged in making carriage lace, while some men were weaving a coarse sort of corded material used on the seats of tram-cars. My pretty conductress seemed a general favourite, for not a few of the men brightened at her approach and asked when was she coming back to work. For each she had a laughing reply, grieved as she evidently was at having nothing to do.

As we passed again through the desolate rooms below, with their rows of dusty, unused looms, we wished that the good old days of the silk trade had returned for Ireland, and that a workman sat at each, singing as he cast his shuttle. Whether prosperity will or will not again visit the poplin weavers, lies in the hands of the public, and theirs is the fault if an industry so useful, so interesting in itself, its origin, and its location, is allowed still further to decay. As has been shown, most of the men work only now and then; they get an occasional order that keeps them from starvation, but customers are too few to insure constant employment to the large body who live directly or indirectly by weaving. By a strange mischance the poplins one usually sees in London shop-windows are by no means attractive in colour, being too often either crude or dingy. Why the buyers for these establishments do not choose something prettier would be difficult to say, since the loveliest tints are to be had at the same price, and with increased demand would come increased perfection. May we hope that at the Irish Exhibition our readers will examine for themselves this beautiful material, and judge whether or not the Irish may be proud of this relic of the Huguenots?

CHARLOTTE O'CONOR-ECCLES.

II.—THE KNITTERS OF THE ROSSES.



Burton Port.

LIFTING up its granite bulwarks to stem the mighty roll of the Atlantic billows, that portion of the wild sea-board of Western Donegal which is called locally "The Rosses" may well picture itself to the readers of Tasso as his *Ultima Irlanda*—that most forlorn outpost of the civilisation of the sixteenth century which the words suggest.

Rosses, in the Irish language, means just such a "continent of crags" as this, stretching out like the fingers of an open hand into the waste of waters between the little sandy harbour at Bunbeg and Dungloe Bay. Cut off as it is by a lofty chain of barren mountains from approach by rail or tramway, destitute of any pier or landing-stage for the steamers passing constantly outside the headlands, this region eludes the eyes of tourists or newspaper correspondents, and is known only to those who are connected with it by family, or friendly, or business relations. Even the all-informed Mr. Murray is content with such glimpses as the inland road, conveying him from his good quarters at Gweedore to the fine glens and headlands of South Donegal, may offer. He does not even lunch at Mrs. Hanlon's good hostelry when he reaches Dungloe, the metropolis of the Rosses; much less does he adventure upon one of her comfortable beds, in which the angler may sleep well after a long day spent in pursuit of such goodly yellow trout as frequent the hundred lochs of the vicinity. Had he, indeed, taken the coast road, crossing the strand at Anagary, and coming round by Kincaslough, with its fine natural harbour, and cheerful white chapel, on one of those lovely days when the sea takes the hue of a peacock's breast, shoaling from purple to a vivid green, and all the countless rocklets and islands it encircles lie bathed in rosy light, he might have been tempted to linger; for tracing here the footprint of some great sea-bird amongst the profusion of bright wild flowers clothing the sand-hills, he could well fancy himself the first discoverer of this lonely region.

Even as he gazes the "terror of tempest" may sweep across the ocean, when the white spray will fling itself over the Butt of Aran, and fringe the cliffs of Owey (*Ooie*), while Tory Island, lying far out to the north, looks spectral seen through the flying scud. Then he is reminded of that night, four years ago, when the gunboat *Wasp* ran full on the sheer precipices of Tory, and that merry crew who had just left safe anchorage in Aran roadstead were swallowed by the cruel waves. I spent that night with kind friends at Burton Port. In the morning news came of the loss of two men who had been trying to reach Innishfra Island in a small boat in the teeth of the gale; the full disaster it had wrought was heard of many hours later.

The women of these coasts and islands are as skilful as the men in handling the oar and rudder. They know every sunken rock and dangerous current of the intricate channels between the great island of Aran and the mainland, and take the boats in and out in all weathers. For many years a Grace Darling of this western coast, the daughter of the pilot who lived on Eights Island, went out in storm and darkness with her old father, never trusting him alone as she knew his weakness for the whiskey. This brave girl never flinched from facing the wildest gales, fearing that disaster might befall her father and the vessels it was his business to guide to a safe anchorage, if she were not at the helm. Many a ship's crew beating about between Aran and Owey owed its preservation to Nellie Boyle. Two sisters have taken the post boat into Aran for many years past, their father, John Nancy, being now old and infirm.

The beetling cliffs and echoing caves of this dangerous coast have a weird charm of their own, and the simple people born within the sound of the Atlantic surges cling with a surprising tenacity to their thatched and roped cottages, sheltered behind huge round-backed rocks, in the hollows of which they grow their patches of potatoes and stunted oats and barley.

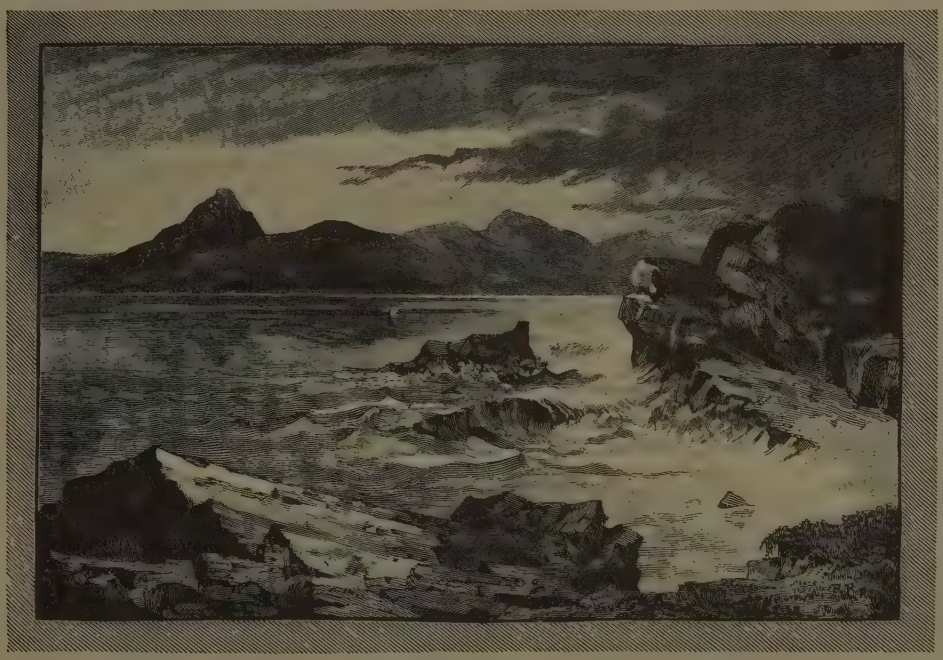
The number of these dwellings, starting up out of what from afar looks like a stony desert, both by the sea and for miles inland, is startling to us who reflect on the possibilities of subsistence afforded by this so-called *land*. The unfailing bog affords ample fuel, it is true, and the potato crop, when as good as now, will last throughout the winter.

In a good season such as this the oats have a chance of getting stacked before the equinoctial gales begin to blow. Well it would be if these oats, ground into meal, might form a larger part of the staple food of Donegal. Strong tea, boiled in the "wee pot" beside the turf embers, with baker's bread, have now taken the place of the wholesome bone-making porridge on which the canny Scot still lives.

To buy groceries money is needed, and we wonder how this can be earned here. Kelp, or seaweed, burning used to bring them money; and this year, too, thin pillars of blue smoke are rising all round by the sea, showing, let us hope, that the trade in iodine is brisk. The fishing ought to be a fruitful source of prosperity to the Rosses, but on this subject a resident writes in 1884 as follows:—

"To the north of Aranmore, stretching away to the north-west of Tory, there is a fine fishing-bank, where all kinds of fish might be caught every day of the year with suitable boats and gear. In very fine weather our small craft often go out from four to six miles off Aran Heads. Next day they come back laden, and after such a take all the other boats in the neighbourhood will go out. It may be that a breeze springs up, the sea rises in the middle of a good catch, then all have to run for home or shelter. Large, well-fitted fishing-smacks could stay out there for days, and make plenty of money too; but facilities for the transit and sale of fish there are none.

"Markets would be found if only the Board of Trade would entertain the beneficent project of building a breastwork to complete what nature has done at Kincaslough to create a pier. The harbour is not tidal, there are eighteen feet of water always available, it is sheltered



THE ROSSES.

effectually from every dangerous wind. It has been estimated by competent authorities that between two and three thousand pounds would complete a pier, at which pier the large steamers passing within two miles twice a week might put in, as they ply between Glasgow, Liverpool, and Sligo. At present captains of vessels windbound in Aran roadstead are much inconvenienced by the distance they are obliged to drive before they can telegraph to owners; Dunfanaghy and Stanorlar being from thirty to forty miles off. It is a great shame for Government to leave an important anchorage like this without telegraphic communication. I presented a memorial to the Postmaster-General, influentially signed, in 1883, asking for an extension of the telegraph to Dungloe and Burton Port, but its receipt has never been acknowledged."

The men migrate to Scotland for the harvest, walking sixty miles to Derry when it is too rough for their boats to reach these passing steamers; but reaping machines are rapidly diminishing the market for hand-reaping in the lowland districts, and they return with but slender earnings for the most part. The land of promise across the western waves, enables many to help friends and relations at home. The Irish emigrant seldom neglects this pious duty. He is very apt to return from America —the "next parish" as he calls it—as soon as he has gathered enough money to enable him to build a slated house amongst the rocks over which his bare feet have sped when he was a boy. Cradled within reach of the Atlantic surges, as they fret and moan in the deep caves, hearing the sad complaining cries of myriads of sea-birds, the Rosses folk cling also to their ancient superstitions, and give human voices to these wailing sounds. This is the spot for warnings and portents, while many a creepy tale is whispered round the glowing turf fires on the winter nights. Charms and talismans are held in repute, and there are still glens in some of the islands shunned after nightfall, for here the fairies—or "good people"—have been seen holding their revels even of late years, by belated travellers, and these dangerous wee folk brook no rash intrusion from mortal men. The Roman Catholic clergy discourage this "superstitious gossip," and turn a deaf ear to legends and ghost stories. Often have I been thrilled with a strange awe, however, to hear a dear relative, a Rosses woman of the "raal ould ancient race," so privileged to hear and repeat its folk-lore, tell of changeling children, and of tutelary spirits; while in quite recent times a poor woman crossing the bog one day had met a "grey lady," who gave her a magic stone, telling her to rub herself well with it, when all her pains would leave her. She was charged to send this magic stone to all who were suffering, but on no account to take money for its use. Accordingly the amulet was passed on from house to house, coming once to the "big house" also, and it never failed to cure when well rubbed in.

With their soft native language the natives retain many primitive customs. Marriages are settled by the parents, sometimes before the young people concerned have met. The number of sheep or sum of money for the "plenishing" once agreed upon, the wedding takes place with much mirth, fiddling, singing, and dancing; and these marriages generally turn out happily; but when landlords will permit a "new smoke" is then added, which diminishes the farm, while large families are the rule. The peasantry of Ireland are known to be exceptionally virtuous and modest in their domestic relations. The Rosses people are light-hearted, and on the long winter nights the cheery notes of a fiddle may be heard in most of the cottages. So long as the "potheen" is absent, the dancing which accompanies it is very harmless.

The temptation to distil what used to be called the "Donegal milk" is almost irresistible in some of the islands, and many amusing anecdotes are told of the 'cuteness with which the Owey people elude the Excisemen. The owner of the island tells the following:—

"Two girls landed one day on Cruit (*Crutt*) with a fine jar of illicit whiskey. Spying two coastguards lying in wait for them, one girl set off running as only a Rosses girl can run, the men after her in wild pursuit. Many a mile she led them, over hill and dale, before she was captured—empty-handed! Her friend had meantime walked on slowly, with the jar tucked safely under her shawl, to the house where it was expected, and delivered it safely."

The people of Aranmore, the large island sheltering many smaller ones and Burton Port, used to regard banishment to the mainland as a great misfortune. Consequently their surnames were limited to a very few. The numerous John Boyles, or Hugh O'Donnells, would take a mother's name by way of distinction in addition to their own characteristics—"Black John Boyle Nancy" degenerating to "John Nancy" presently. These numberless Boyles or O'Donnells were not, however, the old inhabitants of the island. Within the memory of my relatives the last remnant of an older race still lingered there, on a rock overhanging the sea. One day my cousin saw two strange and diminutive people land on the shore near Burton Port. Their eyes, hair, and skins were dark, almost of an Eastern hue, their feet and hands and ankles curiously small; and they looked sad and weird. Leaving their coracle, they took their way across the hill, their faces set to the east, and were seen no more. My cousin was told that for long these forlorn creatures had been treated as pariahs and shunned as uncanny by the Aran folk, living in the caves and inaccessible mountains. At length taking a desperate resolve, they crossed the sea and wandered out into the unknown world.*

As we steer through the channels dividing the lesser islands from Aran we pass Rutland, a Pompeii of the West. A village and curing-houses for fish were built here during the Lord Lieutenancy of the Duke of Rutland, and the island rechristened: but a man sitting on a mound there lately was told that it covered the highest chimney of these buried houses, over which the white sand has been blown up so as to blot out all traces of their use. A brass cannon of Spanish make was hauled up

* Since writing the above I find that these aborigines were forced to leave the island by some of the inhabitants whose sheep they had stolen and eaten.

from the bottom of the sea close by Rutland about fifty years ago, giving countenance to the tradition of the wreck of certain ships belonging to the Armada on this coast.

Wrecks were formerly of constant occurrence, but now a tall lighthouse warns vessels off Aran Heads; its bright light also strikes on two wicked rocks, far out at sea, called the Stags, and reveals them to passing ships. The old man in charge of this lighthouse told us once more, a few weeks ago, a story often heard before. The cliff on which the tower stands is 233 feet high, the tower 75 feet. One winter night as he sat in the top chamber watching the light, there came suddenly a mountain of green water, stripping off the roof and flooding the room. It seemed to him like an earthquake-wave, and nothing short of seeing it could have convinced him of its reality.

This lighthouse was obtained by my relative who bought the island with others about forty years ago. Delighted to see the beneficent rule established by Mr. Gage in Rathlin off the Antrim coast, he thought to regenerate Aranmore. "In 1849," writes his sister, "J—— and I often wandered for hours over Aranmore. We were full of zeal, in those days, for the good of the people." The land here is much more fertile than on the mainland, but the island had then a teeming population, which it could by no means support. The only hope of bettering the condition of these starving people lay in emigrating a fifth of them. Accordingly, the tenant-right of many little patches having been bought up, a vessel was chartered and all found, while each family was given £10 to start it in America, in addition to a free passage. Names came in fast, and many offered to go, but when it came to dismantling their hovels before leaving so that no other paupers might occupy them, the attachment to their roof-trees asserted itself, and scenes of great distress had to be endured. My cousin was strong in his belief that he was doing his best for both those who went, and the thousand or so who remained. He walked with the men, encouraging them manfully, all the weary way to Derry, running the gauntlet of much abuse as he passed through villages on the way. The 250 souls who then got safe across the Atlantic settled on an island in Lake Superior, where their descendants are, I believe, doing well to this day. It was then possible to enlarge the holdings, to make roads, and set about many improvements. A lodge grew up where for many a year merry parties of friends and relations enjoyed the splendid air and scenery of this fine coast. This pleasant cottage is, of necessity, now deserted.

This year* the crops are good, the turf is cut and carried. The men we met loading it in carts, and creels slung over horses' backs, gave back a cheerful response when my companions—amongst them the parish priest—asked after the harvest, as we climbed the hill to enjoy a panorama of blue creeks and inlets studded with islands, and backed by the wild Derry Veigh and Dunleary mountains.

A feeling of deep thankfulness for the good season was mingled with the pain caused by the absence of those who had once loved the place so well, as we sailed down a "golden path of rays" away from beautiful Aranmore that evening. The tide runs like a mill-race through those tortuous channels, and the moon was glittering on the clear waters before our stout rowers could win us through against the current. Tales of the seals beguiled the way. These gentle creatures are said to retreat to the caves, uttering musical sounds, before they die. Mournful strains are heard floating out on the evening air at times. They are affectionate and soon tamed. Our relations had a pet seal that used to lie before their schoolroom windows the day long. For some reason it was decided that it should be restored to the depths of ocean. It was placed in a boat, rowed far out, and thrown into the sea. Next morning it was seen lying in its favourite lair. Again it was taken out in a boat and committed to its native element, and once more it returned.

But it is now time to say why, in the absence of relations, I too find my way back to the Rosses from time to time. There are still good people at Burton Port able and willing to second any scheme that may be devised for giving work and wages to the poor women of the district, and a quiet bit of work which has this intention has been in progress there during the last half-dozen years, under my direction.

During the last sad winter spent in Aranmore by my widowed cousin and her daughters, I heard much about the low rate of wages for knitting which then prevailed. Well on to fifty years ago, this good knitting, as well as the hand-loom weaving of cloth and flannel, had been brought to great perfection by the beneficent, fostering care of a man whose memory may well be revered by those who knew him as he lived and laboured. Lord George Hill—of whose life-long work at Gweedore it may, perhaps, be my privilege to speak in detail on some future occasion—"taking his courage in both his hands," had purchased five forlorn and God-forsaken properties there in the years 1838–9. With the help of a practical agriculturist, ten years had seen this wilderness brought into cultivation, while Lord George was yearly offering prizes for new fences, straight furrows, tidy cottages, neat gardens, and clean crops. They were not only encouraged to make good butter and rear poultry, but were rewarded for knitting and spinning their best. Excellent cloth was produced, and well-made hose found its way, through a sympathetic channel, to the English market. A certain Mr. Hawes, from London, was wont to visit Donegal at prize-giving seasons, and soon he began to take so much delight in the wild scenery and fine air of Gweedore that his annual holiday was spent there. He bought up the knittings at prices which would surprise some of us poor merchants of a cheaper age. When Mr. Hawes died, another great hosiery house took up the trade with Donegal, and paid the women liberally for good work done. The pleasantest relations existed between employer and employed, the sum paid by one agent alone amounting in 1875 to £900 a year.

Having survived the boycotting which reduced this

* August, 1887.

payment to £80 in 1885, the work went on again well up to last December, when by the intervention of some conflicting agency it fairly ceased for a time. Another agent suffered in the same way at Dungloe, where, as well as at Gweedore, this underselling has brought about a serious lowering of the scale of wages for the knitting. In my small efforts to supply work, my fear had been that I might clash with an immense and permanent agency which has long existed at Glenties, in Donegal. Glenties is a long way from Burton Port and the islands, however, and when Mr. McDevitt's manager courteously showed me his warehouses, piled from floor to ceiling with strong coarse knitted goods, I took care to explain that, while our district lay out of his area, my object was to get much finer work than his produced, at a more remunerative price. It seemed well, also, to warn our knitters that in case our sales might slacken they had better take what work could be procured at any price. I was not without a grain of hope that we might yet see the market prices raised, a hope which has been realised.

In 1882 I had been much struck by the practical sense and beneficence shown by the good parish priest at Burton Port when, in conjunction with Lord Conyngham's representative and others, he drew up a scheme of relief which might have gladdened the heart of Miss Octavia Hill herself.

A SPINNER OF THE ROSSES.

At a time when most Western districts were asking for and receiving *alms*, my friends proposed that a certain amount of improving work should be bestowed by each man on *his own house and land* to entitle him to *wages* in the form of seed-potatoes, corn, or money. Thus his self respect need not be injured.

Laying aside all politics, these good men have preserved their poor neighbours from that system of deplorable begging which is so demoralising. They have encouraged the men to seek work in Glasgow, and the women to knit their best for me. My fine wools have

been travelling over from Alloa for six years past, and coming to me in London in many different shapes. They have also encouraged the Rosses folk to meet all their engagements "like men."

Small wonder is it if, directly you find yourself in the big barren Rosses, you hear "there has never been an eviction in this parish." As we approached Kincaslough the other day we could see, relieved against the blue sky, groups of women sitting on the rocks, their needles flying, their heads tied up in bright red handkerchiefs. When asked for whom they were so busy, those who "had" English said, "Sure, and it's for the lady." The "lady" has to confess that her yarns, being so much finer than Mr. McDevitt's, take longer to knit, and do fairly entitle the knitters to a double wage.

The very fact of doing one thing as well as ever they can, has, I am assured, a good educational and civilising influence upon these bright-eyed, Irish-speaking, barefooted womankind.

Who knows but that in time we may even rival the exquisite knitting-work which is done at Carrick, under the skilled and most kindly tuition of a Londoner, for a great wholesale house in the metropolis? Here fairy-like garments are produced for babies' wear by girls of fourteen, while their elder sisters are hard at work embroidering for a great Belfast firm. The knitters are earning 10d. a day, while the spriggers can earn 1s. by their beautiful work. The good news that "any amount of sprigging was to be had" has made a pleasant stir throughout the whole of Donegal this summer. It is stated in print that already, during the first six months of 1887, £50,000 has been paid by different firms to the Donegal embroiderers. Before such agencies as these, puny little amateur efforts must "pale their ineffectual fires," and yet I should be very sorry to break the pleasant personal bond which attaches my little "stocking room" in London to the good Father Bernard's small cottage in the Rosses. I have seen the women thronging in by the dozen in search of work, bending eagerly to count the stitches of some new sock, while the tall, stalwart-looking Father translated my directions into their native language. Some had come from the islands in boats; some had run barefoot ten miles over the rocks, the news having sped from house to house that the "big parcels" had come in. Father Bernard sends me his monthly record of the wages earned by each Sheilah or Biddy making jerseys, or gloves, or socks, when I send him a cheque; but, alas! in all the years we have been working, the sum of £900 which I have paid for work only amounts to that expended during the one year 1875 by Messrs. Allen and Solly's agent at Gweedore.

I am keenly touched by the generous kindness of clergymen and others who are so eager to help these poor Roman Catholics by buying their work. But, gentle reader, my object is not altogether to entrap thee into that "stocking room" to buy. If this rambling sketch has indeed proved worth thy perusal, urge, rather, thy better half—if he be an M.P. so much the better—to help us to that pier which would open up a market for our Rosses products of every description. As we lingered near Kincaslough we saw boxes of lobsters, and crates of eggs at fivepence a dozen, waiting to be carted over the hills, more than sixty miles, to Derry. We saw thousands of snowy water-lilies, and gorgeous yellow daisies—here there is often more daisy than crop—which, if carried fresh and damp to Covent Garden, would bring endless pennies. There is much to import and to export too. There is the excellent cloth spun on the hillsides by the women, and woven by the parish weavers in hand-looms. Many gentlemen who used to wear this warm light freize tell me they cannot now get it at reasonable prices. To them I would say, write to Mr. Neil McNeillis at Ardara, Mr. McClum at Killybegs, or Mr. Robertson at the Gweedore Hotel for patterns. This year, again, I bought splendid thick cloth from the bright-eyed woman we had dealt with at Gweedore years ago, and again we were tempted to carry off sixty yards of lighter texture, brought down to the Lodge at Carrick by a shepherd's wife from Slieve League. So delighted was this handsome old woman to sell her web at 1s. 4d. a yard, that, in the absence of all English, she shook us four times by the hand before departing with her four sovereigns. This cloth is in process of conversion into dresses and ulsters at present. I saw some specimens of dyed yarns sent for exhibition to Strabane from South Donegal. The sad greens and russets, clear browns and blues, might have cheered the heart of Mr. Liberty. Dyeing with many plants, and with the "crottle" or rock lichens, is a very old art in Ireland and the Highlands of Scotland, but I do not know enough about it technically to speak of its merits. Dressing and shrinking the cloth are done in rude presses, and by a species of heavy tailor's goose, in what are called "tuck mills" in West Donegal, but space will not admit of further description of a process which gives a nice finish when the rougher texture is not preferred. In the year 1881 we of the Rosses strongly urged on Sir G. O. Trevelyan and his colleagues the claim of Kincaslough to a pier, but most English Governments have had too many gigantic changes under debate to attend to the mere industrial or material interests of Ireland. It cannot be said that they "begin at the toe," like Steeple Jack when his ladder fell, and he was left alone on a tall mill chimney. "Begin at the toe!" screamed his wife from below, when promptly pulling off the sock she had knitted for him, he began to unravel it, and soon had a thread long enough to reach the ground when weighted with a bit of brick. With this a stronger line was hauled up, and yet a stronger, until a rope sturdy enough to bear his weight was noosed round the chimney, when he descended in safety, saved by his hand-made sock!

DOROTHEA ROBERTS.

The Truth about Clement Ker:

Being an Account of some Curious Circumstances connected with the Life and Death of the late Sir Clement Ker, Bart., of Brae House, Peeblesshire. Told by his Second Cousin, Geoffrey Ker, of London.

CHAPTER XVI.

I MAKE AN EXPERIMENT.

ALL this time (although I have said but little about it) I had found it more and more difficult to forget and put out of my mind the apparition (now twice seen) of old Bright's melancholy figure going his nightly and fearful rounds. A hundred times in my life I have been accused, if not convicted, of superstition; Dick even declaring that all the accumulated credulity of a long line of ghost-ridden Scotch ancestors is concentrated and exampled, as it were, in my own person. However that may be—and it is a subject on which I distinctly prefer to reserve my opinion—there is no doubt that I then knew more about the old Ker legends, and crimes, and awful punishments than any other person living in that house—Clement, perhaps, alone excepted. For weeks I had pored over the yellowing MSS. of the library, and over all the family papers on which I could lay my hands, and (without going into tedious details) with this result—that each new account only served to confirm me in my impression that the family secrets, if secrets or mysteries there were, centred about the tenantless and roofless network of stone corridors leading to that square tower and the votive chapel of which mention has already been made; and which had been erected, as nearly as I could ascertain, on the site of a much older building, by an ancient heiress of Brae, the widow of the man murdered by Durlie Moss. What had struck me very much was the curious reluctance Clement showed to have any part of these ruined passages either demolished or restored, or even entered. There was fine hewn stone enough lying about there on the ground, and among the weeds and brambles, to have furnished Dick's workmen with twice the quantity of material required for the new walls then building; but although this arrangement had been proposed more than once, Clement would never hear of it; and this was the more striking because he made no show, or even pretence, of respecting old age in other parts of the estate, cutting down trees and destroying venerable buildings and landmarks everywhere else with a fine disregard of anything but his own caprice.

So that it was with the additional zest of knowing I was thereby defying my cousin's authority that I took my way swiftly across the terrace, and down the steps leading through the shrubbery, to the old and deserted part of the house. Looking back now, after all these years, I can hardly tell what it was that I hoped or expected to discover on that long-ago autumn morning. I was, in truth, so very little more than a schoolboy still (although the habit of enduring physical pain, and the rough lessons of poverty, had taught me much, undreamt of by other lads of my age) that I should be almost ashamed to write down here the farrago of historical fact and maddest fancy, the mixture of which fired my heart for this adventure. If I was superstitious (which I won't deny) I was not, at any rate, a coward. That I should discover something, and something relating to, or concealed by, Clement, I did not for a moment question; and on this point my imagination wandered loosely among the wildest conjectures. I had heard and read of such strange, such inhuman wrongs and revenges in the course of my search among those grim Scottish chronicles that I was prepared (as I thought) and my courage braced to front contingencies wellnigh unutterable. It was in a great measure this hope of discovering the evidence of some old family scandal, some damning fact which concerned Clement, one which should place him at my mercy, and where I could dictate terms about the Pattersons and their future treatment, which had made me postpone for so long questioning my cousin about the silver bottle. I wanted to make sure of all my material first. And if any one objects that there was an unjustifiable pressure of curiosity, an ingratitude in all this, smacking of disloyalty towards one who was not only my kinsman but my host, I can only answer (what to this day I fully believe) that I was governed and my action inspired in those days (and more particularly in that terrible crisis of temptation through which I shortly passed) by a force and a personality stronger than my own. If ever a young nature was subject to an unscrupulous outside influence it was myself at that time, and to Clement. That he had not succeeded in marring my whole relation to Dick was a mere accident. I have said it before: while I was with him I held views of life, I thought thoughts which were not my own, which had no justification, no root, in all the honesty of my past experience; my imagination was at once excited and deteriorated; and loth as I am to speak harshly of one long since gone to his last account, I cannot but think Clement was aware of this sort of evil dominion which he exercised over my better nature, and amused by it. I understand through my own experience the sort of cold and relentless moral pressure he must often have brought to bear upon Eleanor. My will was stronger than hers, my powers of resistance all unsapped; and I have no wish in telling this story to evade my own share of responsibility in what happened; I have repented it too often and too bitterly for that; but I cannot by any other supposition explain the course of action I now adopted, so foreign was it to all my former mode of being.

There was no difficulty in reaching the place I wanted to examine. True, these old passages were separated from the more modern and inhabited part of the house by a ponderous oak door profusely studded with nails,

and which was kept locked; but for the last few days (as I had remarked) and for the convenience of the workmen who were rebuilding a part of the outer wall, this rule had been intermitted. So that, strolling deliberately past the men at their work (who looked after me, a little surprised), I had only to cross a courtyard to find myself at the entrance of the first of this network of abandoned rooms and galleries.

It was rough walking. In many places, where the roof had fallen in, the flagged floors were strewn with broken slabs and squared blocks of stone, and many of them rudely carved, about which débris grew all manner of weeds; while the strong shoots of the brambles fairly ran riot. At one spot, where the passage turned off at right angles, this sombre-coloured undergrowth of nettles and large coarse-leaved docks reached nearly as high as my middle; where I forced my way through them, the thick flesh-like stems of the plants broke and crushed under my feet, with a disagreeable tearing sound, and the air became heavy with the unclean mouldy smell of the great bruised leaves. Once a concealed briar nearly tripped me up and sent me sprawling headlong into this bed of forbidding vegetation. I recovered my footing with an effort, and at the same instant was startled through every nerve of my body by a sharp sudden blow upon my shoulder, caused by the fall of a knot or cluster of young bats—soft, repulsive, clinging objects, dislodged from their hiding-hole in the ivy overhead, and holding on to the cloth of my coat with such tenacity, that I had some difficulty in plucking them away without actually crushing their sleek and yielding bodies between my fingers. In spite of myself the shock of that sudden blow, and the disgust of handling those helpless and evil-looking creatures, filled me with a sort of fearful uneasiness. I turned and looked behind me. The patch of blue sky overhead, where the roof was broken, gave me the uncomfortable impression of something sentient and watching. When I stood still, there was no sound of any kind to be heard but my own hurried breathing; and even that had something unfamiliar and broken about it, so that I could have sworn that the sound was double and proceeded from another breast beside my own.

For a minute or so after my unlucky stumble, I was strongly tempted to give up the adventure and go away and have done with the place. My curiosity turned faint and cold within me; and it was more from obstinacy, and a sort of shame at my own infirmity of nerve, than from any actual desire to proceed in my search, that I continued to force my way along through the jungle of matted weeds towards the further bend of the gallery leading (as I supposed) to the votive church and tower.

But on turning this corner, instead of the arched gateway of the chapel, I found myself confronted by a slight wooden barricade—a few worm-eaten planks hastily nailed together to serve as a door, and, beyond this, a small square cell or room, built all of stone, and ornamented, on three of its sides, by a rudely-shaped cross of massive granite. On the fourth side the wall was cracked from the top to the bottom of the room, the solid masonry being split to its depth and rent apart as by the action of an earthquake; and only a fragment of the ancient cross, some inconsiderable portion of the shattered pedestal, remained. On this fragment I seated myself, leaning my shoulder back against the wall, and looking curiously about me. The peculiar repetition of this symbol of the cross, and, indeed, the general character of all that was left of the elaborate tracery of scroll-work and figures, with which it was evident that the whole place had once been abundantly emblazoned, seemed to indicate this as a chamber especially consecrated—possibly a smaller, dependent chapel; or even, as it suddenly struck me, some secret and holy place of burial, such as one could easily imagine planned in remote and superstitious times to receive the last remains of some ancient chief of his house; some dead man too sanctified, or, it might be, too much abhorred, even in death, to share in the common rites and the common resting-place of his kind.

There is a quality about the silence of such old and abandoned places—about the blank, cold chambers, the ruined walls which have known and sheltered so many generations of the forgotten and uncomforted dead—entirely different in its effect upon the spirit from the quietness of any naturally unpeopled solitude. For the last quarter of an hour this feeling of uneasiness had deepened within me to a kind of furtive and attentive suspense of mind. I listened with a sort of fearful and surreptitious fascination to each slightest rustle in the shuddering ivy. I became morbidly conscious of every movement of leaf or insect, all "the faint internal breezes" and unaccountable stirrings and breathings of the place.

As I sat thus, my back pressed against the fractured wall, I was aware, too, of a growing and distressing disinclination on my own part to move, to lift my hand, or as much as turn my head and look behind me. A confused oppression—rather of anxiety than of terror—seemed to steal through all my veins, suggesting images and possibilities of unspeakable woe. I cast my eyes down upon the flagged pavement at my feet, which was bare of even so much as a moss-stain or a blade of grass; and this circumstance, trifling in itself, seemed to me—in my then abnormal state of mind—the sign and token of a sort of curse resting upon this chamber—the very weeds stopping short in their rank leafage at the door.

When I drew out my watch to look at the hour—as I did presently—the effort of will required even for so slight an exertion threw me into a kind of cold sweat, which broke out suddenly all over my face and body with the chill of icy water, reminding me of what I had felt while sinking in the foul depths of Durlie Marsh; and, when I leaned my head back against the wall behind me, the blood beating in my temples caused the solid masonry to seem to quiver and throb as with the straining respiration of some imprisoned creature.

All this time I was not what one might call frightened. What I experienced was more a sort of desperate moral confusion; an internal recoil as from the presence of something inhuman, and unbearably evil. I still retained sufficient command over my nerves to put it to myself as a deliberate question, whether I should waste more time that morning over this idle and un-

satisfactory research? And when I had answered my own demand in the negative, and risen from my place, I forced myself to pause again (not, indeed, without a secret shrinking and sinking of flesh and spirit) while I took a last and unimpassioned survey of all the room. "Dick ought to be told about that crack in the wall. The place might come down about our heads any day, and Clement be none the wiser. I wonder how far the rift goes," I said to myself, half aloud.

There was something startling and yet comforting in that sound of articulate human speech, even though the voice were my own. And now, beginning once more to feel my courage rise within me, I resolved on a last experiment—giving a disproof to myself, as it were, of the existence of such unmanly tremors—and kneeling down again upon the shattered pedestal of the stone cross, I plunged my hand and arm above my elbow into the opening of the broken wall.

My fingers clutched and closed upon, and sank into, something indescribable. Where I had expected to feel nothing but dusty space, or at best some heap of loose and jagged stones, my whole hand rested upon something cold, and soft, and sodden—a substance silky and lifeless as the thick locks of a drowned man's hair—and, as I clutched at it, I could have sworn I felt the thing move; it pressed its weight against me.

I was standing in the middle of the room in a minute. But, when I would have fled for my life along the passage, a kind of blindness and sickness fell upon me so that I staggered. The daylight turned to solid darkness before my eyes, and I fell senseless, my head striking against the lintel of the open door.

CHAPTER XVII.

SHOWING HOW CLEMENT CLOSED A DOOR.

WHEN I was a young lad, living at home, it was of common occurrence with me to fall into one of these brief fits of faintness; so that when I came to myself (which I did presently), finding myself in the outer courtyard and surrounded by a ring of rough-looking men carrying tools and wearing paper caps, and all gazing on at me in dismay, it was some little time before I could disentangle past experience from new, or realise where I was and what thing had happened.

But by the time Dick had come running out of the house to my assistance—and Clement following him—my mind began to clear again. I sat upon the chair some one had gone to fetch for me, in the broad stream of the sunlight, with the good open sky overhead, and, as well as I could, I evaded and parried all my brother's questions. Why I did so I cannot tell. It was an instinct of concealment which seized upon me at the moment I caught sight of Clement. I watched him, too. My cousin barely spoke to me, but when I confirmed the general impression that the pain which had made me cry out (so summoning the workmen to my aid) had been caused by a fall, easily to be accounted for in one of my slight strength by the rough nature of the ground—when I let this story stand good, I saw an expression of relief flit over his pale and disturbed countenance. For the first time, he raised his blank and sullen eyes to my face; he offered his help; but I was eager to be alone with Dick. As soon as I was able to bear the motion, I had him and Bright assist me to my room—Lady Ker coming forward to meet me on the stair, as I remember. Her face was flushed, as with crying; the little hand she held out to me trembled. She spoke, too; yet at that moment I paid but slight attention either to her emotion or her speech.

At my room-door Bright would have left us, but I signed to him peremptorily to come in. "Hear what I have to say. I know you can be trusted to hold your tongue. You can tell Mr. Richard about the stories you have heard—the watch you keep at night—afterwards," I said; and on the spot I poured out to them all the detail of my adventure.

Even while I was speaking I was conscious that Dick seemed preoccupied. There was an indefinable expression on his face which puzzled me. Once he lifted his hand and pressed it against his eyes, holding it there until I stopped short and asked him if he had the headache. He heard me out in silence. But when my tale was finished he looked grave.

"That's a curious story, Geoffrey. You are sure you were feeling well? I thought Dr. Wauchope was coming again to see you; but 'tis the way with that little man; he's always on the other side of the county when he's most wanted."

I confess the implication nettled me. "Very well, if you don't believe me, ask Bright," I said shortly.

I bade the old man tell his own story, which he did, but in so tame and spiritless a fashion, with such faltering apologetic mention of his former anxiety, that even on my own ears it fell flat. I could not be surprised when Dick looked up at him, smiling. "*You* are not well, Bright; that's certain. Why, man, your skin is the colour of lead; and look at your hair! It is all gone white, and it used to be grey. You ought to take better care of yourself, Bright. You ought to speak to the doctor."

"Aye, sir. Aye, Mr. Richard. I've thought of that myself. But, as I told Master Geoffrey, sir, this place is too much for me. I'm soon thinking of leaving the place."

I had sat silent, biting my nails. "Look here, Dick. You may disbelieve what you like, but I'm not a coward. Will you go back to that room with me? And Bright may come too—if he dares. But will you go there—yourself—this afternoon?"

I saw the two men exchange a look.

"I'll go. Of course I'll go," Dick said readily.

He got up, and sauntered with an affectation of carelessness over to the window. He began whistling a tune beneath his breath. "And—and what did you say it was most like, Geoff—this apparition or hallucination, or whatever it was you saw?" he asked suddenly.

"I never told you I had seen anything."

"Beg pardon, sir, I think Mr. Geoffrey said particular as it was something he felt of with his hands, sir," old Bright observed in his solemn respectful way. He gave a little dry cough afterwards, and put up his hand to his mouth, suppressing a smile.

"What did you feel then, Geoff, old man?"

"You can find that out for yourself," I retorted sulkily. "But, Richard——"

"Well?"

"You remember what I told you I had felt in Durlie Moss—the thing under water, you know——"

Richard started. He seemed to awaken from a dream. "What? What did you say? My dear boy!"—he turned and laid his two hands lightly on my shoulders — "We will make the investigation by all means! Shall you be well enough to go back with me there to-day, Geoffrey? I have a notion we may be going home again soon," he said abruptly, turning very red all over his face. "I have done my work here; do you think you could be ready to start—if necessary—for London to-morrow? But, my dear lad, seriously, unless you make an effort—unless you give up taking such extraordinary fancies——"

"Would you mind saying nothing more about it, now — not before you have gone there yourself, Richard?" said I, and with that we let the subject alone for the time being.

Ashleigh returned from the hills in time for lunch, of which meal only we three partook together; Lady Ker sending word she had a headache, and would not come down; Miss Ashleigh had already installed herself chief nurse; and at the message I fancied Richard looked troubled. Clement, too, appeared very late. He only looked in at the door for a minute, nodding to me.

"Hallo, Geoff! I'm glad to see you down again. The men would have it you had knocked the wits out of yourself on some doorstep. Much cry and little wool, eh? I'm glad it was no worse."

"Shall you shoot this afternoon, Clement?" asked Ashleigh, standing up, squaring his broad chest, and stretching out his arms.

"Not I! Get Richard, there, to go with you; the beggar isn't half up to his work this year. The fact is—the fact is, I must take a trap and drive over to the village. I've got some business to attend to—that I *must* attend to, d'ye see?"

I thought his manner at once embarrassed and peculiar; and so, I could see, did the others. No one spoke for a minute or so, and then Gilbert Ashleigh gave another great stretch and a yawn. "What the devil made me eat so much luncheon? I'll tell you what it is, Richard: I've a great mind to let the birds alone this afternoon, and just try a little quiet bogy-hunting with you and Master Geoff instead."

Sir Clement was standing at the sideboard with his back to us, pouring himself out some claret; but, at this, he set the glass down again so hastily that more than half the red wine was spilled over the sleeve of his coat and his white shirt-cuff. "What! What's that?" he asked very sharply.

"Faith, Clement, you had better come and join in the hunt yourself. Come as a—a what do you call it?—a sensitive, a medium. Geoffrey has put up the game. Come along, like a brave fellow, and help us bag it!" cries out Gilbert, with his infectious, good-natured laugh.

All this time Dick had been sitting there quite silent, his head leaning on his hand. He looked up now. "Do you know exactly where this room is where Geoffrey was this morning? He says it is somewhere near the old chapel; a room with stone crosses on the wall—and the wall cracking. Have you ever been there? Do you know anything about it, Clement?" Richard asked—looking at him very hard.

"I know nothing whatever about it."

"Do you mean you don't know where it is?"

"I know nothing whatever about it, I tell you!" Clement repeated coolly.

The clock on the mantelpiece (an ugly expensive toy-clock from Paris) began playing a little tinkling tune preparatory to striking the hour. Clement had faced round. He stood leaning against the sideboard; his dark dull glance travelled slowly and deliberately from one to the other of us with a kind of secret and scornful inquiry. There was something, too, about us which seemed to afford him amusement.

"Well, I must e'en leave you to your own devices, gentlemen," he said, and, as it were, smiling at his own thought. "Don't pull the poor old house down about our heads, that's all I ask of you. Open what's open, and leave alone what's shut, as Janet says. I don't think myself that you will take much by your motion, Gilbert. Better have stuck to the birds, my boy! And as for *you*, my dear cousin Richard——"

"Well? And as for me?" Richard repeated steadily, his face going red.

"Oh—as for you, why, I leave you to do the honours of the family, my dear fellow," says Clement, with exaggerated affability, and waving his hand. "I told you once—was it not in this very room that I told you?—you changed the drift of things in this house. I could not have a better deputy, since I must go now, and Lady Ker—Lady Ker is so unfortunately indisposed this morning!" He smiled again, looking down upon Dick's flushed and darkening face from under his eyelids. He did not forget me either. "Well—*a riverderci*, Geoffrey. I know you like my little foreign phrases."

When he was fairly gone out of the room and had shut the door behind him, Ashleigh gave a long low whistle. He turned to us both with a comical air of disgust.

"It is borne in upon me——" he began cheerfully, then checked himself, glancing across the table at Dick. "Look here. Shall we send for that solemn old duffer of a butler and have this matter finished with at once?" he asked briskly.

Dick nodded. As for me, I felt my heart rise into my mouth at the bare idea of venturing myself once more within sight of that hateful chamber. But 'twas my own proposition; for very shame's sake I could not hold back from following them.

As we crossed the yard (Bright going on in front with Ashleigh) Dick seemed to come out of his queer dreamy condition with a sort of start. He stopped me just outside the entrance, begging me to take his advice and not go on any further. "Wait for us here, if you like. This is only child's play to us; yet it has been enough both to startle and upset you once to-day—now

that you are not so strong as usual, Geoffrey," he added, very solicitously and kindly.

But I said no; I was determined to go through with the business. "Child's play or not, I'll chance it, Richard. I'll go with you," I said. And just at this moment we heard Ashleigh, who was on in front, give a kind of cry or call, at which sound Richard started running towards him, and I after, as well as I was able.

When I came up to them (which was not for some minutes, on account of passing again through the great trampled bed of weeds) I found the three men halted in a semicircle in front of the rickety wooden door, which I had left open behind me in my flight, but which was shut and guarded fast enough now; with Parker, the young footman, posted beside it as a sentinel; with the wooden bolt shot in; and a piece of common white tape, about the length of my hand, stretched across from the edge of the door to the wall, and held in place by two great red dabs of sealing-wax.

As you may easily think, my first move was to go up and examine this arrangement more closely.

"Why—why, good heavens, Dick! this is Clement's seal—his own seal-ring, you know; the one he always wears on his finger?" I cried out breathlessly.

My brother never answered me; but Parker, stepping forward a little, said, "Yes, sir, it *was* Sir Clement's own doing. And he told me to stay about here this afternoon in case any one should take a fancy to open that there door, sir. It was Sir Clement's special order that nothing should be opened," the man said firmly, but very civilly.

I looked across at Bright, who was examining the ivy growing on the wall with an air of preternatural solemnity; and then at Dick's lowering countenance.

"But then, surely, Janet's saying about what was shut and open——"

Gilbert Ashleigh laid his heavy hand, with an admonitory pressure, upon my shoulder. "Quite so, Geoffrey. A practical joke of old Clement's; a ve-ry practical joke," he said loudly and cheerfully. "And what time now might those seals have been put up there? that is the question. Do you happen to remember anything about it, my man?"

Parker said yes; it had not gone two when Sir Clement sent for him. It was before dinner was over in the servants' hall. Sir Clement had told him to fetch the tape and a candle and matches, and come straight out here. "We come straight out to the place, sir, I following after him. And it didn't take Sir Clement in all perhaps more than five minutes. He just put on the seals and went away again. It wasn't five minutes after two, that I'd take my Bible word on."

"Ah, yes. Quite so," says Gilbert again in his easy satisfied way. But when we three were standing together once more outside, in the sunshine, "Did you happen to notice what time it was, Geoffrey," he asked quietly—"what time the clock was striking when Clement said he knew nothing whatever about this place—just after we finished luncheon? I thought myself——"

But here, for the first time since the beginning of this business, Dick lifted his eyes from the ground. His open honest face kept going red and white by turns, with vexation and perplexity, and a kind of angry shame, and he stopped Ashleigh short in the middle of his speech.

"It was three o'clock. We all know that well enough. What—what is the use of talking?" he said gloomily.

I did not stay to hear the end of their discussion. A plan had come into my own head while they were talking, which made me hurry away, and, as quickly as I could run, round to the stable-yard. As I had hoped and expected, Clement was still standing there, a big cigar in his mouth, giving some last directions to a groom.

He looked a little surprised when I asked if I might accompany him; but, after a moment's consideration, "All right. I don't know where I am going; but you can come along if you like," he said. Two minutes afterwards we were both seated in the high dog-cart, and whirling down the avenue.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE CURSING OF KER.

As we passed the lodge-gates, and so out on the flat, empty, winding road, he checked the horse for a minute.

"Where now, Geoff? To the village? or to Brae Head? Where are we going? Look sharp now; decide!"

"I thought you said you had business——"

"To the village, or where? Decide, Geoffrey! Quick now! Hang the mare, how she pulls! I wish you had the handling of her—To Brae Head, then," says Clement once more, with a queer sort of laugh.

The grey mare, who was three-parts thoroughbred and as wild as a hawk, gave a great shake to her shoulders and a plunge which set the light cart swinging, and away we went—the wind dashing in our faces, the sunshine sparkling on varnished wood and spotless metal and harness—to the inspiriting tune of cadenced hoof-beats ringing down the road.

Clement did not speak again for some minutes. "Steps out prettily, doesn't she?" he said at last. "And I haven't tried her in the cart more than three or four times, either—Steady now, my little lass; steady—" He smiled to himself, with an air of great contentment; and presently, cocking his head to one side, looked down at me from his high driver's seat. "And so you needs must take out that meddlesome old idiot Bright with you, to see you all stopped short by a closed door—like a pack of little boys before a jam-closet. And Ashleigh too. Oh, Geoffrey, what fools you must have all looked!" he said briskly.

Now, up to this moment, I confess I had been feeling, not exactly daunted, but as it were checked, in my intention of having it out with Clement, by the appearance of wealth and assured position and authority which seemed to surround him at times like an atmosphere. It was a poor-hearted feeling perhaps to let oneself be intimidated by the presence of a groom and the look of a rich man's costly and well-appointed belongings, but so

it was; the very comfort and pleasure of being thus easily whirled along in the joyous sunshine affected my imagination like the acceptance of a bribe; so that I was almost grateful to him when his sudden jeer stung me with a sharp prick of anger.

"What do you mean?" I asked, turning round. I felt my face go hot. "It would come to the question who was to be depended on, I think, before it came to the question of folly."

"Ha! ha! ha! what a fool old Richard must have looked!" Clement said once more, chuckling.

At that, I felt a great unreasoning wave of anger rise up in me that set my heart beating. "If we come to questions, let me tell you, we might better begin further back. For that matter, there is another sort of question to be settled yet between you and Dr. Wauchope, Clement. Yes; and with Dr. Wauchope's assistant. I thought to have kept it quiet for you; for your own sake and—yes, and for Eleanor's. But, as the saying goes, people who live in glass-houses should not throw stones. It may be very witty to play with your guests' belief in you—to turn them into laughing-stocks before your servants. I don't know; I don't pretend to be a judge of such matters. But at that rate you should be a little more careful about the look of your own actions, let me tell you."

I was fairly trembling with resentment and excitement as I finished; but to my surprise Clement did not answer at once, only looked down at me quite gently and soberly. I have never been able to decide in my own mind how much of this was acting and how much real; but all the mockery had gone out of his face. "What is it, Geoffrey? What do you mean?" he asked very quietly.

I thrust my hand into my pocket where I carried the silver bottle. "I mean *that*"—and I held it up before him so that he could see it. "*That* is what I mean," I said.

A gleam of recognition and surprise, like a spark of fire, shone out for an instant from behind his blank imperturbable gaze. But his eyes never left my own and not a muscle moved in his face. "I see. 'Tis mine of course. Why should I try to play at cross purposes with you, Geoffrey?—I did not wish to have this known, and you have discovered it. You have got your eyes about you. But at least you can tell me how you got hold of it, eh, Geoffrey? Was it my wife gave it to you? or was it the little doctor?"

"Excuse me. How I came by it is my affair," I said sharply. "What concerns you is, that you don't deny the thing is your own. You admit that you are in the habit of taking this opium—this drug—whatever the wretched thing may be. You admit that, only to get a supply of it, you—you, a gentleman and our kinsman—you persuaded a half-educated village lad to betray the master who had been kind to him—*you*, a magistrate in the county, sent to town for the infernal stuff in Dr. Wauchope's name and under his signature."

"Do you know—when you found that out—I should have thought you would be sorry for me, Geoff," Clement said simply.

I felt the blood leap back to my face and burn there as if he had struck me. I hung my head; yet I never liked him so well as at that moment. "And so I was—so I am sorry," I said confusedly, "but—but——"

"But you would make your profit out of it as well?—impose your own conditions, eh, Geoffrey? Well, well! It's not to be wondered at perhaps; and small blame to you in a world of giving and taking," says Clement with a dreary sort of sigh. He was silent for perhaps half a minute. "You have not spoken of this to Richard?"

"No."

"Ah—well, out with your conditions, with your ultimatum, my boy. You sit there holding that bottle as if it were some judgment and curse made visible. For heaven's sake get rid of the thing! Throw it away, or give it back to me, can't you?" he burst out with a sudden show of impatience.

I was fool enough to let him take the thing from my hand. "And now, what is the cost of this? What is the pay to be of all your cleverness?" he asked slowly.

Having gone so far, I was not to be put off my purpose by a few bruising words, and I told him so. "The miserable secret is not mine. I will make no conditions with you, as I give you no promise; I will only ask one thing of you, and that a thing that should never have required the asking," I said boldly, and told him, in as few words as might be, how I wanted him to stop short, since he could never hope to undo, the harsh measure of justice which had been dealt out of late to the Pattersons. "The old man must die as it is. For very shame's sake leave things as they are; don't drive them," I said, "to bitterer conclusion."

He listened with a look upon his face which I did not understand.

"You want things left with them just as they are, then? Oh, very well. As you please, Geoffrey. I'm agreed to that—or to anything else," he said at last, giving me a sly sidelong glance. He appeared to take counsel with himself for a moment, and then all at once burst out into a great fit of wild and causeless laughter. "Tell me more about the little red-faced doctor. What he said—what he looked like when he found out the trick that had been played upon him," he cried out with an unexpected return to his former jeering manner.

At that I felt (and I suppose looked) both angry and very foolish. If it had not been for a kind of false delicacy which hampered my mind, a remembrance of our different position—he a man so much older than myself, and whom I had just seen humiliated—I should, I think, have demanded back the fatal little bottle even then. But it was in his pocket, now, instead of in mine; so I did the next best thing left to me, and tried to make up for my imprudence in trusting him, by reasoning with him about this habit of his as seriously and as strongly as I was able.

I have no very clear idea how my words may have sounded, but I spoke to him as to my near kinsman: I thought of my father, and when I finished speaking it was chiefly for lack of breath, and the tears stood thick in my own eyes. "You never told Richard. You're a good little fellow, Geoff," he said once or twice; but he

did not make any other answer, and I did not care to sit there and stare at him.

We had turned off from the road by this, and had struck into the rough cart-track across the moor leading to the cottage. We were going along slowly; the fretted horse every few yards giving a start or plunge, feeling the turf soft under-foot; so that it was only Clement's coolness and nerve, and his consummate skill as a whip, which saved us over and over from an accident, until, just as we came in sight of the cottage on the ridge above, a figure started up suddenly in front of us, springing up in the middle of the road from behind a heather bush —and then for a minute or two I did really think that the upsetting of the cart (at the least) was inevitable. But, here again, Clement showed himself master; and presently the groom, who had been jerked off his seat as the mare reared, picking himself up out of a bed of bracken, ran round to her head, and so stopped her from bolting.

All this while the man who had so nearly caused our misfortune stood dead-still by the side of the road, looking on, without taking a step, or so much as raising a finger for our assistance. My surprise may be imagined then, when I had time to look about me, and recognised James Patterson, Ailie's father.

(To be continued.)

Flowers from the South.

FLOWERS quick from the Southern sunshine, swift from the shores of the tideless sea—
Flower-laden I climb the staircase, and call and call, and climb to where three
London flowers, pink-lipped, pink-visaged, one sun, one fragrance, make South for me.

Roger bars my way on the stair. He is four; he is fine; he is good; his mouth
Breathes delight like the hyacinthine bells that have come from the perfumed South.
Pay the fee for your flowers, my dear, my flower, superb with the dew of youth!

Dulcie stirs in her cot, looks up, expands, uncurls herself flower-wise;
Vaguely gracious, as who should say, Flowers occasion no surprise,
When in dreams you can feast all day on the flowers of the fields of Paradise.

Humphrey, odorous, smooth as satin, a living violet, all aglow,
Flushed with slumber, he too despises jonquils' sweetness and lilies' snow;
Human faces and human voices still enamour this Humphrey so.

Loving looks are the flowers he favours, tender touches his joy alone;
Six months' knowledge of life deludes him; life and loving for him are one.
Red anemones? Good for tearing, when the laughter and talk are done.

Well, good-bye! There are people waiting. Grown folk, Roger, have many cares,
Calls and dinners and Drawing-room dresses, this one's pushing, and that one's airs—
One grown person desires chiefly—a stammered blessing in Roger's prayers.

ELIZABETH RACHEL CHAPMAN.

Children's Dress in this Century.

THE dress of children has undergone such a thorough change since the beginning of this century, that I think it cannot be otherwise than interesting to glance back through the fashions worn by children in the last eighty years. For this change is not a change of form only, in which women's dress has shared, but a change of feeling, which has had so far but little influence in altering our women's dress, in spite of the efforts of

1800 (ADAPTED TO MODERN REQUIREMENTS).

artists and dress reformers. The greater number of children are undoubtedly dressed more simply, more rationally, more like human sentient beings, less like wooden dolls, or dummies to wear the freaks of fancy dictated by dressmakers. I hope that there are now few women who dress their babies in low-necked and short-sleeved frocks in the winter, under the impression that they look pretty, taking no note of the little stone-cold hands and red arms.

At the beginning of this century the dress of English women possessed at least one merit, that of simplicity—simplicity of material, simplicity of form, simplicity of colouring. All these three things combined to render it a most charming costume, exquisite to look upon, inspiring for an artist to paint. And the children's dress was equally simple, giving us the pretty costumes of which Kate Greenaway has made such a charming study, and which she has so sweetly reproduced in her almanacks and in her books for children. There is no doubt that the costume is at once light and graceful, the only drawback being that it is quite unsuited for our winter, for what rational mind will not see how very dangerous are our rains, our fogs, and our treacherous winds to the pretty bare necks and arms and the lightly clothed limbs? As far back as 1792, Dr. Vaughan, of Rochester, tried to introduce wool for under-clothing, and wrote pamphlets on the subject; but, I am afraid, with little effect, and a child was dressed in linen and fine cambric, with not much regard to warmth or comfort. About 1810 an attempt was made to introduce Turkish trousers for little girls—a very pretty custom, and one that I should like to see carried out now in proper materials. The little girl in the illustration wears worked cambric trousers, a short tunic coat, full arched collar, and white kid gloves and slippers. Her hair is described as "a tufted crop," and I cannot imagine anything prettier than is the whole costume. It would be a sensible and becoming dress in either light wool or thin silk, with woollen combinations worn underneath it; of course worked cambric was then the fashion, and in the evening nothing but the very thinnest materials were worn.

Little boys are never as much tormented as little girls in the way of costume, and in those days they wore a very simple dress, either a very short-waisted vest with trousers buttoned up over it, or what is called a skeleton suit—vest and trousers all in one and quite loose.

The next illustration represents a little girl from a

1810.

fashion plate of 1826. The frock is still of cambric, but both skirt and trousers are trimmed with bands of blue satin, and a blue sash is tied round the waist. It needed very little after this to bring about the hideous fashion of 1835. For already the dress has lost its simplicity. The white trousers, trimmed with the blue bands of satin ribbon, must have been very ugly; the dress is beginning to be stuck out with full petticoats, and the arrangement

of the blue bands at the side, where there is a pretence of looping up, is full of suggestion, and paves the way for the sham bows and buttons of a later date. The cambric skirt is also worn over blue silk now, and the simplicity of the material is dwindling away.

The next little girl is taken from a fashion plate of 1835, and we can see how very little change has brought about the present fashion. The little girl still wears long trousers and a low-necked dress, but the length of the shoulders and waist is much exaggerated; she has leg-of-mutton sleeves, and her hair is plaited in stiff little tails under her poke bonnet. The boy with her wears a full vest with puffed sleeves, full trousers buttoned over the vest, and a high frill round the neck.

1826.

In the same year, 1835, I have another little boy dressed in white satin trousers strapped down under his boots, and a blue vest with rows of buttons down the front, and puffed sleeves, evidently the germ of the modern Eton jacket. These children certainly seem very much dressed up. I have no doubt that the little boy looked very handsome and a great dandy in his full shirt-frill and smart vest, though I doubt the beauty, in any circumstances, of white satin trousers. And how thoroughly uncomfortable this poor child must have felt, and how terribly frightened of soiling such wonderful garments! How he must have hated all the paraphernalia of fashion! In 1851 the sleeves are no longer puffed, and later on still the vest takes its present shape.

In a fashion plate of 1851 we have a very simple and homely, if a somewhat ugly, fashion. These were the days when every little girl had a silk dress to wear when walking or driving with her mamma, and the silk was very stiff with plenty of gum to make it stick out and rustle and to prevent it from easily crushing. This little girl is dressed in her very best. She has a blue silk frock with short loose sleeves, and under these nice full cambric sleeves buttoned at the wrist. She wears little white trousers and a pink bonnet of drawn silk. Altogether she is a prim and tidy little person. Little girls were doomed then to wear crinolines, and were made altogether as much as possible the miniature of their mothers. I am afraid that even now the same plan is pursued of dressing girls as much as possible like their mothers after they are fourteen or fifteen. They still wear frocks above the ankle, but they are encased in stays, and even wear bustles—those hideous excrescences which, after all, are tolerable only when they are worn to keep the long walking-skirt from dangling against one's heels and catching the mud as one walks.

I have said that a more rational system of clothing than formerly is pursued with our children, but I am afraid that this is soon cast off when actual childhood is passed.

Boys have never in their worst days had to suffer so much. This little boy in the full tunic and belt over long trousers is sensibly clothed—or would be if the trousers were not, as in this instance, of white satin; and

1835.

the little lad in brown with his full vest, though he looks very funny here, is really not badly dressed.

Then boys have their sensible cricketing and boating and football costumes, excellent for all weathers—warm in winter, cool in summer; their light wool cricketing caps, and their straw boating hats shading from the sun and allowing free ventilation to the head. Boys are doubtless as much the slaves of fashion as girls are, but the masculine costume never assumes such irrational proportions as does the feminine. Still there is always one particular style that is the fashion, and this is worn by every little well-dressed boy that one meets.

At present it is the Navy that is predominant, and this is a very sensible dress. The woollen under-vest, the blue blouse for winter, the white one for summer, and the blue serge trousers form a very good dress for a boy. He is warmly clad, and his limbs are free to every movement. Another dress that is now the fashion for our tiny boys is the jersey suit, elastic and warm, altogether an excellent dress. These jerseys when they are hand-knitted, with knitted breeches and stockings to match, form one of the prettiest costumes that a little boy can wear. A few years since, Highland dress was the fashion—sporran, philibeg, and all. But though the Highland costume is certainly becoming to a tall slight boy, it does not recommend itself to me as a healthy town dress. A boy who lives in the country and is out of doors all day can easily get inured to the bare knees, but I think that with an indoor town life a child feels the cold air when he goes out to walk. However, the plaids are very pretty when they are worn in the right place as a Highland kilt, but they become rather terrible when the Stuart plaid is woven in velvet and worn by little girls with the bodice seamed across the pattern! I hope that we shall never again see the introduction of what in the journals of forty years ago was called "this animated and parti-coloured article." Then every little girl had a plaid dress, and as aniline dyes were used, these plaids were about as ugly as human ingenuity could make them. Before the Highland suit, we had the knickerbocker suit, a revival of the Dutch sixteenth-century costume, the knickerbockers being full, and fastened with elastic below the knee. With these were worn a waistcoat and a loose short jacket fastened at the collar only. The knickerbocker suits worn now, no longer have the knickerbockers full. They are simply like trousers cut off below the knee. These are very pretty made in coarse corduroy velveteen, with a belted tunic to match. There is one more boy's costume which I must mention, and this is the dress of the Bluecoat School boy, a survival of the dress worn in the days of Edward VI.—breeches buttoned at the knees, long blue tunic reaching to the ankles, yellow stockings, low shoes, and white bands. The cap that belongs to this costume is not worn, the boys seeming to prefer going bare-headed.

1851.

It is probably owing to artists having turned their attention to matters of dress that we see so many picturesquely dressed children round us. Many of these dresses are historical, and the favourite dress for both boys and girls seems to be the Charles I. dress. We have little Cavaliers in plush tunics and knickerbockers, with coloured silk sashes and Vandyke collars; little girls

in short-waisted, long-skirted frocks, with puffed sleeves. These little frocks are sweetly pretty, but it must be remembered that they are not suitable for nursery wear, for a child tumbles down over these long skirts, and is very uncomfortable in them. Out of doors we have our little Claude Melnottes, with their many capes over their shoulders; little Poles and Russians, with braided and fur-trimmed coats and caps.

I am glad that plush is rather giving place to rough cloths for children's outdoor dress. Plush is a very beautiful material, but besides the fact that there are very common imitations of it, it seems scarcely suitable for the free physical life that is so absolutely necessary to a healthy child.

Nothing can be more charming than the rough, thick Irish claddagh cloths and coarse flannels, with their

JERSEY SUIT.

beautiful vegetable dyes, for outdoor garments, while for indoor wear we have the most lovely woollen materials in every range of exquisite colour.

I am also glad that the fashion papers are beginning to take up the question of little boys wearing hoods out of doors. It is terrible to see baby-boys going out with their ears exposed to these bitter east winds, their hair even being cut quite short, to prevent any possible protection. It is scarcely to be wondered at that little boys suffer dreadfully from ear-ache. The matter is carried to the other extreme in the case of a little girl's head-dress. She has a great heavy plush structure, frilled and wired and crinkled, put on the poor little head. I should like to see small close-fitting hoods worn by boys and girls alike, either perfectly plain or trimmed all round with a narrow band of fur. It would also be a very good plan to do away with all idea of emphasising the sex of a child by its dress. Surely, boys and girls of three or four years of age might wear in the winter double-breasted coats and small close-fitting hoods exactly alike, while in the summer both could wear light smock-frocks, and wide hats to protect the eyes from the glare of the sun. How pretty are these old English smock-frocks that have of late years become so

FUR-TRIMMED HOOD AND COAT.

fashionable for children of all ages! The smocking is perfectly elastic, and the frocks are such a pretty shape, not emphasising the waist: always the largest part of a child, and consequently the part to be least brought into

SMOCK-FROCK.

notice. The little straight French blouses, with full sleeves gathered into a band, make charming overalls for nursery and country wear, but it is the only French fashion that I uphold for English children. I do not like to see a child tricked out in French furbelows like a

little stiff doll. Our natural English children are far prettier. The Kindergarten costume introduced by the Rational Dress Society should be adopted by all mothers who wish their girls to grow up healthy and happy. This dress consists of woollen combinations; woollen stays—to button, not to lace—woollen stockings, kept up by suspenders fastened on to the stays; a divided skirt either buttoned on to the stays or made with a Princess bodice; and a smock-frock overall. This seems to be a thoroughly rational dress in every way. There are many little girls who wear this dress now, and I hope to see the number largely increased year by year.

CONSTANCE WILDE.

A Plea for the Indifferent.

MOST people are in such deadly earnest nowadays! Preachers, lecturers, public speakers, essayists, even the writers of newspaper articles, are always telling us that we live in "critical times," that there are "grave problems awaiting solution," that we must take our part in "making history." Even people who scent something dangerous in "critical times" and the "solving of problems," and who think the country would be much better off if history were not being made, fill their speeches, their essays, their sermons, their talk, with the duty of working for Others (with a very large round O of solemnity) until we begin to wonder who the Others may be, and to hope that there are enough of them to go round.

Women are much more bitten with this earnest mood than men. Was there ever such an age as ours for societies, guilds, federations? Some of them the women have all to themselves, and there are very few to which they are not admitted. The Post-office floods the country with papers headed by mysterious initials, notices of meetings of the F. O. O. O., summonses to the committee of the A. V. S., agenda for the next business meeting of the W. L. F., voting papers for officers of the S. R. N. C. Many women spend their lives at committee meetings. If anything is to be preserved, if Opposition to Oppression is to be Organised, if society is to be saved from dissolution, or the Nineteenth Century in general to be Regenerated, the women must meet and talk about it, and resolve themselves into an association. For women are still in the first flush of the delightful sense of power. They are being constantly reminded, and they take the lesson well to heart, of their responsibilities as members of the newly emancipated superior sex, which is going forth as a giant to run its course, and will regenerate the life of the twentieth century by the mere manifestation of its innate nobleness—in a setting of initials.

There are a few unlucky people, even among the women, who cannot go with the strong tide that is setting towards excitement and earnestness, and noise, and talk, and altruism. It is sad for them that their lot is cast on days like these. Holy hands of horror are lifted when they are seen stretched at their ease by the wayside of life, listening with amazement or contempt to the hasty footfalls and the clamorous confusion of the struggling throng. But this is the least of their troubles. Grave moral dangers threaten them, whose presence they realise far more intensely and painfully than do the philanthropists who label them "selfish" and loftily pass on. They get out of touch with the many ennobling influences that are in the air, and that reach one through all forms of enthusiasm, however much it may be distorted and made ridiculous by talk, and noise, and initials. The crowd sweeps past them, chattering a lot of idle nonsense, it may be, but full of the gladness of vigorous life, rejoicing in hope, though certainly not patient in tribulation. It sweeps past them on its search for Others, and they stand still, alone, seeing only the hopelessness of the tasks attempted, scornful, but incapable of anger, unwarmed by the generous emotions that make even hopeless work a joy, until their hearts grow palsied for want of beating with their kind, and through long gazing into darkness their eyes grow blind in the light, and the lurid sunset of despair sinks at last into the blank midnight of cynicism and scepticism. They may even reach that dreariest of all forms of scepticism when one doesn't even believe in oneself.

If it be a woman who stands apart like this, the desolateness is like to kill her, body and soul. For let the women say what they will, they are not as strong as the men. "It is not good for man to be alone." It is still worse for woman. What, then, is she to do? Is she to renounce her clear sight of the folly, and meanness, and pettiness, and emptiness, and futility, that make up so much of our modern life, because of the great fear there is that they may blind her to the nobleness mixed with them? She will probably try this, but she will not succeed. The things are there, and she sees them. One can't get out of the way of facts.

Is there then no way of escape for her from the chill that is ready to strike the whole life when illusions are breaking up around one? Yes, let her love, love, love. She must love the beasts and the birds, and the happy living things that bask in the sunshine, without any thought of resolving themselves into an association. She must love the equally happy living things that do resolve themselves into associations, and believe the world is going to be saved thereby. She will laugh at them: that goes without saying. But she must laugh genially, with a whole heartful of love behind the laugh,

and a fountain of tears close by it. She must not laugh the dry-eyed, bitter laugh that kills. There is no salvation for a woman but in love. The old Frenchman's advice to his son may be good for a man: "Aimez s'il vous pouvez; soyez honnête homme." But to a woman one must say: "Soyez honnête s'il vous pouvez: aimez, aimez." She must love right up into the farthest heights, and her heart must go out in tenderness to those who lie in the deep. She must love where she would otherwise mock and scorn, and then she may laugh to her heart's content, and perhaps in time she will even be able to be angry where anger is due.

Thus she will save her soul alive, yet so as by fire: for love does not make life easy, it only keeps it from the chill of cynicism. If she still sees through the spirit of the age, and measures its futility as well as its strength, she will have no share in the great and noble work that is being done, in spite of, and even partly by means of, committees; she will not help in the solving of the problems; the critical times will work through their crises without her.

But if her laugh be genial enough, there is something she can do. Angularities may be smoothed down, noise a little quieted, eccentrics tamed, the life of the real workers made generally more comfortable. That may be worth doing, if one loves the workers, and does not merely look upon them as Others. So perhaps, after all, the indifferentists find the Others sooner than the committee-women. But, of course, it is the committee-women who keep the world going. M. R. LACEY.

The Home Arts and Industries Association.

THOUGH nothing is easier than to make a generalisation, and few things are more liable to be false, we may venture to say that every effective movement that has for its object the elevating and brightening of men's lives, is instigated in the first place by some person, often a woman, gifted with a large-hearted sympathy. Such persons not only see where good can be done, but they throw themselves realisingly into the position of those who are to be benefited, and understand how a given scheme is likely to strike and affect them. It was the possession of this faculty of sympathy that induced a lady about eight years ago to attempt the seemingly unpromising task of teaching wood-carving to a few boys in the village at her doors.

Herself full of delight in art as well as in natural beauty, quick too to appreciate the charm and use of tool-work at a time when magazines and newspapers had not yet entered on the manual training crusade, she was also peculiarly fitted to win and keep the attention and interest of her pupils. Much of what may be called her moral inspiration was drawn from Ruskin's books, while C. J. Leland, one of the many advocates of manual training in America, urged her to found an Association which should develop her scheme. Acting on this suggestion a small Society was formed, which for six years patiently carried on the work of founding industrial classes in various localities, and received kindly encouragement from many recognised authorities in educational matters.

In Ireland, where there is so great a native aptitude for artistic hand-work, classes were opened that are still a boon to the members, many of whom have been enabled to add to their scanty earnings by carving the Celtic designs in which they take especial delight. It must not be supposed, however, that the group of ladies who undertook the management and teaching had entered on a primrose path, or that their plans were always readily understood. They had to face many difficulties, and, like all pioneers, required a larger faith and courage because their efforts were as yet but tentative and limited, and the evidences of success necessarily small. There existed, too, in the public mind a complete misconception of the legitimate objects of manual training, which led many to regard hand-work in its commercial rather than its educational aspect.

"How are you going to make this scheme pay?" was a question frequently asked, and when the ladies frankly replied that their aim was neither to train professionals nor to create a trade, but to awaken a love of beauty, to educate the hand and eye, and to provide a pleasant employment, the inquirer was apt to regard them as idle dreamers.

"Do you expect a ploughman or a factory hand to care for artistic hand-work after a day's labour?" was another common remark; but argument on this point was unnecessary; the attendance lists were open to inspection, or there was a concrete reply in the shape of a bit of carving from Ellesmere or Ashridge executed by a country labourer.

Pupils, in fact, were to be had by the thousand, in towns, in villages, and in farms. Qualified helpers who would give patient and thorough work, supporters who would provide the needful funds, were comparatively few. Nor have these difficulties altogether disappeared even now; although the claims of recreative instruction are far more fully recognised than of old, a helpful and far-seeing philanthropy is too often at a disadvantage when aid is required, and the imaginative sympathy has still to be aroused which sees how some joy may be added to life, some beautiful thing wrought out of the materials lying at hand. Educated girls, who lack an outlet for their energies, are still blind to the suggestive sight of the unobservant country lad idling by his gate, treading under foot the wild flowers whose loveliness he cannot know or copy, while perhaps within a stone's-throw there is a

carpenter's shop, or school, or parish room, whose windows, now dark and silent in the evening, seem to plead for light within and the gathering of eager faces and busy hands.

But to return to our pioneers pursuing their quiet path. It soon became evident that the possibilities before the Society were wider than had been supposed; not only was there considerable artistic capacity dormant in the people, but they saw that in the hands of a competent teacher the classes might become a source of healthy influence in many unexpected ways. Just as Octavia Hill observes that the cleanliness of the staircase and passages in her tenements "gradually invades the neighbouring rooms," so the introduction of a tasteful bracket or cupboard, carved by one of the inmates, distinctly tends to develop a pride in the condition of a cottage home. Hours are spent in the practice of some art that might be less happily employed, and perhaps no better plan could be devised for bringing the best qualities of pupil and teacher mutually to bear, than this class-work where enjoyment is combined with instruction, and in which a spirit of co-operation and friendliness is absolutely necessary to success. It was conclusions such as these, together with the statements of the pupils themselves, that made the extension of the Society appear about this time to be nothing less than imperative.

One young iron-worker wrote to his teacher that his life was changed, and that he never took a country walk without finding something new to enjoy and admire; mothers begged that the classes might continue, because their boys were happy in their work; the lads began to show a liking for one or another style, and were eager to study it; and one pupil took a prize at an exhibition of amateur decorative art in Dublin. These and similar incidents showed that the time was ripe for further effort.

A meeting was therefore held in London, which resulted in the extension of the Society into a more formal and public organisation under the name of the Home Arts and Industries Association, with Lord Brownlow as president, and Walter Besant as treasurer.

Soon afterwards an office and studio were opened in Langham Place,* where instruction in some of the minor arts was provided for persons interested in the objects of the Association.

The very moderate fee of two shillings and sixpence per lesson entitles pupils to the use of the studio for the purpose of practice, and this is naturally a very great convenience to those who do not reside permanently in town.

The number of classes opened varies with the season, as well as with the demand for particular subjects. During the first year by far the greater number of students devoted themselves to wood-carving, while some few undertook clay-modelling, and a rough china mosaic not unsuited for a senior Kindergarten class. Other arts are now coming gradually into favour, the latest addition to the list being a class for Venetian bent iron-work, some excellent specimens having been obtained as models. Leather-embossing is also taught, both in its simpler form and according to the German method, in which greater relief is obtained by means of a different treatment of the outline. Every effort is made to induce students to turn their attention to design, and, if they are wood-carvers, to carpentry and construction, but these studies commend themselves chiefly to those who are sufficiently in earnest to choose the paths of serious labour in preference to a seemingly royal road to success.

In July, 1885, Lord Brownlow kindly permitted the Association to hold its first exhibition at his residence in Carlton House Terrace, and an inspection and comparison of the articles exhibited made the nature of the task before the Association even clearer than before. No one could fail to observe how complete, in many cases, is the severance between the mind of the average boy of the labouring classes and even an elementary knowledge of art; nor were the pupils alone lacking in this respect, for it was evident that some, at least, of the teachers brought more good-will than learning to their voluntary toils. On the other hand, great spirit and intelligence were displayed in the work of those who had been rightly taught, and the Irish exhibits, among others, attracted attention.

If misfortune is sometimes a blessing in disguise, too speedy a popularity is sometimes almost a misfortune; and the flood of inquiries and applications that poured into the office immediately after the exhibition strained the very limited resources of the young Association almost to breaking-point, especially as the sinews of war were not greatly strengthened. Good-will, patience, and hard work can, however, overcome most difficulties, and of these, and particularly of the latter, there was an ample supply.

It may not be amiss to quote in this Journal the words of a recent lecturer, who, in alluding to the overwhelming demand for the designs and models provided by the Society, says:—"It is exceedingly hard to meet the demand of the classes for supplies of these things; it is a question partly of money and partly of labour, labour so highly skilled as not to be entirely reducible to a question of money. The Society has had a roughish time of poverty, during which it has depended for its daily work mainly on the self-sacrificing labour of a band of good women. There can be no doubt whatever, although invaluable help has been given by men, that from the very beginning the burden and heat of the day has been borne by women."

No one has felt more keenly than these women the shortcomings that have inevitably resulted from a chronic state of over-work and financial difficulty; year by year the treasurer has appealed for funds, and men, cognisant of the workings of other societies, have agreed with him in saying that rarely has so much been accomplished with so small an expenditure. Fortunately one substantial donation has latterly enabled the Council to carry out their schemes more fully, and they hope for further co-operation on the part of those who possess good specimens of the work of the old handicraftsmen.

Photographs, rubbings, and drawings of such objects

* This studio was closed at Easter, and the Association now has its headquarters at the Royal Albert Hall, S.W.

are of the greatest value to the special committee whose duty it is to provide the requisite store of designs.

The exhibition of 1886 was held at Bethnal Green, in order to bring the work of the Association before the notice of our neighbours at the East End. The attendance in the evening was larger even than was expected, and great interest was displayed in the scheme. The quality of the work was improved, and as the number of classes steadily increases, the exhibition of 1887 assumed considerable proportions. The history of each class is written in its work, and is usually to be read in three chapters. The first specimens sent up are only shown in order to ascertain whether they are up to the usual standard of elementary effort; some young learner, perhaps, receives a certificate as an encouragement, and the teacher has the ordinary faults pointed out to her. In the following year great progress is apparent, the pupils begin to observe more carefully, to handle their tools with greater skill, and to take more pleasure in the designs. By the third year two or three have surpassed their companions, and show talent, while the greater number have attained their average development. In the older classes, the most successful pupils have much of their leisure-time occupied in executing orders, obtained through the medium of the class-holder. As they could not afford a constant purchase of materials for their own use, sales of this kind enable them to practise the handicraft they enjoy. The accompanying drawing of a cabinet, purchased by the late Lady Marian Alford, shows the style of work executed in Shropshire, the original home of the Association.

Other societies, with more or less similar aims, have from time to time connected themselves with the Home Arts and Industries Association, and have shown a spirit of cordial co-operation. A complete list of such societies could hardly be given here, but among the oldest and most important are Mr. Fleming's well-known Langdale Linen Industry, with its headquarters near Ambleside, and an offshoot for wool-spinning at Sheffield, Mrs. Rawnsley's School of Art at Keswick, and the Nottingham Social Guild.

ELLESMERE CABINET.

(From the Collection of the late Lady Marian Alford.)

Encouraging reports continue to arrive from the various branches; one relieving officer says that the tone of a village has distinctly improved since some of the young men have devoted themselves to wood-carving under a teacher who is full of energy and good-will; a class-holder writes of the pride and pleasure of an old Scotch woman and her son when she read them a brief notice of his work in a London paper, and she forwards his message of cordial thanks for the lessons he received;

two brothers, whose home is not what it ought to be, find their enjoyment in metal-work; and even a tiny child of seven pleads for leave to try a simple pattern, and

WROUGHT-IRON BRACKET.

succeeds in making something that may help to keep alive the creative instinct through his boyhood.

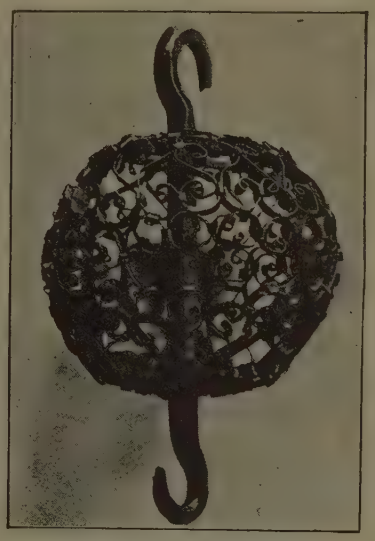
The best proof, however, of what can be done by teachers who rightly understand their work is the remark of a gardener who said, "I have been a gardener all my life, but I never saw the beauty of flowers till I joined these classes," while a workman who spends his days among machinery alleges that his wood-carving in the evening keeps him from degenerating into a machine himself.

Such a measure of success is sufficient to encourage

VENETIAN IRON-WORK (MODEL).

continued labour, and perhaps the underlying faith and hope of the leaders of the Association cannot be better expressed than in the following quotation from the lecture to which I have already alluded:—"The perception of beauty implies above all things an awakened mind. It consists in an active sympathy and insight, a fresh and vigorous spirit that apprehends the expression and the life, or truth, of all that it meets with, just as a great portrait-painter seizes a face or figure. And so, when the sense of beauty is ever so little aroused, the mind has acquired a new organ.

"Nature, in the first place, with all its forms and movements and colours, becomes an endless source of interest. . . . . And in the second place, this same



VENETIAN IRON-WORK (MODEL).

awakening of the mind involves an appreciation of beauty in art. To begin with, the work of good art workmen of to-day is put before the pupil as a model; and then his attention can be, and should be, gradually directed to the work of craftsmen belonging to other times and countries. It is something, for example, to open the eyes of Englishmen to the beauty of the stone or wood-carving of their cathedral churches; and we can hardly suppose that this beauty can he felt without strengthening the sense of a human and national inheritance which is worth preserving and ennobling."

M. C. STIRLING.

It seems impossible to add much to the attractive picture drawn in the foregoing pages. The benefit conferred upon the ignorant, by calling forth in them that delightful creative instinct which is in us all, needs no explanation to such of us as have ever laboured, however feebly, to construct things of beauty for ourselves. It is not so easy to make sure that the results of our teaching will be entirely satisfactory to lovers of art. This Association, as has already been said, is an infant one, and this is not the place in which to dwell upon the special difficulties which lie in the path of those members of it who are primarily responsible for the quality of the objects constructed. But perhaps we may be pardoned for wondering whether those who first collected a few boys together and put tools in their hands, had any idea of the extent of the field of art on which they were

entering. Most educated people have taste enough to see that old carvings, old brass-work, and such-like, are better than modern ones, but few ask themselves why this is so. They would mostly answer, if they could answer at all, "Because there is so much machine-work nowadays." True, that is one cause, but only one, and that the simplest and easiest to overcome. To combat this we should only have to learn and teach over again the old simple handicrafts. But alas! the magnitude of our task lies in what we must *unteach*, in what we must ourselves unlearn.

METAL-WORK, WOOD-CARVING, AND POTTERY, FROM VARIOUS HOME ART CLASSES.

Before the art-student of the nineteenth century there lies spread an immense and heterogeneous mass of knowledge of all kinds. A life-time is hardly enough in which to digest it. Our museums are crowded with the productions of all countries and of all ages; and our houses are little museums—only without catalogues. Our streets, our shop-windows are filled from end to end with countless imitations, our very railway stations and dead-walls teem with vulgar pictorial decoration of some kind. Out of this utter confusion, this chaos of good ideas counteracting one another, as well as of bad ideas, we have to select, to disentangle, to try and concentrate ourselves upon some one simple definite aim.

How easy was the lesson set before the old mediæval hand-worker! In the workshops of his native town, or by his father in the old farm-kitchen on winter evenings, he was taught. "Thus and thus do you make a chest, or a dish, or the hinge of a door, and thus and thus do you ornament it. There is no other possible way." Foreign countries, with their other methods and productions evolved out of other conditions of life, existed not for him. His education was very simple and very limited, but perfect in that it had no disturbing elements. Under the hands of many generations the laws of ornament had gradually grown out of the necessities of construction. His originality, if he had any, adapted itself to the limitations which to him were absolutely fixed and indisputable, and new details of beauty added themselves to the old ones, as easily as bud after bud grows upon the tree.

We cannot put our workers into these blessed conditions. They and we must struggle together with the difficulties that surround us. We earnestly hope that as time goes on we may have the help of many more true artists, who to the instinctive love of beauty have joined long years of study, without which there can be no real discrimination, and who have done enough to know what *not* to do. It is surely a noble ambition to try and raise up a school of beauty and simplicity which may counteract the complicated vulgarities of modern luxury, miscalled art; and when to this is joined the endeavour to give to the lowlier and less fortunate among us a source of pure pleasure such as princes might envy, the enterprise is one that may well commend itself to our greatest men.

M. C. WENTWORTH.

The Working Ladies' Guild.

AN Association which has been taken by the Queen into her especial patronage, which has the active co-operation of two Royal Princesses, and which consists of nearly 1,400 women of standing and education, many of them of high rank, and all pledged to further its object by means of money, time, or influence, may certainly claim to have laid a substantial foundation for future work, let its achievements in the past be what they may. The Working Ladies' Guild, however, may point with honest pride to its long roll of kindly deeds, and its record of work accomplished during the ten years of its existence. It was founded in 1877, by Lady Mary Feilding; and from being a handful of friends united for a common object, has grown until it is now one of the largest co-operative societies of women in the country; with the Queen for Patroness, the Archbishop of Canterbury for President, and the Princess Beatrice and Princess Frederica as *bonâ fide* working members and heads of departments.

The Guild, incorporated now under Act of Parliament as a limited liability company, with power to use its money for purposes of trade or charity, is an Association of English ladies, united, as the name implies, under a religious or semi-religious bond, and has for its object the assistance, by pecuniary or other aid, of unmarried or widowed gentlewomen who may be in need of employment, in straitened circumstances, or suffering under temporary difficulties. Cases of this kind are often among the saddest forms of distress, as well as the most difficult to discover or relieve through the ordinary channels of benevolent enterprise. Suffering that shrinks from being known as such, and that dreads the public exposure of poverty more than even the severest privations that poverty entails, is unhappily too common among women gently and tenderly nurtured, who find themselves, through the loss of relatives or through personal or family misfortune, cast helpless on the world, or drifting, as life advances, into hopeless penury. Sympathy, which is the vital principle of the Guild, has its fullest application here. With the utmost delicacy assistance is conveyed, sometimes in the form of pecuniary aid, or gifts in kind which relieve the slender purse. Sometimes medical or legal advice is gratuitously secured, or hospitality offered, such as visits to a country house or to the seaside. But wherever practicable, that more valuable help which brings with it the power of self-help, is rendered by the Guild, and employment of a kind suited to the recipient is procured. Orders are obtained for plain work or art-needlework, for knitting, embroidery, tapestry, painting, music-copying, typewriting, &c., all of it work that can be done by ladies in their own homes; and well paid, as no intermediate profits are lost, the orders being obtained direct from members of the Guild. In other cases engagements for ladies introduced to the Guild are found, as secretaries, companions, chaperones, teachers, &c.; or occasional work, such as playing dance-music, copying MSS., reading aloud to invalids or aged persons, &c., is procured.

Of course in the majority of cases the employment provided would not of itself suffice to render the recipient self-supporting; but it does in numberless instances form a substantial addition to a scanty income, sufficient to change the pinch of poverty into modest comfort, or to render the worker independent of doles and allowances, given perhaps almost as reluctantly as they had been received.

Not unfrequently funds for emigration are provided, together with introductions, assistance, and advice. This is a most valuable form of help. Sometimes technical training has been given in the higher branches of art-needlework, enabling ladies to earn comparatively large sums for skilled work, especially in the making and repair of tapestry, an art which, under the superintendence of Lady Eden, head of the Art-Needlework Department, has almost reached perfection. Valuable old tapestry, which had been discovered hidden away in the lumber-rooms of country houses — tattered, moth-eaten, sometimes with portions actually torn away—has been put into the hands of the Guild workers, and so skilfully restored that even the experienced eye could not detect the places of repair. The writer of this article was recently shown, in the private chapel of an old baronial Hall, three splendid specimens of ancient tapestry wrought in Scriptural designs, which had been thus restored, and but for the assurance that they were literally in rags when disinterred from the chest in which they had lain, perhaps for centuries, it would have been difficult to believe that the restorer had been at work at all, so deftly had the repairs been effected.

The fundamental rule of the Association is that cases of ladies desiring employment shall be introduced by members only, and shall be personally known to the lady introducing them, who shall not only vouch for the case being worthy, but shall herself co-operate with the Guild in the assistance determined on (Rule 4). In addition to this security, there is also a Case Committee, which makes inquiries, verifies statements, and appoints a lady (frequently the one introducing the case), through whom all aid is passed. No names are published, and the inquiries are made and the aid administered in private. Sympathy of the heart accompanies the charity of the hand, and a fine considerateness and delicacy of feeling distinguish even the slightest and the most business-like transactions of the Guild. Its central idea is sympathy, working through co-operation. As the Bishop of London, speaking at one of the annual meetings of the Guild, expressed it—"What cannot be done by any member singly may be effected by the co-operation of all. What one does not know, another will. It is the purpose of the Guild to bring into a focus all personal help, and to establish an easy connection between the need and the

supply. Each case assisted is known in the first instance to one member only, who claims the assistance of the rest in her endeavours to help."

To this end a General Registry is kept, containing names and qualifications of ladies desiring employment. To this Registry members of the Guild are invited to send particulars of any openings or situations for ladies that may come to their knowledge. Who does not know how often a quite charming situation is heard of; just the thing for a sensible, capable gentlewoman, if one did but happen oneself to know of the right person to recommend? No ladies are placed on the Register except those personally known to the introducing member; and as the situations or engagements have also the recommendations of members themselves, the security on both sides, in addition to the privacy, is greater than would be possible in even a high-class ordinary Registry. Nearly a hundred ladies annually are thus provided by the Guild with suitable and permanent employment, while since its foundation a sum of not less than £20,000 has passed through the hands of the various committees into those of ladies receiving assistance; about half of this being paid for work done, and half in money gifts to ladies who are in chronic or temporary need.

Another important branch of the Guild work is the provision, on a self-supporting basis, of inexpensive Associated Dwellings, in good localities, which may be rented by ladies at sums of from 2s. 6d. to 4s. 6d. per week for each room. Here again the idea originated in the fertile brain of the founder of the Guild, who, at her own risk, put it into practical form by taking, in the first instance, a block of buildings containing about fifty rooms designed for artisans' dwellings. These she slightly altered and adapted to the requirements of ladies living alone, fitted them up, and let them, singly or in suites of two or more rooms, at the rents above named. About half of the number were let furnished. The others were furnished by the ladies themselves. Ordinary housemaid's service, and quite simple cooking, were provided, at a charge of from eightpence to ninepence per week. Dinner was ordered from the housekeeper, who sent round over-night to each tenant the list of what would be provided next day. Other meals each lady provided for herself, as well as fires, &c., giving her orders to tradesmen as would be done in a private house.

The experiment proved a complete success. The rooms were eagerly taken up by ladies whose narrow means had made it impossible for them before to rent seemly and comfortable apartments in respectable localities, or at small cost to procure good meals well served at home. Soon another block was taken, with the same result; and, stimulated by the financial success of the undertaking, a public company is now being formed to carry out the plan on a still more extensive scale.

The whole thing is an admirable instance of what can be accomplished by one large-hearted woman for the less fortunate of her sex, when to sympathy she adds capacity and common sense, and, above all, the faculty of bringing others to see and co-operate with her in her efforts for the general good. The marked success, not only of this department of the Guild, but of the Association as a whole, tempts us to regret that the gift which women in many cases do undoubtedly possess in an eminent degree both for organising and administrative work, should be so little available in public as apart from private or domestic life. The Working Ladies' Guild, which has spread itself like a network over the whole of England, is not a mere charitable association, but a co-operative society of hundreds of women, working on business lines, owning property, carrying on trade, obtaining and giving out work. One branch, for example, is the Army Work Industry. A contract for ten or twelve thousand shoulder braces, embroidered with the name of the regiments, is obtained in the usual way from the Army Clothing Department. The materials are provided and the work given out at the Guild office to ladies who earn on an average about 15s. in their own homes; not a large sum, perhaps, but enough to bring with it the priceless boon of independence. The Guild itself has its own praiseworthy pride in being independent too. "We have never been in debt," is its honourable boast; and when we consider the amount of work done, and the still greater amount always pressing to be done, we shall recognise the energy, ability, and prudence which have marked its management.

The great want of the Guild hitherto has been that of a permanent centre and habitation of its own. The absence of some such centre for the various departments has sadly crippled its work in the past, and caused a serious waste of money, time, and labour. The Guild is making a strenuous effort now to establish itself upon a more solid basis, and has purchased on lease an excellent site near the present office, 217, Brompton Road, on which, so soon as the necessary funds are forthcoming, it intends to build. About £3,000 are already in hand, and it is hoped that the whole of the £5,000 needed will soon be furnished. The new buildings will combine offices for the Free Registry, rooms for the training of ladies in the various industries of the Guild, good workrooms and studios, and, above all, a shop for the sale and exhibition of articles produced by the ladies to whom employment has been given.

All honour to the band of English gentlewomen who have planned and carried out this wholesome enterprise! For the Guild is much more than a union for refined and active helpfulness. It is an effort, worth noting and encouraging, towards restoring to the handiwork of women something of its antique dignity. No more beautiful picture has ever been drawn for us than that which depicts the high-bred Hebrew matron working with her own hands in her home, guiding and organising the labours of others, trading, yes trading, with the produce of her industry, delivering her girdles to the merchants, considering a field and buying it, planting her vineyard with the fruit of her hands, stretching forth her hands to the poor, rejoicing in her strength, yet gentle withal, and perfect as a mother and a wife. It is a good omen for the future of English womanhood that "honourable women not a few" are thus beginning practically to recognise and commend the dignity of work.

MARY C. TABOR.

Evening Gowns, designed by Messrs. Dickins and Jones.

July Fashions.

By MRS. JOHNSTONE.

CULTURE has not always contributed to the economy of living. Whereas, before the era of railways, women were content to dress in the country in the same simple fashion as the rustics about them, now that traffic with the world has enabled them to see how others dress, they demand new gowns as good as the rest. Though finery may be costly, a man does not care to see his womankind less attractive than their neighbours. A writer who knew human nature well, and had had opportunities of studying it in many lands, argued that this fact was a potent hindrance to plurality of wives. An extra wife who dressed well was an expensive luxury. Moreover, women who were arrayed like squaws, obeyed like squaws; but a love of finery armed women with the weakness of their sex—a most potent weapon. And this was a clever man's opinion, and an excellent argument in favour of chiffons.

Dress is peculiarly an object of interest at present, because so many varied styles are in fashion, and a well-dressed woman needs to bring knowledge and taste to bear upon it: a knowledge of materials, of form, of colour, and, above all, of what suits her own individuality.

Heavy brocades and rich materials are allowed to fall in straight lines or massive folds, so that the beauty of the stuff can be seen to the best advantage; but soft mousseline-de-laines, nun's veiling, Bengaline and Oriental silks, are chosen for the grace with which they drape. The two accompanying dresses show how well Bengaline and Oriental silk can be adapted to ordinary evening gowns. The Bengaline is of the new steely-grey shade, which is of the nature of an old-fashioned colour called erewhile lavender. It is intermixed with piece-lace, and a rich Pompadour silk with a shot gold and grey ground, having satin stripes of the two tones, between which floral brocaded bouquets appear. The harmony of the Bengaline and the tint of the grounding are among the good points in this dress. The front drapery is entirely composed of the Bengaline, falling in easy folds. The back is half Bengaline, half Pompadour silk, slightly caught up at the waist, otherwise falling in straight lines. A panel drapery of the piece-lace at one side is secured by a tasselled bow. The bodice is made with silk draperies crossing over a lace waistcoat, with a ribbon bow in front. Pleats are laid on the back of the bodice. The severe plain fronts are giving place to folds and gatherings of the material,

which very much soften the hardness of outline; but the sides of a bodice are now rarely alike. The collar-bands are worn high, for a long throat is considered a beauty in woman in these days.

The soft cream silk dress is delightfully cool for summer, and, with two bodices, can be made to answer the double purpose of dinner and day wear, being suitable for garden-parties and other dressy occasions. The material wears and cleans well, and the more nearly it approaches to the creamy aspect of a thick soap-lather, the more fashionable. Low bodices — in London, at all events —are worn at most evening parties during the season, and this one is simply made with a short sleeve and a broad sash. It fastens at the back, and just a band of lappetting lace (viz., having both edges waved) is laid round the top. In the present instance Valenciennes is employed to edge the draperies, and the wide flounces introduced on the skirt are visible at the sides. The silk in front is caught up by a long loop of satin ribbon, starting from the waist. The back is almost straight; indeed, the arrangement generally can be accurately gleaned from the picture.

GOWNS SKETCHED AT MME. WORTH'S, 134, New Bond Street.

Ireland is making great strides in her dress industries, and during the past months there have been several displays in the metropolis of some of the newest specimens of her home-made lace. Those on whom the designing falls have not only improved and extended old makes, but have introduced new notions, such, for example, as the crochet reticella, modelled on the Greek patterns, and so fine, good, and moderate in price, that it is being employed on many of the plain coloured pongee silks and washing gowns, and is sufficiently durable to be handed down for generations. Carrickmacross appliqué is better suited for evening gowns, so is the Limerick lace, the kind now made being fuller in pattern than that hitherto used.

Several new trimmings have been introduced of late, among them bands of leather four or five inches wide, laid round the skirt and carried up the front of woollen gowns; they are bordered with gold braid about an inch wide. Suède kid in bold Renaissance designs, intermixed with filigree gold bullion, the groundwork all cut away, when laid on the material makes a very handsome trimming. More splendid and showy are the coarse woven gold Russian braids, embroidered with Turkish letters in a variety of shades and tones of the same colour, well combined on one piece of stuff. All such trimmings are chosen with a due regard to the shot and jardinière effects to be found in the stuffs of the year, which are called "chameleon glacé," and any other name that may occur to the fertile brain of the manufacturer, but they are always soft and lustrous in hue. Into the silks and metallic thread galons coloured stones are introduced. "And thicker down the front with jewels than the sward with drops of dew, so thickly shone the gems," exactly describes the appearance of many of the embroidered breadths introduced into the fronts of gowns. Some of the galons are worked on crêpe lisse, so that the colour of the dress shows through and thus deepens the effect of the many tints with which they are wrought. Cream flannel in several widths is worked in the same manner, ready to be applied to both tennis and tea-gowns.

Belts are always more worn with summer than with winter dresses, and some new kinds in leather show repoussé designs like fish-scales or fine ivory carving. Steel and oxidised chains round the waist confine the fulness of some makes of gowns; as, for example, a woollen of the blotting-paper tone, with wide stripes, the bodice and skirt all cut in one, the former made with a rounded yoke of shot silk to match the material, which is gathered over it in some six or seven lines, and again gathered in points at the back and front of the waist. The skirt is hemmed round and allowed to

fall over a plain petticoat, or it can be caught up to suit the wearer's figure. One of these chain belts over the waist-gathering is decidedly an addition. This style of dress is just one which could be applied to most of the requirements of life. Without the yoke it would serve for evening, and it is sufficiently loose and unrestraining to answer the purpose of a tea-gown, which, by-the by, was a garment originally intended to be worn without stays.

The idea of cutting all bodices on one plan has become long ago exploded. An endless variety is now made by the clever disposition of stripes. We have illustrated one (see page 426) of the newest adaptations. The gown is made in red and blue check and stripe combined. The back of the skirt is on the cross, forming two wing-folds, carried out by sewing together the edges of one pleat; it is not gathered into the waist, but the jelly-bag point thus formed mingles with the drapery. Two revers edged with lace are attached to the side diagonally, and so appear on the cross; the lace also forms the side basque, for the bodice is not only cut on the cross, but folds one side over the other, showing a waistcoat of pleated silk, from which two pieces of lace turn outwards like a collar. The sleeves are gathered into a wide cuff, and are new in their arrangement. The silk is pleated here and there at the foot.

AT-HOME DRESS, DESIGNED BY MME. ELIZA NICOLE, New Bond Street.

The tea-gown displays some fine gold embroidery and multi-coloured silk embroidery laid upon a velvet band, which appears on the left side and reappears at the waist. A gold bullion-tagged fringe is introduced on the sleeve and collar. The gown is made of a cream Oriental silk, printed with a design of conventional grass in a tone which goes by many names: reseda, mousse d'eau (closely resembling the scum which rises on a marshy pool, and not so bright as pomme or the Sherwood green), &c. The front is draped from the neck to the hem with figured piece-lace over green. The silk sleeve ends at the elbow, and is met by a puffing of the lace set in a velvet band at the wrist. The darker tone of the velvet gives a great deal of effect to the dress, especially by its introduction at the side. It is made with a long train, and a pocket basque after the Louis XV. order at the side. The trains are lengthening, and we are still in danger of the story repeating itself here, told of a certain French woman, who, while greeting her hostess, is reminded by the maître d'hôtel that her gown is caught in the carriage door below.

We rarely have too much sun in England, but it comes in July if in any month of the year. Nothing looks so well as white when Sol gleams through the trees in the country. Those who keep their hats on all day are apt to find them heavy, and, in lieu of straw, garden-hats are now made of embroidery on muslin, some of the ordinary good well-covered designs, some of guipure, but all washable and light, in the picturesque shapes of the Rubens and Gainsborough order. The drawn sun-bonnets now are made in pretty shapes too. A new tennis hat has this merit, that it is composed of a soft muslin which has been named "cloud," from its lightness, and that it can, by a touch of the hand, be turned up from the face during play, and be allowed to shade the face at other times. A parasol made of a good strong serviceable lace has been arranged in the same light summer-like fashion to go with them.

The reigning fashions favour tall and slender women, and the style of the gown with the front reflected in the looking-glass (see above) is one that would hardly be suited to a short woman. It commends itself by its simplicity. It is a blue voile, the edge braided in large palm-leaves with white braid, a red moire ribbon tied at one side. The bodice has white bands introduced,

and the fulness that crosses the figure is on one side plain, on the other side striped. We are approaching rapidly to plain skirts, which possibly will be made without foundations. The full bodices, too, start with gatherings from the shoulder.

Full dress increases in splendour as the months go by. Silver and gold brocades and embroidery of every kind play their part. A description of the two gowns in our picture will indicate the best English fashions. The bodice is trimmed to match with a wide Empire sash and large bows on the shoulders. Many gowns for evening wear are made with plain backs to the skirts, and over the front a full breadth of silver or gold tulle, bordered with fringe, and allowed to droop as it will; the bodice is draped over the shoulders, back and front, perpendicularly with the same tulle, and horizontally between; the front studded with diamonds down to the deep sash. The depth of this sash cannot

EVENING TOILETTES, DESIGNED BY MME. ELIZA NICOLE, New Bond Street.

The standing figure wears a pink crêpe de Chine, mingled with pink Bengaline of a light tone. The front is worked with roses and other flowers in silk relief of the natural colours with pearls and gold thread. There are paniers at the waist of the Bengaline, and the bodice is draped on one side with this, and on the other with the crêpe, over a stomacher embroidered to match the front. Nothing can well be more simple than the make of the dress, but the bodice fits to perfection. The other gown is of a rich red heliotrope tone, with a blonde scarf draped over the front and back, showing side panels with appliqués of flowers in colours and gold leaves. be very easily defined. Sometimes they come well under the armpits, and are shaped to the figure almost like a Swiss belt.

The Directoire craze has extended to yachting-dresses, and cream flannel coats reaching to the hem are being made over petticoats, the front composed of close-set rows of broad braid, plain or intermixed with gold, a double pinked-out flounce at the edge of the skirt. The coat fastens nowhere, but flies open, showing a full white silk bodice. It is a garment that would do admirably for the Cowes and Ryde week, but a heavy sea would soon spoil its beauty.

PARIS.

EARLY summer, which by the grace of poets has been dedicated to youth, is held by our pleasure-loving Parisiennes as the gayest of all the seasons of the year. Races, receptions, dancing, and music keep up a brilliant round through the day and night. All the leaders of society have till lately been in town, receiving and gracing every gala gathering. To hospitable and splendid entertainments two or three thousand invitations are sent out by such hostesses as the Duchesse de Doudeauville, the Princesse de Sagan, the Baronesses Adolphe and Gustave de Rothschild. The theatrical season is now drawing to an end, and at its close appears to strive to eclipse the brilliancy of its opening.

On all sides opportunities offer for the display of that taste in dress of which Paris is the fountain-head. The great houses are at work deep into the night, manufacturing original costumes for races, poetic dresses for the nightly balls, graceful wedding trousseaux, or splendid wardrobes for the leading actresses preparing to set forth on foreign tours. It is impossible to do more than describe a few of the most picturesque specimens from that motley pageantry of apparel.

Sarah Bernhardt, who handles chiffons with the touch of genius, has revealed what can be done with stuffs and colour to enhance the personality of the wearer. The costumes in which this supreme artist has lately appeared in Adrienne Lecouvreur, Francillon, Fédorah, Thérèse Raquin, and La Dame aux Camélias, were principally designed by Laferrière. One of these, for Francillon, was a delicately radiant dress of white brocade woven with silver and gold, and strewn with a pattern of wild roses. The long train was lined with moss-green velvet; this upper dress opened over a skirt of tender rose-colour, veiled with interlacing draperies of rose and green crêpe de Chine.

TOILETTES OF JANE HADING—ROBE AND MANTLE FROM THE MAISON LAFERRIÈRE, HAT FROM THE MAISON VIROT.

Another harmonious dress was of beige plush em-

broidered in silver; the pink satin lining lent a soft brightness to the warm grey tones of the plush. The polonaise, edged with blue fox, opened over a skirt of pink crêpe de Chine.

For Fédorah there was a gown of amethyst velvet, lined with Pompadour Pekin, the pink ground strewn with violets. Another violet dress was composed of the mingling tints of purple velvet, faille and plush, and many other kindred tones.

The ball-dress for La Dame aux Camélias was of white satin lined with pale sea-green, garlanded with white roses and gleaming with silver. The dressing-gown for the death-bed scene was of creamy clinging foulard and soft lace, opening over pale pink faille veiled with white lace.

Jane Hading, who in art is the divine Sarah's suave and tender rival, has set out for America, carrying in her trunks twenty-two costumes, also designed by Laferrière, for her parts in *Frou-Frou*, *Le Maître des Forges*, *Mlle. de la Seiglière*, *La Dame aux Camélias*, *L'Étrangère*, &c.

For the unhappy Dame aux Camélias, whose dresses furnish unfailing inspiration to our artists in stuffs, there was an opera-dress which was a poem in pink and silver. The pink watered silk dress was made with a corselet of silver and a straight skirt, which, opening in front, displayed a jupe of silver-spotted pink net, veiled with a cloud of silver embroidery, caught up high with four knots of pink ribbon. The ball-dress was white satin, covered with lace, fastened here and there with clusters of camellias, which were also placed on the low body draped with lace.

The pretty country gown was a picturesque arrangement of maize crêpe de Chine and Mechlin lace, the skirt flounced, the upper dress daintily gathered. The wide sleeves carried the mind back to fashions dear to Marie Antoinette, when she played at being milkmaid in the garden of Trianon.

The dressing-gown, in which the frail repentant Dame aux Camélias was to breathe her last, was composed of soft white crépon; wide sleeves slashed with Valenciennes lace; a loose mantle of ivory-white vigogne lined with cream satin. A boa of sable fur completed what is graphically called "le peignoir d'agonie."

For the sprightly heroine of the *Pattes de Mouche* there was a piquant Pompadour costume. The upper dress, made with a Watteau pleat, was a soft brocade of many-coloured flowers sprinkled over a cream ground, lifted over a satin petticoat veiled with lace.

A very harmonious costume was of fawn cashmere embroidered in heliotrope silk, the skirt deeply pleated, a band of heliotrope velvet laid upon each pleat; the polonaise made in the Russian style, with épaulettes of embroidery and sleeves of velvet.

For *Le Maître des Forges*, a picturesque girlish costume in Louis XV. style, of Bengaline shot green and pink, the straight redingote and skirt embroidered with écru silk. For the great scene after the wedding, an admirably simple bridal dress of white satin, edged with a flounce of lace and a fringe of orange-blossoms.

For the birthday reception, a dress well suited to become the pale beauty of Miss Hading—a blue gown scintillating with golden beads, the redingote polonaise of the blue brocade opening in front and at the sides to show the petticoat of shimmering beads, the transparent sleeves also covered with the glitter of golden beads.

A lovely dress destined for L'Étrangère was black and pink. The redingote polonaise was made of black velvet, opening in front to show a petticoat of pink crêpe de Chine, hemmed with three rows of scallops. Heavy black and pink fringes, through which shone gleams of pearls, adorned the dress, the draperies of which were caught up here and there with pink knots.

A gown of sapphire-blue Sicilienne clinging to the figure was made absolutely simple; a necklace of many-coloured Egyptian beads, and a mantle of blue plush embroidered with beads, completed a costume not the least beautiful of those many characteristic dresses.

Perhaps the most splendid gown was a tea-gown for the mysterious heroine, of delicate lime-leaf-green silk brocaded with moss-green velvet flowers; the upper dress, edged with sable, opening over a petticoat draped with lime-green Bengaline.

We pass over the fresh and picturesque dresses destined for Mlle. de la Seiglière, to describe the exquisitely simple Parisian toilettes manufactured for Frou-Frou, that pathetic type of Parisian grace and folly.

A gown of soft amethyst lampas, the front draped, the sides open to show a petticoat embroidered in silver, the sleeves of silver embroidery.

A bizarre costume was of gold net, with redingote polonaise of cherry faille, covered with Eastern gold and black embroideries.

Another visiting-dress consisted of a polonaise of delicate twig-green Sicilienne, draped over a skirt of écru silk, veiled with embroidered net of the same shade. The dresses for L'Aventurière were the most resplendent of all those designed for Miss Hading. Among these was one of brocaded velvet of that peculiar shade of green known as *vert antique*, looped with heavy gold cords over a petticoat of faded pink brocade.

A soft, creamy-white woollen gown, made by Mlle. Gringoire, draped with Grecian simplicity over an ivory-white silk under-dress, afforded a pleasant contrast to the magnificence and glitter of the other costumes.

As we are on the theme of theatrical apparel, we must not omit to mention the gorgeous dresses worn by the beautiful young actress, Mlle. Bartet, in the rôle of Adrienne Lecouvreur. In the second act, where Adrienne appears as the Sultana Roselane, the costume, copied from a picture by Vanloo, was splendid for colour, and was marked by an elegant simplicity of line. The gown was of white satin, fringed with gold and adorned in the front of the bodice with Eastern embroideries. The large mantle of orange plush was edged with sable; a diadem of gems gleamed on the turban of white gauze, the high aigrette of which was a jewelled plume. There was a charming Louis XV. dress, all tender rose-coloured satin, touched with delicate green trimmings of silken fringes and passementerie. A mantle of the changing hues on the pigeon's breast, and a picturesque hood, bordered with a thick ruche, completed this pleasantly

toned costume. Adrienne's ball-dress was of white satin, the front finely embroidered with garlands of roses, framed on either side with panels of gold embroidery mingled with green humming-birds.

We have dwelt on the description of these stage dresses, for in their picturesqueness they suggest how an artist can effectively use a beautiful and original arrangement of colour and line to harmonise her individuality with that of the character she personifies.

We must now turn from the pageant of theatrical costume to note that of fashionable attire displayed at the various gatherings of *le beau monde*.

On the race-course, in the carriages rolling along the verdant alleys of the Bois de Boulogne, may be seen floating silks beflowered or striped; rustling and gleaming taffetas, made up according to the modes which reigned in Thermidor. Dressmakers, to-day, seek inspiration from the portraits, and even from the caricatures of the Directoire ladies, and copy the startling juxtapositions of tints, the exaggerated wasp-like or curtailed waists, the enormous hats that were the rage in the early days of the first Empire. Canary-yellow and pale blue, yellow and green in their shrillest tones, are now, as then, the favourite combinations of colour. The hats are audaciously high, beribboned and beflowered; green ribbon of the shade at the heart of a lettuce, mingling with clusters of roses, is an admired hat trimming.

At balls, the gleam of jewels, the poetry of flowers, the harmony of mingling tints, have never been used to finer effect. All that French taste can do has been lavished upon costumes worn at the nightly gatherings in the salons of the aristocracy. All entertainments, however, paled in splendour and picturesqueness before the fancy ball given by M. Cernuschi, in the magnificent Buddha gallery of his hôtel. This superb mansion is a museum of Eastern art. Thither flocked, on that memorable occasion, all the beauties and all the wits, the queens of song and of the drama, mingling with the queens of society, with the railway, copper, and silver queens then congregating in Paris, and with them might be seen numerous illustrious strangers. Two thousand guests, in splendid and original costumes, eddied around the colossal bronze statue of the Buddha meditating, in the great Japanese gallery. Some ladies wore costumes copied from pictures. A Russian lady, Mme. Bernaardaky, was Vanloo's representation of Catherine the Great, stepped out of its frame, the painted jewels kindled into flame, the Empress alive and animated. Diamonds and sapphires blazed about her, and crowned her head with varied light. Mme. Pasta, the actress, wore a Russian head-dress studded with diamonds and pearls of unique size, and for the occasion put on the splendid thick white silk robe and train, edged with sable, in which Carolus Duran painted her four years ago. The great painter himself was present, as an Indian chief; his daughter appeared as a dainty Japanese lady. Ladies who seemed to be walking pictures painted by Gainsborough, or to have lagged out of the early days of the French Empire, or to have just come from playing at being rustics with Marie Antoinette in Trianon, were there, with gems flashing on their hats and about their delicate throats and wrists, round their waists, and on the buckles of their dainty shoes.

From gems sparkling in the maze of dances, it is delightful to turn to the contemplation of jewels given away for the succour of suffering children. Mme. André, better known as Mlle. Jacquemart, the distinguished portrait-painter, has sold her jewels, roughly estimated at twenty-four thousand pounds, for the sake of founding a dispensary for the children of the poverty-stricken district of the Gobelins. No conditions hamper the gracious sweetness of this act, save that the management of the dispensary be given to the Sisters of Charity. Round the windows of M. Boucheron, the great jeweller of the Palais Royal, crowds gathered to see those strings of pearls, those matchless opals, that regal necklace belonging to the late Queen Marie Amélie of large rubies and diamonds, which a noble woman was parting with, for the sake of ministering to afflicted little ones.

The wedding which was the event of the season was the marriage of the Duc Decazes with the daughter of the Duchesse de Composelser. The *corbeille de mariage* might have been a gift of the fairies. It contained triple-rowed diamond and pearl necklaces, diadems, a ducal crown, bracelets, rings, brooches; it held a store of the prettiest and most elegant chiffons, wrought in linen, lace, and silk. The petticoats were assorted to the dresses, the under-petticoats in surah, the upper-petticoats in satin trimmed with lace.

The dresses all came from Worth; and as the bride desired to wear mourning as deep for the loss of her stepfather as if she were in mourning for her own father, the costumes designed for her by the supreme artist in dress were symphonies in white, grey, and lilac.

The wedding-dress was of thick white silk, the round train and petticoat very gracefully draped, the front of the skirt cut out in rows of scallops, fringed with orange-blossoms, and edged at the hem with a thick wreath of orange-blossoms, the bodice draped with white crape, fastened with orange-blossoms; a diadem of the same flowers, and a net veil, completed a bridal attire of rich simplicity.

Among the ball-dresses was a spring-like gown of mauve Ottoman, the front garlanded with sprays of lilac, veiled with crêpe, the back flounced with crêpe; the low bodice trimmed with a fichu of crêpe, and a long spray of lilac. Another dress was of white satin, striped with interludes of net, a drapery of net in front caught up at the side with bows of white satin, flounces of net and satin at the back; the simple satin bodice trimmed with braces of net fastened by bows of satin; the wide satin sash fastened behind. A grey and silver brocade Court dress was made with a touch of mediæval picturesqueness. The low bodice, embroidered in silver, was edged with grey marabout feathers, scintillating with silver. Another bodice of grey velvet accompanied this dress; it was made in the style of Henri II., with a *fraise* at the hips, and a waistcoat and revers of brocade; no sleeves, but épaulettes of silver braid placed at the shoulders; round the upper edge of the bodice, foamed a line of marabout feathers.

Two richly sober dinner-dresses deserve to be men-

tioned. One was of black satin, the simple skirt adorned in front with interlacing draperies, through which jet gleamed. Two bodices also accompanied this dress; one low, the other opened in the shape of a V. Both were draped with a fichu of net and jet; the sleeves were of net. The second dress was of grey satin, the skirt simple. The low bodice was trimmed with old point lace; the high bodice was of black satin with grey sleeves.

Three afternoon visiting-costumes were models of coquettish elegance. One was of black Bengaline, made in the Henri II. style, with white faille waistcoat veiled with black lace, and brightened with trimmings of jet.

Another was of smoke-grey broché, the skirt gracefully draped under a redingote of Henri II. style, the sleeves of which were slashed. Silver braidings and fringes constituted the trimmings. The deep cuffs and chemisette were of English point lace. The third costume was of silver-grey Ottoman; the skirt draped with fan-shaped pleatings alternating with stripes of white watered ribbon. The Directoire coat was made with collar and cuffs of white watered silk; a large sash of black watered ribbon, and a cravat of Chantilly net, completed a quaintly picturesque costume.

In morning-dresses, black, grey, and silver reappeared. One, of slate-grey cloth, was made with gathered polonaise, crossed at the side with stripes of black velvet embroidered in silver, the cuffs and collar of black velvet and silver, the skirt trimmed with circling stripes of velvet. Another morning dress was of a lighter shade of grey; the bodice, embroidered in silver, opened over a chemisette of grey watered silk. The skirt, draped in front and plain at the back, was trimmed on one side with a revers of grey watered silk; a black watered silk scarf was knotted at the side.

Among the pelisses was one of grey drap de soie, made with a waistcoat of black velvet, and trimmings of silver braid.

Lovely bonnets and hats were to be worn with this brilliant array of gowns and cloaks. One was of Tuscan straw, lifted at the side with a tuft of roses just beginning to fade; it had black velvet strings. A dainty capote was of black lace with cream-white strings and an aigrette of white roses; another was of ivory-white Sicilienne, with roses of the same tint.

RACE-COURSE HATS FROM THE MAISON VIROT.

From Virot came a round hat of white Chantilly straw; the crown low, the brim straight and advancing over the forehead, lined with fancy thread straw; a light torsade of silk muslin wound round the crown, a tuft of feathers, pistache-green shot with white, and a cluster of reeds placed in the front, the back of the hat lifted with satin ribbon of pistache-green shot with white.

A Trianon hat of Leghorn straw was lined with fancy straw, the crown covered with clouds of white net, and trimmed with a panache of pink feathers shot with white, and bows of pink watered ribbon.

A sunshade of fancy straw, decked with flowers and knots of ribbon, was another pretty trifle placed in this lucky bride's corbeille.

VIOLETTE.

THE WOMAN'S WORLD.

Social Scares.

THE general tendency of the human race to resist all change has ever been a formidable impediment in the path of progress. The almost universally accepted maxim that "whatever is, is right," has given a protracted life to oppressive social usages, tyrannic rule, and harmful laws. Where opinion is the outcome of tradition, and not of independent thought, all innovations at variance with the impressions of early childhood are regarded with unreasoning dread. And if, as Longfellow affirms, "There are few thinkers in the world, but many who think they think," opinion is even now largely moulded by unreasoning sentiment swayed by fear. The bogey that haunted the lone ruin is dead, but the bogey of fancy never dies; though from age to age it assumes a different form and bears a different name. And, as the dismal prophecies of former times were the outcome of conditions of life which still prevail, a brief review of some bygone social scares may suggest the consoling thought, that certain woeful predictions of the present day may very probably prove as futile and untrue as those have proved which scared preceding generations.

Coaches—first introduced from France into England in 1580—gave rise to grave alarm, since the love of ease which such conveyances were alleged to foster could not fail to exercise a most pernicious influence on the masculine character. It was a disgrace to a true-born Briton to make use of an effeminate invention solely suited to ladies or to Frenchmen. The man who shrank from the endurance of fatigue or exposure to the weather would surely prove a dastard in the field of battle. The saddle was the hero's appropriate seat, and not the soft cushion of a carriage. But as the warnings of sage and moralist did not suffice to arrest the progress of the insidious evil, the Legislature enforced their precepts, in 1601, through an Act that made the use of coaches by men a punishable offence. In spite, however, of legislative prohibition the wealthy owners of the demoralising conveyances preferred to pay the penalties incurred, rather than relinquish the enjoyment derived from rivalry in costly equipages; and a few years after the Dukes of Buckingham and Northumberland had severally driven in a coach-and-six and a coach-and-eight through the streets of London the Act was repealed in 1625. Doubtless, the aristocratic influence that was brought to bear upon the Legislature to obtain the repeal of an obnoxious law, was aided by the pertinent reflection that the evil example set by a few rich men was not likely to exert a widespread demoralising influence on the national character.

But the alarm out of which the Act arose was not effectually dispelled, for though lulled to rest as long as the coach only ministered to the ease of wealthy men, it revived with increased intensity on the occasion of the substitution of stage-coaches for the ordinary mode of travelling throughout the country. Once more the moralist denounced the luxurious indulgences that must inevitably undermine the hardihood which was the distinguishing characteristic of the English nation. England was doomed to ruin and decay if it was to be peopled by a race that had lost the manly virtues of their ancestors. True wisdom taught that to abandon time-hallowed customs was supremely perilous. But in spite of gong-like reverberation of indignant warnings throughout the land, the stage-coach became an accepted institution, and doubtless many of its vehement opponents lived to own that the practice of travelling on four wheels might co-exist with masculine daring and energy of character.

Even our valued friend the umbrella gave rise, on its first appearance in England, to grave alarm, in regard to the injurious results that might ensue from a general use of this foreign invention; and we cannot fail to have the deepest sympathy for Mr. Jonas Hanway on that rainy day in 1757, when, amidst laughter, jeers, and derisive shouts of disapprobation, emphasised by pelted stones, he walked through the streets of London holding the hitherto unknown protecting canopy above his head. Was he salt or sugar that he should fear to melt in a few drops of rain? Let him stay at home, or take a chair or coach, if he wanted shelter. None but milk-sops—like the French—could invent or use such an effeminate invention. But most especially the umbrella was condemned by chairmen, and the owners and drivers of hackney coaches, who feared their business would be injured, or perhaps destroyed, by this pernicious innovation. But notwithstanding the outburst of ridicule and indignation with which the introduction of the

umbrella was received in England, its beneficent attributes, soon recognised, quickly gave it that high place it now enjoys in popular estimation. And so high is that consideration at the present day, that fancy absolutely recoils from the thought of an umbrellaless England. When we realise the apprehensions that rain-charged clouds inevitably evoked in the minds of our ancestors, we have reason to be thankful that we did not live in a pre-umbrella age.

The development of a system of inland navigation through the medium of canals evoked a very plenteous crop of dismal predictions. If water-carriage was generally to supersede the ordinary system of conveyance by high-roads, the owners of inns and taverns on the deserted thoroughfares would be ruined. A similar doom would await that numerous and meritorious class of working men who gained their livelihood by the transport of goods in drays and vans. Horses, no longer in demand for the uses they had immemorially fulfilled, would inevitably decrease in number as well as deteriorate in quality. The pious, also, clearly discerned that to make water flow in a different channel from that assigned to it by Providence, was a sinful act which might involve a grave national chastisement. Moreover, the hardihood that had survived the introduction of stage-coaches was once more considered to be seriously endangered by the indolent, sluggish tastes and habits to which the practice of canal-boat travelling would inevitably give rise. Notwithstanding the proverbial wisdom of our ancestors, their acts and words may well suggest a doubt if they quite deserve the reputation they have gained.

The nineteenth-century prophets of evil rivalled their predecessors in vehement denunciations of all innovation on the established order of things. The proposal to abolish the punishment of death for a trivial theft met with violent opposition; as many declared, it was a self-evident fact that any relaxation of the penalty attached to offences of this description would inevitably destroy respect for property in England. As consequently this precious principle should be maintained by all the power of the law, the wretch who stole to the value of five shillings in a shop was rightly sentenced to be hanged. The suppression of the brutal sports of bull-baiting, cock-fighting, and prize-fighting was strenuously resisted on the plea that these pastimes exercised a high moral influence through the manly spirit they fostered in the English people, and opposition to these time-honoured sports was denounced as the outcome of effeminate sentimentality unworthy of consideration. Nor was public opinion more favourable to innovation on established modes of travel than had been the case in any preceding age. Our first railway-lines were laid amidst vehement demonstrations of public hostility; and white-haired engineers still live to tell, that to avoid contention with an angry mob, they surveyed the ground by night through the aid of lanterns. Objections urged by a previous generation against canals were urged with no less vehemence against the introduction of railways. The foundations of national prosperity would be inevitably sapped by a mode of travelling which must beggar that numerous class who gained their living through the existing system of transport on canals and roads. Nor was it a less evident fact that the railway-carriage would foster an effeminate love of ease which must exert a most demoralising influence on the whole community. Lord Chancellor Eldon gave expression to a widely-held belief when, from the woolsack, he denounced railways as "dangerous innovations." That cry was echoed by a large portion of the Press, though many writers derived much consolation from the thought that the idea of travelling twenty miles an hour by the aid of steam was a rank absurdity. And one deep thinker has left on record his belief, that to take an aërial flight attached to a Congreve rocket would be quite as rational as to rush along the surface of the earth at such a pace, and in such a fashion. The history of the infancy of our iron roads is no less instructive than consoling, as it suggests that the time may come when the many woeful predictions of the present day will in their turn be mocked at as ridiculous and untrue. This consideration should especially be kept in view in reference to the alarm evoked by the recent revolt of women against the disabilities imposed on them by law and custom; and as the woman question of this day is linked with the woman question of a former time, it may be well to glance at a few details of her past history in England.

Whilst the institution of the Order of Chivalry no doubt conferred on well-born ladies a great advantage, it exercised no beneficial influence on the position of women belonging to the middle and working classes of society. And though during their short term of youth and beauty the queens of tournaments must have had a pleasant life, the experience of these noble ladies was very different from that of their humble sisters; for in days when might made right, and the strong defied the law, outside the castle walls the convent was the only efficient shelter of the weaker sex from violence and wrong. And even in times when women were worshipped with unreasoning love and veneration, they were also the objects of unreasoning hate and terror; for before the knight-errant and troubadour had become a memory of the past, the persecution for witchcraft had begun. The records of that long-enduring, dismal time for women should make the women of this century thankful that they did not live in what are pleasantly termed "the good old days." Especially is this the case with those whose features are of a type that in former times evoked suspicions of secret sin; for the tendency of old women with long noses and projecting chins to enter into an alliance with spirits of evil was very generally held to be an incontestable truth. The poor wretch who through some unlucky chance had acquired the name of witch was thrust outside the pale of human sympathy. It was just and right that the accomplice of Satan should be burnt alive. Brave men turned pale in the presence of poor crazy creatures with wrinkled faces and grizzled hair. The warrior who would face death unblenchingly on the battle-field shuddered at the thought that through their infernal skill he might die by inches from a cunningly contrived effigy. Lingering

death, mysterious maladies to which the doctor could give no name, were the fell work of some witch's hand. No house was safe from her intrusion, for in the form of a black cat purring peacefully at the fireside, she might cast her demoniac spells over an unsuspecting household. The hare which so skilfully eluded the sportsman's shot was a witch disguised. Doubtless, no mistress of a godly household would buy a broom which was not exempt from any taint of doubt that it had ever served as a witch's steed on her midnight aërial flights to meet her master at some satanic feast. A panic dread of the calamities which women with malignant tendencies might cause imbued the social atmosphere of England. But when we feel disposed to laugh at the rank absurdity of such convictions, our laugh dies out as we picture the merciless glowing flames licking the hapless stake-bound victim, and the savage joy of an eager throng at the shrieks of agony that proclaim the well-earned sufferings of the enemy of God and man.

The old woman of the present day has truly reason to feel thankful for her complete exemption from the risk of subjection to such a fate; for though the reputed witch may yet be found in some secluded English village remote from towns, a wholesome dread of a prison cell preserves her now from personal harm, save on some such exceptional occasion as occurred a few years ago, when a pitchfork handled by a country boor put a summary end to her luckless life. But, as a general rule, the only ordeal to which the old woman is subject now, is that of hearing the term employed as a synonym for cowardice or folly; and it is surely logical to conclude that a time may come when the fashion of sneering at old women shall be as obsolete as is now the once long-respected custom of burning them at the stake.

To ride alone on horseback was considered a few centuries ago an exclusively masculine prerogative; and when ladies rode, they were doomed to jog along seated on a pillion behind a man, to whom they clung to retain their seat. The idea of royalty on a pillion is so droll that it is difficult to realise the fact that Queen Elizabeth rode on State occasions in this dual fashion behind her Lord Chancellor through the streets of London, though doubtless the public opinion of that day saw nothing undignified in a practice which so admirably typified man's protecting strength and woman's clinging weakness. But, in an age when noble ladies learned Greek and Latin, it is not unlikely that a mental revolt against the pillion had begun, and the Queen may probably have only been influenced by precedent in her adherence to an unpalatable custom. But even when, in later days, the side-saddle had been generally substituted for the pillion, riding seems to have been generally considered an unfeminine recreation. Moralists in the *Spectator* bitterly inveighed against the audacious Amazons in Hyde Park, who outraged every rule of feminine propriety by wearing a masculine cravat and hat, and a habit that bore a close resemblance to a man's coat. Such unwomanly women forfeited every title to respectful consideration; and those who thus contemned the laws of Nature must be despised by every right-thinking man. Our graceful equestrians in Rotten Row little think of the odium their ancestral mothers incurred by doing that which they now do, with not only masculine sanction, but approval. The unfeminine Amazon in the reign of Anne has become in Queen Victoria's reign an ideal of feminine grace, enhanced by physical courage; and her deeds of prowess in the hunting-field have obtained from time to time an honourable mention in some public print. The latent possibilities of the future which such a revolution in opinion so strikingly displays, warrant the inference that feminine domestic virtues are no more entwined with the preservation of the present disabilities of sex than with the use of the long-discarded pillion.

Although Frances Burney, Joanna Baillie, Maria Edgeworth, and Hannah More enjoyed in the eighteenth century an honourable position in the cultured circles of society, the authoress was held in general discredit as adopting a vocation not only at variance with the due discharge of feminine duties, but incompatible with the modesty that should ever be the distinguishing attribute of her sex. The blue-stocking was deemed an abnormal creation of a corrupt society—a fungus excrescence nourished by decay. The publicity of authorship must inevitably destroy that sensitive delicacy of the feminine character, which was its especial charm. A due performance of the wife and mother's duty was irreconcilable with the essentially masculine function of writing books. A woman should find within the sphere of domestic life full scope for the exercise of any talent she might possess. Monk Lewis, the author of a popular romance, reproved his mother, early in this century, for attempting to write a tale, and with that uncompromising frankness of expression which characterises near relative's rebukes, he informed her "that she had no business to be a public character, and that a female author became that contemptible thing, 'a sort of half man.'"

The memoirs of Jane Austen show that she braved the public opinion of the day in publishing her well-known works; but though personally that seems to have given her little concern, yet to please her family she had always a handkerchief at hand to conceal from view the writings on which she might be engaged when visitors were announced. Miss Martineau details early experiences of a somewhat similar character, and it was not until her twenty-seventh year, when forced by circumstances to obtain the means of self-support, that she ceased to take precautions to keep her vocation a secret from the world. But no lady writer suffered so severely as Mrs. Somerville from the public opinion of those days, as her unwomanly love of mathematics immensely aggravated the guilt of her infraction of the established code of feminine propriety. Her afflicted relatives adjured her to give up her discreditable studies, and not to bring disgrace upon herself and family by indulgence in such unwomanly pursuits. The evils that a feminine study of Euclid were calculated to produce, disquieted the clergy; and from the pulpit in York Cathedral, Mrs. Somerville was condemned as an offender against the laws of God, as well as a transgressor of the accepted code of womanly propriety. The highly-gifted Caroline

Herschel, declared by the Astronomical Society in 1828 to have accomplished a work "probably unparalleled either in magnitude or importance in the annals of astronomical labour," shared with Mrs. Somerville in the discredit attached to feminine scientific studies. Even her illustrious brother, imbued apparently with the prejudices of the day, seems throughout the long, indefatigable, and loving service she rendered him, to have regarded and treated her in the light of a useful drudge. And so little did her nephew, Sir John Herschel, consider her entitled to any mark of public honour and respect, that, when the Astronomical Society resolved to present her with a gold medal for her discoveries of comets, and her catalogue of stars and nebulæ, he most unkindly wrote to his aged aunt to say that he had "strenuously resisted" the resolution. The piteous plaint of her old age, that from the earliest dawn of recollection, her life had been one of "sorrow, trouble, and disappointment," must evoke the deepest sympathy, mingled with indignation at the social prejudice that had embittered her laborious existence. Since the day she died, now nearly forty years ago, the English code of feminine propriety has undergone a notable change, and since the more distant time when Mrs. Somerville was condemned from the pulpit of York Cathedral, the change in some important respects amounts to a revolution.

Had Caroline Herschel been born on the day she in reality died, her astronomical labours now would have been stimulated and cheered by popular applause. And though a keen watch is kept to repel any fresh invasion on prescriptive masculine rights, the feminine conquest of mathematics is so complete that the existence of a lady Doctor of Science, or a lady Bachelor of Arts, is allowed to be quite compatible with a widespread enjoyment of household comfort and domestic bliss, whilst the lately decried lady doctor now enjoys a highly respected place in the social life of England. The publishers' daily lists conclusively attest that literature has become a feminine vocation, and literary eminence in either sex is equally rewarded. Even the newspaper is no longer, like Mount Athos, a masculine preserve free from feminine intrusion; and the most bitter opponent of the Women's Suffrage claim cannot be sure that some leading article in his daily paper has not been written by a woman. And since the women of this day are considered no less worthy of respect and love than the women of any bygone generation, it may be reasonably urged that a further trespass on masculine prescriptive rights would not necessarily exercise any deteriorating influence on their tastes and character. The hen that, with ruffled feathers, flutters distractedly to and fro around the pond into which her foster children have joyously plunged, has many human prototypes; but as experience shows the hen that her apprehensions are unfounded, so woman's watchful guardians may in time discover that, like the timid but maternally admirable fowl, they also have been mistaken.

Nor are there any substantial grounds to apprehend that a release from the disabilities of sex imposed by law and custom would render women disinclined to enter on the household functions which as wife and mother they now discharge; for even apart from the powerful natural impulse that would influence their choice, such only as were exceptionally dowered by Nature with qualities to fit them for entrance on an independent career, would prefer to face the trials incident to that lot, rather than to accept the comparatively easy conditions of a home-life existence. And surely the chances for domestic happiness would be increased by any change in law and custom that might abate the strong temptations which now exist, to determine the acceptance of a marriage offer by purely mercenary considerations. Nor is the consideration to be overlooked, that as unpalatable dinners have been declared by a distinguished lecturer at South Kensington to be a fertile cause of estranged affection, the faulty housewife who, in this respect, unduly tests her husband's love and temper, might yet—though a domestic failure—be fitted to do good work in some other sphere of life than that which, possibly only through force of circumstances, she has been impelled to enter. The exceptional women, to whom nursery cares and household duties are distasteful, ought to have as free an outlet for the satisfaction of their individual tastes, as is the case with men whom Nature prompts to enter on some career outside ordinary masculine vocations. The African hornbill, which builds up a wall around his brooding mate to insure a due discharge of her maternal duties, is a type of the coercive laws to which women in every age have been and still are subjected. But as the mother bird throughout the feathered race, ever of her own free will, fulfils her maternal functions with no less zeal than that displayed by the human mother, it is not unreasonable to believe that coercive walls and coercive laws are alike the outcome of baseless apprehensions.

As the vast amount of unpaid philanthropic and religious work now performed by woman clearly shows that her lately increased liberty of action has proved a great social gain, it is reasonable to believe that, through the development of a principle that has never yet been allowed full play, humanity would eminently benefit. That "the woman's cause is man's" is emphatically true; and, as scientific research conclusively proves that the mother's qualities are transmitted by hereditary action to her child, the development of her intelligence is absolutely essential to the onward progress of the human race, and through it alone the spiritual elements in man's dual nature can gain supremacy over the base animal instincts which control it now. And even as the England of the present day vividly contrasts with the England of that long-by-gone time, when the cavemen of Devonshire chipped the flint which tells of an existence passed in primeval forests, tenanted by bears and lions; so the England of a future day may no less vividly contrast with the England of the present time in the mental, moral, and material well-being of the masses of its population. And when the historian of that future age reviews the causes which have led to the attainment of a civilisation high above that ever reached in any previous period of the world's history, "the revolt of women" in the Victorian age may possibly be assigned as the prime factor in that work.

MABEL SHARMAN CRAWFORD.

An Old-Fashioned Irish Town.

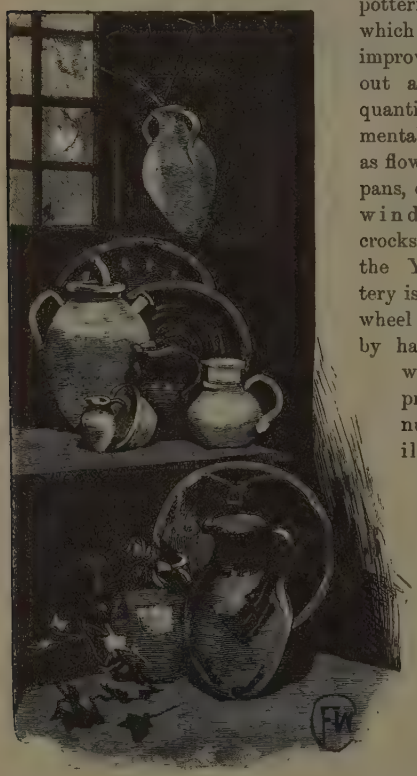
A Corner in a Youghal Pottery Shed.

THERE are not many towns in the South of Ireland that can be correctly said to be of old-fashioned appearance. A talkative Irishwoman, dealer in second-hand furniture (Chippendale, Sheraton, &c.), once remarked—"I divides furniture into three classes. There's the modhren (modern), the ould-fashioned, and the antique." The South of Ireland has plenty of modern towns and villages, built according to about the most poverty-stricken style of architecture in the world—towns with scarcely one "old-fashioned" house, but with scores of ugly squat buildings with low-pitched roofs, a horrid caricatured human face in front, two chimneys (one at each end) for ears, windows for eyes, often with the woodwork painted red, to give them a weak sore expression. There may be an old castle and ruined abbey in or near such a town, but between it and the late Georgian and early Victorian there is not a connecting link; nothing between the fine old Norman or Templar creation, and the modern bald ugliness. A few rare exceptions are to be found, but of them all the most conspicuous is the ancient borough of Youghal, in the county of Cork, situated at the mouth of the river Blackwater, the beauties of which are well known to every tourist of the smallest pretensions. In Youghal all the "classes" are to be found—ancient, modern, and antique. There are the ancient church and city walls, and mediæval noblemen's dwellings with old panelled rooms and carvings intact; also some old-fashioned houses built by foreign architects—nice buildings with large French windows and delightful walled-in gardens; and an old school-house with oaken roof and quaint carved beams. Last, not least, Youghal has plenty of new villas with rich modern concrete mouldings, porticoes, and all the horrors of the style of thirty years ago, the newest form of building that has yet reached the town, in favour of which the inhabitants have forsaken the simple handsome style of their ancestors. A better model they could not have had than the Red House, or French House, inhabited by Mr. Drury, owner of one of the potteries which are a distinctive feature of the place. For the antiquary, the historian, the artist, and the admirer of bric-à-brac, there is a field of interest in Youghal. And if there are anywhere connoisseurs in dirt, street-odours, and rags, to their attention also the place may be confidently recommended.

Youghal, pronounced "Yawl," is a sea port, and the nautical form of architecture runs through the smaller streets, as is so often the case in towns by the sea—the houses often suggesting ships of various design, from the early Noah's Ark to the modern fat Youghal brigantine. The male inhabitants of the poorer sort wear a kind of

sailor's dress. At the potteries the youth who "follows the donkey," as the local expression is, does so in a jersey and sou'-wester; and a Youghal carter need not change his garb should he exchange the road for the forecastle. There is plenty of rough good-humour; a great deal of laziness, improvidence, drunkenness, and dirt; and, alas! no doubt also much of real sad poverty that makes the heart ache to see. In the mere sightseer's walk among the curious narrow streets that are a feature of the town, intersecting the Main Street at both sides, a frequent glimpse is obtained of the pitiful struggle for life of the poor. This struggle is very hard in a decaying town like Youghal, where trade and industry are languishing, and the divisions of the unhappy country produce their worst fruit. The insecurity of public affairs checks the investment of capital, and paralyses individual effort on the one hand; while on the other an indolent, happy-go-lucky people are led to believe that all their poverty is the fault of Government. But when one notes the way the southern Irishmen set about any sort of work, one wonders under what possible form of civilised government such people could become industrial powers, and their country wealthy.

Huge warehouses and fine quays testify to the former mercantile greatness of Youghal, but since the decline of the grain trade it has lost ground by bounds. It still retains the potteries, however, which are somewhat improving, and turn out a considerable quantity of ornamental ware, as well as flower-pots, milk-pans, drainage tiles, window-boxes, crocks, jugs, &c. All the Youghal pottery is made on the wheel or moulded by hand, and the works are at present two in number. Our illustrations were made at Mr. Farrell's factory in the Main Street. The Youghal potteries are very old-established ones, and the workmen have been employed in them for many generations, the occupation being apparently an hereditary taste.



YOUGHAL POTTERY.

Among public buildings in Youghal the Church of St. Mary has the most important place. In it is the monument of the great Earl of Cork, who died at

MANTELPIECE IN SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S HOUSE, YOUGHAL.

The College, and was buried in St. Mary's, in 1643. Close to the church, which has a handsome old carved wooden pulpit, is The College, a house of great interest, as it was Lord Cork's private residence. In 1681 an English gentleman, Mr. Thomas Dineley, visited Youghal, and mentioned The College as having "fair roomes with well-wrought ancient chimney-pieces." Of these but one remains; it is in excellent preservation—as, indeed, is the whole building, its present owner fully valuing the charming historic residence. The College grounds consist of gardens and sloping lawns enclosed by high walls with flanking towers. The walls are most picturesque, overgrown with valerian and other flowers. Indeed, no town has lovelier walls than Youghal; they are exquisite in colour, and a home for flowers of every sort and hue—valerians, campanulas, little sweet-scented single pinks, and yellow wall-flowers, said to be the direct descendants of those brought to Youghal from America by Sir Walter Raleigh. Near The College stands Myrtle Grove, now called Raleigh House, the residence of Sir John Pope Hennessy, who has been an enthusiastic collector of Raleigh memorials, and bric-à-brac suited to his mediæval home. The house itself is of the true Elizabethan style, a class of building very rare in Ireland; and its huge chimneys and many gables, its irregular windows—one of them a delightful oriel—bring Sir

Walter and his times vividly to mind. The drawing-room contains an interesting portrait of Sir Walter, and on the stairs and in the ante and dwelling rooms are many engravings, old books, charts, seals, &c., illustrative of the history of the town and its former celebrated inhabitant. There is a splendid carved mantelpiece in the drawing-room, a rough sketch of which is among our illustrations; it reaches to the ceiling, and, together with other carvings elsewhere in Youghal, was the work of Flemish artists brought over for the purpose of executing them. In the garden, as shown by the sketch, are four sturdy yew-trees, not of any great size, their growth having been checked by continual pruning, but showing their age by intertwisted branches and seamed stems. Tradition says that here Sir Walter Raleigh used to sit and "make a chimney of his mouth." Of course every one knows he planted potatoes first at Youghal; indeed, no tradition is more credible than that which tells that he selected Youghal soil for his experiments with foreign seeds and tubers. His quick eye must have soon noted how well suited the place was for the growth of plants, with its moist warm climate, and high-walled gardens sloping to the sun and sheltered from cold winds. To him also, it is said, the Blackwater Valley owes the orchards and cherry and pear trees which may be seen at Affane and other places he owned before his attainder. A climate so like Devonshire would naturally prompt a Devonshire man to introduce the trees and plants that flourished in his native county.

But, after all, the most celebrated man who ever took up his abode in Youghal was the Protector Oliver Cromwell. Tradition tells that he resided there in a house in the Main Street, of which only a small portion now remains. In the Rev. Canon Hayman's "Memorials of Youghal," in writing of St. Mary's Church, he says:—"In the stirring period of the Commonwealth we have many interesting associations connected with St. Mary's Church. One of Cromwell's officers, Lieutenant-General Jones, was honoured with a public funeral within its walls. The MS. diary of an eye-witness gives these particulars:—'4th Dec. Lieut.-General, feverish, went to Dungarvan. Took to bed. Dungarvan was on the second inst. surrendered to Lord Broghill on conditions. 6th Dec. The Lieut.-General let blood. 10th Dec. Half an hour past 6 at night he died at Dungarvan of a pestilential fever. 12th Dec. He was brought to Youghal, the headquarters; and that night buried with great solemnity in the chapel belonging to the Earl of Cork.' Tradition relates that Cromwell was present at these last rites, and that he delivered an oration over the deceased. We can almost realise the scene. The old chauntry chapel, with its tombs and effigies, is thronged with officers and guards, standing around in full military equipment. The central figure is Cromwell, who addresses all present in 'godly exhortation.' Beside him are Lord Broghill, Sir William Fenton, and other commanders; before him is the hearse on which lies, still and motionless, the gallant soldier, the subject of his eulogium; and beneath yawns the open grave, awaiting its silent deposit." Canon Hayman adds as to this fact of Cromwell's oration, that it is brought through the medium of two narrators. He says:—"A medical gentleman of Youghal who is yet in full practice attended professionally a

Sir Walter Raleigh's Garden, Youghal.

weaver, named Kennedy, who died in the Windmill Lane in 1823, aged 114 years. Kennedy informed this gentleman that he had served his apprenticeship to a weaver, named Fox, who carried on his business in the North Main Street, near the Clock Gate. Fox when a boy 'stole away from his work,' as he was wont to tell it, 'to follow the great funeral that came from Dungarvan;' and he listened to Cromwell's address in the south transept of St. Mary's. He remembered quite well the appearance of the English general in our streets, with his slouched hat and military cloak; and he saw him on a fine summer's day (26 May, 1650) pass with a cavalcade under the Water-gate, embark at the landing-stairs near the old Fort, and get on board a large frigate (*The President*), that was bound for England."

There is an old castle at Youghal, in the Main Street, called "Tynt's Castle." In the back-streets there are some good iron-work, quaint knockers, old almshouses with curious doorways, and many a bit of old-world care and conceit. The best of the town houses, which Mr. Dineley noticed as being "fair, built after ye English manner, though low, not unlike those of Portsmouth in England," have walled gardens in which flowers and vegetables grow in absolute perfection. I have a lively recollection of seeing four or five years ago in a Youghal street a window-box of yellow carnations, the like of which I never saw before nor since. FANNY W. CURREY.

Le Monde où l'on Dîne.

CAUSERIE CULINAIRE.

"We may live without poetry, music, and art,
We may live without conscience, and live without heart,
We may live without friends, we may live without books,
But civilised man cannot live without cooks.

"He may live without books; what is knowledge but grieving?
He may live without hope; what is hope but deceiving?
He may live without love; what is passion but pining?
But where is the man that can live without dining?"

OWEN MEREDITH.

AND this is what a large party of us were seriously threatened with on a fine summer's day in the blessed year of 18—. It was in Normandy, many years ago, when the word "pique-nique" was not yet known, and we used to call these gatherings "parties de campagne." My father and several friends had arranged one among themselves, and a nice farm near a very pretty village called Montivilliers had been fixed upon as the locality. It was about ten or twelve miles from Hâvre-de-Grâce, and the numerous party drove joyfully to the appointed place. We carried most of our provisions with us, but the cooking talents of the farmer's wife had been very much depended upon. One may therefore imagine the dismay of the projectors of the "partie de campagne" when they were told that the poor woman had met with an accident which absolutely prevented her from leaving her bed. The dismay was soon dispelled, however, by the two smartest gentlemen of the party. Smart they were, for both wore the brilliant uniforms of captains in a regiment of "Chasseurs d'Afrique" (French officers being seldom, and never in those days, allowed to appear in public out of regimentals). They both belonged to the Faubourg St. Germain, and were St. Cyriens; their respective names were Messieurs de Baude and de St. Simon. But, with all the alacrity and cheerfulness which characterise the French nation, they pledged themselves, if the ladies would help them, that they would serve us a charming dinner, such as could be expected only in a private house or at one of the best restaurants in Paris. No sooner said than done. The ladies went to the farm and decked themselves out in beautiful large white aprons with bibs, tucked up their sleeves, and returned ready to obey the orders of the two improvised chefs, who also had donned white aprons, and had returned from the farmyard bringing in each hand a large fowl and a duck. With some contrivance known to troopers accustomed to find their food at the point of their sword, they had killed the birds (which were young) so as to make them eat very tender. In a very short time, whilst a fire was lighted in an improvised brick or stone stove, they plucked and trussed them, made most refined dishes (entrées) with the chickens, and most cleverly roasted the ducks. In the meantime, peas, French beans, and potatoes had been prepared and cooked in the French ways; a delicious sorrel soup, such as you can get only in French farms, with cream and eggs, had been cooking gently on the hearth; crisp and fresh salads were abundant; and a large supply of Brie cheese and fresh butter, with very dark tasty brown bread, satisfied the appetite of those who still had some corners to fill; and, finally, a plethora of fruit of all denominations formed, with some whipped cream, a most enviable dessert. I must not omit to say that during the cooking of all the divers viands the unoccupied hands had made themselves very busy, and their sport with the line had produced two immense dishes of splendid gudgeon, also fried by our two gallant

officers, who did not forget that no good dinner can be complete without a strong cup of "café noir." Some of the ladies had helped the fishermen; others had volunteered to lay the cloth, an immense table having been improvised with some planks on trestles in the open air, on a beautiful grass plot by the pretty river. Some bottles of Burgundy and Champagne had cleared the throats of all the guests, who, according to ancient fashion in merry Gaul, had paid their tribute by singing those witty songs the choruses of which resounded far into the woods, and which, alas! are never heard now. A general toast was proposed for the two clever and charming officers who had improvised such a successful banquet, and I leave my readers to judge how heartily it was responded to. And so ended the most delightful complete picnic dinner it has ever been my lot to be at. This was not all the fun, however. Some gentlemen had provided themselves with pocket musical instruments, and, after a thorough rest in the wood or by the banks of the river, they produced them, and played the first bars of a favourite waltz. Although taken by surprise, the groups were soon formed, and the dancing lasted till the stars and the moonlight made it well to return home.

Now, it will be readily admitted that if a party of English gentlemen and ladies had met with such a mishap as this, it is doubtful whether it would ever have been turned into so triumphant a success. But it is not only on such occasions as these that culinary talents are highly serviceable; it is above all when men are campaigning, and hardly know, after a hard day's work, whether they will have anything to eat, that the true genius for cookery will turn to account the smallest thing, and produce a really palatable dish for several hungry men, which, had it fallen into ignorant hands, would have been deemed perfectly useless. These are the resources I have been asked to point out one by one and systematically to English housewives, who are nowadays so anxious to drink at the fountain of useful knowledge. Half the work is done when they honestly and candidly come forward and say, "We don't know, pray instruct us."

English women begin to see—and they must be practically supported in their discovery—that they may learn and thoroughly understand the art of cooking without its being derogatory to their position as ladies. They now know that to be perfect helps to their husbands they must do something more than lounge on couches reading the last novel, and devolving to their menials the management of their households. These were the ways of the past; but now they can say with more accuracy than Molière's hero in the *Médecin malgré lui*, "Mais nous avons changé tout cela." Indeed you have changed all this, brave English women! You have burst forth from the useless isolated places that had been assigned to you by routine, and because, forsooth, you have been deemed inferior beings. Inferior! the most sublime of the Creator's creations. Woman, whose mind can reach the highest regions and descend to the most humble; whose heart can give and embrace so much, and yet be content with so little! The impulse given may have overleaped proper boundaries, but it will right itself in time; and when English women have recovered from the natural intoxication caused by their new conquest, they will soon see, with the admirable good common sense which characterises them, that their mission is not to encroach upon man's domain, but to help him with their hundredfold powers to watch over, improve, and maintain it; and for English women to wish to master a thing means success, for their natural cleverness and perseverance are certainly indisputable.

Some, however, indeed too many, are still inclined to say in a very off-hand way, "We cannot get a good cook; the things come on the table perfectly uneatable. Of course *I* cannot tell my cook what is wanting in her cooking, I can only tell her it is not right"—very little suspecting what condemnation they thus pronounce upon themselves. It is this very regrettable ignorance which must be dispelled, and now is the time to do it, because English women are gradually waking up to the fact of their utter absence of knowledge of all the manipulations performed in the lower regions, and they begin to see that by acquiring that knowledge they will at once materially increase their comforts and those of their families, while at the same time they will diminish their expenses—two very important items in the budget of any household, be it large or small.

Now, I repeat, is the time to do it, because cooks—who know their power—are demanding most extravagant wages and a great many perquisites; the good ones have a right to do so, they deserve them, but unfortunately the inferior cooks follow suit, and unblushingly demand the same. These latter call themselves professed cooks because they can make clear soup (that craze of the present time: it must be *clear* at any cost: no taste in it perhaps, but never mind, it is clear; no strength in it—never mind, it is clear!) They can also fry fish, and can cook two or three "hangtries," as they call them; any amount of pretty puddings, but generally insipid and extremely expensive; and, finally, they can make jellies. Jellies! this is their *forte;* and most likely this is one of those indifferent cooks who, after having received £16 or £17 wages in some nice family, who have patiently put up with all her deficiencies, suddenly, in order to "better herself" as they call it, takes one guinea's worth of cookery lessons, and at once applies for a place where she demands £28 or £30, simply because she has learnt how to fry fish properly, how to concoct the most un-French of French entrées, a few showy puddings, and, to crown the whole, has learnt how to make jellies. Who can blame them? No one, surely. They are very ordinary plain cooks who always spoil game, or fish, or vegetables, in fact everything excepting joints, roast or boiled; but they are clean, honest, and sober, consequently they are seldom or never reprimanded, so frightened are their mistresses at the idea of their giving warning.

It is the London season, people come fast to town; cooks are in great request; a good deal of company is kept; the newly-made professed cook has received a very good character, her habits are not extravagant; perhaps she succeeds one "qui faisait terriblement danser

l'anse du panier;" she comes out with all her nice frying, showy puddings, and jellies of all hues; she keeps the bills down lower at first than her predecessor. She is thought a capital acquisition, but by degrees the transformation scene takes place; the season is on the wane, the company have gone, her accomplishments are no longer in request, the clear soups are found too expensive for daily use, and her *répertoire* is soon at an end, for it is very limited; her detestable entrées—which made a show, being offered to constantly renewed visitors—are put aside as "those horrid French kickshaws which have nothing in them," and her show of puddings travel away in the same boat. What is left of this newly-made professed cook who receives such high wages? She is clean, she is honest, she is sober; but she is still a very inferior cook, and she is kept on because another, though perhaps she might cook better, would very likely lack these other qualities so important in every household, particularly in England, where so much liberty is left to the servants. And so, according to English custom, the dinners resume their former sameness, the old routine reigns supreme. The hot joints re-appear in rotation, delicious the first day, and even another day cold, but too much of them will endanger the health of many; for, alas! the English way of living—excellent as it is—is too heavy and too unsound for those who do not belong to the following categories, viz.:—

(1) Schoolboys and girls;
(2) Men who do manual work;
(3) Those who take a great deal of exercise; and
(4) Those who have to talk a great deal.

Therefore, all people who are intellectually engaged, those who are very much at the desk, those who have a weak digestion—and how many they are in this country!—young children, and old people, should have a diet different from the present one, consisting as it does of a joint, either roasted, boiled, or baked, unsurpassed (as I said above) in excellence the first day; but being served up again three or four days in succession, and sometimes at two meals on the same day, the monotonous recurrence must inevitably produce disorders in the two most important organs in man, one being entirely dependent on the other, viz., the digestive apparatus and the liver.

The appetite requires tempting, and it can seldom be tempted with cold joints, plain boiled vegetables, such as cabbage the good of which has all gone into the water, and some of those substantial puddings, so very good and nutritious when they are delicately made, but so deplorably heavy and indigestible otherwise!

These greens or cabbages remind me of an incident which happened to a Parisian *gourmet* who had come to England some time after the erection of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. He was most enthusiastic over the grandeur of London, showing itself as it did even in all its utensils, including washhand-basins, glasses, dinner-plates, knives, &c. &c.—excepting, however, the weights and measures, which are considerably smaller than the corresponding ones on the Continent, for, as everybody knows, an English pound weighs only fourteen French ounces! a yard-measure is three inches shorter than the mètre, a quart is much less than a litre. The Parisian *gourmet* was energetically extolling the splendid gigantic roast of sirloin wheeled about to each guest in its bright metallic dish, and admiring the immense plates which exactly correspond to French round dishes, when suddenly the complacent and beaming expression changed into one of horror, and with a voice made hoarse with a feeling of disgust he exclaimed, "Qu'est-ce que c'est que ça?" *Ça* referred to a large vegetable-dish copiously filled with monstrously verdant greens or cabbage. When he was told what it was, his countenance, a moment before jubilant with admiring approbation, gave way to the most contemptuous expression, and he said, "Mais ce sont donc des sauvages que ces gens-là!" And when he returned abroad and his friends got a little tired of his everlasting praises of everything that was English, they used to put a stop to his eloquence by saying in a sarcastic tone, "Eh bien! et les choux du Palais de Cristal, vous les oubliez donc!" The fact is that cabbages in France are never eaten simply boiled in water. After having boiled only a quarter of an hour to lose their strong taste they are squeezed very dry, chopped up very small, and regardless of their green appearance they are put in a saucepan with butter, gravy, pepper, and salt, and allowed to *fricasser* for at least half an hour; sometimes a *soupçon* of nutmeg makes them extra savoury.

My opinion being that a combination of French and English cooking forms the most perfect of all cuisines, I strongly advocate that the English ladies should do what I have done since I have lived in this country, viz., compose their menus with an intelligent intermixture of the various dishes produced by the two countries. For instance, such menus as the following might, it seems to me, satisfy the hungry and the fastidious, the healthy and the invalid.

FIRST MENU.

POTAGE.	Soubise brune.
RELEVÉ.	Sole au gratin.
ENTRÉE.	Mouton à la Napolitaine.
RÔTI.	Aloyau chaud ou froid.
LÉGUMES.	Pommes de terre au naturel.
	Salade de Scarole à la Française.
ENTREMETS.	Duchesses.
	Tarte aux cerises.

SECOND MENU.

POTAGE.	Consommé au pilau.
RELEVÉ.	Cabillaud à la sauce aux huîtres.
ENTRÉE.	Gibelotte de lapin.
RÔTI.	Gigot à l'Anglaise.
LÉGUMES.	Pommes de terre nouvelles.
	Epinards au jus.
ENTREMETS.	Purée de marrons à la Chantilly.
	College puddings.

Now the most detailed receipts of every French diet in these menus are to be found in "Economical French Cookery, adapted to English Households by a 'Cordon bleu,'" except one—"Mouton à la Napolitaine"—which I propose to give at once. These receipts have all been given in lectures, without any demonstration, to ladies who have done them all over and over again with the

THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

(From the Painting by Gerard, in the Gallery of Versailles.)

greatest success, and these dishes have become quite habitual in many of their households.

MOUTON À LA NAPOLITAINE.

The first thing to do is to make a "roux" or brown gravy, the foundation of an immense number of French dishes, and a most important thing, for on it depends the success or failure of those dishes.

Put in your stewpan two ounces of butter or very good dripping (not mutton); when melted put in one spoonful of flour, more or less according to the thickness you wish your gravy to be; put it at first on rather a lively fire, but the coals must not touch the stewpan; stir very briskly, and as soon as it is turning brown raise it from the fire, and when a nice brown put in by degrees, stirring briskly all the time, about half a pint of hot stock; it will fiz a great deal and appear to curd, but don't be alarmed, it is all right; go on pouring with one hand and stirring with the other, then put in all the ingredients required. Such is a "roux."

For this "Mouton à la Napolitaine," add salt, pepper, and one onion, and when it boils put in thick slices of roast mutton; put on the lid, with a weight on it to keep in the steam, and let it simmer very gently indeed for half an hour, when you put in some macaroni, about two ounces, four or five inches long; cover it up quickly, and let the whole simmer another half-hour; in the meantime, grate three table-spoonfuls of half Gruyère and half Parmesan cheese and put it in, ten minutes before dishing it up. Place the meat in the middle, the macaroni neatly arranged all round, and pour the gravy all over. More macaroni and cheese can be used if liked.

This is one of the many ways in which cold mutton is transformed into a fresh and appetising dish in France.

EMILIE LEBOUR-FAWSSETT.

Josephine Beauharnais.

IT is probable that our illustrations give only a very faint idea of the charm of the Empress Josephine, for her contemporaries tell us that not even David could do justice to the grace and winsomeness that were her chief attractions—a grace that revealed itself in every attitude and movement, a winsomeness resulting as much from the sweetness of her nature as from the brightness of her eyes and the low music of her voice.

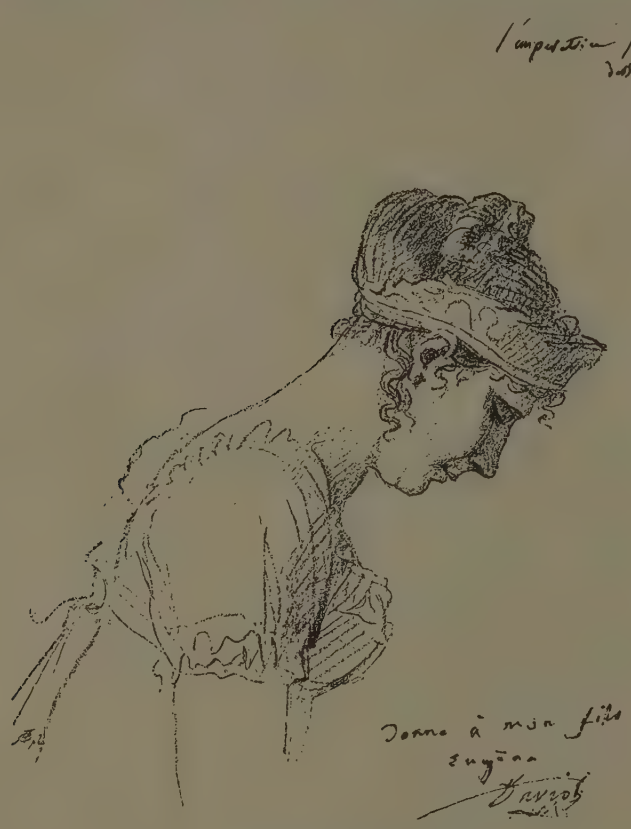
Marie Joseph Rose Tascher de la Pagerie was the second daughter of the port captain at Martinique, and was born on the 23rd of June, 1763—the very day on which the treaty was signed which surrendered the island to France. From her babyhood she was a charming creature—wayward and gentle, kind-hearted and pleasure-loving, easily pleased, easily wounded, incapable of resentment, and defending herself against unkindness only by copious tears, which had the rare attraction of adding to her beauty. Physiognomists would have us believe that these easy crystal tears are the overflowings of very shallow streams, and that tears wrung from anguished hearts are always scalding and disfiguring; and certainly the story of Josephine offers no contradiction to their theory, for she retained through life the April temperament of childhood, and her deepest sorrows found a temporary solace in the consideration of ruffs and furbelows and hat ribbons.

The education of a fascinating little person born in Martinique during the last century was not likely to be a very rigorous affair. The child learned little except embroidery and music, and both colonists and negroes conspired to do their utmost to ruin the natural goodness of this self-willed little creature, whose soft bright eyes and endearing ways shielded her from the punishments that restrain less captivating little people. Mme. de Rémusat tells us that in later life the beauty of Josephine was dimmed by a dark skin and bad teeth, but her early biographers assure us that there were no defects in her appearance; and, at all events, she had, to her beauty and sweetness, the added charm of youth when she was sent, at the age of thirteen, to the care of her godmother and relative, Mme. de Beauharnais, in France.

The child was sent nominally to school, but the real motive of this banishment was her marriage with the young Vicomte de Beauharnais, who was her senior by only three years. The young people felt no peculiar attraction to one another; De Beauharnais had been already affianced to the elder sister of Josephine, and at her death was only moderately inclined towards the younger sister, and Josephine cherished a childish fancy for one of her fellow-colonists. Nevertheless, a year later the marriage took place. A loveless marriage between two handsome, gay, attractive children could not, in the course of nature, be a happy one. The disagreements between the young people became so violent that after two children had been born to them they separated, and in 1787 Josephine went back to Martinique, taking her little daughter with her. There she spent three eventless years, but at the outbreak of the Revolution she had to fly from the colony, and made her escape in a state so near destitution that she thankfully accepted a pair of shoes for her daughter from the captain of the vessel that carried her to France—an experience she loved to recall in more prosperous days. Time and troubles had softened the memory of the grievances that Josephine and her husband had against one another, a reconciliation was brought about, and during the early years of the Revolution the house of General de Beauharnais and the *salon* of his lovely and accomplished wife became a favourite political meeting-place. For Josephine was as sensible as she was charming; her good-heartedness was equalled by her tact; for

all her transparent candour she could be reticent and discreet; and, incapable of intrigue or duplicity, she was skilled in the subtle arts of reconciling enemies and restoring goodwill between estranged friends. Later, the De Beauharnais were swept away by the flood that overwhelmed the aristocratic party; husband and wife were confined in separate prisons, and one July morning of 1794, while Josephine was reading the newspaper to her fellow-captives, her eye lighted on her husband's name in the list of those who had been beheaded. The poor creature swooned, and passed the remainder of the day between tears and unconsciousness. Nevertheless, when, on the following morning, she was summoned to go before the tribunal that rarely acquitted, she had spirit enough to calm the sympathetic grief of her companions by a show of playful courage. Years before, while she was still a child, an old negress had told her she would one day be Queen of France, and since her imprisonment this prediction had been repeated by Mlle. le Normand, a young soothsayer "in trouble" for foretelling disaster to Robespierre and St. Just. It is some proof of the lightness of Josephine's nature that in her extremity and on the first day of her tragic widowhood these prophecies rose to her mind. "Don't fear for me," she said to the tearful ladies who pressed round her to say farewell; "don't fear for me. I shall not be guillotined; I shall be Queen of France!" "Ah, my dear!" cried Mme. de Fontenal (afterwards famous as the beautiful Mme. Tallien), "and what place will you keep for me in your household?" "You shall be my lady of honour," answered the penniless widow; and in later days it was a real grief to Josephine that her husband forbade the fulfilment of this half-jesting promise.

The execution of De Beauharnais was followed by the confiscation of all his property; his son was removed from school and apprenticed to a joiner, and his widow lived from hand to mouth, thankful to receive her daily dinner at the table of the rich and generous Mme. du Moulin. Her first stroke of good fortune was brought about by her promised lady of honour, Citoyenne Tallien, for at her house she met and captivated Barras, who secured the restitution of her property. Closely united by friendship and community of tastes, Citoyennes Tallien and Beauharnais reigned in the species of Court that formed around Barras and gave the tone to a frivolous society that has survived the Terror only to plunge in a whirl of gaiety and dissipation.



THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

(*From a Sketch by David.*)

Time, in that age of change, moved by months, not by years; these changes of fortune occupied only a very short time, and General de Beauharnais had been dead less than fifteen months when his widow became acquainted with young General Bonaparte.

THE CORONATION OF NAPOLEON AND JOSEPHINE.

(From a Drawing by David.)

The cause of their meeting was accidental and romantic; on the day following the insurrection of the 13th Vendémiaire, an order was issued forbidding the citizens of Paris to retain their arms under pain of death. Eugène de Beauharnais, now removed from the joiner's shop to the staff of General Hoche—the most favoured of his mother's suitors—could not endure to give up the sword ennobled by his father's many victories, and called on General Bonaparte to ask permission to retain it. The lad had much of his mother's charm, and a nobility of nature that was his own. Bonaparte, interested by his candour and his emotion, promised to give him an answer on the morrow. It is probable that the young General knew by repute the charms of the widow Beauharnais, and seized this opportunity for making her acquaintance, for he appointed to call at De Beauharnais' house the next day, and was thanked for his favourable decision by the charming boy's more charming mother. Both by position and breeding, Josephine was superior to the circle in which she moved, and she made on Bonaparte an impression as sudden as it was profound. To the visit succeeded a second, to the second a third. Bonaparte, then twenty-six years old, became violently in love with this woman, who was seven years his senior, and though the Citoyenne Beauharnais professed herself frightened by the ardour and intensity of his passion, it soon became clear that she would succumb to the wooing of this comparatively little-known admirer. Indeed, her hesitation cannot have been protracted, for after an acquaintance of five months they were united by a civil marriage on the 9th Ventôse, an 4, or, as we should express it, March 9th, 1796, she being then nearly thirty-three, and Bonaparte twenty-six, though in their marriage register the bride abstracted four years from her age, and the bridegroom added eighteen months to his, so that there appeared no disparity between their ages. Twelve days later Bonaparte joined his army in Italy, leaving his pleasure-loving wife to lead a life of gaiety in the frivolous and dissipated circle of the Directory. Her beauty, her social gifts, the sweetness of her nature, and the superiority of her breeding made her popular with every one—with every one except the family of her second husband. They remained unalterably her enemies; deaf and blind to her charms of voice and smile and eyes, they sent word of every frivolity, extravagance, and indiscretion to her absent husband, whose violent, loving, jealous letters to her are the most human relic we have of Napoleon.

Very naturally he was extremely anxious that she should follow him, and his jealousy was increased by the reluctance she showed to leave Paris, for Josephine, who loved ease and luxury before all things, invented protest after protest to postpone the long and tedious journey; but once arrived at her headquarters in Milan she adapted herself to the almost regal state and honour that were accorded to her, and served the policy of her husband very actively and successfully, yet with so much tact and kindness as to make herself adored in the conquered provinces, and it was her influence that preserved Verona after it was taken. She enjoyed the fullest confidence of her husband, who, when they were parted, sent her a daily messenger with news of the movements of the army, and foreign diplomatists were surprised and charmed to find the manners of a Queen in the wife of a General who personally affected the arrogance and rudeness of a parvenu. "Bonaparte seems very much occupied with her," writes Girardin in his memoirs; "they even say that he is in love and excessively jealous. Mme. Bonaparte, however, is no longer pretty; she is nearly forty years old, and looks fully her age. But she preserves a graceful figure and a good heart that will never grow old." Other critics were less severe on poor Josephine's looks; Mme. de Rémusat, writing many years later, declares that the Empress always managed to avoid eclipse from the younger ladies of the Court, and it is certain that she spared no pains or thought that could enhance her charms. Her expenditure on dress was incredible, and during the early years of her second marriage her extravagance was the occasion of many quarrels, tears, and repentances; but these storms passed without effect, neither lessening the husband's love nor teaching economy to the wife. So long as they were near one another all went well, but when, during the Egyptian campaign, Josephine returned to her old life in Paris, the old jealousies and misunderstandings arose and became so serious that on Bonaparte's return to France Josephine set out with the intention of meeting him on the road from Lyons, hoping to propitiate him by this display of affection and to soften him by her tears. Unhappily she took one road and he the other, and when, late at night, she returned to Paris, she found him locked in his room, determined never to see her again. Half through the night his anger prevailed against her tears and pleadings, but morning found them perfectly reconciled, and the wife, at all events, the wiser for that terrible experience. She never forgot how near she had been to losing the affection of her husband, and from that time ruled her life entirely with a view to the fulfilment of his wishes. And in the efforts she made to please him she found a powerful auxiliary in the heart of Bonaparte, who to the end continued in love with his wife. She knew, too, how to work on the superstitious side of his nature, and the belief she managed to create in him that it was to her star that he owed his good fortune, was one of the weapons with which she fought the long-dreaded divorce. Her most powerful defence, however, was his love and the pride he had in her queenly grace, and the gratitude he owed for the many quiet services she rendered to his policy.

Soon after his return from Egypt he went as First Consul to the Luxembourg, and at his wish Josephine broke all the old ties that connected her with the Directory, and saw only such persons as her husband wished her to know, neither giving nor accepting an invitation without his sanction. Nothing could be duller or more monotonous than life at this new Court; true, Josephine's former position formed a link between the old order and the new, but very few ladies of the *ancien régime* attended the receptions, which were the reverse of brilliant. Of an evening the First Consul never left his study, and to

kill time his wife went to the theatre night after night, always accompanied by her daughter, and on their return they played piquet or whist with players as little varied as the entertainment. At Malmaison life was freer and gayer, but there also Bonaparte was autocratic, extending his authority over his wife even to the dresses she wore. Her mania for expenditure increased; there was no limit to her extravagance, though the inordinate number of her costumes created nothing but confusion in her wardrobe, and was, as in old time, the subject of Napoleon's reproaches. Mme. de Rémusat assures us that the husband was secretly pleased by this weakness of Josephine's, which kept her always at his mercy; and the fact that such a very loving wife made no effort to amend, points to the same conclusion. For in all other respects she was devotion itself; she nursed her husband tenderly in sickness; she accompanied him or followed him on all his journeys, entered into all his projects with much intelligence, advising him wisely, guided by an almost unerring instinct, which told her what would increase and what detract from his prosperity. In a thousand ways she was useful to him, and he rewarded her services with his fullest confidence, and with a few words of graceful acknowledgment. "I win battles; but it is thou that winnest hearts," was his summary of their joint administration, and again he assured her that his council should be open to her always —his treasury never. But increase of power was very far from bringing increase of happiness to Josephine; Napoleon's wish for an heir grew with the growth of his glory, and she secretly dreaded a divorce long before it was openly spoken of. To strengthen her position she tried to persuade Napoleon to go through the ceremony of an ecclesiastical marriage, and to obtain some sort of hold on the Bonaparte family she married her daughter to Napoleon's brother Louis, King of the Netherlands. Still, though sons were born to this couple, and though on the eve of his coronation Bonaparte did consent to a private marriage according to the rites of the Church, she saw her inexorable fate advancing with a terror that was increased by her superstitious belief in the predictions of fortune-tellers who had foretold her that her greatness should be followed by a fall, and that she would die miserable. When the Empire was first spoken of she opposed it strongly, and the Coronation day, May 18th, 1804, was the most wretched of her life. Her husband's advisers openly counselled a divorce, and though she still contrived to avoid eclipse by the younger ladies of the Court, her years and her waning beauty ranged themselves on the side of the enemy, and her sole ally was in the heart of the pitiless man whose love was overshadowed by his ambition. Their domestic life was of the stormiest; Napoleon, though he always loved his wife, was by no means a faithful husband, and Josephine's heart was tortured by jealousy as well as fears. To be crowned by her husband was little consolation; she knew that the Emperor's wish for children would outweigh his love for the fading woman General Bonaparte had married. Had she possessed even one powerful friend she might perhaps have kept him, but all his advisers were against her, for Napoleon's ambition was the ambition of all France, and no one knew better than she how much more powerful was his ambition than his love.

"Do not try to move me," he confessed, when she appealed against this cruelty—"Do not try to move me; I love thee always, but policy has no heart, only a head."

It was during his residence at Schonbrunn, after the Austrian campaign, that the Emperor took his decision, and the 16th of December, 1809, was the fatal day. Josephine, always devoted to the wishes of the husband who repudiated her, kept the secret of their private marriage; her eyes were blind with weeping, her voice choked with sobs, and she was utterly unable to repeat the discourse that had been prepared for her. Throughout the ceremony Napoleon sat like a statue of grief, stony and speechless. At night Josephine went to his room; there was a terrible parting between them, and on the next day she left for Malmaison, blind with tears, and having so many still to shed that her eyes were sore and her sight dim for six months.

It was the Emperor's command that Court etiquette should be observed at Malmaison as strictly as at the palace. Josephine, who hated this ceremonial existence, was condemned to the formality of Court life without its pleasures, and her only amusement was the cultivation of flowers, for which she had always had a passion. The little Court was at first a very sad one; its mistress was always in tears, its master was the absent Emperor, for Napoleon interested himself as much as ever in his repudiated wife, informed himself of the details of her life, wrote to her every week, and visited her from time to time, always acknowledging that his heart was still with the love of his youth, and his second marriage merely a piece of policy. As for Josephine she continued to adore him; she kept the rooms that he had occupied just as he had left them, and she alone dusted them; her clinging love was proof even against the outrage of his second marriage, and at the birth of the King of Rome she shared in the general rejoicings, and gave a state ball in which she appeared magnificently dressed, and wearing her diamonds for the first time since the divorce. Yet who shall say that she found no sad pleasure in watching the fulfilment of her own prophecy that he could not prosper without her? Reading of the reverses in Russia, and making lint for the wounded through the sad winter evenings of 1813-14, must she not sometimes have asked herself, "Would things have happened so if he had kept me with him?" In January, 1814, she saw him for the last time, and in March she retired to Navarre, but returned to Malmaison at the wish of the allied sovereigns; though her heart was with Napoleon exiled at Elba. "He is unhappy," she wept, "and I cannot be with him!" Grief, worry, cares and fears, undermined health that had never been robust, she fell ill of a cancerous disease, and died on May 29th. "She was," said her son, with more truth than is often to be found in the praises of the dead—"She was a woman who never caused any one to shed a tear."

F. MABEL ROBINSON.

The Truth about Clement Ker:

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF SOME CURIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES CONNECTED WITH THE LIFE AND DEATH OF THE LATE SIR CLEMENT KER, BART., OF BRAE HOUSE, PEEBLESSHIRE. TOLD BY HIS SECOND COUSIN, GEOFFREY KER, OF LONDON.

CHAPTER XVIII. (*continued*).

THE CURSING OF KER.

I KNEW him well. I had seen him often enough before this out on the hillside (it was not often he was to be met with between the four walls of a house)—a tall, pious, gloomy man, subject to fierce gusts of rage which shook him like a child, and for which he repented afterwards in many stern and lengthy prayers. I never laid eyes on him without his collie at his heels; and by long companionship dog and man had acquired many of the same habits of silence and watchfulness and modes of expressing themselves, so that to see them sitting together just inside the cottage door, waiting for a meal, was a revelation of the power of association.

Now, before I had even time to call out his name, Clement fell foul of him; abusing him very roughly; demanding with sundry oaths what business he had there, and who the devil he supposed it was he had come so near upsetting. And at first I really thought Patterson gone dumb or stupid with fright, for he answered never a word, only his face twitching and working strangely.

But all at once he took a step forward and I saw his eyes flash.

"I ken ye weel, Sir Clement," he began in a hoarse, dreadful kind of voice. "Oh, I ken ye weel, if that be all your pleasure. The verra nicht, had I nae met with ye, I wad hae sought ye out in your ain big house; I wad hae bid ye look upon the ruin ye hae been working. No ken him, says he? Oh, I ken ye fine the day—master and gentleman and laird over us all as ye call yoursel'!"

"Master enough in any case to make you pay for your insolence," Clement said coolly. He leaned forward on his seat, touching the other's shoulder with the point of his whip. "Here! take your hand off that horse, will you? I believe you are drunk," Clement said.

"Sir Clement," Patterson began again, his voice shaking, "ye may talk of pay, but I hae gied ye all I had—true honest service. An' ye have ta'en it a' frae me; ye hae ta'en awa' hope; ye hae dealt out injustice. Man! ye hae done by me and mine what God Himsel' wad no daur do——"

He stopped short. He caught at the lash of the whip with both hands; before one of us could move, with a quick sharp wrench he had dragged the whole thing out of Clement's grasp and broken the heavy stock across his own knee, flinging the fragments far out across the heather.

"God Himsel' wad hae pity on the auld man dying by his fireside; He wad tak' pity on the bairn that is no born. But you, man——"

He choked. In a burst of passion, he first shook his empty hand in Clement's face, and then dropped down on his two knees, there where he stood, by the roadside.

"Now do ye hearken to me, Sir Clement Ker," he said. "What ye hae done to mine may God Almighty render back unto yoursel', an' more. The evil-doing of your forebears filled fu' your hand; the evil-doing ye hae done yoursel' shall empty it. May ye live with a dead, empty heart till the verra heavens go black above ye, an' death welcome ye at your ain house-door. I, James Patterson, ask this thing of my God. Amen!"

And with that he jumps up off his knees, thrusts on the bonnet he had removed while uttering that awful invocation, and walks off across the heather without another word, nor so much as a look at one of us.

I don't know what Clement felt, but I should have been glad enough, for my own part, to have the ground open under my feet and swallow me. I got down from the cart. The open-mouthed English groom had not yet thought of releasing the horse's head he was holding. I walked round to the other side, where Clement sat.

"I suppose it is all true what James said. You *have* given them notice to quit already? You knew this all along!" I said drily.

For all answer he stared down at me without speaking, his face going black as night.

I turned on my heel. "You might have saved us both some trouble by speaking sooner, and saved yourself—a lie," I went on, in the same curt way.

I turned my back upon him then, upon the whole thing—servant and cart and driver; I struck off across the rough moor in the same direction that James Patterson had taken. But I had not gone twenty yards before I halted on the farther side of a big rock, and covered my eyes with my hands, and threw myself down, face foremost, upon a friendly bed of heather.

How long I stayed there I had no means of judging. To tell the truth, there is no part of that day which I do not shrink from recalling even now. I heard the sound of Clement's wheels driving away. The echo of Patterson's hoarse, shaking voice was a thing of which I could not rid myself; it still rang painfully in my ear long after the brief scene in which he had taken part had begun, in this benign and healing silence of earth and sky, to lose the sting of its ugly reality. Near where I lay a transparent trickle of rain-water—a thread of a rill I could span with my fore-arm—wandered away under the afternoon sunshine, submerging the long grasses; here turning about a big stone, and there making a purple islet of some taller bunch of heather; through all its meandering length singing and sparkling and playing, on its way to join the glen river; and as I watched the thing move by me, it was as if some of its own innocent busy-ness had passed into my spirit. I began to see my own conduct once more as a thing apart from Clement's.

I shook off from me the taint and insult of his treachery; I would have none of it. What he had done let him answer for himself; whatever happened, here and now I declared myself no accomplice. And so, having stooped to bathe my hands and wrists in the sweet burn-water where it fell into a deeper pool and loitered, sun-warm, between its pebbly margins, I retraced my steps to the road which should lead me by the shortest way to Patterson's cottage and to Ailie.

I had gone but a short distance before I was aware of a small covered trap coming slowly towards me. As I drew nearer, the driver of the gig pulled up to one side of the road, and thrust his head forward from under the hood. It was Dr. Wauchope.

"Hallo, Geoffrey, is that you?—But, bless my soul, sir, have you gone mad? Have you gone *mad*, I ask you?—I parted with your precious cousin but just now," the little doctor cried, taking out his big coloured silk handkerchief from his pocket and mopping his bald head. "He called to me as I was passing him. He shook the silver bottle I entrusted you with—I tell you, he shook it in my very face. He said you had given it him; but that—with all honour to my betters—that was no more nor less but just a lie, I take it!"

I told him what had chanced, and he listened to the whole story in silence, without once interrupting me. When I had finished, "So that's it, *is it?*" he said thoughtfully. Then he leaned his head to one side, and gave me one of his quick piercing looks, like a bird's. "I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Geoffrey Ker, that cousin of yours is in a bad way. In a bad way, let me tell you. I saw him just now; if the man isn't off his head—if he was not driving that mad horse of his *like* a madman—my name's not David Wauchope." His voice changed. "You have put the means in his hands, yourself, my lad. I'm not blaming you; but Heaven knows how long he had been going without that devil's mixture, and now——"

Our eyes met fearfully. "What—what is it you are afraid of?" I asked, after a silence.

The little red-faced man shook his head. "Of everything," he said, at last, speaking very reluctantly. "Of what he may do to himself; to his wife; to——" He stopped short, and gathered the reins together in his other hand. "You are going on up to the cottage?"

"Aye."

"You'll find trouble up there too. I left Ailie in a sore trouble," the little doctor said mournfully, shaking once more his head. And so he drove off and left me there pondering.

This time the cottage-door stood wide open; there was no picture to be shielded from the glare; and the dark low-ceilinged room stood empty of all but its two helpless occupants. One of these, the old man, sat stolidly brooding and blinking over the peat fire. The dog, sleeping at his feet, raised his head from his paws and thumped his tail against the floor in his effort to welcome me, but his old master neither looked up nor spoke. An old blue-checked handkerchief was spread out on his knee; he seemed to be engaged in counting the squares upon it, and I believe that I actually quitted the house without his once becoming conscious of my presence.

Ailie, too, was in her own place, beside the window. When I went in I found her crying. I made sure at first that she had heard of the family's last misfortune; but from the few words that she spoke, when I questioned and would have consoled her, it was soon evident to me that up till now James Patterson had kept his own counsel.

"No, Mr. Geoffrey, you can do nothing for me. I thank you kindly, sir; but there's nothing to be done, just nothing," she said at last. She thrust her two thin white hands and wrists straight before her upon the table. "I am twenty years old," she said, "and I am—like this. And Dr. Wauchope says there is no reason I should not live to be fifty—like *this*."

I never saw another woman cry as she did. Her sorrow was so direct, so sincere, so unaffected by the impression it might make upon others, it struck upon the mind like some elemental thing, self-governed and self-sufficing. She made no appeal; her own strong heart contained and measured all the depths of that solitary anguish; and, after I had stood there watching her for a minute or two, I took up my hat again and went away and left her. I felt that even my presence profaned the solitude of her soul.

I went out upon the open hillside, and all that afternoon, until the sun was low in the sky, there I wandered about; now starting up to my feet and striding fast across the matted heather, and anon sitting myself down upon the nearest rock, and covering my face with my hands and groaning aloud, as the flood-tide of my passion drove and tossed me. During all those hours, I do not think there was one minute in which I was free of the impression Dr. Wauchope's speaking had left upon me. If Clement were to lay violent hands upon himself that day, I must, in my own eyes, hold myself guilty, and his murderer. I had brought him to the place and hearing of that curse; I had, by my own incredible folly, by my poor ambition of controlling other people's fortunes, restored to his very hands the means and the provocation of such an act. And now the very thought of his jeering, treacherous face sufficed to fill me with a kind of horror. I pictured him to myself as he might look, struck dead. The terror and the shuddering uneasiness of my morning's adventure continued to weigh upon me, so that for moments together I was confused with very oppression of misfortune, and scarce knew myself what it was I dreaded to see.

It was in this pitiful frame of mind that I reached the crest of Durlie Hill, and looked down once more upon the green circumference of the Moss. I was standing upon very nearly the same spot from which I had originally approached it. There was the still margin of the bog, and further out the white cotton-grass was waving. I looked for my friendly big rock. At its foot, lying dark across the heather, was stretched out the body of a man. I gave it but one look, and I started running at my best speed towards it down the hillside. I needed no second glance to recognise that this was Clement.

CHAPTER XIX.

I FALL INTO TEMPTATION.

ALL the way down the hill I had but one thought—I never doubted for one moment that the unhappy man had killed himself. But the very instant I bent over him, from the instant I touched his warm hand, which even in his awful sleep clenched tightly about the silver bottle, I saw my mistake, and with that a kind of cruel and hateful revulsion of feeling fell upon me.

I drew back for a pace or two. I let him lie where he was, without so much as calling to him, or making any effort to waken him. He lay on his back. One arm was thrown up and made a sort of pillow for his head; his eyes were shut. In the very helplessness and overthrow of his attitude there was something ignoble—mean—revolting. His meagre, evil face, his relaxed mouth, the greedy clutch of his other hand, were like so many separate insults to a common humanity. In the midst of that calm wild country he looked so poor, so insignificant a thing; the life that was in him a mere hurtful accident. His slight, dark-clad body occupied so inconsiderable a space of ground, a dozen yards away it was indistinguishable; a couple of heather bushes served to hide it; a dead sheep would have counted for as much or more. And yet, for as far as one's gaze reached on every side, whatever the eye could rest on, belonged to him; hillside and crag and rock, and still tarn, and deep rushing river, he possessed them all. For miles about this spot of earth where he lay undone and basely grovelling, there was not a house, not a life, not the life of man or woman or child, which was not in some degree dependent upon this man's caprice or humour. From his wife—alone, and desperately claiming pity—to the meanest cottager upon his estate, to that broken old man with whom I had but just now parted, to the child yet unborn and already bereft of home and shelter; in all the length and breadth of the world he was master of, was there one single human soul unhurt by his existence? or one life that would not have shot up more freely had my first impression been indeed the true one, and instead of standing there beside him in his drunken sleep, had I come but to find him—dead?

Until now I had been standing close at his feet; but as this last thought flashed across my mind I drew further off; I turned my back upon the man.

The big granite boulder, which had cheered and comforted me through all the time of my first adventure in the bog, was close at hand. I turned to it now, as to a friend; I leaned my arm upon a grassy ledge in its rough surface; on this shelf of rock a little earth had sifted with the passage of the years, and the place was purple with harebells—bluebells we used to call them—waving together in the wind. I had seen them on that first day; many of them were now withered. I made an especial note of that in my mind, and plucked with my fingers at each rustling embrowned stalk; and all the while, with a steady mounting pressure, the Thought within me, the Thought from which I had fled away, made itself felt; and ever with a sterner and darker insistence.

As it had been with me in the morning, so now, with Clement lying there on the grass, I was conscious of a horror of turning round to look behind me. I stood still, keeping my back to him, examining my flowers, and at every instant my mind kept making quick fascinated darts in his direction. As if it had been a scene in a play, or a story out of some book, each incident that had happened since we came to Brae ranged itself before me, falling into its own place and order. On one side there was Eleanor's happiness and her passion for my brother. I had discovered it long ago. Until this moment I had scarcely permitted myself to think of it, to admit its meaning; and all at once it rose before me, a significant and threatening fact. I thought of Ailie. Her mother had said she would die in some dark city street, and I knew it. And yet these were the things I took most quietly. They were reasons; I accepted them, and knew I should accept them more fully later on. What now played about my mind were recollections of small material facts. Dr. Wauchope knew of the existence of this bottle. He knew of Clement's habits. Very well; he, and I suppose the groom, could swear to its having been seen last in Clement's own possession. What could be easier now—for any one who chose to do such a thing—than to take the bottle from his own hand and empty the remainder of its contents into that dropping mouth? He was unconscious now, he would be unconscious still. The very excess of the dose might kill him, or else——

I passed my hand down the whole line of dry elastic flower-stems. I lifted my eyes furtively from the rock, and there, ten feet away, the bog began; a promise of awful secrecy stamped upon every inch of the verdant treacherous space.

I looked back at it with the eyes of an accomplice. A cold sweat broke out upon my hands and face. I lost all grasp upon what I was myself thinking; my thought trembled within me like a guilty thing, benumbed; I knew I had reasons for what I meant, but they were gone now, and in their place only dim monstrous recollections of some dead and evil presence moving mysteriously deep down under the smooth green surface of the Moss. Was it what I myself remembered? was it the story Clement told me? I could disentangle none of it now; only with a sickening iteration the black image came and went, until my understanding was bewildered by its ghastly and hungry invitation to this deed.

All this while I had never stirred from my place; I still leaned against the rock-edge, but my heart beat fast and all over my body was a sense of physical weariness as if I had come there from a great distance. The minutes passed; the sun was getting lower, triumphantly sinking from sight and leaving a stainless sky. A little breeze sprang up; a cool slight breath of wind, not enough even to stir the heather, but it blew in my face and at its clean living touch I felt my heart melt within me and relent. That moving air appealed to my sense of physical being; it suggested possibilities; it whispered of the joy of life. He lay there now, abject, at my mercy, a thing condemned; a creature cut off from his fellows and accursed; unjust, unloving, treacherous; having left not one act behind him which in this hour

of his extremity should arise and plead for exemption. And yet even then I was suddenly conscious of an inalienable right of his, a material claim, as it were, upon animal existence; and, without turning round, I called upon him to awaken. I gave him his chance.

"Clement!"

My voice died away into a kind of toneless whisper. "*Clement!*" I said again.

When I looked, he was lying precisely in the same position. He had not so much as lifted a finger—only lay sprawling there, looking curiously small and shrunken, a mere inert body dressed in clothes, stripped of pathos, of dignity, almost of significance. At the sight, my heart leapt with a single painful throb, and after that felt like a dead thing within me. I went up to him, feeling strangely free as if lightened of all further burden of feeling. I knelt down beside him; I cared nothing more about touching him, and as I forced open with both my own hands his white clenched fingers, I was cool enough to notice the peculiar tenacity of his grasp and yet to wonder at its being, after all, so easy; since in the end his muscles yielded.

I took the silver bottle into my own hand; it was still more than half full of the drug. I had known all along there would be enough left for my purpose; and now I unscrewed the stopper carefully, taking pains not to spill out the contents on the grass.

With my eyes still fixed upon what I was doing, I called his name again, yet a third time. I had no sort of fear left within me; no feeling of doubt or terror, or even of expectation. I spoke to him absolutely naturally, as I might have done on any ordinary morning, and in an entirely commonplace voice. "Will you not wake up, Clement? I shall not ask you again," I said quite pleasantly, almost kindly.

Then I lifted my head and I saw his eyes—the eyes of the man I would have murdered—wide open, and looking straight into mine.

I do not know how long we remained thus, both motionless, staring at one another. In that silence I tasted the extremest pang of a thousand irretrievable acts, a thousand convictions and judgments. And still, for what seemed an incalculable lapse of time, neither of us moved; he lay there prone, supine; as helpless, and to all appearance as lifeless, as I had dreamt of seeing him; only with living, blood-shot eyes, and those eyes fixed upon me.

I think it was never quite so bad again after he moved. He raised himself slowly up on one elbow. "Geoffrey! Why, Geoffrey—my lad—do you mean that you would have murdered me?" he said incredulously. His voice was thick and confused like that of a drunken man. He laughed: and it was the thick uncertain sound of a drunkard's laughter. He dragged himself up to a sitting position; his coat was stained with the spilt wine, and crumpled, and stuck over with fragments of grass and heather; his face was ghastly pale and smirched with mud; his sleek long hair was ruffled as I had never seen it, one lock near the top of his head waving like a plume.

"*You?* would you have murdered me?" he repeated after a minute, and in the same half-incredulous, half-ironical way. "Would you have done it with that?" His eyes wandered for an instant to the bottle I still held between my fingers, and then returned to fix themselves once more upon my face. "Why did you not do it then?" he asked slowly. "What stopped you, Geoffrey? were you hesitating? were you afraid?—You don't deny it—you don't deny it, Geoffrey? It is my turn to say, 'You don't deny it,' now. Why, man, the merest child would have understood it. I am drunk; I know I am drunk, and I understand it; there is murder written on your face."

I covered my eyes with both hands not to see him. "It is the truth," I said, "and God forgive me!"

"I am drunk," Clement said again, "but I can understand what it was you wanted. You want to have done with me, to be free, you and my wife and Richard. I left them together, you know, this morning. She hates me and she is afraid. You are all afraid—all but Richard." He nodded his head gravely, regarding me with a great air of cunning. "You think I am off my head, that I don't know what I am saying, but I do, I do. Oh, I can see things and understand 'em! I know when I'm beaten. Since we were boys together I could never get the better of Richard."

He laughed; and "For God's sake, Clement," I broke out, "don't speak of such things now!"

"I had everything on my side too, from the first. I had the start of him; I married the woman he loved. He would have served her all his life long on his knees; oh, I know Richard; and I made her bend this way and that to my will, until there is not a nerve in her body, not a fibre in her nature that doesn't recognise me as master. And then I brought him down here to see it. Oh, I planned it out. I've not been measuring myself against him all my life for nothing. I wanted to see. I wanted to know what he would do. He is in love with my wife, and he is going away, Geoffrey."

"Yes," I said, "he is going away."

"Confound him! He loves her well enough to leave her. He has got the better of me again. And I love that man, Geoffrey. There isn't one of the rest of you worth the little finger of his hand. Not my wife, or any of you. If I am drunk, I know what I am saying. Try Richard? yes, it's like trying the temper of fine tested steel. He's loyal to the hilt. Oh, I know; I know the difference between us. You're down on your luck. You won't speak now; but you know it too."

"If I don't speak, rest assured it is because I cannot," I said bitterly.

Clement raised himself up again on his elbow and stared at me. "Well, no. An opium-eater, a liar—and his would-be assassin. *Cela fait paire!* One must admit the family collection is complete!"

I stared back at him. I would have flung the unendurable words back into his teeth, but that a more monstrous, a more unendurable fact held me silent: what he said was true. But an hour ago, I had poured out to this man all the eloquence, the exhortation, of which I was capable; by the very remembrance of my own words I measured the depth of my fall. Before this it

had never appeared to me within the limits of possible experience that I should learn in my own person the taste of moral humiliation; now, beneath all my remorse this thought lurked darkly: I had betrayed my own belief; I had touched the heart of crisis and there failed myself. I dropped my face into my hands. "Well, God help us all! I don't know what to do," I said.

When I looked up Clement was sitting up again and regarding me with a very peculiar intentness. His mind, his memory perhaps, seemed struggling painfully to recover its grasp on circumstance. And yet as he sat so, blinking his eyes in the low sunshine and staring into my face, I realised for the first time, with a pang of awful gratitude and self-abasement, from what temptation I had been led away, and spared from what remorse.

As I watched him, his first bewilderment on awakening seemed gradually to lift and lessen. "What is it? what is the matter, eh, Geoffrey?" he repeated over and over. He stretched out his hand and touched me on the knee. "I say, old boy, don't trouble. I may be a bad sort of fellow, but I'm not so bad as all that. I say, Geoffrey, I won't tell Richard. You believe that, don't you? or don't you believe anything that I say?"

"No," I said, "I do *not* believe you."

He laughed weakly. "All right. All the same, you know, I shall not tell old Richard."

His manner of saying this, the unwonted kindliness of his expression, pierced my heart like a sword. I sat silent; and presently he staggered up to his feet as best he might, with one hand laid upon my shoulder. He looked over at the marsh, nodding his head. "It might have been all over now, eh?—Well, well! There's not so very much to boast of perhaps in the very best of us. Why, even I, Geoffrey, might have my good side, my tolerable side, we'll say, if there were any one in all this world could make me feel less infernally lonely. I'm drunk, you know; but it seems to me I understand what I say."

He still leaned upon my shoulder. He gazed at the bog with shifting eyes, and a sort of vacant, sentimental smiling. "If I were to walk over there now, and let myself drop in, who would be the worse for my disappearance?" he asked suddenly. His voice dropped into a maudlin whimpering.

"Nay," said I, "if you come to that, who am I that I should judge you? I have had a lesson, Clement; I have had an awful lesson. Yet I can see how it is possible, in God's mercy, that we may both be better men for this day's work." I turned and looked into his blank face; it was grey like death, and his disarray complete. "Now, in God's name," I said, "come home with me. Stand up, and let me help you."

And so, entirely subdued and unresisting, I took him by the arm and led him down the hill.

CHAPTER XX.

I BID A FRIEND FAREWELL.

I TOOK him as far as the door of his own room. The servant into whose hands I consigned him, gazed at me with foolish eyes aghast; but I satisfied myself that he knew what his master required—the more readily that it was plain he believed no single word of my confused explanations, and scouted the hypothesis of an accident out upon the moor at which I hinted. "Yes, sir. But Charles, he came back with the mare and the cart these two hours since," the man said stolidly. "Oh, I know about Sir Clement, sir. I've seen him in these attacks before now, I have; though, as you was saying, sir, perhaps not so violent."

I left him then. It was, as I suddenly remembered, the night of the last of Eleanor's large dinner-parties. As I went up to my room to dress, Janet burst open the door of her nursery and pursued me, open-armed, to demand a good-night kiss. It was not at all her custom to show me such affection, and as she pressed her soft, cool little mouth hard against my own, it was all I could do to keep myself from crying aloud in a passionate seizure of remorse. All the evening long I was conscious of the touch of her childish lips on mine. I shall never forget that dinner. How I went through with it I do not know. For one thing, Clement did not appear until very late, when it was almost over; he sat a long way off from me, and we did not speak. But it was not so much Clement that I minded; at least, I knew the worst he had to say to me. And there was not one of those other indifferent smiling faces present but seemed to my fancy charged with infinite possibilities of scorn and judgment. I sat among them all—amid flowers and lights; the women's talk; their quick laughter and coaxing eyes—with the brand of intended murder on my soul. From every side the sanities and the conventionalities of life condemned and derided me; I had lost my place among them, and, like true representatives of the old-world Furies, they fell upon me, intimate and unsparing.

When I got to sleep that night, it was only to glide over and over again through deadly dreams of terror: unspeakable visions of that locked door, with its seals broken open, and all its secret made visible to the shrinking flesh; or else Clement's face—a thousand times over, Clement's helpless face as I had seen it, and myself bending over him, and the silver bottle in my hand.

So that I was glad at the first sign of morning to spring up from my bed and, throwing on my clothes, make my way out of the hushed sleeping house.

(*To be continued.*)

The Mer-Baby.

(Suggested by a Picture by Miss Dorothy Tennant.)

THEY wandered forth, linked hand in hand,
To watch their father's speeding sail,
When lo! they saw it on the sand,
A mer-baby, with folded tail.

A mer-baby—all pale and dead—
Left stranded by the ebbing tides,
With seaweeds wreathed about its head,
And silver fins upon its sides.

They strove with many an artless wile
To wake it up and make it play;
The wan sea-baby would not smile,
All pale and motionless it lay.

Its eyes were closed as though in sleep,
Its fingers clasped as though in pray'r,
The little land-babes could but weep
To see it lying lonely there!

Then out and spake the elder one—
(His eyes as azure as the wave)—
"We will not leave it here alone,
But make for it a pretty grave,

"Near where our little sisters sleep,
Hard by the hedge where violets grow,
Where mother often goes to weep
And mind her children in a row."

They took it to their mother dear,
She loved not mer-folk over-well,
For she had heard those tales of fear
The deep sea fishers have to tell,

And well she knew that bleaching skulls
Lie hidden in the changeful main,
'Neath where the syren lures and lulls
The mariner with dulcet strain.

This—aye, and more, the mother knew,
Yet when she saw a thing so fair
With curling tail all silver-blue,
And fingers clasped as though in pray'r,

Near where her little daughters slept
Hard by the hedge where violets grow,
Where oftentimes she came, and wept,
To see their green graves in a row,

She made for it a pretty bed
All velvet-soft, with gathered moss,
And set a sea-shell at its head,
Because she dared not set a cross.

And "Heaven grant, my babes" (said she),
"If father sinks beneath the wave,
The fish-tailed people of the sea
May make for him as soft a grave."

Violet Fane.

Les Trois Rires.

Marie Bashkirtseff, the Russian Painter.—II.

IN art, says Marie Bashkirtseff, you should not arrange, but choose and discover. Acting upon this theory she did not go in search of her subjects, but allowed the scenes of daily life to play upon her imagination. Some critics, as I have pointed out, reproached her for painting ugly, nay, repulsive scenes in preference to beautiful ones. The defect, if such it be, must be put down to her surroundings. In her native land, the Ukraine, she would probably have depicted the steppe, with its vast horizon, the white cottage and its clustering cherry-trees, the rustic behind his plough, black-eyed peasant-girls singing by moonlight in concert with the nightingales. But the sights of Paris in the nineteenth century could hardly fail to perplex a sensitive artist to whom the poetry of the street revealed itself one day like an inspiration. The looks, the attitudes, the movement of passers-by, the suggestion of human tragedies intuitively guessed, the faces of mothers with little children, men drinking at a café, a girl leaning on a counter selling funeral wreaths with a smile on her lips, flashed this inner meaning on her; here was life as fit for the brush as when

> ——"some great painter dips
> His pencil in the gloom of earthquake and eclipse."

The first result of these studies was "The Umbrella," the picture of a girl of twelve in a ragged shawl standing impassive, with wind-blown hair, under an old umbrella of Gamp-like dimensions. The stolid face is noticeable for its pathos of unconscious suffering not unlike that we often see in the mute looks of animals, and the sturdy figure is drawn with great vigour and naturalness. "Jean et Jacques," exhibited at the Salon of 1883, is an admirable rendering of a certain sort and condition of boyhood. The elder, sucking a leaf between his lips as a make-belief cigarette, his cap stuck rakishly on the back of his head, and umbrella tucked under the right arm, grips his unwilling little brother by the hand and half drags him along to school with the grave, preoccupied look of a child on whom parental duties have devolved from his tenderest years. But the picture which drew public attention to the young artist, which was reproduced in several illustrated papers of France and Russia, and is now hung at the Luxembourg, was the much-admired "Meeting," exhibited in 1884. Half a dozen *gamins*, grouped in a dreary street partly blocked up by a wooden paling—nothing more. But the heads, the expressions, the attitudes of these lads are masterpieces of realism in art. There they stand with heads close together eagerly discussing some boyish game or trick, full of that "living life" which was one of Marie Bashkirtseff's favourite expressions, and which is perhaps the most characteristic quality of her personality and genius. These thin-legged, poorly-fed, badly-clothed boys, with their sharp wits and shifty looks, are just a piece of city life still warm and breathing translated into the language of art. The naturalness of the composition, the sincerity of the general effect, the truth and energy of the execution, the sense it gives us of latent force instinctively assimilating and combining the pictorial elements of common life—all this makes the "Meeting" a remarkable work on the part of a young girl of twenty-two who had only begun her life as an artist five years before. We might infer from the qualities which distinguish her that Mlle. Bashkirtseff excelled as a portrait painter. She has done nothing more successful and admirable than the likeness of Mme. P. B., her sister-in-law, of Mlle. Dinah, of Prince Bojidar Karageorgewitch, of Mlle. de Canrobert; the two last-mentioned portraits, that of the Servian prince and of the young French lady, strike one as unmistakable renderings of individuality, the inner character revealing itself with extraordinary fidelity in every line and muscle of face and figure.

While she was engaged on these works the young artist's brain teemed with subjects of wider scope and loftier imagination. She mentally composed and partly sketched pictures of "The Death of Julius Cæsar," "Nausicäa," "Ariadne," "Les Saintes Femmes." She was positively haunted by the last-named subject, and her conception of the two Maries at the sepulchre as dusty, travel-worn, ragged Revolutionists, the Louise Michels of their time, would certainly have been most original. She was also attracted to landscape painting, and one of her last and most beautiful compositions is a picture of spring at Sèvres, wherein she wished to express by line and colour the rush of the sap, the delicate modulations of green, the white and red apple blossoms, the mysterious fermentation of awakening life, all culminating in the figure of a peasant-girl half asleep on the grassy path under a fruit-tree. Her head pillowed on the left hand, the right arm hanging down in the *abandon* of complete repose, down to the feet encased in clumsy shoes, all express the sweet languor induced by the intoxicating air of spring.*

SPRING.

In fact for this remarkable girl painting was but an expression for her prodigious vitality. If she wished to be a sculptor as well, it was to express the beauty of the human form in its most absolute manifestation. She modelled a figure of Nausicäa, and the folds of the thin wet cloth clinging to the clay thrilled her with delight. Music was only another vent for the same intense joy in life, and when she yielded to the temptation of playing Chopin and Beethoven all other pleasures seemed tame by comparison. She describes how at the piano she would gradually glide into unknown combinations of sound—enchantments of music such as might be heard in an opium-eater's dreams. Time was too limited to reproduce the beauty of things. "No one," she exclaims, "no one, it seems to me, loves *everything* as much as I do. The fine arts, music, books, men and women, dress, luxury, noise, silence, laughter and tears, love, melancholy, humbug, the snow, the sunshine; all the seasons, all atmospheric effects, the silent plains of Russia, and the mountains round Naples; the frost in winter, autumn

* Just as we are going to press we learn that one of Marie Bashkirtseff's pictures has, for the first time, found its way to Russia; and that, too, in a manner most flattering to the young artist. For it has been bought by the cousin of the Czar, the Grand Duke Constantine Constantinowitsch, not only a distinguished connoisseur, but something of a painter and poet himself. The Grand Duke has made choice of the picture called "Spring," painted at Sèvres in April, 1884; and it is now to be found in his gallery at the Marble Palace, which contains several works of the highest merit.

rains, spring and its caprices, calm summer days, and beautiful nights bright with stars. . . . I would see, possess, love it all; be absorbed in it and die, since I must, in two years or in thirty, die happily in analysing this final mystery, this end of all, or this divine beginning."

Alas! she lived so quickly that she might well say, "I am like a candle cut in four, and burning at all ends." She herself had often felt that such a nature as hers could not last, and she had frequently coquetted with Death. But she started back in horror when she felt his touch laid on her young glowing life, just when the opulent gifts of her nature were fully unfolding themselves. Yet she was the despair of her doctors, who called her the most insubordinate, the most exasperating of patients. For in spite of cold and fever, of repeated attacks of chronic bronchitis and laryngitis and of impending consumption, she persistently disregarded the simplest laws of health. The fits of recurrent deafness tried Mlle. Bashkirtseff far more than the illness by which it was produced. "Such an affliction may be bearable to an old man or woman," she cries, "but can one get used to such misery in the hey-day of youth when one is madly in love with life?"

Considering Marie Bashkirtseff's thirst for existence in its thousandfold manifestations, it was unlikely that love, the most powerful of all, should not be included in her experience. She is greatly preoccupied with it in her diary, and often negatively, denying that she ever can have experienced or is likely to experience that passion in its deepest sense. But these protests have a suspicious ring, accompanying as they do the name of an artist who was always in her thoughts during the last year or two of her life. However it would be indiscreet, if not impertinent, to try and discover how much of the girl's boundless admiration for Bastien-Lepage was due to his work, how much to his personality. She herself would perhaps have been puzzled to distinguish between the two. "He is not only a painter," she says, "he is a poet, a psychologist, a metaphysician, a creator. No one has ever dived more deeply into the realities of life than Bastien-Lepage; nothing is more lofty, more admirably human than his work. . . . The idea of his coming made me so nervous that I could do nothing. It is absurd to be so impressionable. He is excessively intelligent, but not so brilliant in conversation as Saint Marceaux. I was tongue-tied, could not say a single good thing, and when he started an interesting topic, could hardly reply or follow his terse phrases, as quintessential as his painting." In the reaction from this mood the proud girl takes herself to task for her exaggerated enthusiasm, only due, as she says, to a master genius such as Wagner. She even asserts that there is a natural antagonism between the painter and herself, and that his presence acts like a check upon her. This does not prevent her from entertaining the idea of going to the opera so that it may reach Bastien's ears that she has looked beautiful. But to what end, she asks, laughing at herself, since it would be too absurd to care for him personally?

But when sickness had laid them low an invincible attraction drew these two beings together. Pride, shyness, reserve vanished and seemed to leave them clinging to each other with the unquestioning trust of children left alone in a dark night. Bastien-Lepage fell ill first, and Marie went almost daily with her mother to sit with him. These visits proved so delightful that she began to dread his recovery, which would put a stop to them.

How touching is the description of one of their many meetings at this date which I quote from her diary!—

"The great painter is better. He takes his beef-tea and his egg before us; his mother gets it all herself to prevent the servants from entering. She waits upon him and he takes it all quite naturally, and accepts our service without remonstrances. He is surprised at nothing. In speaking of his looks some one remarks he should have his hair cut, whereupon mamma says that she used to cut her boy's hair when he was little, and her father's when he was ill. 'Would you like me to cut yours?' she asks, 'I bring luck.'

"We laugh, he consents, and mamma begins the operation. She performs it to every one's satisfaction. I wanted also to have my clipping, but the creature said that I was sure to make a mess of it, and I revenge myself by comparing him to Samson and Delilah, my next picture. He laughs at this, which encourages his brother to propose that he shall also have his beard cut. Émile's hands tremble a little as she goes to work slowly as if performing some religious ceremony. Bastien's features look quite changed when it is done. He no longer looks ill and changed. His mother utters little cries of joy—

"'I see him again, my boy, my dear little boy, dear child!'

"What a good woman she is, how simple, how kind, how full of devotion to the great man who is her son!"

Though much of Mlle. Bashkirtseff's time was spent by her in a sick-room, she by no means neglected her painting. She had begun her studies for the picture to be called "The Street." Speaking of it in her diary she says: "An historical picture! A subject of everyday life would be worth as much, the merit of which should consist in the subtler study of character. A seat on the Boulevard des Batignolles, or even Avenue Wagram, have you noticed that? With the view of the passers-by? All that that bench contains? What novels! what dramas! The outcast with his furtive look, one arm thrown across the rail, the other resting on his knee. The woman with the child on her lap. The grocer's boy who has sat down to enjoy his little daily paper. The workman asleep, the philosopher or the desperate man gloomily smoking. I see too many things, perhaps. . . . And yet look well about five to six in the evening. . . . There are such different moments in life! Sometimes one really sees *nothing* in it at all, and sometimes . . . I begin to love everything again! everything around me! It is like a rising tide, and yet there is nothing to be glad of. Well, never mind, even from my decease I shall manage to extract some exquisite and delightful sensations."

More touching, more terrible than the saddest chapter of some thrilling romance are the instinctive struggles of

this gifted creature to win the leaf from fame's laurel crown before fate shall have overwhelmed her. "To die," she cries in agony, "oh, my God, to die without leaving anything behind me! To die like a dog, as a hundred thousand women have died whose name is hardly graved on their tombstone!" And in spite of pain and weariness she went on with her studies for her picture of "La Rue." At five o'clock one misty autumn morning, so as to avoid the traffic of the day, she went in a cab to make sketches for the scene she wanted to paint. There she would remain for several hours, conscious all the while that a chill taken, in the state her lungs were in, must prove mortal. "But," she exclaims impatiently, "I may take cold in going for a walk; people who don't paint die all the same. *Enfin* . . . . "

In spite of her strong will she was often forced to leave off work in the middle of the day, overcome by irresistible drowsiness. But when her design was fairly begun, the photographs of the street taken, the canvas placed on the easel, everything prepared, in short, she says pathetically, "All is ready. It is only I who am missing."

Indeed, she was very ill. Much worse than Bastien, who came in his turn to sit with and cheer her. Too weak himself to walk, he was carried to her room on the shoulders of his devoted brother. There, reclining on couches or propped up in easy chairs, the two young invalids would be near each other and still eagerly discuss their art. One day Bastien had come instead of taking advantage of the beautiful weather to go for a drive in the Bois de Boulogne. Marie Bashkirtseff lay on the sofa in a flowing gown of ivory plush with billows of soft lace intermingling every tint of white. The artist's grey eyes, "eyes which had seen Joan of Arc" as she expressed it, dilated as he looked at her. All the passion of the painter to hold fast what is beautiful flickered up for the last time as he saw the deep-set sombre eyes, the sensitive nostrils that had the quiver of a horse of the steppes, that glitter of golden hair above the pale and ardent face. "Oh," he exclaimed, moved by a sudden impulse, "oh, if I could only paint!"

"And I!" she adds.

"Finis the picture of the year."

The pen fell from Marie's nerveless fingers. Here the diary breaks off abruptly, and the life faithfully recorded therein ended a few days afterwards on the 31st of October, 1884. She had always lived by steam, and she died in the same breathless manner, still at an age when, as she said, "we find an intoxication in death itself."

Shortly before this, Marie Bashkirtseff had recorded in her diary: "I dreamed that a coffin had been placed on my bed, and they told me it contained the body of a young girl. And the coffin shone like phosphorus in the night." Even thus through the night of death shines the sleepless soul of this marvellous girl, filling us at once with sorrow and hope—sorrow for her who was fated to perish as one among the inheritors of unfulfilled renown; hope of what others of our sex may accomplish in the near future, who start more completely equipped for the struggle of existence entailed by all high achievement. For Marie Bashkirtseff truly said: "Work is a fatiguing process, dreaded yet loved by fine and powerful natures, who frequently succumb to it. For if the artist do not fling himself into his work as unhesitatingly as Curtius did into the chasm at his feet, or as the soldier leaps into the breach, and if when there he does not toil with the energy of the miner beneath the earth, if, in short, he stays to consider difficulties instead of overcoming them like those lovers of fairyland who triumph over ever-fresh difficulties to win their princesses—his work will remain unfinished and die still-born in the studio. The general public may not understand, but those who are of us will find in these lines a stimulating lesson, a comfort and an encouragement."

MATHILDE BLIND.

[I am indebted to M. Ludovic Baschet, of Paris, for his kindness in lending me three drawings ("The Umbrella," "A Statuette," and "Spring") used in the course of Miss Blind's article.—ED.]

Women in Germany.

THERE still remain many pigtails to be cut off in Germany before reason will come to her own." So writes August Bebel, the German champion of women, in his confiscated work on "Woman in the Past, Present, and Future." A "pigtail" in German parlance stands for an antiquated prejudice, and on no question do the powers that be more systematically aid and abet the conservative Teuton mind in the retaining of prejudice than on that of woman's status. Her claims and her capabilities are all settled for her *à priori* with a high-handed assurance by the other sex, and the ancient superstition still largely obtains in Germany, even among men of education and intelligence, that aspiration and progress are for themselves alone, and that contented ignorance and avowed indifference on every matter not directly bearing on the empirics of household management are socially advantageous and rather charming in the subject sex.

We are all creatures of circumstance, and man's will or whim is woman's chief circumstance the world over. The Anglo-Saxon respect for the claims and liberties of individuals has been dominant among Englishmen for centuries, and, thanks to the broader and gentler view of social relations in which it has at length resulted, Englishwomen are not to-day obliged to feel at every turn their actual dependence on men's forbearance. In Germany the little account in which individuality is held shows itself alike in the passive way in which the German citizen sits down under State-control of his private concerns, and in the torpid acquiescence of the German woman in the almost Oriental notion of herself and her part in life impressed upon her by her lord and master. The points in which she comes short of the women of other civilised countries are, if not more numerous, certainly more obvious than the points in which she rivals or excels them; and the question arises, Is she what she is because of the estimate in which she is held, and the treatment it results in, or are the latter what they are because she deserves and demands nothing better?

I believe that she is simply a victim to "pigtail," and that incalculable social force and intelligent characteristic lie dormant under the rather commonplace exterior of many a toiling *Hausfrau*, or gushing German spinster, which even a slight improvement in their home opportunities would quickly disengage for the weal of the community to which they belong. Meanwhile it must be conceded that the average German woman is as yet best described by a plentiful use of negatives. She is too often wanting in both dignity and grace of bearing; she is prone to pettiness of feeling and amazing small-mindedness; she is a stranger to some of the finer forms of self-respect; she is terribly sentimental and a great gossip; and, worst of all, she is almost invariably either tyrant or slave at home. The minor and superficial domesticities of the hour are her only field of aspiration; *Klatsch* with her feminine acquaintances, or hanging out of window, are the most usual delights of her leisure hours; and even within the province assigned to her she habitually shrinks from the smallest mental departure on her own account. The consequence is that the majority of German women are decidedly poor company, and the German home is humdrum and barren of all attraction for the other sex. The type of domesticity being what it is, an observer must, for the nonce, hold the men excused for preferring their *Kneipe* at *Café* or *Gasthaus* to spending their leisure time in their own or their neighbour's family circle.

But this is far from saying that the women are originally responsible for the boredom that mostly reigns in their vicinity. Bebel admits the above characteristics as being very prevalent among his countrywomen, but he instantly adds—"The women are what men, their masters, have made them." And then in several luminous pages he goes on to criticise the very one-sided and inadequate education which hitherto has alone been accorded to girls, as based on a prejudice with regard to women's character and circumscribed sphere of life, as having only conduced to stimulate her feelings at the expense of intelligence, and as being thus "the most unhealthy and insane course which could possibly be pursued. A woman's education has only tended to aggravate her failings. Were the training of girls such as to sharpen their powers of thought, &c., it would be better for themselves and undoubtedly better for the men as well."

In England one certainly hears a great deal about German education. In Germany, though one is struck by the vast amount of systematic compulsory *schooling*, one misses just that which distinguishes schooling from education, and which consists in the half-moral, half-intellectual preparation of a young mind to appreciate and assimilate the information in lesson-books. This preparation is chiefly, if not only, to be got indirectly and at home, from sympathetic elders; and home is just the weak spot in Germany, as some authorities on education regretfully allow. And this in the country which talks so much about the domesticity of the *Haus-mutter*, and professes to bring up its girls with a sole view to home-life! Bebel is in a very small minority; few indeed are the male Germans who get so far as to consider with him what is better for the women themselves; while the theory that men's comfort in life is best insured by the artificial limitation of women's horizon, and by actively excluding wife and daughters from mental participation in anything which the men of their household really care about, is a dear old dogma which they still hug to their souls with truly Germanic ferocity. There is a quite unaccountable horror at the idea that a woman should care to *understand* anything. She is approved if she knows by rule of thumb the ingredients

of a dish, and by dint of practice can cook them to a turn; disapproval is instant if she knows, or worse still, enjoys knowing, how fire burns or water boils.

A cookery book was published last year by one Marie Ernst. It was advertised as being practically and scientifically valuable, and a fly-leaf, inserted in a widely-read periodical, contained an elaborate apology needed to remove prejudices against its trustworthiness as the work of a woman. "The question will necessarily arise—Who will answer for it that an author*ess* (Verfasser*in* *) should be able to make discriminating use of scientific sources of information," &c. &c. Answer: Professor This and Doctor That had guided Marie Ernst in the execution of her work. Well and good; but imagine a cookery book, even a scientific one, in England at the present day requiring any such very explicit prefatory assurance in order to insure it a trial at the hands of the British public!

An English couple were calling the other day on a German of eminence and his wife. Talk flowed on from one topic to another, till, in the midst of an animated discussion of the public question of the hour, the Englishman perceived that the German lady was being left rather out of it, and he instinctively turned to her with the inquiry, "And what is your opinion, madam?" Before she could reply, her German lord made short work of it: "Leave the room, *meine Liebe;* these matters can be of no interest to you." I might fill a small volume with like "cases in point," for they meet one at every turn, and are evidence that as yet nothing has made the average German hesitate in open and active opposition to the cultivation of feminine sympathies on subjects lying beyond the narrow sphere of personal life. The most positive and (to the English mind) astounding utterances on the subject might be quoted, did space permit, from recent German authors on education, Government-school authorities, and parliamentary speakers. The Teuton mind is inelastic, logical rather than observant, theoretical rather than practical. Once wedded to a theory of any kind, there is no end to its imperviousness to the snubs given to it by mere experience. Woman is destined from beginning to end of time to inherit no proper individuality; her sole function is that of a being domestically serviceable to man—to bring him into the world, to cook for him, to mend and wash his garments, take care of his children, nurse him when ill; to please his eye, echo his whim, endure his moods, and save his money. That is the theory. Now note the facts following its application. German educators swear by Pestalozzi. Pestalozzi signalises the mother as the proper educator of the very little children. And the other day I read in a German essay on schools an approving reference to this as natural where possible, but regretfully substituting the State-controlled Kindergarten for German children. Why? Because, alas! "we have so few mothers who are fitted to be entrusted with the mental and moral charge of their little ones." A deal of cheap sentimental praise is, in print, heaped on *unsere deutsche Frauen* as a type of being which every effort should be exerted to maintain in its integrity; but when it comes to putting this lauded being to work at a task which a chief clause of the theory assigns her as her own, lo! the admission that she is somehow unfitted to fulfil it. All the prohibitions and limitations to which German theory submits her, with the avowed aim of forcibly concentrating her character on the fulfilment of home-duties, only result in making her too often the most irrational, ignorant, and unpropitious influence to which children can be subjected. Bring up a girl so-and-so, in order that she may be, above all things, a good wife and mother. She *is* brought up just so, and then the children are kept out of her way for their own good. And the husbands, how do they fare? The commentary of fact is that our German shows himself bored to death in the company of exactly the wife his theory condemns him to, and the best efforts of this vaunted domestic paragon (good, unselfish creature though she generally is) do not avail to make him willing to spend his leisure time in her company. His rooms are certainly tidy, but the mental atmosphere pervading them is apt to be irritating in its pettiness, or suffocating in its dulness: home is habitually avoided as a place where *man* naturally, and as a matter of course, feels bored and worried; a sort of chronic antagonism pervades all that each sex thinks and says about the other, and domestic unhappiness, under one form or another, is *throughout all classes* probably more prevalent in Germany than in any other civilised country on earth.

The rule of bringing up all German maidens with a sole view to matrimony is absurd in another way. The numerical excess of women in Germany is such that even were all the men willing to marry (which is increasingly far from being the case), a large percentage of girls still remain for whom the one theoretically desirable career must continue practically unattainable. The original numerical disproportion between the sexes is further augmented by the extent to which emigration prevails among the young men. The military system is one of the chief inducements to Germans to forsake the *Vaterland* (as it is in other ways a chief obstacle to marriage at home; of this anon). The more capable and intelligent a youth is, the greater is generally his desire to avoid military service. The older "reserve" men, again, go abroad to escape the danger of a levy. According to the official reports on the levy of recruits in 1876, the number of men bound to serve in the army was 1,149,042. Of these, 35,265 could not be found; 109,956 remained out of the country without excuse; 15,243 had been sentenced for illegal emigration; and 14,934 were on trial for the same cause.† These figures are a commentary on the degree of favour with which the existing military system is regarded by those most nearly concerned.

The idea prevails in England that a great enthusiasm for the military ideal of Prussia is common throughout Germany. It is not so, though the martially-inclined Prussian has got the upper hand, and leaves no device and no wile untried to make his own temper a national one. As to the women, they are not yet accustomed to view public questions broadly. Uniform finds favour

* Italics in the original.

† Cited by Bebel.

in their eyes, but, so far as I can find, nothing bears witness in Germany to strong or general feeling on women's part either for or against the military system as a whole. Ideas do not take fire in their midst; and fully to appreciate the serious disadvantage to themselves entailed by the army arrangements, a wider survey of the whole situation is needed than most of them have any chance or any power of arriving at.

Officers may not marry without the consent of their superiors, and their free choice is restricted by the regulations, which require that their wives must possess a certain amount of property. Money in Germany being much more plentiful in the "lower middle" or burgher class than it is in the "upper middle" or professional class, it comes about with increasing frequency that officers marry daughters of brewers, farmers, innkeepers, butchers, and millers; thus adding one more to the many existing natural causes which, athwart any remaining aristocratic prejudices, are rapidly effacing *caste* in Germany. So far as the lives of the people go, she is already perhaps the most socially levelled and democratically behaved nation on earth, and in this respect offers the strongest possible contrast to two adjacent countries—Austria and Russia.

No Anglo-Saxon can live long and intimately in Germany among Germans without coming to the conclusion that both sexes are the less happy for the persistence of the sad old contemptuous doctrine about women, since it at once fortifies a rather rough race of men in brutality and selfishness, while its tendency undoubtedly is to stultify the robuster and self-respecting excellences, and to mutilate the spiritual graces, in the women themselves. The bearing of German damsels in presence of men is too often that of dependants on favour, and beggars for notice; they are delighted with the hollowest gallantry from strangers, while appearing insensible to the complete absence of chivalry at home. The latter quality, indeed, is one which no German woman seems to dream of requiring or expecting in her brothers or her husband.

Now for some qualifications. The conditions of modern life are such that it is impossible for all the women (especially the women of the upper classes) to *be* in reality the intellectual nonentities that the obsolescent ideal requires. More and more the practical exigences of life are driving women to qualify themselves as bread-winners, and every year the number of female art-students, journalists, &c., increases. Science and politics are the two fields where men still most persistently grudge the intrusion of so much as a thought on the part of women. I have been assured by more than one intelligent and well-read woman that she finds it conducive to domestic peace to yield to the inevitable, to the point of shamming ignorance of, and indifference to, the very things she cares most for and devotes time to in secret, whenever the male members of the family are present.

But in North Germany the dawn has broken. The South still sleeps the sleep of social inertia; and it is in the Bavarian capital, perhaps, that intellectual initiative and moral aspiration are at their lowest ebb. Away from the sea and from large industrial centres, Catholics by education, addicted to over-much worship of malt and hops, and enamoured of slow-going creature comfort and traditional habits, the Bavarian lags socially half a generation or more behind the Prussian or the Saxon. If one would see the distinctively German woman as she for centuries has been, but as she certainly will *not* be a century hence—untouched by cosmopolitan inklings, utterly destitute of initiative or aspiration, and solacing her soul with confectionery and gossip—Munich is the place in which she may be found without seeking. North Germans travel more, and experiment more; and experience worketh tolerance. Four years ago there were already five lady-doctors practising in Berlin.

LOUISE S. BEVINGTON.

FULL VIEW OF THE COLLEGE, VASSAR.

Vassar.

THE word Vassar does not strike so familiarly on the ears of Englishwomen as do the names of Girton, Newnham, Somerville, and Lady Margaret on those of our transatlantic sisters, and this fact is only part of the general principle that Americans know a great deal more about us than we do about them. However, now that magazine articles have appeared giving us glimpses of the inner life of some of our English Colleges for women, and the sensation attendant on the Royal ceremonial that marked the opening of Holloway by the Queen is scarcely dim in our memories, it may be of interest to gather a few details in connection with the *first* Women's College in the world, founded six-and-twenty years ago last April, and named after its founder, Vassar College.

The scoffers who look on Holloway only as a gigantic advertisement for certain patent medicines, may be inclined to regard its original model in New York State as an indirect but substantial proclamation of the superiority of Vassar ale; for if the College at Egham was built out of pills, that at Poughkeepsie depended for its erection on beer. But this is not a just view of the case, and—in the words of Matthew Vassar—the latter was founded by him to "accomplish for young women what our Colleges"—alluding to Yale and Harvard—"are accomplishing for young men:" the efficiency of the institution for its purpose after twenty-six years' trial, is a guarantee of the genuineness of its endeavour. In estimating aright the work done at Vassar, it must be remembered that the College cannot be compared with Girton or Somerville, which are but "Halls" in our ancient Universities, receiving much of their sustenance from without, and as such have no prototypes on "the other side." Vassar is a self-governing establishment; the principles of its course of instruction emanate from within, and it confers its own degrees. The cost of residence and instruction at Vassar is a little over £80 per annum, about £60 of which is payable in advance; this includes, besides board, a limited amount of washing—extra washing being charged for at fixed rates—and optional residence during the Easter and Christmas vacations of one and two weeks respectively. The teaching is that of the prescribed curriculum, which embraces a four-years' course, though there is an elective system with certain restrictions, under which a pupil may study. The lowest age for admission to the regular course is sixteen.

There are departments for painting and music, which are much esteemed; they are intended for the benefit of the regular students, although they form at the same time distinct schools, and certificates and diplomas are

granted to successful competitors in the various examinations held. Art students are allowed to reside in the College, provided that they take up one or two branches of ordinary study, "for the profitable employment of their time," and all applicants must pass examinations in English, arithmetic, geography, and United States history, before they can be admitted to these schools. There are a fine library and splendid observatory, museum and art gallery, within the College precincts.

But the girls themselves, where do they come from? Everywhere. There is not a State in the Union, not an outlying Territory, that does not send its tribute of fair maidens to Vassar; and a variety of motives can be assigned as reasons for their willing sacrifice to what is so often and so foolishly looked on as a species of public monster, certain to devour every distinctively feminine attribute of woman's nature. Many go because their parents wish it; the father has made his "pile," and is anxious to give his children every educational advantage, so he sends his sons to Yale, his daughters to Vassar. Others enter the College because, "in their set," it happens to be "the thing to do"—just as so many of our young men go to Oxford or Cambridge, because it never occurs to them to stay away. Some, again, because they have done well at a small school, and are urged on to it by the principal, who wants to "puff" her establishment as "preparing young ladies for Vassar." Then there are those who live in lonely districts and desire to see the world, of which they consider Vassar to be a concentrated abridgment; or whose homes are in western cities, the rapid and gigantic growth of which have made them marvellous monuments of man's business energy and determination, though they can, as yet, be in no sense considered as cradles of art and learning. And last, but not least, those girls whose sole wish is to study, who have a passion for acquiring information on all manner of abstruse subjects, and are in College phraseology termed "digs." The designation reminds one of Dickens's Miss Blimber, for whom languages had to be dead, stone-dead, and then she *dug* them up like a ghoul! There are a number of voluntary societies in connection with the College, notably the Philalethean, "for literary improvement." There is a branch of the Y.M.C.A., which holds meetings once a month, and another religious combination, known as the "Tens;" these do active works of charity, as well as aim at promoting a high spiritual tone. Then the Shakespeare Club and the Dickens Club, and many others. The Philalethean is the most honoured of all, and four times a year its members "get up" a play (carefully expurgated by the Lady Principal!)—the gymnasium being transformed, for the nonce, into a theatre. There are also glee-clubs, which are very popular among the musical section of the community; while the practice of the guitar or banjo is a favourite occupation in leisure moments.

The American girl's inherent spirit of fun finds its vent in a hundred ways that can only be touched on here. Society at Vassar has its rules of etiquette. Each class (Freshman, Sophomore, Junior, and Senior) soon learns what "tradition" demands of it. After the summer vacation the entrance examinations are held and the school year begins. Then is the season for visiting the new-comers. Every girl in the College sallies forth during the early days of the term, card-case in hand, to call on the Freshmen in her corridor. If the Freshman be out, a card is left; if in, the acquaintance is formed; but in either case the call must be returned within a week. After this calls and visits are more informal, and parties given. Each girl is expected to give a party in her room once in the year. These are invariably held after ten o'clock, at which hour lights should be put out; but with closed doors carefully shrouded in shawls and waterproof cloaks, the night watchman gets no hint of the dissipations being indulged in within. When three girls share a sitting-room, with a bed-room apiece opening out of it (for most of the rooms are in groups of this kind), they combine in the giving of their entertainments, thus saving no small amount of trouble and expense. Some lucky ones are assigned a sitting-room and bed-room of which they are the sole mistresses; and there is a large parlour (we should say drawing-room) which is handed over each year to the Senior class, who appoint a committee from their number to fit it up and furnish it according to prevailing taste and the latest crazes in decorative art.

Besides the individual parties or "spreads," there are the legitimate class parties. The Seniors invite the Juniors, the Juniors the Seniors. The Sophomores give the Freshmen a party early in the year, and later on invite them to the "Trig" ceremonies (an eccentric performance to signalise their joy at having finished their course in trigonometry, to which the Freshmen are still looking forward). The character of the entertainment is burlesque. Mathematical signs and terms are personified, and good-natured ridicule showered on "class-mates," objectionable College institutions, and even the "Faculty" itself. There are occasional nigger-minstrel performances; with pea-nuts, apples, maple-sugar, and lemonade, for refreshments; also dancing in the College parlours, and sometimes "powder" and costume balls—of course confined to inmates of the house. The Americans are a nation of incorrigible jokers and inveterate organisers, and these characteristics are very noticeable at Vassar, though it is reserved for All Hallowe'en to see both traits simultaneously displayed. On that night, according to time-honoured custom, do the Juniors play an annual joke on their Seniors, though it is left to the ingenuity of the individual class to put a new aspect on the pleasantry each succeeding year. It is a premeditated affair, however, and, though kept secret, the Seniors are on the look-out for it. Besides such pranks, the "Undergrads" are not above engaging in battles-royal, whereof the weapons are brooms, mops, and feather dusters. History is silent on the subject of "pillow-fights:" perhaps they are a peculiarly British institution.

In the grounds are lawn-tennis courts, and a lake, where boating and skating are much in vogue during their respective seasons, so that it must be a despondent nature indeed that would find life at Vassar dull. Every variety of fun and frolic is indulged in at one time or

another. The students contend that outsiders dwell too much on these little irregularities, which do but surround the monotonous business of College life as a fringe, making the hard work possible. Such may indeed be the case, for American girls have at all times a perfect genius for combining work and play — let me not be deemed spiteful if I add, especially play—and it is not too much to say that that which makes the *Alma Mater* dear to most of her daughters' hearts is the number of "good times" to be had within her domains. Again does the College act as mirror of the outer world, for marvellous is the capacity of Columbia's daughters for participating in "good times," in school and out.

In addition to these minor dissipations, Vassar's doors are thrown widely open on "Phil. Day" (the anniversary of the founding of the Philalethean Society), "Founder's Day," and during "Commencement." Then gigantic receptions are held, and the company entertained with music, short lectures, and promenades, according to the occasion and season of the year.

I have spoken of "Commencement"—a term commonly employed in all schools and Colleges throughout the United States, though rather a misleading one, signifying, as it does, the *close* of the school course. It is a misnomer, and objections to it are not removed when one learns that it is intended to denote that the members of the graduating class are *commencing* their careers, the preparation of the schooling-time being ended. If the ceremonies of such a day have any meaning, surely it is that the school term for all is ended, and not that the individual life of each is beginning. But, misnomer or not, I shall not soon forget "Commencement" at Vassar in 1885.

Situated three miles from Poughkeepsie (Pleasant Harbour in the Indian tongue), on the Hudson, the College stands back from the road about the eighth of a mile, the chief entrance facing the lodge gates. The drive from Poughkeepsie to Vassar is not particularly interesting, and on the June day of which I write, the roads were very dusty, so that the fresh *greenery* of the College grounds was refreshment alike to sight and scent. Arriving at the entrance, we mounted the steep narrow steps—the only inconvenient feature of the building that I noticed—and passed in with the crowd to find the staircase leading to the "Chapel" guarded by some of the "Junior" girls dressed in white and wearing scarf-like badges to mark them as stewards.

I was so lucky as to obtain a good seat for seeing and hearing, and had time to look round the "Chapel," which I should say is capable of holding fully a thousand persons, and is in form an oblong square, with platform at one end surmounted, as in a concert-room, by an amphitheatre of seats, crowned with an organ. Galleries ran down both sides of the room, and these were filling fast with members of the lower divisions and of the Alumnæ Society, which is always well represented at Commencement time. It was interesting to scan their countenances. Looking at the present students *en masse*, taking them all in all, faces, dress, and manners, one was conscious of a certain sameness in their appearance. Though their ages varied from sixteen to almost thirty, the stamp of similarity of occupation and surroundings was still upon them, while with the Alumnæ, the varied lives, the struggles and conflicts which come not in the all but cloisteral seclusion of academic life, had accentuated and produced many differences. But that day, at least, a common spirit pervaded them. Mothers and spinsters, teachers, doctors, society-women, whatever they had become, had a mutual and intense interest in seeing the class of the year stand where they had stood before them, and in recalling common memories of good resolutions formed, of girlhood's ambitious dreams, and half-forgotten pleasantries.

Each class is known by the year in which its members graduate; thus in '85, the Sophomores were "class of '87," and the Freshmen, "class of '88."

The hall was soon filled with interested relatives and friends of students, and when all was ready the procession of teachers and professors, headed by the President of the College in gown and Oxford hood, entered and took their places on the platform. They were followed by the classes of '85 and '86, for whom several rows of seats had been reserved in the body of the hall. After prayer, the programme, which consisted of papers by the graduates relieved by one pianoforte solo and a song, was begun. The essays, on the whole, were both clever and interesting. Most were read, some spoken, only one, I think, delivered as an oration.

The first was put down as "The Society of Friends—its Spirit and its Form." It contained an account of the origin of the Quaker sect, with a plea for greater respect and honour to be done to its quiet forms and spiritual creed. It was read softly and clearly, with a dash of eagerness as she warmed to her subject, by a quiet little Quakeress in a trailing gown of grey. In two cases, the papers took the form of a debate. One was entitled "The President of the United States should be elected by Congress," which was answered by "The President should be Elected by the People." Later on we had "The Individual as against the State," followed by "The State as against the Individual." The most striking essay was spoken, not read, and had for its inspiration "The Knight of the Nineteenth Century"—General Gordon. It was characterised by a strong poetic vein, and by the fervour and earnestness of its delivery, which showed how thoroughly stirred the soul of the writer had been by the story of her hero's ever-eager life.

When the essays were all read the members of the graduating class rose in their places, and the President—addressing them in Latin—delivered to them, separately, their Baccalaureate degrees. After this, the diplomas to the candidates from the schools of painting and music were distributed in the same way, each, in her turn, going on to the platform, to receive the important parchment roll with its hanging seal.

The proceedings closed with the singing of the "Doxology," and the large gathering soon dispersed.

The previous day we had driven out to the same place for the "Class Day Exercises." The one essential difference between the observances of the two days is that "Commencement" forms part of the College course, and "Class Day" is a student's affair. The class of the

year issues invitations and appoints a committee to arrange and carry out the day's programme, of which—on this occasion—a prettily "got-up" card, with monogram and lettering in gilt, gave the outline. As on "Commencement" day, the President and professors came in together, but took their seats to the left of the hall.

Then a little nervous twitter of excitement, as when a bride arrives at the church door, and—the class marshal and class president walking first—the proud winners of the Baccalaureate degrees entered the room. One had not to look twice to see for oneself why the young lady who headed the procession had been chosen as "Class Marshal." The graceful poise of the well-shaped head, with its fair clustering curls, the tall, undulating form, clothed in flowing robes of soft crêpe and silk in palest shade of heliotrope, spoke for themselves. And be it said—in parenthesis—that no bridal gown, no presentation toilette, is ever thought out with more carefulness, or designed with greater ingenuity of taste, than are the dresses of Vassar's graduates on class days. The president wore a long trained gown of lemon-colour in soft clinging material, with effective trimmings of red velvet. With stately steps, the marshal mounted the stair leading from the right aisle on to the platform; the president followed, and, standing a little apart, they waited thus conspicuously until the rest of the class filled the places reserved for them below. Then the marshal making a low obeisance to her president, who seated herself in a chair placed ready for her, passed off the platform to the left to take her seat among the others. If the conduct and appearance of the marshal went far to justify the choice of her for the important position she filled, certainly one seemed to read in the beautiful face of the president, with its calm, thoughtful forehead, its dark eyes brimful of sympathy and merriment, its firmly-moulded chin, and, above all, in the serene demeanour without trace of arrogance or assertiveness, a character that would commend itself to every member of a large class—one to whom would be awarded by acclamation the task of presiding over the whole.

THE LIBRARY, VASSAR.

(From a Photograph by Vail Bros., Poughkeepsie, N.Y.)

Stepping to the front, she called upon one of the class to deliver the "Oration." In response, the girl summoned mounted the steps, curtsied low to her president, who resumed her seat, and made a speech referring in oratorical style to the spirit which united one member of the class to the other, and all to the Institution with which they were connected; in conclusion she made a formal farewell to the College-halls, professors, and fellow-students, paying a tribute of gratitude to those who had been "put in authority" over them during the four years past. (The "Oration" is, at most Colleges, divided into two parts, called the "Salutatory" and the "Valedictory," but at Vassar the arrangement is different.) After this, a tall, well-built girl, with face expressive of much determination, gave us in strong, terse language, the "Class History." To us, as strangers, as doubtless to her "class-mates," she presented a graphic sketch of the

four years during which the class of '85 had worked and played by turns. She thanked the "Juniors" for the splendid "pic-nic" they had given their "Seniors" not long before, when the largest Hudson River steamboat had been chartered to take them down to West Point. She spoke enthusiastically of the gorgeous luncheon prepared for them on board, of which they partook as they drank in the river breezes; while on reaching West Point their eyes were feasted on the natural beauties of the place, on all its points of interest as a military training-school, and "last, but not least, on brass buttons and the cadets who wore them."

A stately reverence, and the speaker returned to her place, to be succeeded by a very pretty girl, at whose side a large basket of roses was placed. She looked like a very flower herself, in her gown of blush pink silk, the train hanging in long, heavy folds, and was, indeed, as fresh and wholesome an object as one could desire to look upon. No sybilline aspect was hers, although she stood before us in the character of "Class Prophet." Plucking the dainty rosebud "boutonnières," of which the basket was composed, she threw them separately hither and thither among her companions, accompanying them with shafts of merry jest or saucy wit, as, guided by individual characteristics displayed in the past, she prophesied for each her future. Some were to be doctors of medicine, of course successful in their careers; some were to devote themselves to literature and develop into famous authoresses; one was to take the capitals of Europe by storm as a famous singer. Many and various were the careers predicted, but in and out among the prophecies was heard, ever and anon, the tinkling of wedding-bells. Marriage was frequently announced as a destiny for this one or that—auguring that the "superior women" of Vassar, at least, would count the entering of the married state no derogation to their superiority or their womanhood.

With the same state and dignity that marked their entrance, the Senior and Junior classes passed out of the hall, followed by the whole assembly, who accompanied them through the grounds to the "Class Tree," planted by the graduates two years ago. Beneath it a low platform had been erected, and here the ceremony, consisting of a "charge" from the Seniors with "reply" from the Juniors, was gone through, of burying the class records and handing over the spade to the class of '86. Then the Seniors sang a song, written and composed by two of their number, and having for its refrain the class

SENIOR PARLOUR, VASSAR.

(From a Photograph by Vail Bros., Poughkeepsie, N.Y.)

motto; this was led by the marshal, who beat time gracefully with her fan.

It was a pretty scene, that group of young girls, standing "as rich as Emperor Moths" beneath the grove of saplings—scarcely to be called trees, yet casting a grateful shadow this warm June day—singing in soft murmuring cadence the sad song of regret at parting, with its burden of the motto chosen four years ago—"*Dabunt aspera rosas.*" Surely, among the bystanders, in the hearts of parents and friends, a wish, a prayer, went up that "Rough places will bring roses," might be an ever-recurring refrain, lingering in these maidens' hearts, to sweeten what of toil, care, and sorrow the after-years might bring. And then nothing was left but to drive away, and preserve in thought and memory the many pretty and effective groupings that this Vassar class day had put before us. And as I mused upon this College life, so new to me, I could but wonder at its many contrasting elements, possible nowhere, surely, but in America. Great land of inconsistencies!—the contrasts of mental energy with frivolous fancy, of justifiable and fitting ceremonial with vain display, of earnest strenuous work with no less earnest strenuous play, which had been briefly, but forcibly, epitomised in the proceedings of those two last days.

J. D. HUNTING.

Murder—or Mercy?

A STORY OF TO-DAY.

IT was half-past four, and the morning-room at Minton Court was dotted with confidential groups. Huge logs blazed in the two fireplaces, but no lamps or candles had been brought in to disturb the intimacy of the twilight hour. Tea at Minton Court was always drunk by firelight on winter afternoons. "Darkness is such an aid to scandal," Lady Minton used to say; "how can we pull our neighbours to pieces in the glare of those odious lamps? Half the best things I have ever heard have been told me in the dusk."

The hour of tea was a sociable one, and the surroundings were thoroughly feminine. The morning-room was furnished in that heterogeneous manner which is the characteristic of our time. There were many screens, and palms in brass pots, Indian mats and Japanese tables, Turkish divans and Smyrnese carvings, while a number of Rajon etchings, framed in black, made a sad note on the Pompeian-red walls, giving the otherwise over-luxurious room that touch of studied pathos which is ever present in the complex and many-sided life of to-day. The curtains were not yet drawn, and far off, apart from the group of dainty figures who were clustering round the tea-table and the fire, stood a young girl with her face pressed against the window. It was a cold, melancholy afternoon, and outside a heavy white fog was gathering over the frost-bitten grounds, making a fine contrast to the gay and cheery scene within-doors. Suddenly she turned with a cynical little laugh from the window. "What a fool I am!" said the girl to herself. "I have been standing at that cold window for exactly twenty minutes. And for what reason? Because Dr. Brooke chose to go out for a walk over the moors on a particularly impossible day, and hasn't come back yet. Is that a reason why I should go without my tea, not to mention the awful possibility of catching a cold in my head, and having a red nose?—Oh, thanks, Captain Egerton, I should like some tea, awfully"—and repeating the last sentence aloud, Alison Bligh came forward into the fire-light.

Even in the flickering fire-rays she revealed herself as a very striking girl. There was an unmistakable touch of sensuousness in the full lips, and in the clear-cut nostrils, which were the best part of a nose which was somewhat too thick for a woman, and in the fine curves of her shoulders and bust. But intellect was not wanting, as her broad, well-marked forehead proved; nor determination, which was revealed in the square lines of her jaw and chin; nor a certain amount of ideality, which looked out of her somewhat dreamy eyes—dark, Southern eyes which were in direct contradiction to the twists of pale red-gold hair which crowned her head. In sum, a very dangerous young woman, whom Lady Minton was wont to declare she would not trust with her own husband, although Sir Francis was past seventy, and a pattern of the conjugal virtues.

Miss Bligh felt her spirits rise suddenly as she took her place in the cheery circle round the fire, and she smiled when she thought of her watch by the window just now. How cold and miserable she had felt—how ridiculous to have ceded to such a sentimental impulse! That was not her way either; she, who had long ago made up her mind to snatch every moment of happiness—every pleasurable emotion even—that life could offer her. And then the soft voice of Lady Minton was heard saying, "Alison, when you have quite finished with Captain Egerton and those muffins, pass them both on. And do, like a dear child, sing us something."

Miss Bligh thereupon sprang up and went to the open piano.

"I will sing you," she said gravely, "a little romance which I heard once at the Variétés. I believe it has a moral. Judic used to sing it;" and striking up a quaint accompaniment, she sang some words familiar enough on the Boulevards.

While the room was echoing with plaudits on her rather risky performance, the door opened and a man of about five-and-thirty came in and sat down in a rocking-chair at the far end of the room.

"Awfully good, by Jove!" cried Captain Egerton, who was leaning on the piano. "I could have sworn

it was Judic herself, only you aren't fat, you know." The last part of the gallant captain's sentence was a tender whisper intended for Miss Bligh's ear alone, but, like many other soft speeches, was perfectly audible to the rest of the room. Dr. Brooke frowned as he moved from his seat near the door and, coming forward into the fire-light, asked Lady Minton for a cup of tea.

"So glad you're back, doctor! We all thought you were lost on Exmoor," said Lady Minton, purring over her guest as she poured him out some tea.

"Yes, we were all looking forward to seeing you brought home stiffly frozen on a shutter!" cried Alison, who seemed in the highest spirits. Had she forgotten her impatient watch by the window only half an hour before?

"Ah, the gods don't love me. I shall not die young," said the doctor, whose keen eyes were riveted on her face. Then the party broke up into small groups, and it was either by choice or chance that she found herself, only a few minutes later, standing alone with him at the same window at which she had watched half an hour before.

"I am glad you are back," she said at last, half-shyly, as the young man stood and gazed at her in the dusk.

"Are you? You knew I was out, then?"

"Yes."

"None of the others missed me, I should imagine. They were playing some game which looked uncommonly like 'kiss-in-the-ring' when I left. Were you one of that lot?"

"Oh, no. I have been in my room all the afternoon."

"Thank Heaven for that!"

Alison smiled at the fervour of his tone.

"Would you have minded much if I had been 'one of that lot?'"

The doctor frowned. "I should have been rather—disappointed. I should have thought very little of you if you had."

"Well—I wasn't. But I am afraid it is not a sense of the outraged proprieties which kept me from playing 'kiss-in-the-ring' in the hall. If it could possibly have amused me, I should have done so. I believe in amusing oneself. But somehow or other, that sort of thing doesn't entertain me. Perhaps I am too old—or not old enough; anyhow, I don't care for the infantine pastimes which are the fashion now. I suppose when I am getting on for forty I shall like them."

"No, I don't think you ever will," said Brooke, smiling down at her charming upturned face.

"But I am afraid you don't understand me," she said quickly; "you think me better than I am. I have no moral aim, no aspirations, nothing of that kind. I simply enjoy the present. I suppose, if I wanted to pose, I should call myself an Epicurean. It is strange, but 'to-morrow' has absolutely no meaning for me; I believe in 'to-day.' I mean to enjoy every hour of my life. After all, what do we know of 'to-morrow'? Nothing. But we do know that roses are divine!" And pulling a hot-house flower from her waist-belt, the girl pressed it, with a pretty, unconventional gesture, to her lips.

"At that rate," said the doctor, "if you were to have some great misfortune—to lose all your money, for instance, or catch the small-pox—you would have very little to fall back upon. You might feel the want of 'the consolations of religion.'"

"No, I don't think I should. If any great unhappiness," she added dreamily, "were ever to befall me, I should not want to live. I did not ask to come into the world, and why, forsooth, should I not go when I am tired of it? Life, after all, is very like a party to which some one else has insisted on our going. If we are bored, we are surely not bound to wait till the very end. We leave when we please."

Dr. Brooke looked steadily at her.

"You are a very strange girl, Miss Bligh. Not one woman in a thousand would dare to say such a thing as that. But I think you are right. There are cases when death is a release from torture, mental and bodily."

"How did we get on to such a lugubrious topic?" said Alison, shivering slightly, and turning away from the dark landscape.

There was a pause, and then the young man said suddenly—

"Why did you sing that song just now?"

"I—don't know," said Alison, with drooping eyes.

"Do you know what it means?"

"Do you?" she said, raising her eyebrows innocently.

"I walked the hospitals in Paris for two years. I understood every word."

"Oh, I am sorry. I thought, with my accent, and an English audience, that I should be perfectly safe."

"Don't do it again," he said; "for Heaven's sake don't. You can't imagine how dreadful it is to see you do a thing like that."

"I never will," she said suddenly, her face flushing scarlet from brow to chin.

"Thank you for saying that," he answered gravely. "Sing something for *me*, now, will you?"

Miss Bligh answered by moving away to the piano. Brooke stood still by the window, looking out over the snow-covered grounds, and waiting to hear what she would sing. Alison's fingers strayed tentatively over the keys as if seeking the strain which suited her mood best. Presently her clear young voice was heard in Handel's immortal air—"Lascia ch'io pianga."

"Handel, instead of Boulevard songs," Duncan Brooke smiled to himself. "That will do. Alison loves me. I know it—I can see it in her eyes."

II.

It was a passionate yet half-paternal feeling that Dr. Brooke had for this beautiful girl; a feeling akin to that which the tiger cherishes towards its cub, and yet with a yearning tenderness too. He felt that he would gladly have thrown away his life to save her pain, but as it was, he meant to devote his life to her pleasure. Nothing should be spared that could give her a moment's happiness—this little Epicurean who believed so devoutly in the Now! There was nothing, too, which could stand in the way of an immediate marriage. Duncan Brooke had already made a brilliant reputation and a large practice, and Alison being an orphan with a fortune of

her own, there would be no difficulties about their settling down at once. His house in Grosvenor Street was a fair-sized one, and with Alison's taste in furniture and pictures, might be made one of the prettiest in London. He smiled as he saw a vision of her radiant face at the head of his dinner-table, smiling at his guests, perfect in her young matronhood. Somehow he always thought of her in connection with beautiful and pleasant things; with flowers, and pictures, and music, and the sparkle of dinner-table wit. She had told him that day that she loved roses; well, she should have roses on her table every day of the year. And then Brooke remembered that pearls were another hobby of Alison's. He would telegraph to town to-morrow for the finest necklace he could get.

That night, when Lady Minton had sent her maid away, a pink-robed figure knocked at her door and knotted a pair of soft arms tight round her neck.

"My dear child, what *is* the matter?" she gasped in the midst of this impetuous embrace.

"It's all settled—and I'm so happy!"

"Indeed," said Lady Minton, laughing. "And may I ask who is the lucky man?"

"Oh, Dr. Brooke, of course. How can you ask?"

"My dear, all the men in the house are mad about you. I listen to their confidences—you know my way."

"Well, you shan't be bored with any more, you dear thing. Please let them know that I'm the happiest woman in the world!"

III.

A week later Lady Minton and two or three of her guests stood at the hall door to see the doctor and Miss Bligh mount the dog-cart for a drive. Lady Minton was profuse in her advice. "Now mind you take care of Alison, doctor. That mare is rather frisky, and the roads are slippery to-day. You've got to bring Alison back safe and sound. We don't want to have a 'case' for you down here."

The doctor smiled as Miss Bligh came down the wide oaken staircase. A week's happiness had changed a handsome girl into a young goddess. In her tight-fitting manly garments and the soft furs at her throat, she looked the personification of youth. Her eyes—always fine—seemed twice as large, and had acquired a soft expression which was irresistible; the cynical little laugh, which had formerly been one of her characteristics, had disappeared.

Another two minutes, and the girl was snugly tucked under a fur rug on the front seat of the high dog-cart, and Brooke, touching the mare with his whip, sent her flying down the long carriage-drive.

"How ridiculously those two people are in love with each other!" said Lady Minton with a little sigh. "Upon my word, it is quite Arcadian. I wonder how long it will last?"

"About six months, I take it," drawled Captain Egerton; "at least, I hope so. Miss Bligh absolutely won't look at any other fellow than Saw-bones. But it can't last, that sort of thing. Quite uncivilised, you know."

"Well, they are to be married in six weeks," laughed Lady Minton. "So this time next year we shall see you 'making the running' with the beautiful Mrs. Brooke?"

"Nothing more likely in the world," replied Captain Egerton, who had a royal idea of his own powers of fascination.

At the luncheon-table two chairs were vacant. "I wonder where our two young people have got to?" said Lady Minton. "I wish Dr. Brooke would not take her these long expeditions, it makes me very uneasy."

"They are probably lunching somewhere *à deux*, dear Lady Minton," suggested the "frisky matron" of the party.

"I don't know where they will lunch out on Exmoor—and I don't feel at all sure about that mare. She is getting a regular jade."

The afternoon closed in, and there were still no signs of the girl and her lover. Tea had been brought in, and Lady Minton was trying to hide her growing alarm as she chatted with her guests and did the honours of the tea-table.

"I am sure I heard wheels at the front of the house," she said suddenly.

"Yes, but it is not the dog-cart," said Captain Egerton; "those were cart-wheels I heard."

"Go out and see what it is, for goodness' sake. No carts ever come up to the Court after dusk!"

The young man hurried out of the room, and a minute later a scared footman came and whispered to Lady Minton. Hurrying into the hall she was met by Egerton and Brooke. The doctor's face was destitute of every vestige of colour, and his eyes seemed to have sunk back far into his head.

"There has been a bad accident——"

"Where is Alison?" cried Lady Minton; "she is not——"

"No; not dead. But she is very seriously injured. Can you bear the worst?"

"Take me to her—my poor darling!" wailed Lady Minton.

"We have carried her here, into Sir Francis' study; and she must not be moved any more. Don't look at her face, Lady Minton. I want you to be strong—to help me."

A motionless heap lay on the sofa, and that heap was Alison Bligh. Piteous groans came from her lips, and one side of her face was carefully bound up with a man's white silk handkerchief.

"Make up a bed quickly here. Call her maid—if she has strong nerves—to help you take off her clothes. I can tell you nothing definite till I have examined her. Bring some brandy."

These orders were briefly given by the doctor as he hurried from the room to fetch his case of surgical instruments.

An hour later the worst was known. The girl's spine was so badly injured that she would never be able to rise again. One side of her face had been so terribly crushed that she was hardly recognisable, and her sufferings were acute. She might live, the doctor thought, but her life would be so many years of mental and bodily anguish.

IV.

The house-party at Minton Court broke up immediately, and by noon the next day the last carriageful of guests had swept down the drive. Silence reigned in the large rambling house, Lady Minton and Miss Bligh's maid taking their turn in the sick-room. As for Duncan Brooke, he hardly left his patient's bed-side. Always a reticent man, not even his hostess ever guessed what he suffered during those long days and nights of anxious watching. At night, particularly, he would let no one else sit up with her, even if he snatched an hour or two's sleep during the day. For a whole fortnight she lay almost unconscious on the bed, unable to articulate, and only showing by her low groans that she was still alive—and suffering.

Then came a change, and Alison was able to speak again. One day the doctor was alone with her in the room where they had laid her down on the day of the accident. The great house was hushed into perfect stillness, and not a sound was to be heard but the occasional fall of a cinder on the hearth.

"Duncan," she whispered suddenly, with a weary little sigh.

"What is it, my darling?" said the doctor, bending his head to listen.

"I—I want to go to sleep."

"So you shall, dear. I will give you an opiate to-night."

"Oh, but I want to go to sleep for—always. I *cannot* bear it any more. It is all over for me now; all over, and I am only twenty-two! I should go mad, chained to a bed all the years I may have to live . . . And you would learn to hate me—how could you help it? I know I am a horrible, maimed mass, although you have never let me see my face since . . . Oh, Duncan, and the pain! I cannot bear it. I always hated pain; I am sure I feel it more than other people do. And what I suffer now," she added fiercely, "is inhuman! What have I done that I should have to bear this terrible agony? We would not let a dog suffer what you all look on and see me endure! Oh, it is cruel—cruel!"

"Alison, I would give my life to save you one pang."

"Would you?" she said eagerly. "I know you are brave and good. Have you the courage to help me now? Oh, Duncan! when you give me that chloral to-night, give me enough to send me to sleep for always. No one will ever know. Oh, my darling, do me this one last service!"

"I cannot do it," he whispered back, some inward voice telling him, even as he spoke the words, that here was the merciful euthanasia for this poor maimed girl. He knew that her life—even if she lived—would be henceforward a martyrdom, and that never again would she rise from her "mattress grave."

As night closed in Alison grew worse. She was evidently suffering frightfully. "I shall not leave her an instant to-night," said Brooke to Lady Minton, who stood with scared, white face at the bedside. "I cannot tell what may happen," he added at the door, having persuaded his hostess to take an hour or two's rest. "She might succumb now—from the shock—or she might live for years. I shall give her a strong opiate to-night. She must have sleep."

"Thank Heaven for one thing," said Lady Minton, "and that is, that you are able to be with her—that you are here in the house. Think if we had been obliged to rely on the local practitioner! It is simply a mercy that you are here."

"A mercy?" repeated the doctor gravely. "Yes; perhaps it is."

When day dawned the house was all astir. Swiftly moving figures hurried up and down stairs, and the doctor, meeting Lady Minton in the cold grey light at the door of the sick-room, took her hand and led her away.

"Alison is gone," he whispered. "She passed away last night without pain. I was with her; she died in my arms."

"Poor darling! It is a merciful release," sobbed the kind-hearted woman.

"Yes, a merciful release," repeated Brooke, pressing his hostess's hand.

Next day Lady Minton went with a sinking heart to the doctor's door. He had locked himself in ever since Alison's death, and had refused all food, on the plea that he wished to sleep; but she found him sitting dressed at his writing-table, having obviously never been to bed. Some medical books and sheets of manuscript lay about, and he seemed to be writing.

"I am so pained, Dr. Brooke, to speak of anything connected with this awful affair, but you know there are the usual formalities to be observed. Poor Alison had no near relations living, so we must arrange all the last sad offices. Here is the registrar's certificate. Will you, as you were her only medical attendant, fill in the—cause of death?"

"The cause of death?" cried Brooke, rising from his chair. "I—I—cannot say—how should I know?" he shouted, throwing up his hands.

The next instant he was lying in a senseless heap on the floor.

* * * * * *

Six months after, the following paragraph appeared in an evening paper:—

"A HERO OF THE HOSPITAL.—Once more one of our most eminent physicians has proved that heroism is not confined to the winners of the Victoria Cross. It is with the deepest regret that we record the untimely death of Dr. Duncan Brooke, of Grosvenor Street, physician to the Whitechapel Hospital. It appears that an in-patient—a boy of eleven years of age—was suffering from acute diphtheria. The physicians agreed that there was a chance of saving the child's life if the operation of tracheotomy could be successfully performed. It will be remembered that in this operation the putrid and poisonous matter has to be sucked by the operator through a tube. In spite of the opposition of the other doctors, Dr. Brooke insisted on performing the operation, which was highly successful, the boy being now nearly convalescent. Dr. Brooke, who, it appears, received a severe mental shock some six months ago, was taken ill shortly afterwards, and expired this morning in the hospital. Deceased was widely known and highly respected."

E. HEPWORTH DIXON.

Wedding Presents, Past and Present.

THE custom of presenting gifts upon the celebration of a marriage may be said to be almost co-existent with the institution of that ceremony. From the very earliest ages records have been handed down to us of the offerings made to the contracting parties by their relatives and friends, and of the gifts of enormous value claimed upon such occasions from their vassals, by sovereigns and feudal chiefs; though in some instances potentates made these important events an opportunity on their own part, of a lavish distribution of gifts amongst their subjects and dependents.

In the "jewels of silver and jewels of gold" presented to Rebekah by Abraham's servant, we have an instance of the valuable wedding gifts it was no doubt customary on the part of the shepherd princes of those early times to offer to brides elect; and the record made of the great feast at which Ahasuerus gave gifts to his subjects, upon the celebration of his marriage with Esther, is conclusive proof of a custom no doubt of long standing in the East.

In a curious little volume published in 1704 by L. de Gaza, the author states that in Camboja, in the East Indies, when the king married, his subjects were obliged to present to him offerings of cloth, turbans, mats, fruits, and flowers; and that in Java the bridegroom's procession always numbered in its ranks thirty young women richly dressed, some of whom carried flowers, others pictures, others little gilt boxes, and habits of all sorts—presents from the bridegroom to the bride.

Amongst the ancient Goths, Swedes, and Danes, it was an invariable custom with the common people for the parents and friends of the bride to present her with a pig, sheep, or cow, while for his share the bridegroom received a dog, cat, or goose.

In the early history of our own country, we have some very interesting records of wedding gifts. We learn, for instance, that in A.D. 1041, when Gunhilda, the sister of Hardicanute, King of England, married Henry, the Roman Emperor—the King, her brother, and all his people, were so lavish of gold and silver, silken garments, precious jewels, and costly horses, that the splendour of the gifts was for centuries extolled by minstrels and players.

It is interesting to note that though, as in the above instance, jewellery, clothes, and other valuables were always included in the wedding gifts of mediæval times, a custom also existed, even when the contracting parties were of high rank, of making offerings of edibles. Such contributions to the festal board were no doubt vastly acceptable upon such an occasion as the marriage, in A.D. 1243, of Cynthia, daughter of Raymond, Count of Provence, with our English Earl Richard. At the feast held in honour of this event, no less than 30,000 dishes were got ready for those who sat down to dinner, and one may safely conclude that at a period when co-operative stores and general contractors were unknown, many of the component parts of the said dishes were either levied from, or contributed by, dependents and friends of the English earl.

Of a wedding which took place some two centuries later than that of Cynthia of Provence, a very interesting and amusing record is in existence, which throws considerable light upon the wedding customs of the landed gentry of that period. The marriage took place on the 3rd of November, 1567, between Richard Poleshead, of Albury, and Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of William More, of Loxley. The bridegroom was a man of good family in Surrey, having been sheriff of that

county at the time of his death in 1576; and after his decease, Elizabeth More married Sir John Wody, and became one of the ladies of the Privy Chamber of Queen Elizabeth. At the time of her first marriage, of which the record is given, Elizabeth More was only sixteen, and it would certainly astonish a youthful bride of the present day to receive from her friends such an array as she did of "fat does," "capons of grease," "fat cygnets," and other constituents of good cheer, amongst which it is amusing to note that Lord Clynton, "Admyrale of England," presented "Swannes and Torkes fat, and two grete boxes of Mermelade." And we find other friends of the affianced couple contributing "puddings ffyne and chyckyns grete," and Mrs. Katherine Hill, of Underwood, no doubt a notable housewife, sent "grete bryde cakes." The gift of one John Brodefield consisted of "sugar loves one weing," an item which leaves one in doubt as to whether the worthy gentleman contributed sugar for the use of the establishment, or some of the wondrous sweet confections constructed by the cooks of olden times.

A customary and no doubt highly complimentary wedding gift in mediæval times was a suit of armour; and a very interesting relic of this kind is preserved in the Tower—a suit of horse-armour which, it is authoritatively concluded, was presented by the Emperor Maximilian to Henry VIII. upon the occasion of his marriage with Catherine of Arragon. The armour, which was originally silvered, is most elaborately engraved all over with curious representations of the history of St. George and the Dragon and other mediæval saints, interspersed with the English rose and various conventionalised floral emblems; the motto, "*Ich Dien*," and the word "*Gluck*" being worked into the border design.

Rings have apparently for many centuries been connected with the ceremonial of marriage, and the custom still prevails in some foreign countries for the bridegroom to present the bride with a Gimmal, or dual engagement or wedding ring, engraved with some appropriate motto or date. Formerly this custom also existed to a certain extent in England, and a very curious Gimmal ring was discovered at Horselydown, in Surrey, late in the last century. The ring, as described, is probably of French origin, of about the Elizabethan period. It is constructed of twin or double hoops, which play one within the other like the links of a chain, each hoop having one of its sides flat and the other convex; each is twisted once round, and each surmounted by a hand finished off by a sort of ornamental cuff; on the lower hand, that of which the palm is uppermost, is represented a heart, and as the hoops close the hands slide into contact, forming, with their ornamental wrists, a heading to the ring.

A copy of the old Gimmal ring would be a pretty deviation from the ordinary engagement ring of the present day, the device presenting, as it does, a triple emblem of love, fidelity, and union.

To give any details of the numerous quaint, as well as useful or precious wedding gifts made in comparatively recent times, would far exceed the limit assigned to this paper; costly jewels, plate, tapestries, furniture, priceless objects of porcelain, and curios of every description having from time to time been called into requisition for this purpose. Many such treasures are preserved in royal or private collections. One very curious wedding present in the South Kensington Museum should not be overlooked by visitors to that institution. It consists of a set of most wondrously constructed models of Chinese houses, temples, and gardens, mainly composed of precious stones. These models were sent by the Emperor of China, as a gift to Josephine upon the occasion of her marriage with the Emperor Napoleon, and they have a curious history attached to them, for on their way from China they were captured by the English, and for many years were preserved in the East India Museum. Upon the conclusion of peace, the English offered to restore these valuable gifts, but they were then declined, and have therefore become the property of the English nation, and now form a great attraction to the Chinese department of the South Kensington Museum.

To turn, however, to more modern times and less exalted walks of life: the custom, but recently existing, of almost exclusively giving presents of plate or ornaments for the person or house is now very considerably modified, and in many instances we find the useful cheque being offered by the wealthy relative or friend as a happy substitute for the possibly duplicate jewel and elaborate piece of plate; a substitute, no doubt, in many instances most welcome to the recipients.

Everybody, however, does not care to give, or perhaps even to receive, a monetary offering; and unless, therefore, a timely hint can be obtained as to what will be most acceptable for the young housefolk, it will be just as well for the friendly giver to search for something quite out of the common. Nothing can be more embarrassing than for the happy couple to have to return glowing thanks for the tenth sugar-basin or sixteenth butter-knife. Even that most useful little addenda to the breakfast-table, the bread-fork, now added to the list of possible wedding presents, is apt to pall upon the recipients, when making its appearance, as upon a recent occasion, in triplicate form.

Amongst recent fantastical wedding presents, no doubt a cordial welcome was given to half a dozen little pussies, with richly-chased bodies and jewelled eyes and whiskers, which were destined to serve the purpose of salt-cellars. Whether the precious gift of a mummy's hand, contributed by a learned professor to a blushing bride, equally delighted the recipient, is questionable; and the little Spanish dog, measuring eight inches, which the bride appreciated so highly that she took him on the wedding tour, may not, perhaps, have had equal attractions for the bridegroom.

Without, however, committing oneself or one's friends to any such eccentricities, it is quite possible nowadays, if a little care be exercised in the selection, to pick up some quaint object of bric-à-brac which will be a joy for ever. What a delightfully useful gift would be one of the old inlaid secretaires or cabinets, which may now be obtained very reasonably, or one of the carved oak linen-chests, which perhaps, centuries ago, formed part of the marriage portion of some fair demoiselle. For those who

may prefer modern manufactures, with a moderately full purse and an opportunity of looking over the collections of "bigotry and virtue" gathered together by any of our leading West-End firms, there should be no difficulty whatever in selecting gifts suited to the occasion, and to the tastes of the intended recipients; the beautiful Oriental onyx caskets, clocks, and numberless other treasures displayed affording a wide range for choice. Acceptable, however, as may be well-selected ornaments with which to adorn the home about to be formed, it should not be overlooked that in many cases really useful offerings would be more truly valued; and instead of overloading the bride and bridegroom with inkstands and paper-knives, the children of even wealthy parents would thankfully welcome some of the little odds and ends which go so far to make home attractive and the table elegant. A set of plated entrée-dishes, a hot-water bacon-dish, or even the more prosaic set of meat-covers, would delight the heart of many a youthful housewife. A barometer is seldom seen amongst the list of fashionable wedding gifts; and, useful as it is, it is not one of the first things purchased by a young couple. Again, a handsome ornamental filter would insure to the bride and her beloved a constant supply of the pure element; and even a handsome damask table-cloth, or set of dinner serviettes, would commend themselves to many young folks who have all such requisites to purchase. A little thoughtful consideration on the part of the friends of those whose purses are not very deep, would put them in possession of numberless such things, the value of which would be far greater than that of superfluous knick-nacks. The writer can call to mind how one bride rejoiced over the presentation of a set of lovely hot-water jugs, and another values amongst her chief domestic treasures a set of jugs presented by some village folk.

In the writer's possession is a beautiful tea-set of Canary Crown Derby, a wedding gift in 1800 to a member of the Stonor family. A service such as this, or one of less value if tastefully selected, would in most cases be a welcome gift. To turn to very prosaic offerings, a word may be said in favour of the coloured blankets, and the handsome eider-down quilts, now so much in use; or the Oriental rugs, or Japanese draught-screens; all of which should form part of a comfortable *ménage*. For those who chiefly depend upon their own ingenuity to supply tokens of affection to their friends, a watch-pocket may not be an unacceptable suggestion. To work it out, the design of orange-blossom should be enlarged to a suitable size, and worked upon a piece of rich white satin. It should then be stretched over a piece of card cut to the shape of a heart, and neatly lined; the pocket piece being cut a little wider than the lower part of the heart, in order to allow of its falling into pocket form, and the heart then finished off by strings of satin ribbon and an edging of silk cord. A pair of these pockets, and a larger one for the *mouchoir*, would be a most lovely bridal gift; similarly the slipper form of pocket may be adapted to the same purpose, enlarged either to the size of a watch-pocket, or to the more capacious proportions of a *vide-poche*.

Those who can paint, need seldom be at a loss as to gifts, for pictures, if of any merit, are always acceptable; and a word may perhaps not be out of place here, as to the wide field for selection of wedding presents afforded by the collections of paintings annually gathered together in the metropolis and principal country towns. The walls of newly-formed homes would afford ample accommodation for many of the charming *sujets de genre*, and other pictures, which now return unappropriated to the exhibitors; and many of them might be secured at prices within the compass of even a moderate purse. Engravings and autotypes also should not be overlooked. These, if tastefully framed, stand far less chance of being cumbersome acquisitions than many of the knicknacks selected according to the prevailing fashion of the day. Books, as wedding presents, are but seldom thought of; yet what could be more appropriate than the presentation of some good standard encyclopædia, or volumes of historical or chronological reference? The presence of which in the home may, in many cases, materially conduce to that healthful mental condition, without which latter the security and happiness of the roof-tree are by no means assured. Love flies out of the window not alone through poverty; uncongenial tastes as often frighten the little god away; and in early days, a little mutual study of objects of general interest might effectually bind his wings, whilst at the same time laying the foundation of a homestead, the attraction of which would serve to knit its members together, by one common bond of union, love, and intellect combined.

B. DE M. MORRELL.

August Fashions.

By Mrs. Johnstone.

A WIT was once asked "if he ever remembered such a summer?" "Yes, last winter," was his reply, and the phase of dark, wet, cold days which have characterised this summer of 1888 must have been closely allied to the season of which he spoke. It has had a very visible influence on dress, and, coupled with the general mourning, has cast an unwonted gloom over England's capital. London has been full to overflowing, nevertheless, and though the flood of gaiety in Court circles virtually ended with Ascot, there were plenty of entertainments in other strata of society. Now everything is over, and it is possible to pronounce with certainty what existing fashions are, and will remain, until once more our ideas are unsettled by the advent of autumn. *Tempora mutantur*, and with time, come changes in that most fickle of all goddesses, Fashion.

It was in the midst of the wearing of the brightest greens, old pinks, delicate yellow and peach, with greys which merged into blue, and blues which merged into grey, that a world-felt loss threw us all into general mourning. It was only by slow degrees that as July came in we gave up our hastily arranged black, and those who bought new gowns for the occasion remained faithful to them during the early portion of last month. The Royal Family being in mourning gave a precedent to the world in general. Perhaps it is as well for the susceptible youth of Great Britain that this should be so, for the fashions of the year were almost too becoming. The mothers and grandmothers of the present generation have much to complain of, that when they were young fortune did not favour them thus.

Dinner-Gown of Silver-Grey Brocade, with Medici Collar and Sleeves.

The beautiful dress from Messrs. Jay, Regent Street, in our first illustration, demonstrates two or three notable

points to be borne in mind in ordering new gowns. Our leaders of fashion in England are wearing trained gowns for dinners and receptions, though on many occasions the skirts simply rest on the ground. The backs of such skirts generally fall in an unbroken line with merely a couple of jelly-bag points at the back of the waist, or the fulness is secured to the points with organ-pleats. But the fronts, in nine cases out of ten, carry out the idea of one dress laid over another, the upper skirt opening to display an under one. The Gothic-patterned silver-grey brocade of our model is bordered with handsome embroidery, and the edge of the skirt between the panels is still more richly ornamented. Long waists are in vogue, and in this picture the apparent length is enhanced by a gathering which adds several inches to the bodice. The elbow-sleeves are still high on the shoulders, an idea borrowed from the Medici period, as is the straight collar which encircles the throat, and which is only suitable for a tall woman with a slender neck. The make of the bodice is calculated to show off the figure to the best advantage; the fulness of the front ends on the bust, with scroll-work above and again at the waist, and rests on a lisse fichu which crosses beneath the bodice.

Medici fashions find favour and are chiefly followed in the high collars, epaulettes, and stomacher trimmings, which are called "Medici." A student of history may study their original beauty in the portraits of Marie and Catherine de Medici, and other ladies of the time. These stomachers were embroidered and sewn with jewels. Now they are worn not only with square-cut dresses, but with the short Incroyable jackets and Directoire coats. They replace the wide sashes which properly belong to that period, and confine the folding crêpe de Chine or muslin which constitutes the waistcoats. Fashions nowadays are hybrid. We borrow what pleases us, but the one style that would seem to be revived in its entirety is the Empire, which, however, was originally a borrowed one.

The Empress Josephine, as Miss Mabel Robinson reminds us in the present number of THE WOMAN'S WORLD, illustrated in her own person the adaptability displayed by her sex in any position to which fortune may call them. The widow of the Marquis of Beauharnais, a creole of the De la Pagerie family, she wore the imperial purple with a grace particularly her own. The rivalry between her and the Emperor's sisters, in matters appertaining to dress, gave additional impetus to her desires, and brought all her talents to the front. Both parties were constantly appearing in something new; dress was never more costly. Josephine possessed pearls and precious stones worth half a million of money, and rarely allowed them to lie idle in their cases. The stuffs interthreaded with gold and silver were then just coming into fashion; she adopted them as her own. The cut of the narrow skirts was of Eastern origin, and so were the white or coloured muslin turbans which we have not as yet revived. They matched the beautiful gowns of clear muslin, covered with embroidery. They were worn the year that the first Napoleon was crowned, and even in the daytime the arms, shoulders, and bust were left uncovered. For the great event, in which she was a participator, the uncrowned Empress surrounded herself with the best Paris milliners, and any one possessed of something unique to sell hastened to the palace. She took counsel of all, but made her own decisions. In addition to the dress then worn, she decided to adopt a long embroidered mantle-train attached to the shoulders by a ruff of blonde, which came up high behind the head, forming a background; the hair, being drawn upwards and showing in the front in curls, had uprearing bows at the back. Her husband needed all his diplomacy and authority to induce his sisters to be bearers of his wife's train, and they only consented when they found that their trains were to be borne by some one else; but they showed their ill-feeling by making it a difficult matter for the wife to walk abreast of her husband. She wore a white satin dress and mantle embroidered both in silver and gold, and bestrewn with jewels.* It is this make of gown that will, there is little doubt, generally succeed to the Directoire coats, which have been so much worn as to be wearisome. Many of those to whom we are accustomed to look for guidance in the different decisions of dress have in London this season worn handsomely embroidered scanty skirts, with the waist almost below the bust, and watered silk trains coming from the right shoulder. This differs completely from the Incroyable and Directoire styles, though in the descriptions of modern dress they are often confused. A Directoire coat has a skirt falling to the hem of the dress, wide lapel pockets, and very wide revers which reach to the shoulders. Sometimes such coats fasten with three buttons at the waist, sometimes they fly open, showing a lining, and have three buttons on either side of the waist, with a wide soft sash, which appears again at the back between the opening of the coat-skirt.

How much women's fates are influenced by the milliner! The universal "wearing of the green" can hardly be said to be becoming, pretty as prevailing styles in dress certainly are. The lightest Chartreuse tones suit only very young, fair skins; and yet, nothing daunted, blondes and brunes, women of all ages, all forms, and all complexions, have accepted it, with the confidence of utter ignorance as to the disastrous results. It harmonises only with cream and black; but a pink rose nestling in hat or bonnet goes especially well with apple-green, the pink being of the tone of apple-blossom. Palmerston defined dirt as "a thing in the wrong place," and many colours good in themselves and beautiful in nature are altogether ill-placed and ugly in dress.

Steel trimmings have come to the fore, either in or out of mourning. Sleeveless jackets, composed entirely of fine steel beads on an invisible ground, have had loops of larger beads to fall over the shoulders, and these have been worn over green and black dresses, with panels of the same fine work on the skirt, and cuffs and collars on the bodices. Many of the coats have been ornamented with large steel buttons, and the pockets elaborately worked to match.

Yellow is the colour which seems best to accord with late summer and early autumn, but the yellow worn this season with white gowns is of a deeper tone

* See David's drawing on page 445 of this number.

than the light corn-colour, which suits a dark skin so well, and accords with sunshine. Yellow roses of all colours crown the Leghorn hats, whose broad brims are now twisted into fantastic forms very unlike the old hats of this kind worn by the Miss Kenwigs (whom Dickens immortalised), flapping down well in the front and at the back, the long plaits of hair tied at the end with ribbon visible beneath.

A wag described the latest fashion in headgear as a "Home Rule" bonnet, because it had no crown, and some of the newest models, literally, have no crown at all, only an aperture bordered with a wreath of roses, the back hair showing well through. It requires an education to tell a hat from a bonnet now, or certainly a bonnet from a toque. Most of the newest bonnets have no strings. The toques may be a little closer, and, without standing up in a point over the face, show the fringe of hair, which makes them becoming. They are often composed of plain unplaited straw, of rose-twigs, and other unusual materials, string being quite the newest. The kind used is of a very light shade; the bonnet is made of it in a fancy plait, and the aigrette of loops to match. The dress to wear with such a bonnet could be trimmed with coarse, well-made string, edging the velvet cuffs and collars, and this forms a happy contrast. Feathers have yielded the palm to ribbons and artificial flowers, which are used in such profusion that the entire crowns of hats and bonnets are hidden by them. This is a step in the right direction. A superabundance of feathers has been worn of late, recalling the story of a certain Lady Cork, who, a century ago, wore so large a plume in her turban that the critic of her day said she resembled "a shuttlecock, all cork and feathers."

MUSLIN GOWNS.

Muslin gowns are the livery of August, the month we hope most surely to depend on for fine weather. The two accompanying figures, from Messrs. Hayward, Oxford Street, show the latest idea in make and trimming. In one the sides are caught up with careless folds over a front, across which a ribbon sash is looped. The other has a pointed tunic in front, and diagonal bands of lace carried across, panel fashion, at the side, each row ending in a bow of ribbon. The bodices are made with invisible fastenings, contrasted pieces being inserted in the immediate front. The backs are always most simply draped. Some have the coloured embroidery, others white; they look best with a bunch of coloured ribbons at the side of the waist, falling on the skirt, with, perhaps, some natural roses heading the ribbon, or tucked into the band. The touch of colour given by a bunch of red roses on a white dress is the best of harmonies, especially if the same blooms appear in the hat.

The short Directoire jackets so nearly approach to the Eton jacket, that many are made after the fashion of this popular public school of England rather than the Republic of France. Many of the tennis skirts and loose bodices have pink or blue silk jackets of this kind to slip over when required. Almost any fashion seems to have some followers. There is a Spanish proverb that "If the fool did not go to market the damaged goods would never get sold." Possibly if all women were wise, and endowed with the rarest of all gifts, common sense, some of the most absurd of the vagaries of fashion would find no followers. The Figaro jackets have not been banished by any means, but they have rather changed their intention and form. Now they simply serve as a trimming or ornament to a bodice. A very handsome gown worn in the Royal enclosure at Ascot, was of black silk, the bodice worked to simulate a Figaro jacket, with heavy gold bullion embroidery, a large gold ball at every intersection of the pattern. The metal shone out vividly in the sunshine of Tuesday, and the bonnet worn with it was also embroidered in gold. Indian gold embroidery is almost unrivalled of its kind, and a great deal has found its way to England, and is to be seen worn with black, beige, and other tones. The work is so close, no foundation is visible; and a depôt has been opened in England where the material which is to be treated can be sent, and within a reasonable time returned covered with embroidery, having in the meanwhile journeyed to the far East. Now is about the time. If despatched at once the work will be ready for winter gowns.

Morning dresses are often edged with a thick ruche, as in our last picture. This model, which is from a design by Messrs. Jay, is composed sometimes of one colour, sometimes of many, but the fuller the more effective; and it is pinked into long points, "chicorée," as the French call it, which makes it fuller to the eye. The skirt which drapes over it is made of shaded ribbon and lace. These appear again on the bodice. At the side there is a trimming of lace and ribbon. The lightness of the fabric permits more draping at the back than is generally seen now. There are the inevitable revers on the bodice, and a very high collar. The sleeve is unique. The puffing on the shoulder forms the epaulette, and the fulness in the sleeve proper disappears in the cuff. The bonnet is stringless, and has the point over the face, which can only be worn with a fringe. This absence of strings necessitates some addition to the front of the bodices. Perhaps the most dressy addition is a jabot made of either white lace or simply hemmed muslin, gathered together and allowed to fall free, the wide soft muslin being the newest and best.

Fans for garden parties are mostly made in paper, and printed with Watteau scenes, have wooden sticks, and are often tied with ribbons to match the gown. In full-dress fans there are, however, many decided novelties. For the higher-priced kinds, feathers still seem to be liked better than anything else, and cost enormous sums. The feathers have to be chosen with great care, all matching, and all of the requisite lengths. Long aigrettes of osprey and sometimes marabout appear on the outside when the fan is closed. But there is a newer idea—the Court plume fan, which is patented. The outer ribs both open the same way towards the centre, so that when the fan closes it still presents the form of a half-open screen. The feathers of which it is composed are all curled at the tips, and turn downwards, and by this arrangement they are not damaged in the closing. The frames are of bone, mother-of-pearl, and tortoiseshell, the centre rib often wide, V-shaped, and prettily engraved, because when open it is entirely seen. The plumes can be dyed any colour to match the toilette, but white and the natural colour, which has dashes of brown here and there, are prettiest.

SUMMER MORNING DRESS.

PARIS.

PARIS is empty! Our *belles dames* are all at the seaside, displaying on the shores by the salt waves those summer fashions they inaugurated at the termination of the season, the day of the Grand Prix. An appearance of absolute simplicity is but another form under which extravagance hides, and subtle opportunities lurk for the display of fantastic taste.

The sheath-like seaside costumes cling to the figure; they are made with jerseys, white spotted with red, or red spotted with gold, pale blue spotted with dark blue, chestnut-brown mingling with yellow, or silver-grey, maize, or scarlet peau de soie is used, arranged with delicate pleatings of black or écru lace falling from waist to ankle; such jerseys outline the wearer's figure like an outer skin. The choice of stuff, the *bizarre* arrangement of colours, the general harmony, the *imprévu* of the effect as a whole or in its details, are so many chances of expression in the art of dress.

Our great dressmakers have invented this modern art. They handle its resources with the certainty of a master-hand, and know how to adapt to it the somewhat unwholesome taste of the latter end of the nineteenth century.

SEASIDE COSTUMES, FROM THE MAISON RODRIGUES.

Mme. Rodrigues, who has lately moved from the Boulevard Poissonnière to the Rue du Helder, is one of those true artists who look upon the material of which a dress is made as its most insignificant detail. The draping, the harmonious fall of the folds, the arrangement of tints, are the questions of supreme importance to her.

A series of gowns destined for the bright out-door life of the country and the seaside have been made by Mme. Rodrigues out of the simplest materials; each dress is a little *chef-d'œuvre* of originality and taste.

We give in our illustration (p. 480) a delightful seaside dress made of blue cotton strewn with a dainty pattern of white leaves. The round skirt, mounted in gathers, is edged with two bands of embroidery. An embroidered drapery placed round the hips is fastened behind; the draped bodice becomes part of the drapery; the wide sleeves are gathered into deep wrist-bands of embroidery.

Another costume (p. 477) is of blue serge, of the bright yet dark shade worn by French hussars. The skirt, made with flat folds, is edged with a band of white woven into the stuff. The tunic is formed by a short drapery also edged with white, lifted on one side in festoons. The bodice (a round jacket) opens in front with wide revers over a waistcoat of embroidery; the collar and wrist-bands are embroidered.

Another dress of striped silver-grey and white alpaca was an example of skilful arrangement of line and of bright yet sober colouring. The skirt, made with deep flat folds, had a certain Grecian simplicity of outline; over it was draped a long tunic. The bodice, a vest pointed in front, the revers formed by the stripes laid crosswise, opened over a waistcoat of embroidery lined with delicate pink.

A more *bizarre* costume (p. 477) was of red cotton covered with red and white foliage. The skirt opened on one side, showing tiny quillings of black foulard; the tunic was gathered full over the hips; the bodice also was made with deep revers. The waistcoat was of black pleated foulard.

A dress of pink batiste was fresh and dainty as a flower. The skirt, crinkled and covered with tiny pleated flounces, seemed to imitate rose-leaves. The flounces were edged with Valenciennes and delicate tucks. Over the skirt was placed a double tunic like a short Greek peplum—the under one of pink batiste; the upper, of lace, was a continuation of the bodice, which was made with cross-folds, *à la Tosca*. The sash of flowered ribbon, the many-coloured blossoms brocaded on a pink ground, was fastened on one side, and fell with flowing ends.

A severer gown, which had a good deal of *cachet* of its own, was an excellent example of what can be made with black and white, that most difficult combination to manipulate successfully. The under-skirt was of écru linen worked all over with white embroidery; over this was a polonaise of black-and-white striped pekin, slit into five narrow panels. The bodice was draped with white crape.

A delicate gown in colour and texture was of écru embroidered net and sky-blue crêpe de Chine, draped to the edge of the pleated skirt. The sash was of watered sky-blue ribbon.

The prettiest and most artistic of all these coquettish dresses was one that might have been worn by some lady under the reign of Louis XV. Silver-grey shot with pink, it was made of that soft peau de soie which falls into such exquisite folds. The draped skirt was adorned on either side with panels of velvet shot like the wood-pigeon's breast. The vest, made in Louis XV. style, and pointed in front, was of steel-grey lace, through which gleamed the rose silk of the lining; it opened over a waistcoat of pink bengaline adorned with Brussels lace, gathered and fastened with knots of pink ribbon, and a Brussels lace jabot fell in a cascade of dainty softness on either side of the vest. The same lace trimmed the cuffs and collar.

A mantilla cloak called the "Polignac," of pink peau de soie, covered with finely pleated écru lace, and fastened with agrafes of steel passementerie, completed this costume. The "Polignac" mantilla is the most original and the prettiest of Mme. Rodrigues' latest creations. Made of black or white lace, over silk of any colour, it is light, coquettish, and essentially Parisian.

Let us now give a glance at the show-rooms of the Maison Morin-Blossier. We seem to be in Japan. The lovely colours, the fantastic art of that distant land, have inspired the designs of the foulards used by these French dressmakers for the seaside costumes of Parisian ladies. Pleated skirts, pleated flounces, everywhere pleatings are the order of the day! Be it one flounce, or three, or five flounces adorning the skirts, whatever the number they are always pleated. The Japanese-looking gowns are made short in front, long behind, with coat-bodices opening in the front, displaying an immense jabot of some pleated transparent fabric. Wonderful patterns of interlacing blossoms, of moons, of lotus-leaves, of dragons, and meandering serpent-like lines, cover these soft silky fabrics; the favourite colours are yellow and red, blue and orange, black and white. One dress attracted me by its extreme elegance and simplicity. The cream-coloured ground was strewn with lines of gold and bronze-green moons. The skirt was pleated from waist to ankle. The bodice, also pleated, opened in front over a "Barras" jabot of creamy crape; it was gathered at the waist by a wide scarf, knotted behind, of bronze-green faille.

Lace, which last winter seemed to have fallen out of favour, and which was seldom seen even upon ball-dresses, is once more re-asserting its vogue. Over a silk or satin foundation the light fabric is gracefully draped, spreading its delicate tracery, and producing effects difficult to rival for grace.

A scarlet crêpe de Chine gown, adorned with black Chantilly lace, appeared to me as peculiarly elegant. The crêpe was pleated in front on a clinging Princess gown of peau de soie of the exact shade of crimson. Magnificent Venetian point entirely covered another Princess dress of grey merveilleux satin.

For daily wear a variety of materials are worn. Woollen canvas is in high favour; its lightness and solidity fit it for the wear and tear of rural life. Plain or spotted it is equally fashionable. When spotted, the gown is usually made straight, like a blouse, gathered at the waist, with a sash of watered ribbon of the same shade, or by a wide Barras scarf of a contrasting tone of colour; when plain, the skirt and bodice are gathered, and the front is worked with Russian embroidery.

Foulard is made in every fashion, and in every combination of tint and line. Less showy than Japanese foulard, the steel-grey, the Venetian red, the soft willow-

green, or blue patterned over with white designs, make up charming dresses, coquettish and useful. Skirts are flounced and draped; the bodices are made with folds laid crosswise; jabots of white crape are worn; a watered scarf forms the sash.

For dinner-dresses, either crêpe de Chine, spotted or plain, or surah, is used. These dresses, made in Princess style at the back, are draped in front with interlaced crossings of black and white lace. The favourite shades are lilac, grey, tender pink, white, red, green, maize, and sky-blue.

Stripes are, above all other combinations, the most in vogue. The fashionable world is all striped—broad stripes, narrow stripes, middle-sized stripes, stripes of two contrasting hues, and stripes composed of numerous tiny lines of the same shade. Two or three bands of ribbon trim the edge of the skirts, which are usually raised on one side. Thus the rigidity of the perpendicular lines is broken, and the rippling effect introduced. The favourite stripe is the Louis XV., middle-sized, formed of numerous tiny lines of the same colour; then come the many-coloured stripes on percale, which produce such a summery brightness of hue. Another stylish and original effect is managed by lines of varied shades of the same colour; beige and seal-brown, for instance, on a lighter ground, mingle with bars woven in the stuff of a contrasting colour—pink or pale blue.

Batiste does not follow the stripe mania; it is either made plain or strewn with tiny patterns. I saw a red batiste dress covered with small black shamrocks, the tunic and flounce edged with black watered ribbon, the bodice made with cross-folds laid across a chemisette of black surah. A wide sash, composed of three rows of black watered ribbon, was tied at the side.

Mantles of lace, lined with shot silk, crêpe de Chine, or limousine, are the favourite carriage-cloaks. Nothing can be richer and softer in effect than those cloudy draperies, through which gleam bright colours. For outdoor walking-costume, the simple tailor-made jacket of grey cloth, Venetian red, meadow-green, or military blue, keeps its place, and deservedly so by reason of its nattiness. Another useful and elegant jacket is very simple in form; it is lined and made either with revers of cloth of a contrasting colour, or it is embroidered at the edge. A note of eccentricity, so sought for in the fashions of to-day, may be attained here by the colours used.

From all times the love of womankind for the startling in costume has manifested itself, especially in the adornment of her head. The history of costume reveals this feminine craze for extraordinary coiffures. Hats and bonnets now unite with colours to produce quaintness, which is characteristic of the modes of to-day. There have not been seen for over a century more extraordinary, more audaciously picturesque hats and bonnets than are now affected by our Parisiennes.

The capeline and the round hats, with towering crowns, overburdened with trimmings of flowers and scarfs, are the two variations of head-gear on which our artist-milliners expend their fancy and their skill.

Here are some of the round hats, *à la Tosca*, introduced by the Maison Virot.

A harmony of delicate Hortensia pink and of paille de riz lace. The white straw is lined with clouds of the Hortensia net. Scarfs of the same net, twining round the crown, are caught here and there with clusters of the rosy blossoms.

Another of the same straw is lined with shot opal-tinted net. The scarfs of pink and delicate green net are garlanded round the crown with blue, pink, white, and silver convolvuli.

Another is a gleaming edifice of gilt straw, lined with green net, and wreathed with wild flowers and aigrettes of reeds.

A paillasson white straw hat is lined with white net; the white net scarf supports a great sheaf of lilies and yellow roses.

A delightful harmony of rose in tones of faded pink and brilliant carmine consisted of straw of the tint of dried rose-leaves, lined with pink net and yellow crape. The crown is covered with ruches of carmine gauze, which also festoon the border.

Another, of the quaint "Empire" coal-scuttle shape, was of white horsehair, all trimmed with tufts of kingcups, lilies of the valley, and ripe cherries. Narrow red velvet strings, placed behind, were knotted on the side. Another coal-scuttle hat was of black straw, the crown bound round with gold galons; tufts of ox-eyed daisies made of green and gold velvet, reeds mingled with aigrettes of green watered ribbon.

An immense hat was of blue and white cut-straw, lined with blue velvet. A knotted scarf of embroidered white net, and sheaves of blue cornflowers climbed over the towering crown.

A dainty little hat, which near these seems like a miniature hat, was of gathered meadow-green crape. Two half-wreaths of violets were placed, one over and the other under the brim; an aigrette of reeds mingled with the upper garland. A scarf of black net thrown all over the hat fell behind, mingling there with ribbons. It was to be wound round the wearer's throat. This was, perhaps, the most coquettish and original of the hats in Mme. Virot's show-rooms.

Let us now look at the capelines, that even more than the round hats furnish opportunities for the profuse display of flowers, feathers, and scarfs. These bonnets are usually made of lace straw, or gathered net, for any sort of heavy straw would be impossible to use for the required size.

There was one in maize straw lace, trimmed with tufts of Bengal roses and tea-roses, and clouds of pink, green, and maize net.

Another was the Watteau shape in Leghorn straw, lined with cut-straw, lifted at the back by clusters of yellow roses, pink roses, and Hortensias, placed amid the coils of a scarf of maize net.

Another, a combination of radiant tints and soft textures, was of maize net and lace straw; bands of white satin round the crown, supporting clusters of white feathers and *choux* of maize net.

A fourth was of corn-coloured lace straw, lined with

net of the same shade. Meadow-green feathers, reeds, and green ears of corn, knotted with corn-coloured net, were piled high upon the crown.

Another was of black gathered net, with aigrette of ears of corn and reeds; over and under the brim of the bonnet were placed half-wreaths of roses.

Another of cut-straw was lined with turquoise-blue net; the crown was covered with clouds of blue and maize net thrown over roses, ears of corn and reeds, and fastened by knots of ribbon the same shade as the net.

SEASIDE COSTUME, DESIGNED BY MME. RODRIGUES.

Yet a last example was of delicate green straw, lined with white horsehair, all embroidered with straw lace; a scarf of green net and immense red poppies lay heaped upon the crown.

To follow the fashion of the day closely, it is necessary to be familiar with its many aspects, for never was there a time when such a multiplicity of modes were in vogue. High bodices cut open in a point at the neck are worn, but so also are high collars; coat-shaped sleeves are still to be seen, but then full ones are equally in favour; belted, basqued, and coat-tailed bodices are all worn; tournures wellnigh disappear when Directoire redingotes are adopted, but under draped and puffed skirts they are almost as pronounced as they were a year ago. Hence the difficulty of chronicling exactly what is actually worn, for fashion in Paris has now such a multiplicity of aspects.

Never was there a time when the chaussure was more carefully attended to. For walking and general outdoor wear, plain buttoned kid boots are adopted; for smarter occasions these kid boots have patent leather tops; heels are only moderately high. For receptions, dinners, and balls shoes are worn—but the shoes must be in harmony with the toilette. For example, with black and dark dresses the shoes are black, but if the costume be light they are made either of the same material as the dress, or of Suède kid. Stockings follow the same rule—if a black toilette is worn the stockings are black, but should a colour be introduced on a black dress then they are embroidered with that same colour. If the toilette is light the stockings match it in colour, but the embroidery is in the hue of the trimmings.

Suède gloves continue to be the general wear, but for travelling and country use, what is termed the "sac" glove is adopted. It has no opening at the wrist, and is cut all in one and long. It is made of undressed kid instead of the chamois skins formerly used. VIOLETTE.

THE WOMAN'S WORLD.

The Streets of London.

OR a city which is in some respects the greatest capital of the world, the approaches to London are of singular and painful unsightliness. What can the Indian prince, the Asiatic monarch, the Continental ambassador, or the Oriental envoy, think when his first acquaintance with it is made in the confusion and hideousness of Cannon Street, or in the disorder and nakedness of Charing Cross Station? whilst, if his arrival take place at night, what impression can be received from the ill-lighted thoroughfares through which he is driven? It is not too much to say that London is the worst-lighted capital in the whole of Europe. All its squares and streets lie all night in semi-darkness, and some vague memories of the Curfew laws seem to haunt the minds of its hotel-keepers, who turn down their gas inside their establishments just at the hour when people, returning from dinner-parties and theatres, need it the most.

Certainly, to any one long accustomed to the superb cities of the Continent, London has a curiously provincial appearance. Notwithstanding its vast extent and its immense population it has in many ways the aspect of a third-rate town, since in no part whatever of it does its architecture correspond with the number and splendour of its equipages, the rank and fortune of many of its landlords and tenants, and the splendour of the arts gathered in its galleries. Improved though the City is of late years, the outlook which it affords to those who reside in it is still too often like that dismal picture of it drawn by Shelley :—

> "But what see you beside? A shabby stand
> Of hackney coaches, a brick house or wall
> Fencing some lonely court, white with the scrawl
> Of our unhappy politics; or worse—
> A wretched woman reeling by, whose curse,
> Mixed with the watchman's, partner of her trade,
> You must accept in place of serenade."

The hackney coach is replaced by the smarter hansom, with its horse's jaw sawed savagely by the cruel curb; and the watchman is replaced by the police officer, who is considered a superior being to the Dogberry of old. But the shabby stand, the dreary wall, the gin-soaked creatures remain, and little is as we could wish it in the outer world of London. The streets are dreary, although so peopled; the sellers of fruit or flowers sit huddled in melancholy over their baskets, the costermonger bawls, the newsboy shrieks, the organ-grinders gloomily exhibit a sad-faced monkey or a still sadder little dog; a laugh is rarely heard; the crossing-sweeper at the roadside smells of whisky; a mangy cat steals timidly through the railings of those area-barriers that give to almost every London house the aspect of a menagerie combined with a madhouse.

Why do they exist, these dreadful subterranean places in which nothing but the soul of a blackbeetle can possibly delight? The reply is invariable: without them there could be no kitchens. Why is this taken for granted? If the basements were abolished you would at once get rid of the flight of steps to your hall door which is a snare in frosty weather, a misery in rainy weather, and an eye-sore in all weathers. Steps of every kind are an abomination; and to women coming out from parties in the ill-lit darkness of the streets they are, in frost and snow, an absolute danger, despite all the services of footmen and of link-boys. You would also get rid of those odours of cooking and eating which so oppressively pervade even large London houses. In an apartment scarcely bigger than a bonbon-box in Paris the scents from the kitchen are seldom perceived. But in a mansion in London these odours meet you on the threshold, accompany you up the staircase, and banish any appetite which you may have brought with you for either luncheon or dinner. This discomfort would be effectually removed if the kitchens were placed on the topmost floor, with a small lift running up and down to them. There is too much eating in all London houses; too many servants sleep in them; the air is not admitted freely enough; fear of burglars keeps the whole dwelling hermetically sealed and shuttered all night, and the atmosphere cannot be freshened even by all the incense burnt and perfumed waters blown about the reception rooms. Without fresh air, and fine and true lines of architecture in a house, no decoration avails anything; its ornament is only like gold and silver brocades on a hunchback's shoulders.

That happiest and most precious gift of architecture, the arch, is never seen in London houses; in all its forms the arch is beautiful, and lends majesty and grace wherever it rises; but in London residences it is never

used. The hideous portico thrusts itself out on the pavement instead, where an open loggia, the whole length of the house, would lend dignity to the façades and be of continual service to those alighting from carriages in all weathers.

London has been ill and unkindly served by the innumerable architects, engineers, and Boards of Works who have worked for it; and the immensity of riches which it contains are completely hidden behind walls, and find no symbol or expression in its streets. If we accept as such the *coup-d'œil* from Carlton Gardens, and the view from the Serpentine across the bridge, there is no other *coup-d'œil* to be obtained in the town anywhere; nothing in the least like the Place de la Concorde in Paris, or the Piazza del Populo in Rome. Piccadilly, which promises fairly well opposite the Green Park, becomes unsightly, narrow, and common as it stretches on towards Regent Circus, whilst Regent Street itself is terribly vulgar and commonplace; the want of height in the houses, and the want of magnificence in the shops, are defects which strike the eye at a first glance most painfully. Oxford Street is the most painful and the most depressing thoroughfare that exists anywhere in the centre of any great city. There is no earthly reason that I know of why Oxford Street should not be as beautiful and noble a street as that thoroughly modern, but none the less thoroughly beautiful street, the Maximillian-strasse of Munich. Imagine for a moment what it would mean to London if, instead of the meanness, poorness, and diminutiveness which now affront us there, we found Oxford Street a thoroughfare like the Maximillian-strasse, with birds singing in lofty trees, noble spaces shining with light, and stately buildings reposing the eyes with the mingled delights of shadow and of outline. I cite the Maximillian-strasse purposely because it shows what can be done by wholly modern architects and modern means in a modern quarter. I know, indeed, that Munich has a clear sunshine and a mountain air which London has not, but, these apart, there is no reason why her streets should not be like the Maximillian-strasse, instead of being, as they are all more or less, modelled on the plan of the New Cut and Tottenham Court Road.

I know no other city of Europe where the streets of the fashionable quarters are so absolutely and terribly depressing and tedious as those of London in their *morne* monotony. Brooke Street and Hill Street, Sloane Street and Chapel Street, Green Street and Wilton Street, with a hundred others, where people of taste and learning dwell, are so dreary and unlovely that the lowest quarters of Paris, or Vienna, or Brussels would be a pleasure to the sight compared with them. This is not as it should be; and when one looks at the picturesque outline of Park Lane and Hamilton Place, the flowers on the balconies, the trees and shrubs in front of them, one sees what can be done here, and one asks angrily why cannot all aristocratic London be like these?

Extremely ugly without, but models of what a London house should be and can be within, are the houses of Old Burlington Street, built, I think, in the middle of the last century. It is painful to know that their demolition is already contemplated. They are most beautiful houses; small but noble, because nobly planned, with square and lofty entrance-halls, and oak staircases of the kind which, I believe, architects call gallery-staircases, the only staircase which can ever give dignity and picturesque grace to the house it ornaments. One of these houses full of old Chelsea and old Worcester china, old English pictures and old Venetian cabinets, old Dresden-framed mirrors and old rare French engravings, and made a bower of flowers also for its invalid-mistress, is well known to many who will read these lines, and is a perfect specimen of what may be done in London in a small house by good taste and tenderness for the past. It is the square hall and the picturesque staircase with its old oak balustrade which makes the charm of these houses. Wherever you have only a narrow passage-way and a straight upright staircase, such as you are cursed with even in such houses as those of Prince's Gate, Eaton Place, and similar fashionable localities, you get meanness and poverty of appearance immediately. A tunnel leading to a ladder can never be dignified. You may call in your Trollopes and Maples or Gillows as much as you will; you can get nothing that is endurable out of a house with such a passage and such a staircase. You may hang them as you choose with rare stuffs, rare paintings, rare tapestries; you can obtain no effects out of them; and when you give a reception your jammed and suffocated guests anathematise you.

What can the most admirable taste do, for example, with the Grosvenor Place houses? Nothing. They are large, as size is viewed in London; they are exceedingly costly, and they are built opposite Royal gardens; but they are more depressing than any collection of cells on the solitary confinement system, and their owners hand them over for decoration to shop-people in indifference or despair. If the wall of the Palace gardens were a railing of gilded bronze, with banksia or wisteria climbing about it; if these houses were detached from one another and placed *entre cour et jardin*, they might be worth what they cost. As it is, their high rents are eagerly paid on account of their double vicinity to the Park and the House of Commons; while their owners and inmates do not seem conscious of the drawbacks and deformities of their residences. They give or get very high rents, and the position is admirable both for convenience and fashion: they do not look beyond that. The affections of most English people are not given to their London residences, but to their country houses wherever those may be, though from these also they keep away as much and as often as they can.

Stafford, Grosvenor, Wharncliffe, Bute, Holford, and other houses of similar degree, are entirely admirable in their interiors, and leave little to be desired by the eye; but these are exceptions, and what is wanted in London is a different architecture and arrangement for the houses of the great numbers of aristocratic and even fashionable people who can afford a rental varying from £500 to £1,000 a year, but cannot afford to purchase or hire a great mansion. It is for these that the building

accommodation of the London streets is so cruelly ugly and inadequate. When you can give £1,000 a year for the rental of the house, you ought to get something better than an oblong box with a *chevaux-de-frise* of black railings at its base, and the most hideous chimneys in Europe on the top of it.

The so-called Queen Anne houses of Pont Street, and Tite Street, and Cadogan Square, and other new sites are agreeable to the eyes, and are more varied in their design than the dreadful houses built twenty or thirty years ago. They are lofty, too, and possess in many instances noble bay windows. They are to be greeted with gratitude and hope; but they are, I fear, erected too rapidly to be very solid or safe, and were there an earthquake they would come down like card-houses. But they are such a joy after the houses of Sloane Street and Eaton Terrace and their like that it is thankless to even hint at their defects. There is a noble new red-brick house in Mayfair which has two arched ogee recesses in its external walls, and within those two recesses stand two large blue porcelain jars; the effect is excellent, and these blue jars in these red-brick niches are a passing pleasure to the soul as one drives by them. Whoever set them there deserves well of his generation; and that they remain there unbroken speaks well for the London street-boy, for to fling a stone or two at them would be very easy. In the exactly opposite spirit to this, one may painfully note fine and rare plants (such as *Lotonia borbonica* and *levistonia* are most often seen) left out dead in the balconies by persons who had not the heart to send them to a florist to be taken care of in their absence; of course other plants are placed there in their stead in the season, but the feeling which can leave such palms to die from want of care when the house is shut up, is not the feeling which will contribute to the culture or the decoration of a city.

It is not wonderful that the great people of London, doing so little for themselves in the way of decorative beauty, do nothing whatever for the populace. An ugly cucumber-frame like the Battersea Park hall, gaudily coloured; a waggon drawn by poor suffering horses, and laden with shrieking children going to Epping Forest; open-air preachers ranting hideously of hell and the devil; gin-palaces, music-halls, and the flaring gas-jets on barrows full of rotting fruit, are all that London provides in the way of enjoyment or decoration for its multitudes. To drive through London anywhere is to feel one's eyes literally ache with the cruel ugliness and dulness of all things around, from the staring theatrical posters on the walls, to the helmet of the burly policeman, who takes half an hour to beat out a dog's brains. Yet so much might be done to make London more picturesque at no very great cost. The trees which make the Paris boulevards such a glory of green leaves in May might have their likenesses in London streets. What an embellishment would an avenue be to Pall Mall, to Portland Place, to Regent Street, to Buckingham Palace Road, to five hundred places! Quantities of trees planted all about the Houses of Parliament would take away that squalid and vulgar look which so disfigures all the precincts of those Houses, and of the noble Abbey itself. If the many old gardens of the great houses which have been pulled down had been preserved they would have lent freshness, verdure, and dignity to many thoroughfares of London. Hyde Park requires many more trees than it is planted with, and all the roads, south and north of it, might with advantage have avenues. Trees alone would remove the awful newness, nakedness, and weight of bricks and stucco, which lies like lead on the soul as one drives through Cromwell Road, Ennismore Gardens, and all the rest of the stony wilderness of South Kensington.

Then music, again, might easily be heard in the open air much oftener than it is if the military bands of the Household Brigade, instead of being allowed to play for hire at pigeon-shooting, and horticultural fêtes, and balls, private and public, and those various other innumerable engagements that take them here, there, and everywhere, were made to play for the public in the metropolis every day in different quarters. To cite once more the example of Munich, how delightful the frequent bursts of military music at all hours make that pleasant city, what a gaiety it lends to civic life, what a pleasure it gives to the very poorest! And how easy and how wise it would be to give the same gaiety, the same pleasure, to the jaded London crowds! When I saw the London people watching and waiting so good-humouredly for a small platoon of Life Guards and a few close carriages containing the Royal Family to pass on their way to a railway-station, I thought what a pity it was not to give that unselfish and good-natured crowd more out-of-door gratuitous enjoyment; not the sentimental trash of People's Palaces, which only mew them up under a roof, and make Pecksniff-Pasteurs out of them; but such enjoyment as one sees in the crowds of Paris, of Vienna, of Brussels, or five hundred smaller cities all over Europe. Some ladies in bonnets, some gentlemen in tall hats, with a detachment or two of heavy cavalry, is all that the London multitudes see in the way of a Royal Progress. That they look out for this little is an instance of that exceeding good-nature and faculty for being amused by small things, which are two qualities in them most unwisely but most continually neglected by their rulers.

When one notes the patient throngs waiting by Palace Yard to see the Ministers and Members drive by, one wonders why this faculty of admiration (not very wise or well-founded, but politically most useful) is so neglected by the eminent persons who rule the country. If they only knew how to *poser* as the Medici knew, what power they would obtain!

The streets are the only education for the eyes of the populace which it is possible to give; where they are beautiful they are the best education after that of the open country itself. But what can the streets of London say to any poor lad whose instincts of genius are struggling towards light through the darkness of his ignorance? He can find no grain of thought, no ray of beauty, anywhere in all their dreary discords. Think a little what the water-ways of Venice were to Titian and Giorgione, what the pageantries and palaces of Rome were to Raffaelle, and then wonder not that there is no Titian, no Giorgione, no Raffaelle, for you who can

allow your walls to be outraged by theatrical lithographs, and permit the platitudes and vulgarities of Oxford Street to represent your ideal of a civic central thoroughfare.

London in its possessions, whether of art or treasure or commerce, in museum, warehouse, or gallery, is incomparably rich, but its riches are invisible to those who walk the streets. No doubt if the shops are entered their wares are seen to be great and precious; but so ill are the windows set out, and so ugly are those windows in themselves, that nothing of the value or beauty from within tells without. Plate-glass may be a fine thing in itself and in its right place, but plate-glass alone will not make a decorative shop window. Plate-glass standing flush on to the pavement and framing staring advertisements, with a dingy brick wall above it and a brass name-plate below it, is a thing of unspeakable platitude and horror. The finest wares displayed in its crude nudity look nothing. London shopkeepers, having expended thousands of pounds in the purchase of their plate-glass, think they have done all that æsthetic feeling can require of them, and are not aware that all artistic charm has been killed in their shops by their craze for prominence and for advertisement.

To what is it to be traced, this utter absence of all kinds of charm and colour, which surrounds street-life in London as with the dry sand-wastes of a desert? Is it due to climate, to character, to atmosphere, to education? Why is it that a milk-cart is a picturesque object in France or Flanders, and a hideous one in Kensington or St. John's Wood? Why is a black barge moored by Rialto delightful, and moored by London Bridge frightful? Why is the man who sells *mirlitons* in the Trocadéro a gay and picturesque spectacle, and the man who sells paper toys along Islington a disconsolate and painful-looking object? Why does a vendor of *gauffres* in the Montagne de la Cour make one wish for a pencil to sketch him, and an ambulant merchant of cakes in Holborn suggest only dead flies, chalk, saffron, and general misery? Why is the most ordinary object or person in the cities of the Continent picturesque, and all similar things and people in the streets of London dingy and unlovely? Why? Is the cause atmosphere, architecture, national temperament, climatic influences, insular melancholy, or what is it?

The reasons may be various and complicated; the fact is plain and painful. I am inclined to believe that the monotony of ugliness in the London streets—buildings constructed without an idea, without a meaning, without a single grace, without any charm of light and shade, of proportion or of form—repeating its own nullity again and again and again, as an idiot repeats its mumbling nothings—affects the minds of those who live amongst it, and the sickly anæmia of the factory or the serving-girl becomes the dyspepsia and the boredom of the woman of fashion; and I believe that the hypochondria of English men and women is due much less to climate than it is to the absence of beauty about them in their daily lives, and to the unenjoying haste at which they live. The influences of beauty on the mind are never sufficiently remembered or esteemed. The same anxiety which would make one commit suicide in a back street off Eaton Square, seems but a mote in the air as we glide through the silver water to Venetian islets, or see the sunshine glisten through the gay green leaves of the Pré Catalan or the rich vernal aisles of the Bois du Cambre. The pall of smoke which is drawn like a stifling curtain around London, shuts out loveliness and light, and mirth their sister. Society has a substitute for these in what is called Pleasure, but the streets, and the people in the streets, have no compensation for their darkness. What is beautiful in London, the luxurious interiors, the charming women, the spectacle of great parties in great houses, the profusion of hothouse flowers covering walls and staircases, these the multitude can never see. When the beauty and wealth of a great society are displayed in its architecture, in its gardens, in its public pageantries and festivals, then the body of the public is a sharer in and gainer by them; what is left of beauty in London is wholly shut away behind the iron gates of courtyards and the hall doors of noble mansions.

OUIDA.

Tapestry-Weaving.

TAPESTRY-WEAVING usually suggests large decorative hangings; but upon examining its productions the process will be found to have been employed for much smaller things. Lady Marian Alford, in her book, "Needlework as Art," claims tapestry-weaving as a closely-allied branch of needlework. And to some extent the claim is a good one.

The size of a piece of tapestry-weaving, therefore, has little to do with altering its technical character, for the main principles of the process remain the same, whether it be a question of making some small ornament for a costume or one of producing a great wall-hanging. Now the gist of this article is to prove this assertion, and the first matter to be stated refers to the difference between tapestry-weaving and embroidery with a needle.

An embroidery is an ornamental needlework done upon a woven material. Monsieur Leon de Laborde regards embroidery as the sister art of painting, especially when used, as it has been, for such delicate results as those finely-wrought panels of figure subjects which occur in early sixteenth-century altar frontals and ecclesiastical vestments. He writes: "*L'aiguille, véritable pinceau, se promenait sur la toile et laissait derrière elle le fil teint en guise de couleur, produisant une peinture d'un ton doux et d'une touche ingénieuse, tableau brillant sans reflet, éclatant sans dureté.*" The same qualities of effect may be equally well claimed for a tapestry-weaving. But the implement in tapestry-weaving, corresponding with the needle in embroidery, is bulkier; and the intricacies of stitching possible with the needle are virtually impossible with the tapestry-weaver's spindle or bobbin. Moreover, the tapestry-maker's spindle or bobbin does not work upon a textile fabric. It places its coloured thread upon a web or foundation of stouter threads, or strings, in such a way as to actually form a textile in the course of its operations.

These are a few of the points of difference between an embroidery and a tapestry-weaving. But a web of warp-threads is common to weaving in general, so that it now becomes necessary to indicate some of the points of difference between loom-weaving with a shuttle and tapestry-weaving. The starting foundation of both shuttle and tapestry-weaving is a web of threads. But in the former the web is intended to be a visible part of the fabric produced, whilst in the latter it is hidden by the threads twisted around and between it. Shuttle-weaving is done in a loom or frame fitted with various contrivances to act upon the warp-threads and upon the shuttle, which, charged with its weft, is thrown right across and between the warps. An implement, called a batten or comb, is another part of the weaving-loom; the warps pass between its teeth; and after the shuttle has carried its thread through the warp-web, the batten is worked to compress this thread close into the warp-web. The batten is then moved so as to allow the shuttle to make a return journey, leaving another thread between the warp. This is pressed down as the first was; and so, through a rapid repetition of these operations, the textile is woven, and its warp and shuttle threads are equally visible.

On the other hand, the tapestry-weaver's web of warps is fixed in a frame, which has no such contrivances for moving the threads as in shuttle-weaving. The tapestry-weaver's frame may be vertical to, or

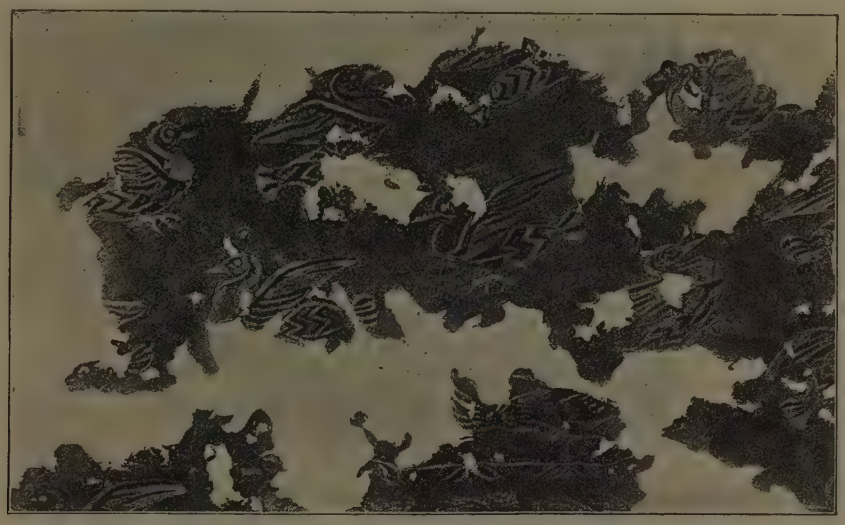


Fig. 1.—Fragment of Linen with Pattern of Ducks, Woven in Coloured Worsteds.

(*Greek. Fourth Century B.C. In the Hermitage at St. Petersburg. Nearly full size.*)

parallel with the ground, whence the two sorts of frames are respectively known as the *haute lisse* and the *basse lisse*. The tapestry-weaver makes use of a number of bobbins or spindles, and taking one at a time he twists its thread around and between a particular number of warps which are to be covered with the selected thread, an operation which has some analogy with darning. As this intertwisting proceeds, the tapestry-maker strikes or presses it compactly with a hand-comb or sley, a portable prototype of the shuttle-weaver's batten. The warp-web for a tapestry-weaving is usually of hemp or string; and the tapestry as woven has a ribbed appearance more or less marked according to the size of the warp-threads. In great tapestry wall-hangings of the fifteenth century and onwards the warps are generally stout strings, whereas in tapestry-woven ornaments of the third or fourth century B.C. the warps are single flax threads.

Fig. 2.—TAPESTRY-WOVEN SQUARE.

(*From a Linen Robe of the Seventh Century. Egypto-Persian. Nearly full size.*)

As will have been inferred, the apparatus for tapestry-weaving is less complex than that for shuttle-weaving, and may be readily adapted for producing small things. Its frame may be but a few inches wide, and quite handy; whereas a weaving-loom is never of such a character, unless, indeed, it be one for making a narrow braid only, and like little archaic hand-looms, sometimes to be found in India.

The tapestry-weaving method is the decorative, as distinct from the utilitarian, weaving process. And, although loom-weaving is of great age, tapestry-weaving is as old. Tapestry-weaving was in use with people of ancient civilisations, like the Egyptian and Grecian, as well as with people of primitive habits, such as inhabitants in Borneo, wandering tribes in Central Asia, and peasants in Peru.

In Egypt and Greece, for centuries before Christ, the texture of embroidery was woolly or flaxen, and of a broader quality than that of later times, when very slender silken threads and equally slender steel needles were invented and used. And from the available evidence to hand it appears that the ornament of costumes was more frequently of tapestry-weaving than of embroidery. The space where such ornament was to appear as an insertion into an already woven fabric, was untraversed by the shuttle of the loom-weaver, and the warp-threads in it were left for the tapestry-weaver to work upon. This, perhaps, may be better understood by referring to Fig. 1, which gives the reproduction of a linen fragment ornamented with oblique series of ducks. The birds are of coloured worsted tapestry-weaving, whereas the linen ground between them is of shuttle-weaving. This specimen is preserved in the Hermitage at St. Petersburg. It was taken, with many other Greek works of art, from a tomb, identified as the Tomb of the Seven Brothers, near Temriouk, in the province of Kouban (once a Greek colony), on the eastern shores of the Sea of Azoff. A full account, with illustrations of these relics, is given in the *Compte Rendu* of the Imperial Archæological Commission (1878-1879). There is little room for doubting that they are, according to Stephani, of the third and fourth centuries B.C. Apart from the style of the ornament, the drawing of the ducks, their colouring, and so forth, the bare fact that they are witnesses to the use at this early date of the tapestry-weaving process is of interest. It supplies evidence of the sameness of process in simple handicrafts throughout long periods. You may take this bit of work done by a Grecian colonist at a time when Athens was in her glory under Alexander the Great, and you may compare it with a finely-wrought panel of Gobelins work, two thousand two hundred years younger, and you will see that the rules followed by the men and women manipulating the materials in each piece are the same. This might be still more remarkable if we had no corresponding pieces of work done at intermediate periods. However, there are plenty of these, and to a few we shall make reference shortly. But another circumstance presents itself for earlier consideration, and arises from the widespread practice of this comparatively simple process of coloured weaving. As already stated, it is to be traced among the arts of Greece, of Egypt under Greek and Roman dominations, of Borneo, of Central Asia, and of Peru. To these are to be added Central and Southern Europe, as well as Norway, China, and Japan. Broadly speaking, then, the tapestry-weaving process has been practised from one end of the world to the other, and apparently from the earliest to the latest of historic periods; whilst it is found to have been as easy of accomplishment by artificers belonging to historic civilisations as by those of semi-civilised people.

The tapestry-weaving process, as the duck-patterned

cloth in Fig. 1 shows, was used at an early date for far smaller articles than the great Flemish wall-hangings of the fifteenth century. Still, it was most likely employed in early times for hangings as well. But as regards the decoration of ancient costume by this process, we may mention one or two instances of its apparent use. The first is that of the peplos for the sacred wooden figure of Athene Polias, which stood in the Erectheum. This peplos is generally supposed to have been wrought by high-born Athenian ladies, who, like Penelope, no doubt possessed, for their home occupations of weaving and embroidery, small looms or frames similar to those used by English ladies in the twelfth century for the "opus pectineum," or comb-work. A sley or hand-comb has been mentioned as one of the more important instruments in the making of tapestry-weaving, and the mediæval name "opus pectineum" clearly arose from the sley or comb employed in this work. To return, however, to the peplos made by the Athenian ladies. "It was a woven mantle, renewed every five years. On the ground, which is described as dark violet, and also as saffron-coloured, was inwoven the battle of the gods and the giants." The expression "inwoven" sufficiently indicates that the ornamentation was not of needlework, though, for the matter of that, the Greeks were skilled in embroidery, and worked chain-stitch and feather-stitch as well as the best embroiderers of any period. This is no mere hasty assertion, as specimens of such needlework found at Kouban very distinctly prove. The "battle of the giants" on the peplos was probably depicted in a series of panels forming a sort of border, and hung much in the manner of the vertical insertions of ornamented textiles which nowadays ornament the fronts of ladies' skirts. But unlike them, the tapestry-woven border or orphrey of the peplos formed part of the robe itself. It was not sewn on to it, it was woven into it, as the ducks were in Fig. 1. The weavers, who made the main ground of purple or saffron-coloured material, left a space of warp-threads unwoven with wefts. The web of warp-threads in this space was then worked over in the tapestry-weaving manner.

Similar provision of such spaces is to be seen in hundreds of Egypto-Roman and Egypto-Byzantine specimens of tapestry-weaving applied to costume, which have lately been rescued from burial-grounds at Akhmîm in Upper Egypt. Before alluding more fully to these we will speak of a second Classic example of what seems to have been tapestry-weaving. This was the corselet sent to Greece by Amasis, King of the Egyptians. Herodotus describes it as made of linen, "with a vast number of figures of animals inwoven into its fabric, and likewise embroidered with gold and tree-wool. What is most worthy of admiration in it is that each of the twists, although of fine texture, contains within it 360 threads, all of them clearly visible." The above translation is by Rawlinson. Bohn's Herodotus gives a slightly different version. From both, however, it certainly appears that Herodotus marvelled that each thread should be made up of 360 fibres. I have ventured to point out, in the catalogue of Egyptian tapestry-weavings at South Kensington Museum, that perhaps Herodotus did not really mean this. For "at the present day, and with the aid of a microscope even, practical experience of the labour of counting the fibres in a single thread" suggests the doubtfulness of the meaning which attaches to his reputed words. His expression may, perhaps, have related to the texture of the corselet rather than to each thread. The ribbed character of tapestry-weaving has been alluded to as a peculiarity; and that of the corselet possibly aroused his astonishment. Herodotus might have, therefore, proceeded to count the number of visible ribs marked by the warp-threads in the corselet after he had admired "the figures of animals inwrought and adorned with cotton-wool." In the width of a corselet or breast ornament of the same sort of texture as the Kouban ducks (Fig. 1), some 360 warp-threads would be used. Hence, I have come to the conclusion that the corselet was of tapestry-weaving, and the statistics as to the 360 threads apply to its warps. But my conclusion is somewhat fortified by the discovery of the Akhmîm specimens of tapestry-weaving.

Fig. 3.—TAPESTRY-WOVEN WINGED FIGURE INSERTED INTO A LINEN CLOTH.

(Egypto-Roman. Fourth to Sixth Century A.D. About one-fourth the actual size.)

All of them are wrought with coloured worsteds and

flax threads, and many clearly belong to the period of Roman domination in Egypt. In some there are ornaments which proclaim Grecian origin. The majority, however, are of a period which can be placed between the sixth and ninth centuries, at latest. Thus, then, from the fourth century B.C. to the ninth century A.D., we have a good deal of substantial and circumstantial evidence to prove the employment of the tapestry-weaving process during those twelve hundred years.

upon the rock-hewn throne of Rustem near Kermanchah in Central Persia.

An intermingling of Roman and Persian influences is traced in certain ornamented works of the Sassanian epoch (third to seventh century A.D.), and blossomed in Egypt during the conquest of that country by Chosroes II. (seventh century A.D.). The horseman of Fig. 2 has a Perso-Roman appearance, whilst the rectangular border about him composed of ducks and fish, a pomegranate

Fig. 4.—PART OF A WALL-HANGING OF SILK AND WORSTED TAPESTRY-WEAVING ON STRING WARPS.

(An Episode in the Siege of Troy. Early Fourteenth Century. Flemish.)

These Akhmim specimens are of the highest interest, not merely because they exemplify the tapestry-weaving process, but also on account of the extraordinary variety of their patterns. Fig. 3 is a reduced illustration of a portion of a linen burial-cloth (or it might even have been a curtain) on which the principal ornamentation consisted of a pair of winged figures holding up a wreath encircling a cross and other emblems. This device occurs in carved ivory book-covers, used by Romans and Byzantines in the fourth and sixth centuries. It re-appears in Italian sculptures of the fifteenth century, and the Persians of the Sassanian dynasty adopted it from their vanquished foes the Romans, causing it to be sculptured

and apparently peaches (or fruit of the sacred Persea at Hermopolis), recalls the style of some of those mosaics worked with small tesseræ, a specimen of which, with ducks represented in it, is in the sacristy of S. Maria in Trastevere at Rome. This little square (Fig. 2) is only slightly reduced in size. The original at South Kensington came from Akhmîm. The threads—both warp and weft—are very small as compared with those used in Fig. 3 or those in Fig. 4. The colouring is bright, and the texture of the material so glossy as at first sight to seem to be silken. It is, however, of fine flax and worsted. Squares like this one were conventional decorations of loose garments shaped like

dalmatics. A band of woven decoration was inserted over the shoulders, in equal lengths back and front. The squares were worked on the shoulders and on the four corners of the skirts. They are termed *tabulæ adjunctæ*, and the fashion of them survived as late as the eleventh century.

Now, all the specimens of tapestry-weaving which have been discussed are in the nature of insertions into woven grounds. But in course of time larger pieces of tapestry-weaving were made separately and not as parts of other textiles. The process thereupon became specialised, and large frames, in which webs of stout strong warps could be fixed, came into use. The peculiar characteristics of twisting coloured threads between and around the warps, and of pressing them together with a comb, were, however, the same as in the inserted tapestry-weavings.

It would require more space than is now available to give a sketch of the gradual development in size of tapestry hangings. Earlier hangings of this class seem to have been of considerable length as compared with their width; and the needle-embroidered linen strip—some 210 feet in length and 18 inches wide—commonly known as the Bayeux Tapestry, is probably the most remarkable specimen extant of this shape for wall-hangings. But a very early if not the earliest known wall-hanging of tapestry-weaving is Byzantine in style of pattern, and dates from the twelfth or thirteenth century. A large fragment of it is in the Museum at Lyons, and a little bit of its border only in the South Kensington Museum. The ornament consists of a series of repeated roundels, in each of which is a species of dragon or bird pinning some emblematical quadruped. A century later such patterns were superseded by figure subjects.

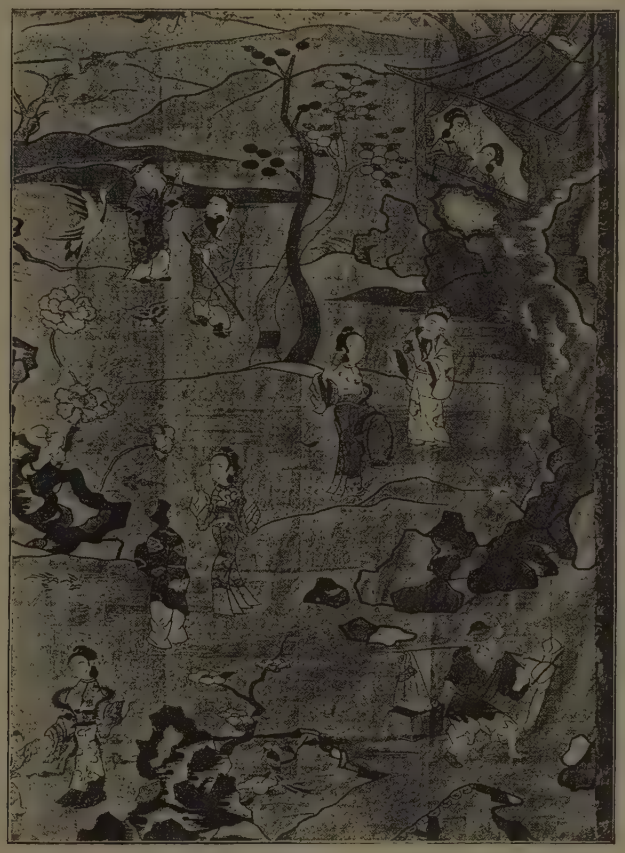


Fig. 5.—PART OF A SILK TAPESTRY-WEAVING.

(*Modern Chinese.*)

To the revival of painting in Italy, frescoes for wall decorations, such as Giotto's at Padua, was the change largely due; for from the fourteenth century onwards designs for tapestry-woven wall-hangings were chiefly in the nature of compositions with figures illustrating episodes of sacred and secular history, and of the same decorative intention as the wall-paintings of Italy. The reproduction of the figure designs in tapestry-weaving possessed a marked peculiarity, which was enhanced as the designers became more and more careful to observe the influence which the process necessarily exercised upon the textile reproductions of their works. A certain quality of flatness, due to comparative absence

of perspective, and the rich ornamental effects of wealth in well-contrasted details, figures, and groups, are features in representative tapestries of the late fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries. As illustrative of this, we have selected a portion of a famous tapestry-hanging long known to connoisseurs as one of a set illustrating the Siege of Troy, which hung in the château of the Chevalier de Bayard, near Grenoble. The late Monsieur Jubinal, to whom this remaining piece formerly belonged, has written of it, "Architecture, costumes, arms, all denote that this monument of tapestry-weaving dates from the commencement of the fifteenth century. The lettering of the legends explaining the subject has even certain characteristics which belong to the lettering of the late fourteenth century." The knightly panoplies are unplumed, and plumes were not generally worn in helmets until after the middle of the fifteenth century. The subject of the design is the assistance given by Queen Panthesilea and her Amazons to King Priam during the Siege of Troy. Fig. 4 displays the tent of "Pirus," with the youthful king in the midst of his attendants. Outside, and to the left, is the *mêlée* of fighting Greeks and Trojans; and towards the foreground is Queen Panthesilea in armour, on a richly caparisoned palfrey, striking Diomedes to the ground. Some literary interest attaches to this episode, which, as a post-Homeric continuation of the account of the Siege of Troy, has been set forth by Quintus Smyrnæus—a fourth-century Roman poet, and imitator of the Greek cyclic poets, Arctinus and Lesches.

Flemish, Italian, French, Spanish, and English tapestry-woven wall-hangings have been produced in abundant quantities since the fifteenth century, and the bare mention of the fact must suffice here. The Chinese have adapted, or, indeed, may only have revived the process. They usually employ silk warps and wefts, thereby carrying the effects of the art to what may be their limits in regard to minute and dainty work. Fig. 5 is taken from a silken tapestry-weaving of modern Chinese make. But the *finesse* of the work does not surpass that of the Egypto-Persian piece of the seventh century shown in Fig. 2.

ALAN S. COLE.

The Child-Players of the Elizabethan Age.

FROM the earliest days of the English drama down to our own time a performance by child-actors has always proved a most popular and fascinating form of entertainment. The miniature companies which have of late years appeared in comic operas, and in that most charming phantasy, *Alice in Wonderland*, have attracted as large audiences and earned as much applause as many accomplished actors of riper years. The piquancy of seeing small boys gravely representing high officials of State draws full houses to the children's plays, and the babies' want of skill is forgiven—almost forgotten—in the wonder that the little people should be able to act at all. We can trace this taste for child-players a very long way back in the history of the stage. In the reign of Henry VII. we hear that the Duke of Norfolk used to divert himself by making the boys who sang in the choir of his chapel act interludes, and this example seems to have been quickly followed by the King, so that the master of the children of the chapel ought to have been chosen as much for his powers of dramatic instruction as for his musical talents. Little girls who, to the great detriment of the children's stage, were not allowed to act, seem to have contributed in other ways to the Royal entertainment. In the Household Book of Henry VII. we find the following item of expense—"To a litel mayden that daunceth, 12£," and further on, "To litel mayden the tumbler, 1£." Poor little tumbler! one would like to know why her tumbles were not better paid. By the time that Henry VIII. became King, it was a regular custom for the children of the chapel under their master, Williame Cornysshe (or Cornishe), to perform before the King, and many are the entries in the "Kynge's Boke of Payments" of sums rewarding their efforts: "To Mr. Cornishe, for playing affore the King upon new yeres day at nyght with the children of the King's chapell, 6£ 13s. 4d." This was the sum which seems generally to have been given them—always through the medium of Mr. Cornishe. We nowhere see stated how much that gentleman kept for himself. How the children were in these early times dressed for their plays must remain a matter of conjecture, but of the large sums spent on the costumes of the players generally, let us hope that some came to the children, and that the Exchequer which did not grudge "a long garment of cloth of gold and tyns-ell for the Prophete upon Palme Sunday," would provide the few yards of stuff necessary to make smart little coats for the children. We know that their stockings did not cost much—only 6s. for four pairs—but let us hope that they were for everyday wear, and that the children's theatrical wardrobe was not furnished on the same low scale of expenditure. For some reason—perhaps because the rate of payment was low, perhaps because the double work of singing and acting was hard—the Royal choirs were apparently not popular among choristers, for a system of kidnapping was resorted to, to keep them supplied with the best voices in the kingdom. Richard III. issued the first edict which licensed this wholesale impressing of choristers, and the subsequent sovereigns seem mostly to have

made proclamations to much the same effect. The King's servants of "expert habilitie and connyng in the science of musique" would go into some church in which there was known to be a particularly good singer. If the choir got wind of this intrusion the good singer would develop a sudden cold, and croak out his solo in a manner anything but tempting; but sometimes the kidnapper would steal in unperceived—the unconscious soloist would sing *con amore*, and, the anthem over, would be borne off to one of the Royal chapels, leaving his old choir to get on as best they could without him.

The example of the children of the King's Chapel had encouraged other choirs to give dramatic performances, and in 1527 we hear of a great representation of a Latin moral, given by the children of St. Paul's before the King, the French Ambassadors, and Cardinal Wolsey. The Ambassadors were being entertained at Greenwich with a great banquet and other revels, and the thirty-eight children of St. Paul's came down by boat, with their masters and their ushers, to perform the play. The boats, "as well hoom as to the Kourt," cost "12d." each, so the charge for "frayght" amounted to 6s. The moral, in every sense of the word, seems to have been the exposition of the absurdities of the Reformation, but in the list of *dramatis personæ*, besides Luther and his wife, whose appearance is reasonable enough, we read of the most extraordinary characters being represented. The Dauphin and his brother, and, presumably the Apostles, Peter, Paul, and James, seem all to be a little out of place; but "the Lady Pees" (Peace) in "laydy's apparell all whyght and ryche," must have been an extremely picturesque figure. No expense seems to have been spared on those of the costumes which were new for the occasion, but some of the dresses which had been worn in the revels of the preceding May were now used again. The play appears to have had much success, but it is to be feared that the children went back to St. Paul's feeling extremely hungry, for only 3s. 2d. was expended on beer, ale, and bread "for xxxviij chylldyrn, the master, the usher, & the masstres that et & dranke." When the children of St. Paul's were not acting at Court, they seem to have usually performed in their own schoolroom, where 4d. was the modest price charged for a ticket. In the reign of James I.—many years after that penurious repast at Greenwich—we find that the plays at St. Paul's began an hour later than at other places of dramatic entertainment, for whereas three o'clock was the usual hour at which the performance began, the curtain at St. Paul's only rose at four—after prayers. The gates were shut at six, so that the play was obliged to end in two hours. As the children had no special plays written for them, the task of fitting the performance in must have been extremely difficult. Fancy, at the crisis of a thrilling drama, finding that the actors had only five minutes to disentangle all the threads of the plot!

In the reigns of Edward VI. and Mary, there is not much mention of child-players, but in Elizabeth's time their performances became extremely popular. It was in the latter half of this reign that the children gave their first representation of Ben Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*. This play, with its fanciful masques, its exquisite songs, and its frequent dances, was perhaps one of the most charming performances that child-players ever attempted, for there is nothing incongruous in Cupid, Mercury, and Cynthia being acted by children.

In this semi-masque even the presence of the richly-dressed gallants who, going to the theatre to be seen, not to see, took their seats on the stage, must have contributed something to the picturesqueness of the whole spectacle. Perhaps the prettiest scene in the play—prettier even than the one in which the "Queen and huntress chaste and fair" holds her court in state, "seated in her silver chair," is the one in which Mercury calls to Echo to become embodied and ascend to the light of day. She comes, still mourning over the fate of Narcissus:—

"O Narcissus,
Thou that wast once and yet art my Narcissus,
* * * * * *
Why did the gods give thee a heavenly form,
And earthly thoughts to make thee proud of it?"

The lyric which follows—Echo's song of mourning—must, indeed, have been charming, sung by a sweet boy's voice:—

"Slow, slow, fresh fount, keep time with my salt tears;
Yet, slower, yet; O faintly gentle springs
List to the heavy part the music bears,
Woe weeps out her division when she sings.
Droop herbs and flowers,
Fall grief in showers,
Our beauties are not ours;
O, I could still,
Like melting snow upon some craggy hill,
Drop, drop, drop, drop,
Since Nature's pride is now a wither'd daffodil"

Ben Jonson's *Poetaster*, which the children also acted about this time, must have been thoroughly enjoyed by the boys themselves. We can fancy nothing which would have amused them more to act than the scene where the unfortunate Crispinus is forced, by emetic pills, to bring to light the long and pompous words which he was so fond of using. About the year 1589 or 1590—the exact date is uncertain—the performances at St. Paul's were put an end to for a few years. The probable reason for this suppression was that the children had brought Martin Marprelate on the stage—an unpardonable offence in the eyes of the Lord Mayor—and the next plays of importance which we find them acting are Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*, and *Antonio's Revenge*. It is probably of their performances of tragedies like the last-named play that Shakespeare speaks when he says of the children that "they so berattle the common stages—so they call them—that many wearing rapiers are afraid of goose-quills, and dare scarce come thither." (*Hamlet*, Act II., scene 2.)

Certainly, it is true that we can hardly imagine a child giving tragic weight and dignity to the terrible lines spoken in the Prologue to *Antonio's Revenge*:—

"Therefore, we proclaim,
If any spirit breathes within this round,
Uncapable of weighty passion,

(As from his birth being hugged in the arms
And nuzzled 'twixt the breasts of happiness)
Who winks, and shuts his apprehension up
From common sense of what men were, and are,
Who would not know what men must be—let such
Hurry amain from our black-visag'd shows;
We shall affright their eyes. But if a breast
Nail'd to the earth with grief, if any heart
Pierc'd through with anguish pant within this ring,
If there be any blood whose heat is chok'd
And stifled with true sense of misery,
If ought of these strains fill this consort up,
They arrive most welcome."

We cannot help feeling aghast that children should have been taught such lines as these, where the misery of human life is dwelt upon with almost oppressive force, and we turn with relief to the lighter plays of Dekker and of Lilly, in which the child-players appeared at about this time. It would be difficult to imagine more charming lines for a boy-singer than those given to Apelles in Lilly's *Campaspe*:—

"Cupid and my Campaspe played
At cards for kisses. . . ."

A song like this—with its lyric sweetness and its courtly grace—would have made even a dull performance worth witnessing, and it must be acknowledged that *Campaspe*, taken as a whole, is very dull, though the representation of Alexander the Great, Aristotle, and Diogenes by children, must have been extremely entertaining.

After the death of Elizabeth, the master of the children of the chapel received renewed letters patent, authorising the old system of kidnapping, and adding that if the children, "after serving three years, lose their voices, they shall be sent to College to be taught at the King's charge." In the year 1603–4 the company was re-modelled under the name of "Children of the Queen's Revels." A proclamation issued by James I. enacted that four of "the Queen's servants" were "from tyme to tyme to provide, keep, and bring up a convenient number of children, and them to practise and exercise in the quallitie of playing, by the name of 'Children of the Revells to the Queene,' within the Blackfryers, in our Cittie of London, or in any other convenient place where they shall thinck fitt for that purpose. . . . Provided always, that no such plays and shewes shall be presented before the said Queene our wife by the said children, or by them anywhere publickly acted, but by the approbation and allowance of Samuel Daniell, whom her pleasure is to appoint for that purpose." It seems, therefore, that the Children of the Revels had four under-masters to instruct them; with Samuel Daniell at their head to superintend the choice of plays, and, presumably, the manner of performance. Time had played havoc with the young actors, and Nat Field was the only one of the old company who was enlisted among the ranks of the new. Tho. Day, Joh. Underwood, Will. Ostler, and Tho. Marton, all of whom acted in the *Poetaster*, had drifted off in different directions, and we learn from Ben Jonson himself the fate of Salathiel Pavy—the best "old man" among the child-actors:—

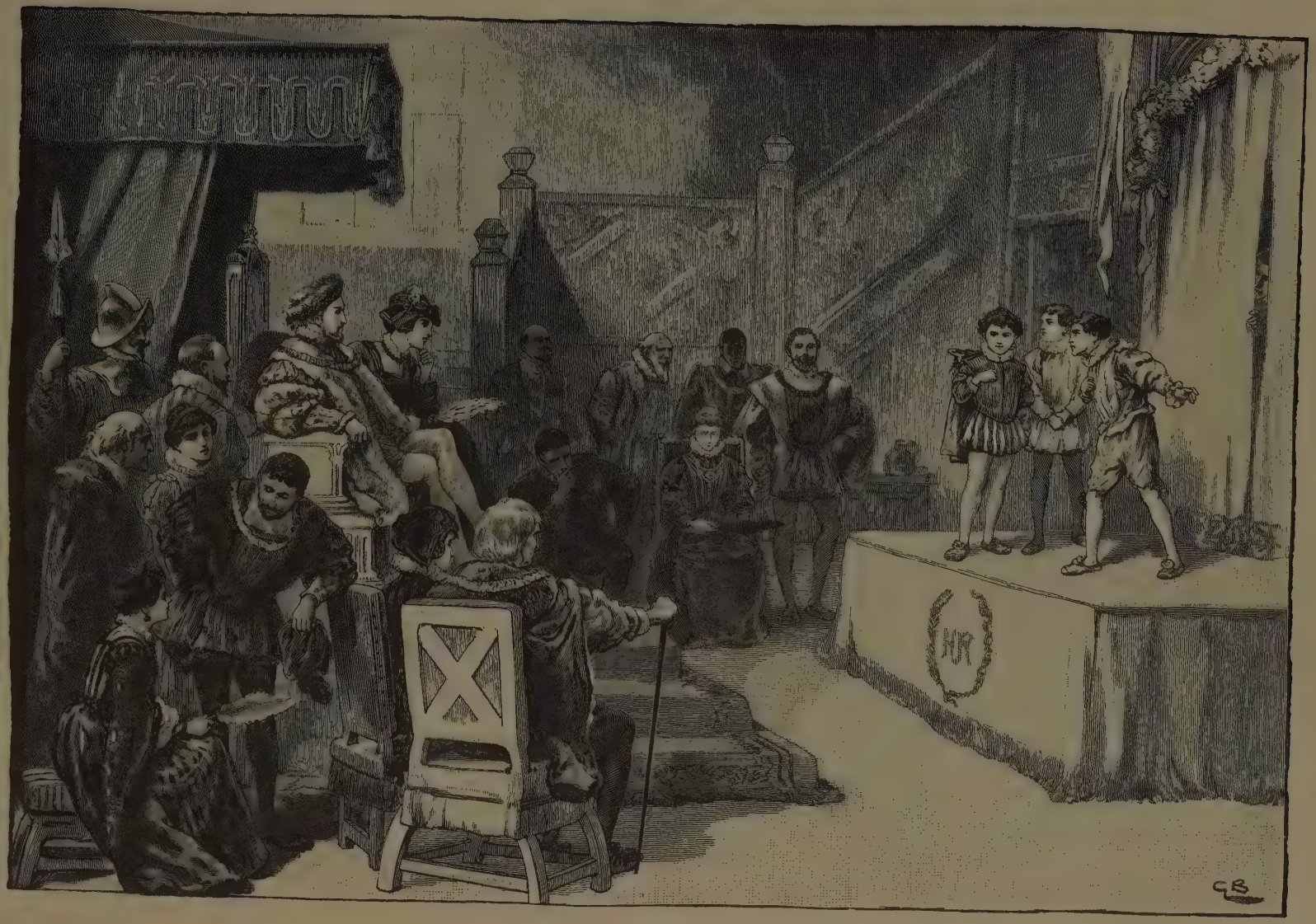
"Weep with me, all you that read
This little story,
And know for whom a tear you shed
Death's self is sorry.
'Twas a child that so did thrive
In grace and feature,
As heaven and nature seemed to strive
Which owned the creature.
Years he numbered scarce thirteen
When fates turn'd cruel,
Yet three fill'd zodiacs had he been
The stage's jewel;
And did act, what now we moan,
Old men so duly
As, sooth, the Parcæ thought him one,
He play'd so truly.
So, by error, to his fate
They all consented,
But viewing him since, alas, too late,
They have repented;
And have sought, to give new birth,
In baths to steep him;
But being so much too good for earth,
Heaven vows to keep him."

Among the plays which we hear of as having been performed by the Children of the Queen's Revels in 1609 is Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*. The names of some of the members of the company were then as follows: Nat. Field, Gil. Carie, Hugh Atwell, Joh. Smith, Will. Barksted, Will. Pen, Ric. Allen, and Joh. Blaney.

The only two of these young actors with whose history we are in any way acquainted are Nat. Field and Hugh Atwell. We know more of Field's life and doings than of those of most of the performers and dramatists of the day. About 1606 or 1607, two or three years before the children's performance of the *Silent Woman*, Nat. Field took the principal part in Chapman's *Bussy D'Ambois*. As at this time he was twenty years old, he may be said to have been rather an old child, but his smooth-shaven face, judging by his portrait at Dulwich, may have made him look younger than he was, and we cannot wonder that the child-players should have been unwilling to part with their best actor. In 1610 Field's first play, *Woman is a Weathercock*, was acted privately by the Children of the Revels at Whitehall, and at the Whitefriars Theatre, whither they migrated about that time. His other play, *An Amends for Ladies*, was publicly acted at Blackfriars in 1612.

Ben Jonson calls Field "the Burbage of his stage," and from other commendatory notices we gather that he was one of the most celebrated actors of his day. His burial is registered at St. Anne's, Blackfriars, 20th February, 1632.

Perhaps the play which gives us the best idea of the habits of actors and audience at the performances of the children is Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, which was acted by one of the child-companies at about this time. In this incomparable burlesque three of the spectators (a citizen, his wife, and their apprentice) leap upon the stage during the Prologue. The citizen and his wife insist upon the apprentice taking a leading part in the performance, to the great confusion of the original plot of the play, and they continually interrupt the dialogue by conversation with, and comments on, the performers. "Didst



CHILD-PLAYERS IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

thou ever," cries the wife, talking of one of the actors, "see a prettier child? How it behaves itself, I warrant ye, and speaks and looks and perts up the head;" and then the worthy couple stop the action of the play by incessantly calling upon Ralph the apprentice to do some brave deeds. "Why, sir, you do not think of our plot," cry the distracted players. "Why, sir, I care not what become on't," answers the sturdy old citizen. So accordingly deeds of valour have to be invented for Ralph, which come in as a sort of interlude, and considerably hinder the development of the plot. Between the acts it was often the custom for a boy to dance, and the citizen's wife says, "Hark! hark! husband, hark! fiddles, fiddles [*music*]. . . . Look, look! here's a youth dances!"

In 1622 the players of the Revels, who it seems were now acknowledged to be grown up, appear to have performed chiefly at the Red Bull Theatre. They obtained a license to bring up a younger generation of actors, still under the name of "Children of the Revels;" soon after this, however, the child-company's name was altered to "The Queen of Bohemia's Servants." In 1627, two years after the accession of Charles I., Shakespeare's old company procured the following inhibition, an entry of which is to be found in Sir Henry Herbert's office-book: "From Mr. Heminge, in their company's name, to forbid the playinge of any of Shakespeare's playes, to the Red Bull Company, this 11th of April, 1627,—5:0:0," but whether this company consisted of the children, or of the players of the Revels, is extremely uncertain. In the previous year, 1626, Charles I. had issued the usual warrant for the impressing of children into the choir of the Royal Chapel, but, probably owing to the strong influence of the clergy, a clause was inserted containing the following words: "Provided always, and we straightly charge and command, that none of the said choristers or children of the Chappell, soe to be taken by force of this Commission, shalbe used or employed as Comedians or Stage Players, or to exercise or acte any stage plaies, interludes, comedies, or tragedies; for that it is not fitt or desent that such as should sing the praises of God Almighty should be trained or imployed in such profane exercises."

From this time, therefore, we must entirely separate in our ideas the children of the chapel from the child-players. In 1637 Christopher Beeston, the head of the Queen's Players, "was commanded to make a company of boys, and began to play at the Cockpit with them the same day." We can only conjecture whether the play thus suddenly performed was impromptu, or whether rehearsals had been previously conducted under Beeston's supervision. The company thus formed is often spoken of as "Beeston's Boys," though its official title seems to have been "The King's and Queen's Young Company." Three years after, Christopher Beeston was succeeded in his post by William Beeston, who was extremely anxious to preserve for his company the sole right of performing the Cockpit plays, which he feared might be infringed now the Queen's Players had left the theatre. William Beeston accordingly procured an order from the Lord Chamberlain, proclaiming that the plays "do all and every of them properly and of right belong to the said house, and consequently that they are all in his property. And to the end that any other company of actors, in or about London, shall not presume to act any of them to the prejudice of him the said William Beeston and his company." Among the plays of which the children had the monopoly were—Beaumont and Fletcher's *Cupid's Revenge*, and *Knight of the Burning Pestle*; Massinger's *New Way to Pay Old Debts*, *Fatal Dowry*, *Maid of Honour*, and *The Bondman*; Ford's *Love's Sacrifice*, and several of his other plays, and many other less important works, such as *The Grateful Servant*, *The School of Compliment*, *The World*, *The Sun's Darling*, *The Cunning Lovers*, *A City Night Cap*, and *Cupid's Vagaries*.

In 1640, William Beeston's company acted a new play "without any license from the Master of His Majesty's Revels." This piece contained unpleasing allusions to the Scotch—possibly the boy-company was paying off the old grudge of the child-players against that nation. Their offence was punished by a short imprisonment—though whether of William Beeston only or of the whole company is uncertain. A month after this, William Beeston, who seems to have greatly mismanaged the company, was supplanted in his office by William Davenant. In the Christmas of 1641–42 *The Scornfull Lady* was acted at the Cockpit; it was "the only play acted at Court in the whole Christmas," and it is the last performance by the child-players of which we have any record, for in the autumn of the year the war began, and players old and young were alike suppressed.

We can gather plenty of facts as to the child-players, but we can nowhere discover what was the peculiar fascination of their acting which made them hold the stage for a period of nearly two hundred years, and during part of that time obtain an exclusive acting monopoly of some of the best works of the Elizabethan dramatists. The very names of the plays which the children acted prove that their performance was by no means regarded as a burlesque to be laughed at, not sympathised with, for the most grave and serious dramas were represented by these baby-tragedians, and they were entrusted with the first production of some of the most important plays of the time. We can hardly imagine that the children actually acted better than the older players, and yet it is possible that the Infant Roscius was not the first child who has developed an extraordinary dramatic genius in early youth. Children have an immense advantage over their elders in their utter absence of self-consciousness, and in the natural grace of their movements. They always know what to do with their hands.

Probably the child-players' performance suffered greatly from the absence of girls among their number; for, on an average, little girls act better than little boys, although a child-prodigy—always excepting the "Infant Phenomenon"—is generally a boy. Shakespeare's evidence is unfortunately not in favour of the children, and ill-natured persons interpret Rosencrantz's description of their "crying out on the top of question" to mean that the little actors declaimed the whole

of their parts on a high monotone. Let us hope that this was not the case, and that a simple allusion is meant to the natural shrillness of children's voices, which the audience would hardly notice by the end of the first scene, when their ears had become attuned to it. Possibly, it was the jealousy of the actor which prompted Shakespeare's attack on the "aiery of children," for at the time that *Hamlet* was produced, the Children of the Revels were performing alternately with Shakespeare's company at the Blackfriars Theatre. If, as is very probable, the children's acting, being more the fashion, attracted larger audiences than that of Shakespeare's company, any amount of bitterness against them would be accounted for in the poet. We find no mention of any company of children having acted Shakespeare's plays, but that might be used as an argument on either side. For it might be said that Shakespeare as an author was anxious to preserve his plays from being murdered by the children's acting, or that Shakespeare as an actor, jealous of the great popularity of their performances, was determined that at any rate they should not be allowed to add to their successes by acting his plays.

In an old play called *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, which was published in 1601, we find the following account of the actors and audience at one of the performances of the company at St. Paul's :—

"*Sir E. Fortune.* I saw the children of Powles last night,
And, troth, they pleased me pretty, pretty well;
The apes in time will do it handsomely.
"*Planet.* I' faith, I like the audience that frequenteth there
With much applause; a man shall not be choked
With the stench of garlick, nor be pasted
To the barmy jacket of a beer brewer.
"*Brabant, Jun.* 'Tis a good gentle audience, and I hope the boys
Will come one day into the Court of Requests."

It will be seen from this quotation that the audience at St. Paul's was of a better class than that at the ordinary playhouses. Whether this is a sign that the performances were also of a better class is doubtful —it was very likely a mere matter of fashion; but a fashion which lasted so long cannot have been altogether a bad one. The child-players were always very carefully taught by their master, or, in the case of the Children of the Revels, by five, or at any rate four masters; for it is possible that Samuel Daniell was merely responsible for the choice of their plays. That the children were taught not only their parts, but their gestures, we learn from a list of charges made after a performance at Hampton Court by the children of the Merchant Taylors' School under Richard Mulcaster, in the year 1574. Among the items of expense on that occasion we find the two following:—"To an Italian woman and her daughter, who lent and dressed the hair of the children;" and "Diets for children while learning their parts and their gestures." Perhaps, however, Richard Mulcaster may have taken special pains with his young company, for when, in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, the citizen's wife specially commends one of the actors, she asks him, "Were you never none of Master Moncaster's scholars?"

It is, of course, impossible that children could ever have reached the highest level of the art of acting. The vivid imagination which must grasp the minutest details of actions and gestures; the power of concentrated hard work, which enables the actor to rehearse the mechanical side of his part over and over again; and, in the moment of impersonation, the utter self-abnegation with which he merges himself in the character he is representing, forgetting his own personality, his own life waiting for him as he leaves the stage—all this is far beyond the power of children. But if it is true, as some great actors have affirmed, that acting is merely the art of feigning to feign—that the stage life is only to be taught and never felt—then there is no reason why children's acting should not equal that of their elders. A child's mind is more receptive than that of a grown-up person, and if acting is only the mechanical producing of words and gestures learnt by rote, the actor meanwhile retaining full possession of his own individuality, and criticising the performance which he has taught himself, it must come to much the same thing whether the original inventor of the action is the performer or merely the teacher of the performer. In this case the only attributes essential to the actor are a power of mimicry and a retentive memory, both of which many children possess. The sort of double consciousness which under these circumstances the children must have felt is well described by Marston in *Antonio's Revenge* :—

"Like to some boy that acts a tragedy,
Speaks burly words, and raves out passion;
But when he thinks upon his infant weakness
He droops his eye."

If it is possible for even a stupid grown-up person to be taught to act, or rather to mimic, in this way, we may conclude that the children's representations were to a certain extent artistically correct, for an average child is at least as easy to teach as—let us say, the Fotheringay. And, considering the plays which they performed, it is horrible and unnatural to think they acted in any other way. They could not have understood the motives of the characters they played, so as to represent them in an intelligent manner, but, like the workmen in a sculptor's studio, they simply executed the idea which their teachers had modelled, and it therefore seems reasonable to trace the great success of the performances of the child-players to their perfect mastery of the art of mimicry.

AMY STRACHEY.

A Walk through the Marais.

Les Archives Nationales, Paris.

THE clock has struck three. In the little low Salle d'Étude of the Archives Nationales the light is growing dim. A few students have already placed their yellow manuscripts in their cardboard boxes, and have closed their note-books for to-day. There is a pushing back of chairs, a crackle of parchment, a rattle of the heavy seals that dangle from treaties and marriage contracts. But half a dozen more studious spirits bend desperately over their work, reading the dim and difficult letters with a sort of fury, for they know it is three o'clock, the closing time, and that these last dear illegal minutes are all that is worth having till ten o'clock to-morrow morning, when their interrupted life begins again. You smile, but it is a very natural point of view. Come and work here, and you will find it is impossible to live in two centuries at once. In one or the other you must be content to be a ghost. Those charming ladies tying their bonnet-strings, that delightful officer who has mislaid his sword, are ghosts, I have no doubt, in their studies; even as these other passionate students, and I myself perhaps, are ghosts outside.

Will you walk home with me as far as the Louvre? It is a long walk for me, but the streets are interesting, and your dress, you tell me, will not be ready before dusk at the great Magasins in the Rue de Rivoli. Give me your arm, then, and we will go together. How fresh the air strikes out of doors!

But do not go so quickly! Stop a moment and look at this beautiful old Palace before we leave it. Is it not a fit home for the archives of a nation? 'Tis an epitome of history in itself. Those two spiked turrets and the gate up the Rue des Archives are all that is left of the

old Hôtel Clisson. The great Constable dwelt here in the fourteenth century—but in later times the Palace, rebuilt and called the Hôtel de Soubise, was to shelter yet more tremendous personages; here the House of Guise, the Ghibellines of Paris, menaced the very throne in its unassailable supremacy, and by its feud with the rival House of Condé brought civil war and ruin into France. This was the home of Henri le Balafré, and from these firmly-gated portals the ghost of the Cardinal of Lorraine issued silently in the New Year of 1574, and went the very way that we shall go to-day, towards the Palace of the Louvre. . . . Queen Catherine de Médicis was at dinner, radiant and fresh (she preserved her fair complexion at fifty years of age). "At last we shall have peace!" she cried, "for the Cardinal of Lorraine is dead. Let us drink to his health!" But in the act of drinking she let fall the cup; and all those ruffled and ear-ringed courtiers, those jewelled and stiff-bodiced ladies, saw with surprise a look of palsied horror on her face. For there stood the Cardinal with his mocking smile bowing in answer to her toast. More than a month after, writes Pierre d'Estoile, the Queen-mother could not be left alone; for everywhere she saw the ghost of the Cardinal standing at her elbow, and beckoning her to follow.

Across the street, and a few steps down the Rue du Temple, is the Hôtel St. Aignan—in my time they called it the Hôtel de Montmorency. The great Constable lived here, Anne de Montmorency, that single-hearted and religious politician whose honour and simplicity proved so disastrous to his country. For fifty years the very brain of France worked behind these walls and turrets. From this house the great Constable wrote to Du Bellay in London, to Rincon in Turkey, to Baïf in Venice, to Auxerre in Rome. Here like a spider he wove the tremendous meshes of the Liberal League which he himself should rend and ruin. Here a few years later, duped and betrayed, he should receive, with the splendour of a Royal Prince, the Emperor his guest. Here he suffered the cruel heart-break of the King's disfavour. Here, too, in later days, in the early winter of 1567, wounded in the disastrous battle of St. Dénis, the Constable came home to die. Well for him that he died then, that he did not live to see the far greater affliction that should fall upon the land he loved so well, and served so fatally!

But let us set our face the other way. We would not lose ourselves in the noise of the Rue Rambuteau and the quarter of the Markets; down the Rue des Francs-Bourgeois we can walk in quiet home. This is a street I love, with its great houses, its empty thoroughfare, its air of dignity and honourable loneliness. That beautiful manor behind us is the Hôtel Carnavalet. They have made it a Museum of History, a pleasant destiny for the great old Palace, accorded to it, I think, because for many years Madame de Sévigné lodged here. I knew it better in the days of her ancestors, who did not live here. In the time of Queen Catherine the house belonged to a Breton family, the Kernevenoy, or Carnavalet as the Parisians called them, a brilliant, political, quick-witted household. François de Carnavalet was the tutor of Henry III. He was a capable person, suspected of Huguenotism, a suspicion not wholly in his disfavour at Court. For Catherine, as you know, ever jealous of the Guises, had for many years an idle whim of Liberalism, and when in 1570 there was a talk of marrying her second son to the Queen of England, Henri de Valois ran laughing to his old tutor: "We were all Huguenots once, Carnavalet," he cried, "and soon we shall be Huguenots again!" This was a strange speech, some people thought, for the triumphant General of the Catholic armies. But, as it happened, the Carnavalets had no need to proclaim their Protestantism, Monsieur de Lignerolles having told the young Prince that Elizabeth was hideous, old, light, and ill-tempered, whereas Mary Stuart, her charming captive, should by rights be on her throne. This was enough to inspire the romantic Valois with an intrigue to marry his pretty sister-in-law. He scouted the elderly heretic. "He is so obstinate, papistical, and restive!" cried Norris, in despair. Henceforth Henry, Duke of Anjou, was more than ever the Catholic Champion of France; there was no question of Huguenotism now with the future author of the Saint Bartholomew. . . . He did not, however, withdraw his protection from Carnavalet; and though the story runs that here under this very door, working at the Carnival-mask upon the keystone, Jean Goujon was slain upon his scaffolding on that terrible 24th of August, yet nothing happened to the master of the house.

The tradition—which has no archives to support it—has this in its favour, that the Carnival-mask in question was really carved about that time. For the Hôtel Carnavalet was not built for the Carnavalets, although you see their double F on all the mouldings, together with their fanciful device, the large, thin, closed capital S: *Grande S. Tendre S. Ferme S.* The Palace was built in 1550 for the Président de Ligneris. Jean Bullant designed it, a young man lately come into note by reason of a magnificent country Palace that he was finishing for Montmorency at Écouen. Jean Goujon, who had worked there with him as well as at the Louvre, came here also to design and carve the ornaments. No great Hôtel was perfect then without the touch of Goujon's chisel. And, indeed, there are few more charming figures at the Fontaine des Innocents or at the Louvre than those he has left here. Do not mistake those clumsy figures of the Elements round the court for Goujon's delicate creations; the whole of that first floor was built a century later. When the Hôtel was designed, the façade on the street and the corps-de-logis at the back were united by two long corridors which formed the wings. Goujon worked on the group of genii above the door, on these archaic lions over the Rue de Sévigné, on the adorable Authority between two crouching Fames, and on the Abundance in the keystone of the arch. That mocking, delicate, *élancée* Nymph stood, in the days of De Ligneris, upon a solid globe. But when the Carnavalets came to live here the taste of the Court demanded a device. So Goujon was called to the rescue, and with a few chips of his inspired chisel, the globe became a hollow, smiling,

Carnival-mask, supporting, with ironic grace, the light-footed Abundance of the courtier.

Well, we cannot linger here all the afternoon. We are but two steps from the turning we must take, the turn of the Rue Vieille du Temple. Take care; there is mud in the street, and you may slip here. I am not superstitious, but at this corner I cannot bear to stumble. Such a little time ago the bluest blood in France ran out here. It was a Wednesday, St. Clement's Day, the feast of the very Saint of Mercy—the 23rd of November, 1407—a dark autumn night, about seven o'clock. The King's brother, Louis of Orleans, passing here on his way to the Porte Babette, was set upon by the assassins of his enemy, the Duke of Burgundy, and foully murdered. In that Paris of Charles VI., that feudal Paris, all distraught because of the madness of the head, the quarrels of Orleans and Burgundy had often filled the narrow streets at night with violent shouts, clashing of swords, with sudden cries and bloodshed. None the less a horror of sacrilege weighed upon the city when Louis of Orleans was slain—a King's son, a King's brother. In 1407 there was still a magic, an awe, a divinity in these words; there was something superstitious, awful in the effusion of *Royal* blood—the mad King's sane brother, the hope of France, the most gifted and beautiful noble of Paris, slain by treachery in the public street. The hole that let his life out let the English into France, in a bloody tide of wars and disaster. It was a doubly fatal murder; even now there clings a horror to that turret-wall.

HOTEL CARNAVALET.

The dead man was thirty-six years old, in the very prime and glory of his days: a great power, a great influence, the friend of all that was best in France. At his Hôtel in the Marais he gathered round him the gallant, the wise, the brilliant, the audacious, among the generals and statesmen of his day. Often they would sit all night in the vaulted chambers, talking, talking, "devising" as the old word went, on intellectual and abstract things. Or they would spend the whole night making ballads, though, save Eustache Deschamps, there was no scribbler in the company. Nor was Sieur Eustache the quickest at a song. Marshal Boucicault, the dear friend of Orleans, the Hero of Cyprus, in one week wrote near a score of these Ballades. We may suppose the Marshal was proud of his verses, for he had them fairly written out with those of Sieur Eustache, and those of Louis d'Orléans. I have been told that you still may find the little old collection in the archives we have left.

Louis d'Orléans was, you see, not only the father of a poet, but himself a deviser of verses. What would one not give for an hour of that gallant company, for a glimpse of that old Palace, beautiful with the rare Italian cloth of gold, the jewelled plate, the cups and basins of enamel, the tabernacles, candelabra, and inlaid furniture which Duchess Valentine had brought her husband from her home in Milan? A rare household, and all predestined to misfortune: the husband bequeathing to his country fifty years of strife with England; the

wife, a century of wars with Italy. The murder of Orleans was the first disaster. How could Valentine live without him, uselessly watching the masons build the great tower of her enemy's triumph in the Rue de Turbigo; hearing of his magnificent and useless expiation, the Porte Rouge of Notre Dame? And outside the street echoed with discussions of the terrible murder, and the hawkers cried their newest ballads on it, and scholars and loiterers argued with Maitre Jean Petit, who defended the Duke of Burgundy. 'Twas said that the King's brother had brought his fate upon himself, for he had placed the Duchess of Burgundy's likeness in the gallery of his mistresses. Should Jean-sans-Peur brook such an outrage? And so the argument began again; while Valentine in her widowed chamber taught her sons the Italian lesson of vengeance for a father's death.

Among the treaties of Valentine's marriage, lie the yellow discoloured bundles of evidence concerning her husband's death. I have no time to-day to turn aside to read this tragic secret of the past, to sift the evidence, determine the motives. But you, who loiter hours on hours along the Rue de Rivoli, why do you never go and study these human hearts, naked now and open in the awful verity of death, from which all the veils and coverings have crumbled away, lying with their secret in them, for reverent eyes to read? Believe me, save perchance the passion of the alchemist, there is no passion so absorbing as that of the student of documents. Youth, life, health, eyesight, leisure—there is no essence too rare or precious to throw into his sullen crucible. And bending over it he does not feel the ache of the limbs, the fatigue of heart and brain—for the Truth, the Truth, is the difficult elixir that he seeks.

HÔTEL LAMOIGNON.

Go, then, you who love sensations, and study Louis of Orleans! We must leave him now, and pass this fatal turret, to turn the corner of the Rue Vieille du Temple. The long street stretches before us, narrow, black, crowded, vivacious as in the Middle Ages. Streamers of coarse blue linen, trophies of wind-blown aprons and blouses, float out from the linen-drapers' lintels; at the whitesmith's door there is a pile of glittering stewpans, saucepans, and fish-kettles. In the horse-road a pedlar is crying his ballads to the indignation of a heavy-laden porter, and some hucksters with heaped-up hand-carts

have stopped to listen to the fray. The street is effectually obstructed, and is still the Paris of Rabelais, "tant sot, tant badault, et tant inepte de nature qu'ung basteleur, ung porteur de rogatons, ung muslet avecques ses cymbales, ung vielleux au milieu d'ung carrefour, assemblera plus de gents que ne feroit ung bon prescheur esvangelicque." Nay, there is this change from Rabelais' time, students and preachers are no longer the lords of the thoroughfare; no one thinks of laying straw on the footpaths that loiterers may sit down in cleanliness and listen to the words of wisdom. Safe in their garrets or under the dome of the Institut, the students of 1886 do not trouble the sovereigns of the Republic.

Fuming, fretting, ever-stopped, ever-tumultuous, the impetuous life of the city hurries on between these blackened houses, as a river tightened in its narrow gorge —a scene of lively bustle and picturesque confusion. But there is better than this to be found in the Rue Vieille du Temple, relics of a greater and more tragic age are still abundant here. Among the warehouses and the squalid shops of the quarter, here and there an ancient palace stands, carved above its impoverished and altered portals with the masks and olive-boughs, the superannuated crowns, the useless shields and broken lances of a forgotten glory. The very names of the streets keep a breath, a perfume of that bygone age. "Rue de l'Homme Armé," what a glimpse of the picturesque and roystering Middle Ages! "Rue des Blancs Manteaux," it was here that in 1258 the Servitors of the Virgin Mary built their house. The street we are in recalls the too-puissant Templars and their ruined tower. And here again, "Rue du Roi de Sicile," and behold a sudden vision of the romantic, unhappy House of Anjou, royal in exile, and of René the painter-king. Not far off their palace stood (lately demolished), and still there stands in this Rue du Roi de Sicile, the old Hôtel where Gabriel d'Estrées lived. Let us not go there. This elegant manor of the Renaissance, with the turret, and the one exquisite balcony, left like the last flowers on a stalk in autumn, this is the great Hôtel de Lamoignon. Let us not look too close; for over these stranded and exquisite remnants of a perished civilisation, the vulgar necessities of to-day have spread their inevitable web of dust and grime, of noise and bustle. These were the homes of kings and heroes, that house to-day the hucksters of the Marais; and we, accustomed to live among the dead, discover with a certain shock and horror of reality into how sordid an estate our true contemporaries are fallen. And yet, here if anywhere, here where tragic memories crowd at every footstep, should we be thankful for a calmer, a humaner day.

MARY ROBINSON.

(To be continued.)

Charity.

A BEGGAR died last night, his soul
Went up to God, and said:
"I come uncalled; forgive it, Lord;
I died for want of bread."

Then answered him the Lord of Heaven:
"Son, how can this thing be?
Are not My saints on earth? and they
Had surely succoured thee."

"Thy saints, O Lord," the beggar said,
"Live holy lives of prayer;
How should they know of such as we?
We perish unaware.

"They strive to save our wicked souls,
And fit them for the sky;
Meanwhile, not having bread to eat,
(Forgive!) our bodies die."

Then the Lord God spake out of heaven
In wrath and angry pain:
"O men, for whom My Son hath died,
My Son hath lived in vain!"

ARTHUR SYMONS.

The Truth about Clement Ker:

Being an Account of some Curious Circumstances connected with the Life and Death of the late Sir Clement Ker, Bart., of Brae House, Peeblesshire. Told by his Second Cousin, Geoffrey Ker, of London.

CHAPTER XX. (*continued*)

I BID A FRIEND FAREWELL.

THE sun was not risen above the hill-tops when I crossed the terrace. I made my way past it and through some shrubbery walk, to the door of the old walled garden. The gate was not locked; I pushed it open and went in. On either side of the central walk straight formal paths stretched away, fringed with all manner of fragrant old-fashioned flowers—pinks, and stocks, and matted verbena, and yellow wallflowers, all hanging their heads, and beds of mignonette heavy with dew. At regular intervals were clumps of rose-trees, and dahlias, and straggling bushes of sweetbriar. I broke off a piece of this last and carried it in my hand. The clean, delicate smell was like the breath of the early morning; it seemed to fit in with the hour, with those dark, dewy spaces of spaded earth, with the motionless trees and the dappled morning sky. Presently birds began to sing; I turned my head, and lo! the first thrush was awake and searching for his breakfast, looking back at me with bright round eyes, hopping with a delicate audacity about the empty garden walk.

I sat down on a bench by the door to watch the happy creatures. With every kindly sunbeam which pierced the screen of leaves above me, I felt the fever of the night grow calm in my veins; the world showed full of brave hope; in that first freshness of the innocent morning I escaped the very recollection of myself. I was born anew, and the tyranny of past action, the intolerable inhuman burden of remorse for what was unalterable, fell away from me like a tale that is told.

The house would not be up yet for an hour or two. When I heard the latch of the gate click I thought it was but some early-minded gardener come to see after his work; but the footsteps moved down the gravel walk towards me and halted, a voice wished me good morning; and raising my eyes I saw Eleanor in her long red cloak standing there before me, and Richard but a pace or two behind.

I do not know what my face may have shown of the confusion which I felt, but Lady Ker smiled and greeted me with an immovable calmness. "You are up early," she said, "Geoffrey; and indeed the morning is worth it. I come here sometimes; and I have been showing Richard all the places which, through any association, I care for." She turned to my brother—"I shall come here very often—when you are gone," she said simply; and Janet herself could not have looked at him with more open tenderness, or smiled with a more perfect confidence into his face.

I would have gone away and left them, but Lady Ker would have me turn and walk back to the house with her. All the way there she talked to us both of our intended journey back to London (which was fixed for that very afternoon); she questioned us about our habits and our amusements, and all in the same gentle, affectionate, solicitous manner, and with the same even calm. Of the two, Richard exhibited a thousand more signs of suspense and agitation. Whatever Lady Ker's feelings may have been, at least she had courage; she chose to take no confident among the people around her. What passed between them on the subject of Richard's going, I have never known, nor yet which of them it was first recognised the necessity. For my own part, I had other things to think of. I have said that once in my life I found myself alone with Ailie; and it was on that same morning, and while I was bidding her good-bye, that this happened.

I went up to the cottage as early as I could, it might have been about eleven o'clock; but, to tell the truth, I had only waited to assure myself that Ashleigh would not paint that day, but would go shooting, and then I could wait no longer. All the way up the hill I kept telling myself that "it was better not to think of it," until the words became unmeaning and mechanical by dint of repetition. For days I had been looking forward to this interview, and now at the very last the strain of emotion gave way, and my thoughts wandered off from what was coming, relaxed and irresponsive, catching idly at every trifle and obstacle along the path.

She was not at her own place on the bench by the window. That was the first thing which startled me out of this state of dream-like insensibility. I hurried to the open door; I could not believe the witness of my own eyes, but—yes! the corner where she always sat was empty. The light fell blankly on the wall, at the spot where I had always been accustomed to look for her face; only her little work-basket stood there as of old upon the bare table, and her kitten had dragged away one of the balls of worsted, and was playing with it now upon the floor.

"Ailie!"

The oldest of the dogs, the one that had been old Patterson's favourite, lifted his head from his paws to watch me, and after a minute dragged himself slowly to his feet and came limping across the room. I patted him on the head and rubbed my hand down his shaggy rheumatic old back. "Good old dog!" I said. "But where is Ailie?" I called her name again, and no one answered. The old collie thrust his nose once more into my hand, sniffed at the kitten, yawned, showing every tooth left in his jaw, and limped stiffly back to his place beside the fire, next to his master's armchair. I threw

one hasty look at the old man, who seemed asleep, his white head dropping upon his breast, and went out again. I made the circuit of the house, and came upon her sitting in a kind of primitive arbour, a rude erection of planks thatched with bunches of heather, and built up in the lee of the stable-wall. When I first caught sight of her, she was sitting with her face resting on one hand, looking down at something in her lap. As I drew nearer I saw that this was the fringed end of a man's tartan plaid which she was playing with, drawing the woollen strings in and out between her fingers.

My footsteps made scarcely any noise across the grass, so that I was close beside her before she lifted her head. When she saw me her eyes lighted up and she gave a little cry, leaning forward on her chair and moving her hands as if she would have hastened my coming.

"Oh, Mr. Geoffrey, do you see me? Is it no grand? Do you see me here?" she called out eagerly. I sat down on a piled heap of turfs at her feet, and she began pointing out to me all the advantages of her new possession.

"Is it no grand, Mr. Geoffrey? It was Mr. Ashleigh built it up here with his own hands. He said he wanted a better light for the painting. An' he made all this place; he and the boys together. It was no done yesterday, but they brought me out here to see it. They wrapped me in this plaidie of Mr. Ashleigh's own, and carried me out here; maybe 'twas an hour or so after you had been here yoursel', Mr. Geoffrey."

I remembered yesterday. Then I thought of how I had gone away and left her in her trouble. "Indeed, when I left you, I thought you wanted to be alone, Ailie," I said reluctantly. I was afraid to allude more plainly to the subject of her tears, lest it should embarrass or grieve her. But she turned her beautiful limpid blue eyes upon me—there was not a touch of self-consciousness in her gaze. "Yes," she said, "I was crying." And then after a minute, "Mr. Ashleigh said he would bring me out o' doors to see the sunset," she added dreamily, half as if speaking to herself. "An' I saw it—red, red behind yon hill, an' going down across the sky like a glint o' fire. Eh, but it was grand! They set me down there, on the grass, Mr. Geoffrey, an' pulled all this heather. It smelt so bonny. The boys used to bring me in bits of it, whiles, but out here 'tis different; it all lies along the hills as if it just felt the sky above it. If you listen now you can hear the burn running over by Warroch Head. I hear it often o' nights when I'm no sleeping. The Glen river is in spate now, father says; but I could tell you something curious about that too, Mr. Geoffrey. When I am in there"—she nodded towards the house—"there's not a sound of what's happening escapes me. I hear the rats scratching out here in the cow's fodder. When there's a breath o' wind I hear it all; an' the water at the far end o' the Glen. But since I came out my ears are so full o' sound it seems whiles as if I could fairly hearken to nothing. Just now, Mr. Geoffrey, I never heard you stepping, until you were close beside me."

"No?"

"No," she repeated joyously and smiled, half shutting her large lustrous eyes.

I had never seen her but in the half-light of the old smoke-blackened kitchen. She looked far more delicate in the open day; her hands, as they lay on her knee, were the colour of yellow wax. She was not working; it was the first time I had ever seen her sitting idle. Every now and then a puff of wind, stealing around the corner of her shelter, stirred the loose curling hair upon her forehead; the happy colour on her cheek flickered, too, coming and going like a breath. Her face was thinner than when I first saw it, but she was always smiling now; a smile of absolute, still, childish satisfaction never once ceased playing about her beautiful mouth. Each time that I went to see her, each time that I looked upon Ailie's face, something about her surprised me anew; she satisfied my eyes completely.

"Mr. Geoffrey?"

My heart gave a great leap and began suddenly beating furiously. I wonder if she understood the meaning, the tones of her own voice. "Well?" I said.

"You know Mr. Ashleigh in his own home, don't you? Have you ever seen his house?"

Her grave eyes were fixed upon my face, and I had to answer, "Yes, Ailie."

"It will be a very grand place, I'm thinking."

"It is a pretty sort of place," I said; "not nearly so large as Brae."

"I thought it would be fine. And you know his sister too, Mr. Geoffrey?"

"Yes."

"I'm thinking she will be a very beautiful young lady, with the bright eyes like her brother, only more shining like, and perhaps a long gown with a tail to it. I've seen the like in a book, all made o' silk."

"Yes, Miss Ashleigh is very pretty indeed," I said slowly.

"Would you be knowing it, perhaps, if the young lady was going to be married, sir?"

"I don't know," I said. "She is very young."

Ailie drew a deep, long breath. "Oh, I make out such a world o' things in my own head when I once begin thinking. But it was grand to see them putting in yon roof of heather." Her white drooping eyelids opened abruptly. "Mr. Ashleigh is coming here at two. He is coming back three times more. It will take him three days more, he said, to be finished with his painting."

"And then——?"

She looked at me without answering, and I got up from my seat. "And then——? What after that, Ailie?" I repeated brutally. Still she did not speak, and "I am going away myself," I said after a minute of this silence. I felt the blood rush to my cheeks. "I came up here to-day on purpose to say good-bye to you. I don't suppose I shall see you again very soon; I don't know when I may come back. I am going away to-night to London with my brother; and—— Well, that's all, unless I ask you not to forget me, Ailie."

"Yes," she said, "he told me you would be leaving soon—before he went." She half closed her eyes.

"Why should I forget you ever, Mr. Geoffrey? Everything has come through you. You have been so good to me, sir. An' it all came from that—the painting, and you bringing the lady and Mr. Ashleigh to see me, and —everything."

"Oh, yes," I echoed stupidly, "it came from that."

"Mr. Geoffrey, it was only last night that I understood it myself, sir. Many and many's the night I have cried myself to sleep when there was no other eye waking, an' all because I did not understand. It came across me all in a moment, sir; yesterday afternoon it was, an' the big red sun going down behind yon hill, all glinting and golden. It came across me, like a voice speaking, how, if I had no been born like this, and just a crippled body nobody need think of, I would, maybe, never have known him, sir." She fixed her great eyes full upon my face. "An' if I *had* known him there would just have been the whole world put between us. While now"—she smiled, giving her head a little shake—"it's for all the world like the noise the burnie makes when all the folk are sleeping; I hear it better than the others, because, you see, I'm just one by myself, Mr. Geoffrey. I thought you'd like me to tell you, sir, since you was wishing me good-bye. An' all the good to me from first to last has just been your own doing. You are none so strong yourself, Mr. Geoffrey; you may have known o' such a feeling?"

"Oh, yes," I said, "I have known it. Good-bye, Ailie."

I have never seen her since.

I went round to the front of the house; I looked at the place by the window where I had watched for her dear face so often. In the corner where she usually sat I saw a little neck-handkerchief lying upon the bench. It had been of lilac cotton once, gone pink with many washings. I picked it up and looked at it; I thrust it into the pocket of my coat.

It was that afternoon we left for London.

CHAPTER XXI.

IN LONDON.

OCTOBER was but just beginning when we left Brae; and it was on a Sunday afternoon late in the following April that I changed my coat and looked up a pair of gloves to go and call on Lady Milton.

I had been alone all that day. I do not make a practice of going to church, although Dick does; and, as he had not come home again since morning, I supposed he must have met some friend, or was lunching at his club. There had been a time when I should never have thought of going out without having seen him, but we had changed all that.

The Miltons' house is in Queen's Road, Kensington, and our lodgings, as I have said before, in the Strand; but it was an afternoon to make any walk enjoyable. When I got fairly into the Park, the look of the trees alone was enough to reconcile one with half the difficulties of life. Overhead a hundred small round milk-white clouds raced one another, like young lambs, across the milky-blue sky. I have seen lambs play in that fashion scores of times in our own green Warwickshire meadows, and a great fit of home-sickness fell upon me at the thought—a hot fit of longing for grassy places, and the privacy of woods, and the unremitting voices of streams.

The spring had come indeed, but it had been a long winter. In those seven months I had only once heard news, and that indirectly, which concerned Ailie. I think Dick used to get letters from Brae; and one day, soon after Christmas, I asked him if he could not find out for me what had become of the Pattersons. "Why should you care to know, Geoff?" he asked, eyeing me very hard. But, perhaps some two or three weeks later, he mentioned suddenly that he had heard about them, and the old man was dead. It was all he appeared to know, or else he was unwilling to go further into the question. I tried to speak to him of Clement once, but he stopped me almost at the first word. "He tells lies, Geoff; don't let us speak of him," that was all he would say. When I attempted to give him some account of that last day out on the hillside he entirely refused to believe me. "You may have imagined it; you couldn't have done it. Not one of us—not one of my father's sons could have done it," was all his comment.

Dick altered very much in that winter. He worked very much harder than I had ever known him do before, but the old spring, the old sunniness of humour, was gone; he was restless and fretful. He never spoke of himself now, but it was easy to see that he was profoundly and persistently unhappy. And I grew anxious. If Dick looked after me, it was always an understood thing that I should take care of him. He is ardent and he is faithful; he has, I think, the sweetest temper of any man I ever knew, and the most generous; but he inherits from my father the same ingrained predilection for taking life lightly; there is more affection in him than capacity for passion, and it is not the sort of nature which accepts existence without hope.

My mind was full of all this as I made my way towards the Miltons'. There I found a sort of musical party going on; the room was full of sweet sounds and the sweet smell of spring flowers, and sunshine, and pretty, well-dressed women. It was an hour in a world without care, and I was amused in my corner, and very well contented. When the last of her guests was gone, Lady Milton came and sat down on the sofa beside me. "Give me a cup of tea now," she said, "and a biscuit. No sugar, thanks. I wish you had played something longer to them, Geoffrey. You play quite as well as Herr Hoffmann; every one was saying so. You ought to go out more and know more people. How do you ever expect them to know about your music, if you come to that, if they don't even know your name? When I told Lady Granby you were one of the Kers, she asked, 'Which Kers?' at once."

"Did she indeed?" I said, and laughed.

"No, but really, Geoffrey, I am not joking; I am quite serious. And there is no use in talking to Richard; he only encourages you in it. I think it must be fully three months now since Richard last dined here," her ladyship went on impressively, shaking her sleek little

head. "Milton has asked him a dozen times over. I am afraid—I am afraid, Geoffrey, that Richard is becoming sadly Bohemian in his way."

"Well," I said, "I dare say you may have heard he has been writing articles for one or two of the newspapers."

"Oh, it isn't that," she retorted hastily. And then, I think, she must have remembered the incident of his selling his watch, for when I looked at her she blushed up to the roots of her smooth thick hair. "Of course, if he needs to make money—— But about this American War now, Geoffrey, and that *Alabama* Question; Milton does not approve at all—not at all—of the way Richard——"

The portière at the end of the room was pushed open, and Milton thrust in his head. "Hallo, Geoff! Well, Isabel, have you polished off all the old women? I stopped to listen if I could hear any piano going, and —What is it I don't approve of, eh?"

She repeated what she had been saying; and "Oh, Dick is all right enough. I saw him just now. There's not much the matter with old Dick's intelligence," Milton remarked good-naturedly. He crossed the room, and went and stood with his back to the fireplace. "Speaking of intelligence—I don't know why, but 'tis a phrase that sticks in my head: 'intelligence from the seat of war'—Have you heard anything of how they are getting on at Brae House, Geoffrey?"

"At the seat of war," added Lady Milton, laughing.

I told him no. "Because," his lordship continued, "I heard a lot about them lately from Gilbert Ashleigh; he's been in that part of the world, staying with the man his sister's going to marry."

"Miss Ashleigh going to be married!"

"Oh, yes. Hadn't you heard it? To Reggy Dawkins, the Admiral's son, you know. She met him at Brae last autumn, and all his people are delighted with her. Evidently they have a family taste for big, big eyes," Lady Milton said, smothering a little yawn.

"She's a deuced pretty girl, and I always said so. But about the Kers, Geoff. Ashleigh says they've been living in that great barrack of a house all the winter; and not a soul staying in the place but just themselves and the servants. It's enough to kill Lady Ker, you know. Ashleigh said she was looking like a ghost when he called on her."

"And there are all sorts of stories afloat in the county about Sir Clement. His father before him was a dreadful old man. Lady Granby knew him very well, and she says he was not fit for any one to speak to. And Sir Clement is getting to be just like him—only worse!" my lady cried out quite eagerly.

When I went away, Milton followed me to the door. "My wife is right; Isabel is right; she always is; though I am sure in this case she doesn't mean half she says. She doesn't understand," he said, taking me by the arm. His honest face wore an air of great concern as he spoke. "Women never do understand those things, Geoffrey. But that Clement Ker's a bad lot—a bad lot; I'm sorry he's your cousin. But I wish, upon my word I do, that old Dick would just drop it."

"You've seen Dick to-day?" I asked.

"Oh, yes. You are not looking very well yourself, Geoffrey. You've grown; but you are looking uncommonly white in the face, my boy. I wish to goodness Dick would make up his mind to take you out to Frank in New Zealand. It would be the saving of you," Milton said, looking at me very kindly, "and of him."

"Well," I said, "I suppose something *must* be decided when we get Frank's next letter."

As I took my way home again the first gladness of the spring day was over; already the air was perceptibly cooler, and the crowds of people who went by moved with a less languid step. Among the young leaves and bare trees of the Park the gas-lamps were beginning to twinkle; on every side carriages rolled swiftly past me, carrying people I did not know to their dinners and their homes and their amusements. The pale cold sky was still full of light, but here and there a star was already shining; and the disquietude of the spring, the home-sickness of a spring evening among City streets, stirred in my blood. Near the Corner I stopped to buy a handful of narcissus and daffodils from a flower-girl who was going slowly homeward. I carried the flowers to our shabby rooms, I stuck them into a jug of water, and put them on the table by the open window. Dick had not come in. A gentleman had called twice, and had gone away in the end without seeing him, the landlady told me; in my turn I sat down by the window to wait.

Little by little the place grew dark. The pale luminous strip of sky I could see between the house-roofs was set thick with stars. Scraps of the music I had been listening to, and Milton's words, and thoughts of Brae and of Ailie kept coming and going in my head, making me more and more restless. When Dick came in it was too dark in the room to make out his face, but I jumped up to my feet.

"Well, what has happened?" I demanded.

He did not answer for a minute. He stood still in the shadow without moving, without taking off his hat. At last, "I have got a telegram; light a candle, Geoffrey," he said.

I put the light down upon the table, and he handed me the strip of pink paper:—

"*Come at once. Bring Geoffrey. Eleanor Ker.*"

I read this over twice, he meanwhile walking about the room. Then I looked up. "You are going, Dick?"

"Yes."

I sat down on the nearest chair and took hold of the flowers.

"And *how* are we going?" I said.

"There's a train at night. I got the money from Milton, Geoffrey." He came close, and laid his two hands on my shoulders; the candle lighted up his excited eyes—a pale, eager face. "Dear old boy! you have been so very patient; don't—don't speak to me about it now. We are going to help her, Geoffrey."

He turned away and began walking up and down the room; and I sat there on my chair and watched him do it.

CHAPTER XXII.

SHOWING WHAT HAPPENED WHEN THE DOOR WAS OPENED.

AT Galashiels, where we arrived early in the grey wet morning, we missed the connecting train. We had to depend upon local conveyances, and they were slow of coming. There was no one awake but a sleepy ostler or two, and a still more astonished waiter, in the dreary old posting inn where we got breakfast and waited for the horses and the waggonette. While the machine was being made ready, Dick went away by himself to walk up and down in the chilly drizzling rain; up and down the empty street in front of the hotel, and up and down the empty stable-yard. Since we started I do not think we had exchanged a dozen words; we sat in opposite corners of the railway carriage, and every time I looked up I saw Dick's excited eyes shining in the light of the shaking oil-lamp in the roof overhead—and outside a black wet country, which fell away into the night as we went rushing past on our way to I knew not what.

Our driver was a little, merry, red-faced, pock-marked man, who was all the time whistling to himself, or humming or singing. He became extremely friendly and communicative in his manner when he found out that we knew Dr. Wauchope, who, it appeared, had saved his life when he was down with the small-pox a year or so before. And if I had been there by myself, no doubt he would have been both able and willing to repeat much of the local gossip about Sir Clement; but as it was, I looked at Dick's white, set face, and held my tongue. About twelve o'clock the sun burst out brilliantly from behind the rain-clouds; up here in the North the spring had not yet wakened, the bleak country-side looking inexpressibly forlorn and forgotten. We reached the lodge-gates near one o'clock, passing all the old landmarks: the familiar turnings of the road; the Kirkton cottages; at last the park palings; and away to the north, across the swelling moor, the dim lonely outline of Brae Head. For the last half-hour one of the horses had been going lame; and when we got to the gate Dick turned to me suddenly and proposed we should walk up to the house, leaving our traps to follow.

"Will Clement be expecting to see us?" I asked at last.

"I do not know," Richard said shortly.

It was like something in a dream to be moving along once more between those two tall black rows of Scotch firs; the very shadows which fell between them looked grave and solid, and as if they had been resting there since we saw them last. When we came in sight of the big grey old house, Clement's horse was being led up and down by a groom on the gravelled space in front of the entrance. We went up the great flight of steps in silence; we had not time to ring at the door before old Bright opened it. "Is it you, Mr. Richard?" the old man cried eagerly. "There is luncheon waiting for you in the small breakfast-room, sir—if you will please go in there. My lady told me to keep everything ready."

"Lady Ker is expecting us?" Richard said.

"Her ladyship is in the morning-room upstairs, sir, with Sir Clement. If you will excuse me taking the liberty to say so—seeing I knew your father, sir, and all the family these twenty years—but I am very glad indeed you're come, sir. I am glad you came, Mr. Richard," Bright repeated, looking from one to the other of us with solemn inexpressive eyes.

He hardly seemed aware of my existence, and I followed Dick up the wide silent stairs with a lively impression of impending excitement and wonder.

Clement was standing alone, in his riding-dress, in the centre of the tapestried room as we entered it. The place was full of streaming sunshine: the rich pale faded hangings were the same, and the smell of the burning wood mingling with the smell of flowers.

As we entered he turned round from the fire.

"So, my wife did send for you? And you came," he began quite slowly and deliberately, looking at Dick straight in the eyes. He did not put out his hand or go through the pretence of any other form of greeting.

"I came to see if I could be of any assistance to Lady Ker. Can you tell me where she is?" was all Richard said.

He was still speaking when the door leading into the music-room was thrown wide open, and Lady Ker appeared, dressed all in black, standing in the opening.

She made one step across the room towards my brother, holding out both her hands.

"Oh, you have come! I sent for you. I want to go away from this. I want to leave him. I want you to help me to go away from this, Richard. Oh, I know what the world will say of me; *he* has told me, often enough! But *you* will not believe it of me. But surely there must be some place, you will find me some place, where I can take the child and go away and be at rest—and be at rest, Richard."

"Allow me to remind you that you are repeating yourself. You went away once before: you went away and you came back again—although, if I remember clearly, I did not presume to write to you about it," Clement continued in the same dull, deliberate manner. Then he added in a deeper voice, "This time, I promise you, you shall find me even more considerate of your liberty; and I shall keep Janet."

At first I could only suppose that Lady Ker had not heard what he said. She remained perfectly still, staring at her husband with ghastly wide-open eyes. Then she gave a sort of broken little moan, and fell back against the tapestried wall, clutching with one hand at her breast.

"No; oh, no! you can't do that; you could not do it; no one would let you. And you do not care for her. And she is my child—*my* child, I tell you," she said very low and rapidly. She kept her eyes fixed on the ground.

Clement laughed. He picked up his riding-whip and gloves, which were lying together on the table. All this time he had been standing with his hat in his hand; now he looked at it, brushed it with his coat-sleeve carefully, and adjusted it on his head.

"Yes, I shall keep Janet," he repeated deliberately. "Of that I give you fair warning. My caring for her—

or not—is my own concern. And indeed she's not a bad sort of little thing; there are times when, I can assure you, I like her company exceedingly. For yourself, my dear Eleanor, as I have told you before, you are entirely your own mistress; you are free to come—or go. And since you seem to prefer discussing these little conjugal arrangements of ours before our friends here, allow me once more to remind you how long it is, how many years, since I made any pretence to regulate your movements—or your affections," he added after a perceptible pause, tapping on the table-edge with the handle of his whip.

What shall explain the influence of any one particular woman? I saw Dick look at her while her husband was thus speaking, and the soul of the man flashed up into his face.

"I will have my child," Lady Ker said again, and without looking at one of us.

"Yes?" Clement repeated, smiling evilly; "and who will make me give her up to you, do you suppose?"

Then Richard looked up. "I shall do it," he said.

Clement made a motion with his hand. "You?"

"I," says Richard again, very quietly, almost smiling, but his eyes shone fire. He took a step or two forward and paused, resting his clenched hand on the back of a chair. "I shall do it. I shall *make* you give the child up, Clement. This is your own house, I know; you call yourself master here, but I deny it. I deny your right over the child you have neglected—over the wife you have insulted, and outraged, and scorned. Not a word, sir! You shall hear what I have to say on this matter. You knew that I loved her, and it was yourself that asked me here. You have insulted her before me and, by Heaven, you shall not do it again. *I* will take care of her now. What you have proved yourself unworthy of, *I* will accept, and reverence, and cherish. She sent for me; I am at her service; she knows it. Where she wishes to go, there I will take her. I will take her and her child. And afterwards——"

"Ay?" said Clement—"this grows interesting. *Et après?* I have not forgotten how Geoffrey there did his best once to dispose of me; but his plan failed. I shall be curious to know how you propose to modify it."

"You never loved her, Clement; but I love her," Richard answered very nobly. "If it is for her safety or her happiness—if it can shield her from the thoughts of minds like yours—I am ready to leave her at the hour and the moment she ceases to need the protection of my presence. I can put half the world between us, if it is her wish; I need never so much as look into her face again. It is for her to decide, since you—you have no more a part or portion in it!" He drew a deep long breath, and the blood rushed back to his face. "Take off that hat, sir!" he broke out suddenly, pointing with his hand and speaking very sharply. "What business have you to stand there covered in the presence of a lady?"

Eleanor started forward. "Richard, Richard, don't strike him!" she cried, stretching out her arms.

"Let me alone, can't you? Confound you!" said Clement with a curse.

To my infinite surprise, he dragged the hat off and threw it down upon the table. He walked towards the door and then turned round. He stood and stared at each one of us in turn with eager blood-shot eyes, which yet seemed to see nothing. "I shall be back in an hour, and we shall see who is master here. In an hour I——" The words appeared to choke him: he put his fingers up to his throat, and then, without even finishing his sentence, turned and walked out of the room.

We three who were left sat there and looked at one another. We heard the sound of his horse's feet galloping madly down the avenue, and not one of us moved or spoke.

Then Eleanor said quietly, "He has told me, over and over again, that you had laughed and denied to him that you ever cared for me, my Richard." And then I went away, too, and left them alone together.

(*To be concluded.*)

History of the Bonnets of Queen Victoria's Reign.

AT the first glance it might appear impossible for bonnets to have historical interest; but, if we investigate the subject with a little care, we shall find a decided history attaching itself to bonnets and hats, and one that also typifies the times.

The bonnets (taken as a whole) of the earlier part of Queen Victoria's reign may be classified as essentially unpicturesque, following the conventional lines of that period in which the entire costume lacks artistic beauty.

1838.

We can trace this unpicturesqueness generally in the architecture and art of the present reign up to the time when the Æsthetic movement began; this, with all its exaggeration, has brought much beauty to our homes, and, —may we add?—to our heads also. A revival is now beginning of those beautiful lines and shapes gloried in by Sir Joshua Reynolds and his contemporaries, which have not seen the light in our century. About the beginning of our Queen's reign, we find that slavish imitation of Parisian fashions first adopted which has so stunted ideality and originality in our English millinery artists. This may be attributed to one of two causes.

1. The reaction, from the licentiousness of the previous reigns, showed itself in the costumes of the new period, and taken in conjunction with the sobriety of our Queen's taste, extinguished all power of originating beautiful head-gear.

2. The brilliant society of Paris was being led, and its fashion moulded, by the beautiful Duchesse d'Orléans, and after her, by the exquisitely tasteful Empress Eugénie; and it is in the fashion periodical of this date, 1837, that we find the "Paris letter" laying down its dictum as to what was, and what was not to be worn. In *La Belle Assemblée* of 1839, a lady, writing from Paris, says "the shapes are decidedly not pretty, but small; they set off the face and form a round instead of being close at the sides;" and yet, in spite of this frank confession of ugliness, the open shape was generally adopted. *C'est la mode* was as rigid a law fifty years ago as it was up to a short time since. Now, thanks to the Æsthetic movement which is producing and nourishing an independence of idea, both in beauty of form and of colour, we are venturing to revive the old picturesque shapes of the last century, in spite of what may be *la mode* in Paris. A glance at the accompanying illustrations will give our readers a clear idea of the great sameness of style, and the want of ideality is painfully apparent.

At no period of history were pretty heads so entirely disguised as they were in what was called the "poke" bonnet. It was not considered the proper thing for any part of the profile to be seen; in an old novel it is mentioned sarcastically "that a certain lady's Wellingtonian nose actually showed beyond her bonnet;"—for in 1837 it was correct for the face to be invisible; the width of the brims was generally enormous, feathers and bows were heaped on the crown and on the hair inside the brim. These bonnets were miracles of the fine art of sewing, being often entirely made of finely-drawn silk or muslin. Curtains to the bonnets were also *de rigueur*, and very long veils were worn which were gracefully looped over the side of the bonnet, and often fastened to the waist-

1843.

belt. The curtain had become such a necessity to a modest-minded woman that when first they began to go out of fashion, as part of the bonnet, little curtains were attached to the hair.

In 1840 bonnets became shorter at the back, but the faces remained hidden. What was nick-named the "coal-scuttle" was the fashion, made in finely-drawn silk and satin. No great change took place until 1852, when the ears were first left exposed again; and the "coiffure Marie Stuart" is read of in the *World of Fashion* for February, "adorned with a branch of cerise velvet grapes," and the strings of wide cerise-coloured ribbon. This is an example of "French simplicity."

Hurry.

"THAT the Curse of modern Society is Dissimulation," was the alarming statement once propounded to a Debating Society, calling up before the eyes of the astonished members terrible visions of an ideal state of things in which every one should be conscientiously and provokingly candid, and in which the innocent little platitudes and agreeable conventionalities of the drawing-room should vanish before the stern decree of the would-be reformers of society. Without following the example of the Debating Society in question, and proclaiming that Hurry is the Domestic Demon of Destruction, or the Curse of Civilisation, or any other such well-sounding and alliterative combination, it may not be out of place to gently insinuate that at least Hurry may not unfairly be reckoned as one of the causes of many of the minor evils of modern society. No doubt a more paradoxical assertion would have formed a more striking beginning for an essay; but then, unfortunately, those striking and rocket-like beginnings are apt to share the common fate of rockets, and to vanish into thin air in a shower of sparks on the first approach of the critical opponent.

There is a beautiful passage in Plato's Theaetetus where he contrasts the life of the philosopher with that of the lawyer:—"The philosopher, he says, has that leisure which a freeman can always command: he has his talk out in peace, and wanders at will from one subject to another, and from a second to a third, if his fancy prefers a new one, caring not whether his words are many or few; his only aim is to attain the truth. But the lawyer is always in a hurry . . . . he is a servant, and is disputing about a fellow-servant before his master, who is seated, and has the cause in his hands; the trial is never about some indifferent matter, but always concerns himself, and often the race is for his life." And again, "Such are the two characters, Theodorus: the one of the freeman called by you useless, when he has to perform some menial office, such as packing up a bag, or flavouring a sauce or fawning speech; the other of the man who is able to do all this kind of service smartly and neatly, but knows not how to wear his cloak like a gentleman; still less, with the music of discourse, can he hymn the true life which is lived by immortals or men blessed of heaven." Here in a few sentences one catches a glimpse of the truly Greek ideal—the life of contemplation unsullied by any base or sordid cares of this world—"the true life of leisure which only the freeman can live." Fair indeed is the picture drawn for us so often in the pages of Plato of the graceful Athenian gentleman, the patron of art and of learning, himself often no mean artist, passing his time in converse with the wise of all lands, the disciple of a Protagoras, a Socrates, a Plato. But alas! that for candour's sake it must be owned that the ideal if realised at all was, and could only be, realised at the expense of the greatest number—"the greatest happiness of the greatest number" was a truth still lying hidden in the lap of the future—perfect leisure for the privileged few was only to be purchased by the compulsory service of the unprivileged many. Hence in its fulness the Greek ideal is an impossible ideal—impossible in this work-a-day world, where, as Carlyle has shown us, there is work to be done by every one—impossible in this philanthropic nineteenth century which would offer to all alike opportunities of culture and education.

But excellent as is that Gospel of Work which Carlyle came to preach, one sometimes doubts whether after all it is the one thing needful—or rather, to look at the matter more superficially, whether it is necessary to be so obtrusively in earnest, or to set about our work in such a terrible hurry. No doubt from a common-sense and even from a philanthropic point of view, the lawyer was an infinitely more useful man than the philosopher The latter, it is true, was hopelessly unpractical as the world counts practical (a form of condemnation which to some minds seems to express the *ne plus ultra* of contempt), whereas the lawyer could pack a bag and sweeten a sauce besides pleading for the life of his fellow-servant; but then the lawyer was always in a hurry, and on hearing that, it is not in human nature to help reflecting what a much more pleasant member of society the philosopher must have been. Mr. Walter Besant in one of his novels says, "No wonder the Athenians killed Socrates. Who could stand a man that was always asking questions?" And probably not a few might be found to consider it justifiable homicide to lay violent hands on a man who was always in a hurry. For unluckily this form of torture is by no means confined to the individual's self. It is impossible to have any peace in the company of the man who is in a hurry; that fact seems to him sufficient excuse for leaving your convenience entirely out of his calculation, for taking the paper you particularly want to read, for treading upon your toes, pushing you aside, and altogether rendering you generally uncomfortable.

Now why are people in such a hurry? Probably if you asked them they would tell you that life was short and work plentiful, and would show a serene conviction (if such an expression as serene could at any time be applied to their state of mind) that their method was the only one likely to succeed in accomplishing that work. True enough there *is* plenty of work for every one—no need to tell us that; but, on the other hand, these over-energetic people labour under a great mistake in thinking that they are promoting the general industry. On the contrary, they are adding enormously to the already large

appear to the uninitiated. To *coiffer* well, a term of which the Parisians are very proud, does not only mean that your bonnet *looks* well; it has a fuller meaning, it implies that comfortable grip on the head which is so necessary to a woman's comfort; it means that you and your head-gear are one, and will not part company with

1851.

the first gust of wind you meet. The reason that French bonnets are, as a rule, more comfortable than English ones, is that the most careful attention is paid to this point; and this comfort can only be attained in houses where the shapes are made for each individual head, and where the girls are trained to the various lines of making shapes—they all dislike it, and all try to avoid it, just as children dislike playing scales. In some houses, alas! many in London, shapes are bought

1852.

by the dozen and trimmed, and hence that cry of discomfort we so often hear, "My bonnet keeps slipping off." We all know the painful aspect of the poor lady who, struggling along in the face of the wind, tries vainly to keep her bonnet on by pressing her chin down to her chest; she dares not look up; possibly, this fundamental difference in the comfort of French and English bonnets has had much to do with the preference for the former. In a thorough knowledge of this work consists the difference between the amateur and the artist. To make a bonnet well at home is difficult, for it is rarely that any one can be found who will teach this part of the art. Many will and can teach, as in all other branches of artistic work, a merely superficial part; but in these important points lies the whole secret.

There is one difficulty to contend with in these days of imitations, and that is the rush for cheap goods; it is an absolute impossibility to copy a really beautiful piece of work, be it bonnet, or picture, or house, except in the same material; and here is one constant ground of contention between buyer and

1856.

1861.

seller; the former often desires exactly the same effect, sometimes at less than half the price, while the seller, alas! knows that cheap materials cannot produce the desired resemblance. A good old French proverb says, *Pour faire une bonne omelette il faut des bons œufs*, and this might well be applied to bonnets. If people would be content with pretty yet simple bonnets, they could always have them cheap; but, alas! no, they must and do insist on cheap imitations of Parisian goods. It may be asked, Why do English milliners copy in this manner? The answer is almost obvious: The English mil-

1865.

liner is not a director of public taste, she has to make what will take, and the demand is for French designs and Parisian fashions. She cannot, or does not try in some instances to arrange her establishment for the pro-

duction of real French work by bringing over competent French artists, but contents herself and defrauds the middle-class public by selling bad imitations. All good work is expensive; if "the labourer is worthy of his hire" he can always get it. There is always work for the competent worker, it is only the incompetent who lacks work in the millinery, as in all other markets. Our method of training is wrong, and hence the reason for the continual demand for French workers in the English work-rooms.

To turn to the practical side of the question, home-made bonnets can be made both prettily and cheaply if people will be content to follow their own ideas, and not make bad copies. A little fresh tulle with a bouquet of flowers always looks well; or a simple straw shape, with a bunch of spring flowers and narrow

1871.

black velvet strings, is also in thoroughly good taste. But when the amateur tries to arrange a towering mass of feathers and flowers she comes to signal grief. All quantities of trimming require an artist's hand to arrange them. The great point for an amateur to aim at is simplicity. Overloading is as much the fault of the amateur milliner in material as of the amateur painter in colour. The putting on of the strings and placing them at the right angle is usually the stumbling-block to the unskilled worker. And here we may give a practical hint that the great point is, not to get the strings too far back. Place them as near the widest part of the head as possible, without cutting it too short. This is a difficult matter to arrange well, but a little careful attention will soon show the worker how to do it. The chief aim should be to get beauty of outline: neither to have the bonnets shrouding all the beauty of the head, as in the early part of Queen Victoria's reign, nor flying off at an acute angle. Let us revive without exaggeration the old beautiful forms which belong to us, and let us borrow from the French that thoroughness of work, that fundamental knowledge, which has so long given them prestige in England. With such a combination of form and work, the future of our head-gear should furnish a more picturesque history than that of our immediate past.

1878.

One point, we would add, requires careful consideration from those women who propose entering a business life. Business is too hard a master to be lightly dealt with, for, like the Hydra-headed monster, when once

1888.

face to face with it, and in its clutches, you must vanquish it, or you will be ignominiously defeated.

"Look before you leap" is a well-worn proverb, and though there is a splendid and successful career open to hard-working and earnest-minded women in various trades, still there are many difficulties to be overcome, and many self-denials required of those who intend to be successful in business.

Isabel Cooper-Oakley (Madame Isabel).

Playgrounds and Open Spaces.

IT is an oft-told truth that one of the signs of the low standard of morality unblushingly lived down to in the times immediately preceding the dawn of Christianity, was the ignorance, contempt, and indifference then universally shown to the claims, needs, and beauties of childhood. The emancipation of woman, heralded by the birth of the Babe of Bethlehem, gradually and surely dispelled those mists which had for countless ages veiled the charm and blighted the gentle power of infancy to those earnest souls who then, as now, would fain have spent their lives in promoting the moral and mental progress of their fellow-men. After more than eighteen centuries of development, the education, in the true sense of the word, of our nation's children—that is, the system of training by which the finest capabilities of soul, mind, and body may best be *drawn out*—ranks in the front place of ways and means whereby the country can attain its chief strength of good citizenship.

When Religion, in the Middle Ages, in the cultus of the Virgin Mother, forged silver chains for the willing enslavement of its fair handmaid Art, the god-like train of the great old masters—painters, sculptors, poets—worshipped with her at the sacred shrine. Then was portrayed to an astonished, enraptured world the perfection of childhood's innocence and beauty, the purest, deepest powers of nature in maternal love. These gods, who descended on the earth—a Van Eyck, a Raphael—were the exponents of nature's new gospel, the true defenders and champions of a newly-created democracy of art. The exquisite curves of the enfolding arms round the lovely little Christ in the "Madonna della Seggiola," brought home to the most uncultured peasant, as to the educated art-devotee, new lessons of beauty in child-life, of the purest, strongest power of motherly love, a gift from heaven sent equally to a rough son of toil as to a refined Medici. The Reformation, whilst removing what was legendary, superstitious, and unreal in such phase of art-revelations, deepened the tenderness and elevated the character of the meek mother's love, and so made the links nearer and dearer between each suffering, toiling mother and child of earth. The revolutions and reforms in thought and education of our advanced "To-day," in the matter of childhood's needs and ways, would then (it might be surmised) be equalled by an enlightened nineteenth-century attention to them. In the homes of the cultured, the educated, the rich, this may happily be the case, but let us look awhile ere we assent to the proposition, on the reverse side of the medal, in the miserable dwelling-places of the masses. Let us consider, also, how the strong contrast of either home has been evolved.

State education, or School Board instruction, advisedly tends to develop certain limited phases and powers of child-nature, leaving all the rest undone, and the most important characteristics undeveloped. The strong efforts lately made to add technical training to such instruction, need combination and State direction to have any weight; but such excellent and munificently patriotic efforts in this direction as have been made recently (as in the case of Dr. Hawkesley's "School of Handicrafts for Boys" at Chertsey) are, each one, a step in the right direction. Is there any known law of heaven, or in nature, by which the total exclusion of the culture of the *beautiful* and of the *practical* should be so ruthlessly insisted on in our schemes of national education? Ruskin in vain pleads for the admission of music in the code of *necessary elementary* instruction. He insists much upon locality influencing instruction, declaring, in a letter to the founder of the School of Handicrafts (a scheme Mr. Ruskin heartily approves), "There is no education worth the name except among fields out of sight of dirt!" Now, what is the living result after two decades of trial of our present unlovely, incomplete system of education?

We have, growing up rapidly in our midst, an over-multiplied painful paradox of nature — the outcome of pauperism, overcrowding, and irresponsibility; the squalid, pitiful *old* child of the people. This is the child who cannot play, who is never young, because he is born old, who is not beautiful, but who is rickety and sickly for lack of fresh air, fresh water, good food, and exercise; the child who cannot, who dare not, be good, as he would then lose the only companionship left to his unnatural life—that of those who are like unto him, swarming around him!

Such are thousands, and tens of thousands, of unhappy little ones, in a day, in a country where a poet can write of our ideal of childhood as that which makes us feel and say we are—

> "—— nearer to God when looking on thee!
> 'Tis ages since He made the youngest star!
> His hand was on *thee* as 'twere yesterday,
> Thou later revelation."

Can we indeed trace God the Father's hand in that mud-besmirched, wizened little face, with the evil light of premature cunning, and the small, dull, red-rimmed eyes—in the wasted, crooked limbs, like the yellowed nerveless plants exiled from the life-giving sunlight? Is not this rather the handiwork of a devil, this child of our ignorant neglect? I would that the tongue of a Savonarola, or the brush of the angel who paints the fiery sunset skies, were lent me to describe these poor children to those who know not their bitter state. A singing-bird that cannot sing, a bud that cannot unfold, is not more unreal in nature than the child whose life knows no playtime.

"I like going to the lady's house," said one such poor little one, "because it smells like out of doors!" What

a tale did these odd words tell of the foul air of her tenement hovel!

"Are you glad the holidays have come?" was asked of another little School Board pupil under ten years in age—a hundred in experience.

"No! I ain't; nor would you be if you had got to carry about a big baby all day, like I have to. School-days I only has to hold her in *play-hours*. Me back and arms aches ever so! There! you're at it again," with a vicious shake to the ragged-looking thing with starting eyes, held in the thin, tired arms—"'Owling and 'owling at everythink. I wish Tommy would hold yer for a turn!"

But Tommy, a little friend of mine aged *five*, knows a thing or two better than that! He has taken himself off, as usual, to the park, where he will stay till dark. He will get lost on the way home, and will go with the policeman, with philosophic calm, to the police-station; but his father, weary with a day's ill-paid work, tramps thither in search of him, and, not in the best of humours, clutches the strayed infant and hurries him *home*, that is, to their cellar in Old Bones Street, Whitechapel. Well-meaning people will often observe that our parks are wide enough, and airy enough, to suffice for the out-door needs of such children of the people. But they are to the majority too far off and too far between. The crying need is for open spaces round their homes, near their schools. The oases should be in the deserts, not a Sabbath day's tramp from them, to be really appreciable boons to tired toilers and small straying feet. Is it not as important to provide playgrounds for the eighty thousand London School Board children, who have none, as to provide schools? or to teach them to play healthful games as to enforce School Board laws? Those who are nobly working to do this tell us pathetic stories, with a comical side to them, of the utter incapability of the simple, healthful play in the little weak old people called "children" admitted to them. They will crowd, like sparrows in a row on one branch, on the see-saw meant for two, and sit staring and immovable, as though that were the game! They crowd each other out of the swings, and topple out of, and over, everything; use balls only as sure helps to window-breaking, and have no knowledge how to hold or to use the toys provided for them. The delightful games which are the heritage of all childhood are unheard-of mysteries, as are all running or organised games of any kind. The boys cannot handle bats, the girls see no fun in holding a rag baby, when they spend their days dragging about the big live doll, which always cries and daily grows heavier and more unmanageable. Yet it is encouraging to know that a few summer weeks of patiently and carefully guided enjoyment of their new playgrounds has been known entirely to change this pitiful state of things; the roughness tones down, the wildly excitable shouts and yells are now ringing, happy peals of laughter, and as for the games, there is now awakened in each poor little one that imaginative and receptive power for organised play which makes all natural healthy children what Victor Hugo declared them to be, "the only true poets." The crooked, ill-developed limbs straighten and round with natural curves of beauty, the muscles harden, their skins lose the yellow and ashen tints of dead flowers and skeleton leaves, a faint bloom overspreads the sallow hollows where dimpled cheeks should be; the spoilt sketch is transformed into a living picture. The child can breathe; so it can play and live, can emulate and aspire, and be as the God who made it meant it to be, as other children are.

Alas! that as yet only some ten thousand of our eighty thousand London School Board children are admitted into those "recreative evening classes," which shelter them from the evils of the streets, for the cost of them is too great to be kept up unless supported by the public. Our Metropolitan Public Gardens Association, of which the Earl of Meath is chairman, has done, and is doing, a noble work to remedy the evil. It provides open spaces for the people, with caretakers and gymnastic apparatus, where the delightful lesson of "how to play in play-hours" is taught without a fee to a tumbling, shouting crowd of England's future citizens; and here the little aged men and women are transformed with magical speed into real live children, opening glad eyes of wonder at the sparkling fountains, green grass, and flowers, never tiring of the rest of their new recreation-ground. The late Lord Shaftesbury, who so tenderly loved poor little children, and who so earnestly and efficiently cared for their needs, whose kind hand in a crowd was once confidingly caught at and fearlessly grasped in silent comradeship and trust by one such neglected waif—does not he, the "Good Earl," look down "with burning eyes of pure delight" from his niche in the workers' heaven, to see the work he began for them so well taken up and carried on by him on whom his mantle has fallen—the present "Good Earl," the philanthropic Lord Meath, through whose untiring and generous efforts the poorest children of England and of Ireland enjoy these open spaces?

Any one interested in our poor little ones of London or of Dublin has but to make the tour of these "open spaces" to see and believe that they are national benefits. Ladies who volunteer to teach the children games, and to keep order, helping on this true ministering work of humanity, are thus refining and elevating the manners, the ways, the very tones and voices of the children, and those who dedicate the half-holiday Saturdays to this womanly work are, in the change they make on the rough but interesting material confided to them, amply rewarded. And when home and the welcome refreshing five o'clock tea is the goal attained, after the well-spent effort, will not the visit to the nursery intensify the sense of painful contrast to the young mother, sister, or teacher, between the pretty darlings whose whole life is one long playtime, and the marred lives of the little outsiders who have to "learn to play" before they can learn to *live?*

Baby Beatrice is in tears, breaking her toys because she is so tired of them, and that is a sure, simple way of securing new ones. But mother unclenches the dimpled destructive fists, lifts the pouting little one on her knees, and whispers to her a little true story, whilst the other children eagerly gather round and drop their toys to listen, about poor Polly and Jimmy, who have

no toys at all, and who would think their old ones "a sight too good *to play with*," as one awe-struck urchin piped out on seeing Willie's discarded bat and ball.

Well, we can thank God and take courage, those of us who love children and desire England's chief good, that our concluding picture of the remedy is as true as that of the evil. The day is dawning when soon in our midst there will grow up no more such unhappy children; for Public Opinion is a mighty factor, and the "Open Space" movement is gaining ground. No more children who "weep and waste" should crowd under our feet in our cities and villages, as with dulled vision we pass them by. The England of the future should shine out of their purified opened eyes as it does in those of our own cherished children at home—should speak, in their hardy limbs and healthful laughter, as they shout, play, run, in their "Open Spaces." It is the women of England who may best help the good cause, in whose hands we fearlessly leave it.

BLANCHE MEDHURST.

A Queen's Thoughts.

To have received many wounds will make you a hero in the eyes of some, while others will regard you as an invalid.

When we wish to affirm anything, it is easy to call on God as a witness, for He never contradicts.

Many persons criticise in order not to seem ignorant; they do not know that indulgence is a mark of the highest culture.

One must be either pious or philosophical, and either say, "Lord, Thy will be done!" or, "Nature, I accept thy laws, even though they crush me."

To all mortals is given a tongue, and sometimes a pen, with which to defend themselves. Sovereigns alone are expected to be like God, and to allow themselves to be spoken ill of without making a reply.

Contradiction animates conversation; that is why Courts are generally monotonous.

Princes are brought up to live with all the world—all the world ought to be brought up to live with princes.

To be the friend of a Sovereign, one must be without passion, without ambition, without selfishness—foreseeing and clear-seeing—in short, not a man.

A prince has, in reality, need but of eyes and ears; his mouth only serves him for smiling.

These words of the Bible are often quoted, "Put not your trust in princes," but the end of the sentence is forgotten—"for they are but men."

Study well the human body: the mind is not far off.

Man's honour wears armour, and carries a mace—woman's honour has only soft breezes and perfumes.

Animals are free in their own element; does our slavery arise from our being so rarely in our element?

Man is an enigma from his birth to his death; one thinks to understand him by dissection—a child breaks his toy to see what is inside.

Man is a violin, and it is only when the last chord is broken that he becomes a piece of wood.

Some people can defend themselves with the horns of a bull, others have but snails' horns.

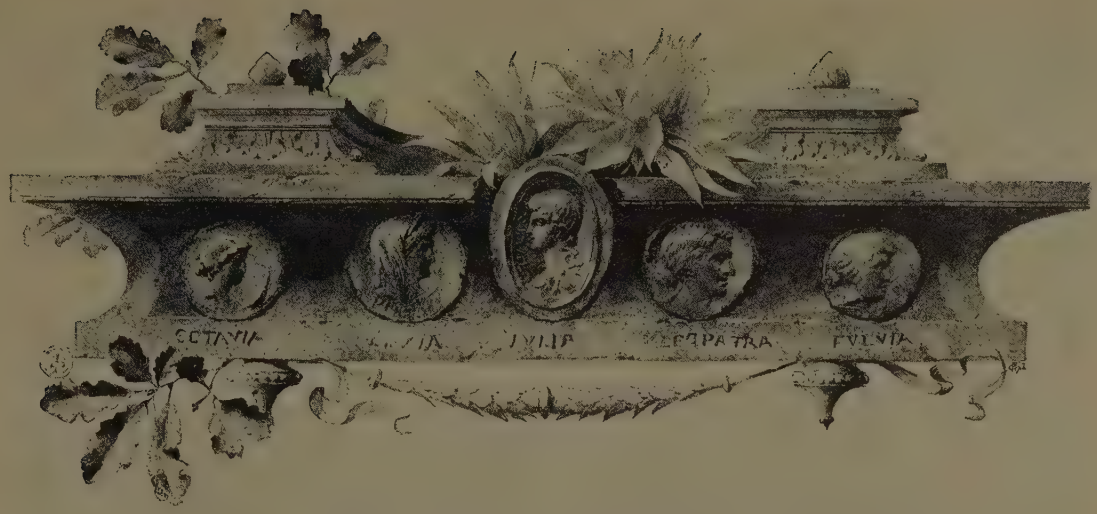
One needs a knowledge of mankind before one can be simply and wholly oneself.

If we are created after the image of God, we must in our turn be creators.

An assemblage of men is an accumulation of Æolian harps, whose notes are discordant or harmonious, according to the way the wind blows.

Beware of a man who seems to doubt your married happiness.

CARMEN SYLVA.



Roman Women at the Beginning of the Empire.

ONE dark night in the year 41 B.C. a Roman noble, with his young and beautiful wife and their infant boy, stealthily left the town of Perusia, crossed the lines of the besiegers, and escaped from the awful scenes which preceded the downfall of the place. The patrician, Tiberius Claudius Nero, belonged to one of the proudest Roman houses. The Claudian "gens," whose pride, high temper, and genius, sometimes degenerating into a moody madness, had already marked the annals of Roman history, was destined yet more deeply to mark them in the career of that helpless infant, hereafter to be the second Emperor of Rome. Livia, the wife of Tiberius, whom we thus for the first time meet in history, was herself a daughter of the Claudian house, and had not passed girlhood when the factious strife of that stormy age had ranged her husband on the side of the brother and the wife of Marcus Antonius. Lucius and Fulvia had made a daring conspiracy against the growing power of the young but astute Octavius, nephew and heir of the great Julius and fellow-triumvir with Antonius, and it was he who was sitting now before Perusia, patiently quenching by slow starvation the last flickering embers of their revolt.

Let us glance for a moment at the position of affairs in the Roman world. The murder of Julius Cæsar—that egregious blunder—had been followed by a murderous strife between the senatorial party, headed by Cicero, and the Cæsarians, led by Marcus Antonius. Gradually the power fell into Cæsarian hands, and was finally concentrated in the Triumvirate, the notorious Rule of Three. These were Antonius, a brave soldier and good general over all but his own passions; Octavius, the great-nephew of Cæsar, now only twenty years of age, with dubious fame as a soldier and sickly withal, but with self-control and mental vigour sufficient to shape both his own character and the Roman world; and Lepidus, a respectable Cæsarian officer, but in politics a spiritless nonentity. Events had followed in quick succession. Rome flowed with the noble blood of senators and knights to make the power of the Three secure; and, at Philippi, Julius was avenged by the deaths of Brutus and Cassius. The world had then been divided between the victors, and while Octavius stayed at Rome to consolidate their rule, Antonius had gone to the East. There he had met his fate when, in high Roman fashion, he summoned the Queen of Egypt to his Court. Cleopatra had been put in sole possession of the throne of Egypt by the great Dictator, whom, tradition said, she had captivated by her charms—could tradition, a chameleon taking its colour from the times, be expected to say less?—and now she determined to ensnare this violent soldier, the half-ruler of the world. We see her as she sails up the Cydnus in "a bark with gilded poop and purple sails," rowed by silver oars to the sound of pipes and lutes. She herself, adorned as the goddess of Love, and attended by Cupids, Graces, and Nereids, summoned the proconsul himself to wait upon her. He came, saw, and was conquered. No loss of Roman dignity, no sacrifice of his reputation as a soldier, no indignation of the people or dangerous rivalry of Octavius at home, sufficed to break the charm with which Antonius, "that noble ruin of her magic," was thereafter held. He had followed her to Alexandria, and had broken, in dress, deportment, and custom, with every Roman tradition. Meanwhile Octavius, always master of himself, made firm his power over the western half of the Empire; and when Fulvia, once the notorious wife of the more notorious Clodius, and now the wife of Antonius, in jealous fury at her husband's absence, joined with Lucius, his brother, in a revolt against the existing government

which might force his return, we find Octavius under the walls of Perusia, where the last terrible scenes of starvation and slaughter were taking place.

Fulvia represents in strong relief some of the worst evils of her time. The stern domestic morality of the early Roman, who was wont to worship at the shrines of Fidelity and Chastity, as well as at those of Valour and Renown, had been fatally undermined by intercourse with the luxurious and degenerate Greek, conquered by his arms a hundred years before. The harsher side of the early Roman morality is seen in the Roman law and custom regarding women. The wife was a chattel, a thing, not a person, and, like her children, at the absolute disposal of her lord. For stealing the keys of the wine-cellar, a charge carefully guarded by the temperate Roman of the old time, a wife might at once be put to death. Love and mutual trust were indeed possible, nay, even frequent, under conditions which, however severe, included a virtue recognised by both, and to this both history and art testify. But when the Roman became the conqueror of other lands, when wealth and luxury poured in upon him in unimagined streams, when the looser manners and the intellectual accomplishments of foreign women presented charms which outshone the homely virtues of his wife, his nature, that of a giant for good or evil, suffered a gradual debasement, telling with disastrous effect upon his family life.

Home-restrictions, as far as the legal position of women was concerned, suffered no change; and while the husband broke through every bond with lawless impunity, he was aggrieved and horrified if his wife stepped for a moment outside the narrow limits of servitude and ignorance within which his will and Roman law held her fast. "She had a knowledge of Greek and Latin literature, and could sing and dance with more elegance than is seemly for a dame of good repute," says Sallust in righteous deprecation of a noble Roman matron.

When, in these days of freedom and mutual respect, the "rights of women" have been elevated into a "Cause," is it to be wondered at if the support they received in that evil time was fierce, unscrupulous, and unwomanly? As the age, so are its women; as its women, so is the age. Both these propositions are true, for they represent an eternal action and re-action.

Too narrowly limited at first, the influence of feminine virtue could not save Roman morality; and when the Roman woman was not slow to exhibit the necessary effect of centuries of slavery followed by contempt and frequent repudiation, and herself cut the bonds, sacred and profane, that held her, then the hope of regeneration for the Roman world was gone.

The career of a Fulvia—fierce, cruel, dissolute, and daring—is a sad and horrible type, and yet Fulvia was to be surpassed in infamy. Her death, occurring soon after her revolt, brought no regret to Antonius.

But Rome was full of murmurs at the disgrace its dignity was suffering among Oriental barbarians in the person of the Triumvir; while at home Octavius was fast becoming the impersonation of law and order, nothing loth, doubtless, to have such a foil as his degenerate rival. Many circumstances at last led to a meeting, and Antonius came to Rome to cement the reconciliation by a marriage with the sister of Octavius, whose husband, Marcellus, had lately died. Octavia stands out on this sullied page of history a clear and fair type of the ideal Roman wife and mother. Like her brother, of a certain coldness of temper ("Octavia," says Shakespeare's Enobarbus, "is of a holy, cold, and still conversation"), she bore the misfortunes of her life with true Roman "gravitas" and "constantia," and won the loyalty and the profound respect of a people not yet dead to virtue and magnanimity. She was already mother of the Marcellus of Virgil's famous lines (Æneid, vi. 884), the promise of whose early manhood, so dearly cherished by his mother and an expectant people, was in after-years to be blighted by an untimely death. Now as a young widow she entered with quiet fortitude upon the path of duty, and Virgil, a young court-poet, hails the event as a prelude to the golden age, and anticipates the birth of some wondrous offspring of the gods, some emanation from above (Eclogue iv.). This "sublime vaticination" Christian thought has often connected with the birth at Bethlehem. It was probably an expression of the yearning for a reign of peace and righteousness deeply felt by a worn-out world.

"If any woman could frustrate the wiles of Cleopatra," such, it was hoped, "was the fair, the modest, the discreet Octavia." For three years it seemed as if this hope might be fulfilled, for Octavia was at her husband's side at Athens, enduring with stately reserve his unrestrained manners and Bacchanalian revels. It was an evil day for Antonius when, after a visit to Rome for fresh negotiations, he left the wife who might have been his good genius behind. He returned to the East, where the deadly fascination regained its power, and, heedless of Parthian victories, or the loss of brave Roman legions, forgetful of every duty, and a by-word in Roman mouths, he remained among the pleasures of Egypt.

His wife left Rome with troops and money to aid in a Parthian campaign, but he denied her even an interview. The discovery in Rome soon after, that his will acknowledged the young Cæsarion, a son of Cleopatra, as Cæsar's heir, and conferred on the "barbarian" queen and her offspring the treasures and territories of the Republic, quenched the last spark of loyalty in the hearts of the Roman populace. To the declaration of war Antonius replied by the divorce of his noble wife.

The next scene is the battle which, more perhaps than any other, decided the world's destiny. If the issue had been different, modern Europe could not have existed, and Cæsar would have been but a name. At Actium, "the world's debate," Eastern superstition, luxury, and barbarism were ranged against Western progress, order, and law; and the flight of Cleopatra and of Antonius, who, to follow his evil fate, flung to the winds his last chance of an honourable death, made Octavius the ruler of the world. We cannot linger

over the series of miserable farces played out by the unhappy pair. At Alexandria their days were passed among the boon-companions of their society of "Inimitable Livers," whose members bound themselves to discover a new means of enjoyment every day; while Cleopatra's sober hours were spent in the attempt to find an euthanasia by trying the effect of various poisons on slaves and criminals.

At length, stung to madness by Cleopatra's attempt to save herself and sacrifice him to Octavius, and not less by grief at the death she feigned on his discovery of her plot, Antonius gave himself the mortal blow, and was carried at her request to expire in the arms of the woman who had been his ruin. Cleopatra's failure to ensnare her cool and wary conqueror, and her mysterious and dramatic death in the mausoleum of her lover, are too well known to require rehearsal. So perished the last of the Ptolemies in her fortieth year. "Roman history," says one of its exponents, "has few love-romances;" but though no glamour can hide Cleopatra's treachery and ambition, we may grant to Shakespeare his theory of a mutual affection. The story remains a drama of real life which lives in history to prove the bitter fruits of passion divorced from every quality that makes love sacred.

But we must return to Octavius and the union of his fortunes with those of Livia, the fugitive of Perusia. Early in his career he was betrothed to Servilia by his uncle Julius, then, at the demand of the soldiery, to Clodia, daughter of Fulvia. Before the consummation of their union, the Perusian war broke out, and Octavius repudiated the daughter of the rebel Fulvia. The shrewd aspirant next chose Scribonia, a wife whose family would help to secure his position against Antonius. The fruit of this marriage was Julia, a name round which a lurid light gathers in later times. Political change caused the disruption of the slender marriage tie, and at length Octavius, finding that passion and politics could be consulted simultaneously, three years after their flight from Perusia, ordered Tiberius Nero to divorce his girl-wife, Livia Drusilla, whom he brought to his home to rule there with quiet and, it may be, crafty persistence through fifty years of an unfruitful marriage. Roman law and the "customs of the elders" could deprive women of hereditary rights, but the inheritance of genius was beyond the reach of both, and of this Livia brought a rich dowry to her husband's home. The two sons she bore her first husband were Tiberius and Drusus, the first of whom, through her prudent wiles, was to hold on his intricate way through a crowd of favoured rivals (Marcellus, Agrippa, and Agrippa's sons), and to see them die untimely deaths and clear his path to the seat of the Cæsars.

Besides Livia, Octavius had had the fortune to secure two ministers who ably supplied his own deficiencies, and helped to establish the Empire in his person. Agrippa, who had accompanied him when on his uncle's death he left his books at Apollonia to plunge into the turbid stream of politics, was his sword-arm—of rough exterior, but a wise friend and patient servant; of equal value was Mæcenas, the courtier, the luxurious Etruscan knight, with his smooth tongue, his patronage of literature, his nonchalant and voluptuous manners, beneath which a keener scrutiny never criticised the doings of mankind. He it was who by his discreet perception of the power of the pen, by his own taste, and perhaps not least by his power of true friendship, gathered round the throne of his master a galaxy of literary stars, among whom were Virgil, Horace, Varus, Propertius, Livy, and Tibullus. Horace, in his inimitable way, has given us glimpse after glimpse of Mæcenas, and our judgment of the courtier, as well as of the court-poet, becomes more gentle in the light of that loyal friendship, the current of which even death could only break by a few days. When love had become an affair of politics or of lawless passion, when every other noble sentiment seemed withered in an atmosphere surcharged with the foul miasma of immorality, the Roman capacity of a firm and pure friendship, man for man, was still quick and sound. Mæcenas's relation to his wife Terentia formed a too common contrast. The admiration of Octavius for her he must endure as a facile courtier, but the quarrels and reconciliations between the husband and wife gave rise to the saying that Mæcenas had married a thousand times and always the same woman.

By the aid of Agrippa, of Mæcenas, and in no less degree by the influence of Livia, the power and popularity of Octavius increased year by year. All the time-honoured Republican offices so carefully divided—the Consulship, Censorship, Imperium, and Tribunate—became vested at last in One; and the titles of Augustus, and Father of his Country, nay, his very deification in his lifetime, show the lavish enthusiasm of a people who cared no longer for political liberty, but were content with the round of shows and pastimes with which he filled their days. The old Roman blood ran thinly in their veins, intermixed as it was with a full tide of foreign life, and to this fact we may largely attribute the failure of Augustus to re-establish the Roman religion.

The "custom of the elders," the proud watchword of the ancient Roman formalist, could not flourish in alien soil. Augustus adorned Rome with temples of the gods; he instituted new orders of priests, and revived ancient solemn ceremonial; he gilded and whitened and glorified the exterior of Roman religion, and yet it was but a sepulchre after all that he had built, fair enough to behold, but full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness. No religious rite had fallen into more disuse than the sacred form of marriage known as "confarreatio," or the "rite of broken bread," and the frequency of divorce and the growing habit of celibacy alarmed the Emperor. His acts and edicts formed but slender barriers in the current, and one of the most tragic incidents in history is the bitter rage and disappointment which filled his soul when, after a long-sustained effort to achieve what mere enactments can never do, he found that in the career of his only daughter Julia the glaring failure of his aims was patent to the world. After the deaths of Agrippa and Mæcenas the history of the reign of Augustus is a history merely of the Imperial household. And this household, and through it the Empire, was quietly but securely dominated by Livia, who, as she sat a model matron among her

handmaidens, spinning cloth for the toga of the citizen-Emperor her husband, was using every turn of Fortune's wheel to advance her son Tiberius. Julia, the Emperor's only daughter, was his one chance of an hereditary successor, and with her hand was given the hope of succession. Wedded first to the young Marcellus, son of Octavia, then to Agrippa, whose domestic happiness must be sacrificed to his master's scheme of succession, the scandal of her life became known to all the world except her father. On Agrippa's death and that of the two young Cæsars, the fruit of this marriage, and round whose lives ready rumour whispered that Livia had spun her web of fate, Augustus, now disappointed for the fourth time, turned to Tiberius, the moody and able son of his wife and mentor. The riddle presented by the character of Tiberius historical criticism has failed to read. But no training could have been fitter to accentuate his hereditary reserve and gloom than the life he had hitherto led. In spite of able services, forced to see the hope of supreme power again and again, like an *ignis fatuus*, eluding his grasp, now, to crown all, he was compelled to divorce his deeply-loved wife Vipsania and to wed the infamous daughter of the Cæsars, for the sake of the Empire that her hand could bring. The bust of Julia preserved in the Capitol is a sufficient comment on her husband's fate. Like Agrippa, he lingered long in his absences from Rome, and was abroad when the final disclosure took place, and the wild revels of his wife at length reached her father's ears. No punishment seemed too severe for the old man's bitter wrath. Exiled according to the custom of the time to a barren island, and deprived of every comfort of life, she wore out her days in lonely misery and died there, but not before her history of sin and shame and exile was in course of repetition by her own daughter Julia. Says Horace gloomily, "The age of our fathers, worse than that of our grandsires, has borne us still more evil—we, who are soon to produce a yet more abandoned offspring."

LIVIA.

After a rule of more than fifty years, a brilliant record of success, and yet marked in its early years by ineradicable stains, and at its close by bitter sorrows, Augustus died. With his last words he commended to

Livia the memory of their long union. Octavia, the sister he had faithfully loved and sheltered, had died two years before, and to the memory of the last matron of the Republic had been accorded the unprecedented honour of a public funeral.

But for nearly twenty years Livia lived on, and ruled in her son's house as she had ruled in her husband's; it was she who softened the harsh judgments of her son, whose reign takes its darkest colour from the year she died. In the columbarium containing the ashes of her servants and dependents are many inscriptions which still stand as silent witnesses to her compassion and benevolence.

She died at the age of eighty-six, having held for

CÆSAR AUGUSTUS.

and Tacitus, when he mentions her, dips his pen in gall only less acrid than that which he reserves for her son Tiberius. She is the first Roman woman of dominating influence in politics, and the first, too, addressed as a public character, under her title of Augusta. In spite of the evil hints of Tacitus which would deprive her of every virtue but her strict and unquestioned fidelity to her husband, and in spite of her "many wiles" which drew from her mad grandson Caius the clever nickname of "Ulysses in petticoats" (*stolatus*), there is much to prove that her influence on both Emperors was constantly in the direction of a wise lenity. It was Livia who pleaded for the life of the wretched Julia the younger; nearly seventy years, says Merivale, "the largest share of actual power in the Roman State." In her son's satisfaction at his escape from an influence he had grown to regard with jealousy and irritation, she was buried "without regret and without eulogy," and the arch voted by the Senate to her memory was never erected. In the reign of Claudius she was deified, and if we revolt at the idea of religious adoration paid to a being as frail and human as ourselves, yet in view of the "monstrous rule of women" which was so soon to follow hers, and in course of which every attribute of womanhood was to be defiled and blighted, we may at least accord our tribute of respect to the greatest of Roman women. A. W. RICHARDSON.

New and Popular Artistic Needlework.

IN needlework, as in everything else nowadays, the rage is all for novelty. It matters little how queer or ugly a thing is, if only the epithet "quite new" can be either genuinely, but as often as not, fictitiously, applied to it. The gift of originality is so rare a one that designers and workers are perforce obliged to hunt up patterns and ideas that are so antique as to come upon the present generation with the freshness of actual novelty. We are moreover not all in a position which enables us to ransack Eastern mosques, French convents, or ecclesiastical libraries, to whose treasures in the way of frescoes, embroideries, or ancient manuscripts and missals, we are indebted for some of our best-appreciated designs of conventional flowers, initial letters, and borderings, hence we must be content to avail ourselves of what has been done for us by others.

Just at present, workers of this so-called "new" work are in favour of "all-over" designs, in which the foundation material is almost entirely covered up with stitchery. Some of these designs are of truly colossal proportions, and for wall-hangings, bed-spreads, and curtains, are worked upon coarse linen materials, woven for the purpose, of such a great width as to render seams unnecessary. Coarse tapestry, or giant wool, is used for these immense pieces of work, and so, though apparently interminable when the worker first sits down to begin, a large portion of the ground is soon covered, and the work progresses rapidly. A bed-spread of this description would look well if worked with wool in shades of old blue only. The bolder parts of the design require outlining with three rows of chain-stitch worked with three shades of the wool, while the spaces between the outlines are filled in with French knots, cross, feather, coral, and almost any other stitches that fancy suggests. A piece of solid and substantially good work of this sort is always a profitable investment, as it may be turned to account in many different ways, when it has fulfilled its original mission long enough.

A portière may be worked in a somewhat similar manner on coarse frieze, or on what is even more often used just now, a common brown, or grey blanket. Russet-brown looks well as a foundation for embroidery in shades of yellow, orange being cautiously intermingled with them. Dark terra-cotta is effective when embroidered in lighter shades of its own colour, the palest shade being all but white. Deep crimson, too, lends itself well to embroidery with certain "faded" tones of blue and brown. The striped Austrian blankets are also occasionally called into service as portières, but require the use only of the most undecided colouring for their embroidery, owing to the usually gay tints of the stripes. The best way of managing these is to work a narrow design in bold stitches and coarse wool along the edges of the stripes, to give an appearance as of a number of seams that it is necessary to hide. The curtain, as frequently as not, is hung so that the stripes run across the width, not down the length of the door, and the way in which the portière is to be hung must be decided first, before the small embroidery design is worked upon it. Curtains are now often made in reality of strips of material of two shades of the same colour, which are joined so as to give the idea of being woven in one piece. Better still is the result given by strips of serge alternating with strips of Utrecht velvet, a shade or two darker in tint and somewhat narrower than those of the serge. The embroidery sometimes matches one of the materials in colour, sometimes is totally different in tone. Curtains such as these possess the merit of being not only inexpensive but simple to work.

Other designs for hangings take the form of conventionalised trailing plants, such as ivy, honeysuckle, yellow briar, or pink wild roses. No shading at all is introduced into such designs, occasional groups of French knots and clusters of crewel stitches here and there in sufficient numbers to intensify the design, as it were, being all that is necessary. For those who still prefer natural and not too conventional flowers as a design, I can recommend a serge of deep, almost invisible green, with a design of the ever-effective yellow sunflowers. These are arranged so as to have all the appearance of really growing plants. This style of portière is best adapted for use on a rod that opens with the door, and should be hung without any superfluous folds, so that when seen from a little distance it gives all the effect of a painted door.

Another elegant curtain is worked on pale peacock-blue serge over which are scattered Brobdingnagian cornflowers, some of them being more than a foot in length. However bold and effective such a design may be, I question the taste which prompts it. In the first place, a flower really magnified to that size would show beauties in its construction, which in the present instance are not taken into consideration, and can scarcely be adequately represented by embroidery. A design should be enlarged only in proportion to the distance from which it is to be most often regarded, on the same principle as that on which an actress wears diamonds on the stage which are far larger than those worn in everyday life. The fashion of using such huge designs in embroidery makes me think of the effect that would be produced by the same actress were she to choose her jewels as large as tea-cups. Under very rare circumstances should conventional flowers be enlarged. for the purposes of embroidery, much beyond their normal size. It is a matter that requires very judicious handling, without which the result is apt to be too grotesque to be pleasantly effective.

Very truly pleasing, on the other hand, are the figures of heathen goddesses and classical heroines that are intended for the panels of screens, and which are

carried out solely in fine thread of a soft brown colour, so that when finished they resemble sepia drawings or etchings more than ordinary needlework. They are usually executed on a brownish cream-coloured linen, and when mounted with a hem of dead-brown plush, or framed in dark wood, they give a sense of repose that is pleasing to the eye after the many multi-coloured pieces of work we are accustomed to see in rooms that are furnished in the ordinary style. Such needlework looks well when mounted at the back of a hanging medicine cupboard or bracket, or even as panels to doors. Special care must be taken in outlining the features of the faces to avoid the appearance of a caricature. It is really wonderful how slight a deviation from the outline will spoil the expression of the faces in embroidery of this sort. The folds of drapery, plumage of birds, foliage, and such details require the stitches to be massed, but otherwise the work is entirely carried out in outline stitch. Venus, Juno, Hygeia, Minerva, Proserpine, are a few only of the graceful female figures that are prepared for embroidery in this style.

Many fire-screens are now fan-shaped, the work being mounted in a bamboo frame, and the outline work just described is as suitable for them as for the flat, folding, or "tuckaway" screens. A specially elegant screen in quite another style was shown to me lately. It was executed on gold-coloured silk sheeting, and consisted simply of tawny Japanese chrysanthemums, whose shades of yellow, merging into russet-brown, and bluish-green leaves form a charming harmony with the gold tint of the background.

Java canvas, such as we used to embroider with cross-stitch for sideboard-cloths, is often seen with a geometric brocaded design upon it, generally darker in tint than the background itself. This is now worked with an all-over floral design, but the brocaded and geometric background, which is often an adaptation of the Greek key pattern, and arranged to form a series of squares or diamonds, is followed out along its lines with large, loosely-made French knots placed at short distances apart. These are worked with coarse wool of much the same shade of colour as the canvas itself. Cotton tapestry may be treated in the same way.

Some very beautiful novelties in needlework and new materials are to be seen at the show-rooms of the Decorative Needlework Society, in Sloane Street. Foremost amongst these is some most artistic embroidery in rich colouring executed upon moreen, a fabric which is a *spécialité* of the Society. It has not a watered surface such as that which years ago we were accustomed to associate with this material, but is plainly corded, and of a soft creamy tint, which lends itself well as a background for rich needlework. It is particularly to be recommended for use in a bedroom, as its smooth surface hinders the attraction of dust, against which in a sleeping apartment it is so necessary to combat.

Kirriemuir twill (so named from the locality in Forfarshire where it was originally manufactured) is adapted for the resistance of hard wear, and is so inexpensive that by its use a grave objection, often held by ladies to fancy work, is removed. It is, too, very wide and is practically everlasting.

Much work now is being done in antique style upon a background worked over entirely in darned stitches. This sort of needlework was much in vogue during the reign of Queen Anne, and the idea had then been borrowed from earlier specimens belonging to previous centuries, and which had their origin amongst Oriental nations. In the intermediate period, darned work was executed in a totally different manner, the darned stitches themselves forming the design. Nowadays the design is traced upon the material, and the whole of the background is filled in with darned lines which are run all in the same direction and are parallel to each other. They are worked with wool, or in two threads of filoselle, according to the material, and each stitch alternates more or less regularly with those of the previously-worked row. The colourings of darned embroidery of this sort should by preference be subdued and harmonious in tint, that of the background being, of course, secondary to those of the embroidered design. The simplest form of darned worked is arranged on cream linen, the whole of the background to the design being filled in closely with these run stitches, and the pattern itself followed either in chain or crewel stitch with the same shade as the background. An intelligent worker will see at once how easy it is to vary such a background; indeed, many geometric embroideries take more the form of diaper arrangements; sometimes the small stitches form a series of tiny squares worked in fine cotton, the places where they intersect each other being marked by a star-like group of stitches. The embroidery itself in such a case should be worked with rather coarser cotton, so as to throw the darning rather into the distance. A beautiful piece of embroidery of this class is intended for a slumber-roll, and is to be worked with a diaper background in fine red silk. Over this, in outline and crewel stitch with a few French knots here and there, is carried, also in red, a small and delicate design of acorns and leaves. This piece of work requires mounting with red satin and red ribbon to match. White satin, too, is effective when darned with gold and the design worked over it in dull shades of blue. Many changes may be rung on the colours of the background even if the same design be used. In one case the darning may be fawn-coloured, and the needlework blue; or the the darning blue, and the work white and gold.

The material known as "bourré" should be appreciated by all who prefer a glossy material as the foundation of their work. It is a sort of glorified satin sheeting, but may be had in far more delicate colours, such as gold, cream, bronze, and a most enchanting shade of greyish-blue.

A beautiful piece of work has lately been carried out on cream-coloured bourré in a design known as the "acanthus." It is worked entirely in soft shades of greyish-blue and delicate fawn-colour. The edges of the material are fringed out, and strands of the same silks as those used in the embroidery added at intervals.

The relatives of fascinating babies now employ their busy fingers in making the most dainty cot-quilts and perambulator-rugs for their little favourites. These are mostly worked on white fluffy material of the softest description, with a design in outline stitch and coloured

silks. Sometimes the heroes and heroines of the popular nursery rhymes figure here, but one of the prettiest is of satin sheeting ornamented with short-stalked daisies in every stage of development, scattered all over the quilt without any attempt at formal arrangement. White filoselle is best for these, the centres being put in with French knots in yellow silk, and the points of the florets tipped with pink.

Brocaded materials serve as a foundation for many very elaborate embroideries, which are carried over the background without any regard to the design of the material itself. This style of work is extremely satisfactory in the hands of an experienced worker, but it requires judicious selection of design as well as of colouring. Brocaded sheeting is a good material to use for work of this description, while if something more costly be preferred there are many French brocades which can be had in beautiful Dresden china colourings, faint blues, pinks, greens, and last, but by no means least, in a most artistic shade of gold.

Undyed velveteen is a material that is eminently well suited as a foundation for art needlework of a high class. One piece of such embroidery in particular deserves notice on account of the delicacy in colouring. The design consists of groups of pine-sprays, the brown of the fir-cones, and fresh green of the needles, looking particularly well on the softly-tinted background. There are certain slight irregularities in the colour of the velveteen, which only add to its charm when combined with such a refined style of embroidery.

The old laid-work is being revived just now, and many ancient designs for it have been brought to light and reproduced with such care, that in several instances the silks have had to be specially dyed to match those of the older specimens, which were themselves so subdued and faded by time that the original colour could only be discovered by careful examination of the back, or wrong side of the work. The laid-work is sometimes executed on white satin, on which wavy lines have been worked in back stitch and gold-coloured silk. In older work such groundings are often of gold tinsel thread, but the gold-coloured silk has just as good an effect, and has the advantage of wearing much better.

I think we do not sufficiently appreciate the effective nature of a mixture of white, or cream-colour, and écru in fancy work. White embroidery on écru linen is pretty for sideboard-cloths, while for other purposes soft linen canvas may be used. Some work on this linen canvas is known as Persian embroidery, and is entirely executed in stitches of various lengths in soft knitting cotton and very formal geometric designs.

The Kirriemuir twill mentioned above is much used for covers to blotting-books and writing-cases. They are generally ornamented with bold embroidery which is raised in high relief above the background. Animals are very popular as designs for these articles, often whether appropriate or not; owls seem to be the favourite amongst birds, while the squirrel perched among the branches of a nut-tree is wonderfully well managed. Often, where birds are represented, real feathers are sewn down to the design over a padding for the body, sometimes with a very satisfactory result.

The newest dessert doyleys are like miniature hemstitched handkerchiefs with a very wide border, and the embroidery on them is always of the most delicate and refined description. Cream and gold-coloured silks form a most appropriate combination for the decoration of these doyleys.

Baskets, too, are of every imaginable size and shape, but are generally draped with silk in as careless and little-studied a manner as possible. The inside lining is, as a rule, loose and not tacked down at all to the basket, so that the dust which is usually so apt to accumulate in such articles can be readily shaken out. With the present vast range of shades of colour in which soft Indian silk is to be had, there should be no difficulty in choosing artistic combinations of tint that blend harmoniously for the festooned draperies of the outside.

E. T. MASTERS.

Autumn Costumes.

September Fashions.

By MRS. JOHNSTONE.

"How should I now relate
The strength and riches of their state;
The powder, patches, and the pins,
The ribbon, jewels, and the rings,
The lace, the paint, and warlike things,
That make up all their magazines?"

THE whole civilised world is laid under contribution for that product of modern civilisation, a woman of fashion. Pope and Addison made her the topic of much fine writing. The poet who penned the above lines describes the human beings of our day quite as truly as those who were his own contemporaries. The modern fine lady disdains no aid calculated to enhance her charms. If she is wise according to her light, she abjures those artifices which are easily detected. Her aim is to please the eye, without bringing to the inner consciousness any realisation of the means by which that satisfactory result is brought about. It should be always difficult to describe what the best-dressed of the sex wear; the whole should be too perfect to particularise, the harmony too complete. But in the present day a woman of the world enhances her charms not only with clothes, but with washes and pigments; the cream which made Ninon de l'Enclos appear young to her dying day has been handed down to her less fortunate descendants, aided by Crême Simon, and powder made of Russian or San Rémo violets. Her cheeks blush with rouge made only of Provence roses, and her rosy lips owe their colour to Baume de Thé; while a cleverly-applied pencil renders her eyebrows shapely, and puts "fire in each eye." Fashionable assemblies in London prove the truth of this, and all the pigments are not left behind when the autumn flitting comes. With an inferior artist, the presence of these supposed aids to beauty is detected; not so with one who is proficient in the art. Eyes sparkle, wrinkles disappear, the skin becomes clear and soft—at all events for a time; and it is to be regretted that each year cosmetics are more unblushingly used, with the result that those who have time and money at command, only pay the penalty of injured cuticle, and sometimes of weak health; while those who are less favoured over-do it, and look vulgar and disreputable. For rouge and washes, as reflected in a friendly looking-glass, have a very different aspect when seen beneath an

uncompromising gaslight, or in the vivid glare of sunlight. The ghastly appearance presented by certain women of fashion who have persisted too long in the objectionable practice, should be lesson enough, but it is not. Those who would look young, should look happy. Carking care, worry, and anxiety are beauty's chief enemies, to which ill-health may be added. Watch a face in repose —say, during a sermon—and the same countenance in animated conversation; there is often the difference of a decade. Women have a great deal to learn about the action of the skin, and the ill-effects produced by filling up the pores with greasy and extraneous matter. To sleep with the face covered with paint and rouge is as destructive to health as it is to beauty, and when theatricals or any other causes make the use of cosmetics a necessity, care should be taken to wash the face before retiring to rest with lukewarm water and a handful of bran in it.

SEASIDE COSTUMES.

The pleasantest part of many country homes is the girls' snuggery, where they carry out their individual tastes. The tambourine on the walls and the easel (see our first illustration) have been imported from the Art Stores at No. 1, Berners Street, where Emerson and Co. display a rich store of trifles calculated to make even a cheerless attic gay with prettiness. Our quartette had originally discovered some of these treasures at the stall which the firm have held throughout the season at the Anglo-Danish Exhibition. Many were the consultations over terra-cotta round and concave plaques, to be purchased in red, white, or black, of several sizes, for a few pence; and these were forthwith painted with flowers, fruit, and figures, and hung on the wall. One of the sisters, the least-skilled painter of the party, succeeded perhaps the best, with flights of swallows or single birds, lightly touched in on the new tinted terra-cotta plaques, and on the chromo-tinto ware, which, though a little more expensive, is certainly more artistic. The room, to start with, had very little to commend it in the way of furniture, boasting only of the old-fashioned bureau and one old well-shaped table. The chairs all came from the Art Stores, and had been duly enamelled. The seats are made of rush, save one—perhaps the most comfortable of all—which has no back, the seat and sides being of wood, formed after the design of the Clovis chair of ancient date. A few shillings purchased several kinds of square firmly-made stools—some for plants to rest on, some for books, and others to serve as seats. In one corner is a wealth of bulrushes and grasses set in a three-sided tube of wood, on tripod feet, and prettily painted; it takes up but little room, and admits of any kind of decoration. China nick-nacks are set out on some carved and turned brackets of uncommon shape; and as a pendant to the tambourine on the other side is a guitar, the strings gilt, the wooden frame enamelled, and the parchment adorned with flowers. Newspaper-racks of carved wood in several sizes hang against the wall, and have the trick of becoming too soon over-full; so do the new three-cornered tables.

Women who make their surroundings thus dainty are not likely to fail on the score of personal adornment, and the four in our engraving have selected their most suitable costumes at Mr. Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street. The youngest of the party, standing in the rear, wears a costume made in the new Boulanger voile, with a deep border of fine white frisé, the skirt looped in the Empire style to match the Empire bodice with its full front and chemisette; a long bow falling at the side. The skirt is neither over-full nor much distended—indeed, it has but one steel; which is the case with most of the dresses

that follow the modes of the early part of this century. She will not journey alone; she will be accompanied by her sister seated to her right, who wears a travelling-dress of marron cloth, a good serviceable colour which, well chosen, will stand the sea-air; it is draped with checked cloth. The cut of the bodice is a comfortable one; the basque has pockets in front, secured by buttons, and the dark-toned cloth serves for the vest; the sleeves fasten on the outside of the arm with buttons.

They have just decided the train by which they start, and the elder sister is consigning to the waste-paper basket the rough memoranda made of the cross-lines. She wears a reseda serge over a cream serge skirt trimmed with gold, the white vest and cuffs elaborately braided in gold. There is no visible fastening to this bodice; it is buttoned beneath the revers on the left side, and the collar is cut very high at the throat. Her favourite sister, seated near her, is the fairest of the party, with a fresh clear complexion and light gold hair. She has chosen the tone which suits her best, a fancy striped serge with dull red pipings. The skirt is cut in uncommon fashion, and so draped at the sides and back that the stripes run on the cross. Just on the right, starting from the waist, there is a deep slashing, through which the dull red tone is seen, apparently kept in its place by large wooden buttons with steel ornamentation in relief. The back of the bodice only has a basque; in front, it ends beneath a pointed belt arranged in folds to the bust; it is laced with cord across the red front—the buttons and cord over the same red foundation being repeated on the shoulder, two revers of the plain tone overlapping the short vest, and the colour appears again at the wrist. The youngest sister is the belle of the group, and there is a dash of coquetry in the ribbon which encircles the neck, fastened with a bow on the left side. But ribbon is still much used instead of lace or lisse at the throat, and the ends are mostly formed into a bow, both for the neck and cuffs. The old stiff stocks formed of folds of muslin and fastened at the back are frequently placed over the dress-collar; this is only one of the many fashions borrowed from men. It is rumoured that the catogan will be really an established mode in the coming year, and it is merely a modified bag-wig.

VISITING-DRESS.

The two girls on the pier in our second illustration have certainly succeeded in selecting dresses which are original and uncommon (designed by Messrs. Redmayne, New Bond Street). The standing figure wears a red and white striped foulard intermixed with a plain foulard. The latter is used for the straight back, bordered with red braid, and the distinct point on the right; on the left the striped foulard only is visible. This is smocked beneath the waist, matching a similar treatment beneath the collar. Below this the front of the bodice is sufficiently loose to cross above the waist, where it ends in a pointed band; there is a jacket-front over the right side only, so that, seen to the right or left, the gown presents totally different aspects. The sleeves are quite uncommon—a revival from the Middle Ages. They are very full on the shoulders, and form one long puff to the elbow, where they meet a tight striped sleeve carried to the wrist. The cap is made to correspond with the dress, after a design worn some time since by little boys. The brim is firm, and covered with the striped material; to it is attached a pointed cap of the plain foulard, in shape like Masaniello's, and the point is fastened down on the left side. It suits the fringe of hair in front and the small well-shaped head of the wearer. The smocking in this costume might be replaced by gauging, but the former is easier to carry out since the introduction of the brass smocking-wheel with blunt points. The material to be treated is laid on either a dark or light piece of tracing-linen, the straight line kept by a foot-rule, and the distances marked by the wheel. The seated figure wears a grey beige with interwoven border showing horizontal stripes; the tunic is draped over a pleated skirt, and has one corner turned up, while the back is so arranged that the selvedge shows. There is no doubt that it is the use of the selvedges, which some French houses originated last year, that has set the fashion of bordered fabrics. The border here is utilised on the collar, and down the fronts on either side of the full vest, and on the cuffs. The hat is straw, with an osprey aigrette appearing at the side.

For boating, tennis, and outdoor exercises generally, there is no doubt that a woollen skirt without foundation is to be strongly recommended.

The costume in our third engraving (designed by Messrs. Redmayne) is suitable for full-dress morning wear, or could be made to serve for an unceremonious dinner. The full, plain, undraped under-skirt is, in truth, only a side panel, and may be either in lace or muslin, embroidered in colours to match the over skirt; or in white, outlined with gold. The rest may be foulard or surah, but should not be of any rich or heavy material, for the soft fall of the drapery is one of its charms. The short double festoon at the waist is new in idea, and meets the double basque which edges the bodice. This is made double-breasted to the wide revers, which open to show a lace necktie—a most becoming style to a good, well-moulded figure.

Those who are weather-wise have bid us build our hopes on September, and many plans are being made by those who have not already started for trips to Bonnie Scotland, or the snow-clad mountains of Switzerland. For both these occasions tailor-made gowns are best. The three young women wearing dresses designed by the Messrs. Benjamin, of Ulster House, are standing in an old-fashioned garden in Scotland, ready prepared for a long tramp "over the hills and far away." They are not likely to spoil any of their garments, even if it does rain; for the dresses are composed of pure natural wool cheviots. The first figure wears a soft-crowned hat of the same stuff as the dress, with a band of the darker shade round it. It is wireless, and so supple that it could be wrapped up and put in the pocket, and yet is both a fashionable and becoming shape. The bodice of the gown is of the ordinary habit form, with a waistcoat, which matches the side panel, made in striped material of the same colouring as the dress; and there are revers to correspond on both sides.

TAILOR-MADE COSTUMES.

A great effect is often now produced by the different treatment of stripes in the same gown, as in the centre figure, where the waistcoat is arranged so that the lines are horizontal, while in the revers they are perpendicular. The front of this gown is slightly draped, so that it falls in easy folds just below the waist. At the back the fulness is arranged in large organ-pleats. The cap to match is of the cricketing shape which boys affect. The cloak, of which the back view is presented, has one or two new features. The movable cape is made with seams, which follow the outlines of those in the bodice, and the sides are cut high on the shoulder. The fulness in the skirt is given by double box-pleats down the centre.

PARIS.

THE summer is dead, and autumn is upon us. Dress has been a problem of late difficult to solve. The season of the roses proved so damp, so chilly, so treacherous. Its rare hours of sunshine offered no guarantee against wind blowing boisterous as the wind of March from heaven's gate. The rain was such a constant visitor that the pretty parasols, wreathed with flowers and gay with ribbons, seemed always closed, and austere umbrellas always unfurled. Never did the oldest inhabitant remember such a summer. Where had July gone to spend the dog-days? Dainty shoulders were shrugged, hands waved in despair at sight of the gowns that had made such a brave show on the *jour du Grand Prix*, always hanging limp and neglected on pegs in the dress-closet.

Those dresses of Indian foulard and flowered cambric which had made the stands on the race-course appear gay as an animated *parterre* on that single sunshiny Sunday, were put away sadly. Soberer tints, warmer stuffs (such as mousseline de laine, veiling, crépon, cloth even) were worn on many summer days, as they will be worn during the autumn.

Grey cloth dresses embroidered in silver, military blue braided in black, white delicately worked in gold, are at once elegant and serviceable gowns, made with jackets completing the costumes.

AUTUMN COSTUME, FROM THE MAISON CÉLY.

The jackets are made with revers; the skirts are extremely light and simple. Elaborate trimmings and draperies are discarded. A high pleating bound by a scarf knotted behind, or a long slightly-draped tunic covering the skirt, are now the two styles in vogue for walking-dresses. The tendency is growing more and more

marked to discard artificial additions (such as bustles, hoops, &c.), and to let the folds fall more naturally, directed by the lines of the figure; dress, in short, promises to become less like some design subtly conceived by the dressmaker, wherein the wearer plays a secondary part. It would seem as if ultimately the gown will become suited to the wearer, rather than, as it has too often been hitherto, the wearer adapted to the requirements of the gown.

Jerseys also, which were in favour during the moody summer weather, will be in still greater vogue during the hunting season. Less hot and more supple than cloth, the woven stuff is admirably adapted to physical exercise. Waistcoats of prepared leather, pliant as a glove, moulding the figure, are worn with jacket-bodices or with the "redingote Barras."

Flannel, because of its lightness and warmth, its soft clinging properties, ranks first in esteem for seaside wear, or for all sorts of open-air life. An excellence in flannel is its good dyeing quality. It takes tints at once brilliant and delicate, and has that lustrelessness which makes all wool so much more artistic in effect than silk and other shimmering materials. The most fashionable flannels are usually white or cream striped with various colours—for stripes maintain their popularity. At Trouville, Deauville, Dieppe, on all the shores where Parisiennes, weary of town delights, seek more rural pleasures—as in the tree-shaded country—they go forth on their quest clad in a material suitable to meet the requirements of the variable early autumn climate. I saw a flannel dress at the Maison Morin-Blossier which was a model of lightness and elegance. The snow-white ground was striped at wide intervals with narrow blue lines of the shade known as "old-blue," the stripe being bordered with spots of blue and grey. The dress was made with a long tunic, slightly draped in front, falling in deep pleats, and straight at the back; open on one side, it showed the skirt. The vest-bodice opened over a shirt of pink; the sash was a scarf of old-blue surah.

Another striped flannel dress was of cream-colour striped with moss-green and coral-pink. Deep moss-green velvet outlined the long tunic to the short basque-bodice, which opened, disclosing a vest of pale coral-pink Indian silk. The sleeves were surmounted at the shoulder by a high puff of moss-green velvet, and finished off with Vandyke cuffs of velvet at the wrists. The back of the skirt fell in full deep pleats; a narrow foot-flounce of pale pink repeated the delicate tones of the pink silk vest.

Grey in all its soft neutral tints is much worn. A voile dress of the verdigris shade was made with a draped tunic brightened at the edge by three bands of flowers embroidered in silk on écru cambric. The gathered bodice was trimmed with bands of the same floral embroidery, which gave a delightful gleam of colour to the neutral-tinted gown.

As walking-dresses are becoming more sensible with the growing tendency to make them more simple and light, gala dresses are less conventional, and more picturesque and varied in style. "Le style Louis XIII." is disputing popularity with "le style Empire." Our dressmakers, while giving the distinctive air of their period to these costumes, impart to them at the same time the *cachet* of the present. "Rien n'est joli comme la mode," remains the motto of our Parisiennes.

An effective dinner-dress, which had a delightful suggestion of having been worn by some *châtelaine* of the time of Louis XIII., was a shimmer of colours and rich embroidery. The gown was of shot reseda-green and dahlia-red taffetas, worked with white and écru silk thread. The front of the skirt was embroidered; pleats formed panels on each side, headed by embroidery; the sash, the deep wrist-bands, and the collar were embroidered.

Also in Louis XIII. style was a dress of dead-leaf foulard; the front of the skirt, which was mounted in small gathers, veiled with the delicate grey-brown tinted "frisé" guipure. The bodice was a vest of the graceful "De Thou" shape, cut square over a front of guipure, which disclosed a full shirt of frisé foulard. The sleeves were flat, veiled with guipure, and surmounted at the shoulder with a high puff of frisé foulard matching the shirt. A long sash of plum-coloured faille was fastened behind.

A pretty dress, coquettish and elegantly gay, was of white canvas patterned over with flowers of the "old-red" shade. The skirt was flounced; the tunic, long and lifted on one side with narrow red ribbons, edged with a narrow flounce of embroidered net; the gathered bodice trimmed with embroidered net; the narrow sash of old-red satin with flowing ends.

September is the mild month, with chilly mornings and evenings, in which light wool and other soft warm fabrics are the best for ordinary apparel. Satinette, soft and close of texture, is admirably adapted for the opening autumn days. A satinette dress of the cachemire pattern, on which was a rich medley of sober colours, was made with a gathered bodice; the tunic draped over a deep flounce forming the under-skirt; the watered sash of the colour predominating in the pattern. Gathered bodices and wide sashes are worn at the gatherings round the dinner-table in the country châteaux. Mme. de Morny lately wore a gown that seemed to unite the freshness of the country and the elegance of Paris. Over a skirt of ivory faille were placed three flounces of embroidered cambric. The gathered bodice was of embroidered muslin; the sash—a scarf of moss-green surah with flowing ends—was fastened behind.

Another dress, the artful simplicity of which was but another triumph of the dressmaker's skill, was of Sèvres porcelain-blue fancy gauze, with long draped tunic entirely covering the skirt; a gold band edged the tunic, and gleamed round the throat and about the sleeves. Straight collars are very much worn in these country evening réunions. High frills round the throat are not considered smart and natty. They may be worn with cambric gowns, or by very young girls. Last season at the races, at the Acacias, and at the Hippodrome, some eccentric ladies endeavoured to introduce bodices cut in a point at the back midway down the shoulders, leaving the nape of the neck uncovered. These *décolleté* dresses are quite out of place for morning

wear, but are suitable for country-house dinner-parties. At these réunions, however, there must be no elaborate dress. The charm of the toilette de château is its pretty simplicity, its suggestion of differing from the elaborate town festive apparel.

The prettiest gowns are of embroidered net, or embroidered cambric, white or écru, over ivory, pink, or pale blue slips. Flounces cover the skirt, the tunics are short, the bodices gathered; knots of narrow moire or satin ribbon hold back the draperies.

From gowns let us pass to hats. Hats are assuming vast proportions. Every pretty face seems surrounded by a large aureole. Watteau's shepherdesses wore head-gear modest in comparison with those which our *élégantes* now affect. All through the summer protection from the sun, that rarely shone, was pleaded as an excuse for the increasing size of the hats' brims. The approach of winter and the blasts of autumn must, nevertheless, reduce the proportions of these impressive erections.

The most elegant hats are made of net or crêpe. Virot has a collection of such hats. One, of pink crêpe, might have been copied from a picture of Marie Antoinette, or of one of her fair Court ladies. On the crown was placed an immense bar of crêpe, with scalloped edges. Pink ribbons surrounded the crown and floated behind.

Another was of sky-blue net, the crown veiled with white lace, a bow of net and lace placed in front; at the back a long net scarf, which was to be worn gathered round the throat.

These trimmings of lace and net replace, for country wear, the richer softness of ostrich-feathers, and the conventionality of artificial flowers. The more solid hats are in English or Leghorn straw; these are usually veiled with lace, and trimmed with *choux* of net or ribbon.

A cut white paillasson hat at Virot's was a perfect model of picturesque simplicity. The crown was trimmed with creamy lace and with knots of watered turquoise-blue ribbon. Another, of Leghorn straw, was veiled and draped with spotted white net, and trimmed with an aigrette of pleated net and of cream watered ribbon.

There was a large hat of paillasson straw, less dainty, but more artistic, I think, than those I have just described, intended for wear with woollen or linen dresses. It was lined with gathered crêpe, caught at the edge by bars of black velvet. On the outside was placed a large *chou*, of the scarlet of a cock's crest.

A smaller hat, of open-worked paillasson straw, was lined with black velvet. The flat crown was bound round with black velvet ribbon, the long ends of which, falling behind, were to be brought round and fastened like bonnet-strings under the chin.

The cloak that best harmonises with these hats is the charming "douillette Louis XVI." The ladies of to-day, thus attired, seem to have stepped out of the time when Trianon was a royal playground, and the guillotine had not yet played grim havoc on heads *mignonnes* as their own. The "douillette" is the prettiest of mantles. It is gathered at the shoulders, and trimmed at the edge with lace or a thick pinked-out ruche. It is made in shot taffetas, silver-grey, purple shot with lilac, green with pink. Dust falls easily off silk; and if the taffetas be of good quality, a slight shower of rain will not injure it. The "douillette" therefore is suited for country wear. If the weather be chilly, it is easy to introduce a light layer of flannel between the silk and the lining. The lining is usually of satin of some tender shade—pink lining grey; cream lining chamois, lilac, violet, &c.

TOILETTE DE CAMPAGNE, FROM THE MAISON MORIN-BLOSSIER. HAT, FROM THE MAISON VIROT.

One word on the arrangement of the hair. It is ruled so much by the fashion of hats and bonnets that, with the large head-gear now in vogue, locks are no longer brushed up to the top of the head, leaving the nape of the neck uncovered. Noirat, our famous hair-dresser, has once more brought in the fashion of wearing the hair low, fastened by a ribbon just below the nape of the neck. This fashion is not cumbersome, and does not soil the back of the bodice. When winter returns, with its high fur collars and boas, perhaps the hair will once more be brushed up and twisted into classic knots on the top of the head. Meanwhile there is every sign of the long-abandoned ringlets returning into vogue. It would seem as if once more ladies might wear those floating curls we see in old family pictures. Even now cascades of curls adorn many fair heads in the evening.

These *frisures avouables*, of which we have heard so much, are sensible additions, put in to spare the twisting with hot irons of natural locks. Nothing destroys the hair so much as submitting it to the pressure of heated pincers. It is therefore an excellent device, to avowedly spare the hair this unnatural treatment. Wreaths of

flowers are coming in, such as our grandmothers wore—delightful chaplets of blossoms, binding the head all round. In the country, to be worn at dinner, or for evening festivities, garlands are made of natural flowers picked from the garden and conservatory.

The question of appropriate gloves to wear with each gown is often a matter of deliberation, and failure in the right selection mars completely the effect of an otherwise successful costume. Our leaders of fashion now affect long Suède gloves—either light or a medium shade—to wear with both morning and evening dresses, those that are here recognised as *toilettes habillées*. The most popular shades are mastic, very pale yellow, light and dark grey, for such colours are not likely, as a rule, to quarrel with those in the dress worn at the time. Russet is likewise a convenient colour, for the *gant roux*, as we term it, looks equally well with a cream gown as with a dark blue or claret one. Kid gloves are but little worn in colours, but in black they are most popular, for the reason that black Suèdes are ugly, while black glace kids are decidedly pretty. Our *élégantes* sport very long ones with light muslin and gauze dresses, but then there is either a black hat, a black sash, or throat-ribbon in the toilette, or the black gloves would be inharmonious. For country or seaside morning wear, long kid gloves of very thick quality are in vogue. They are buttonless; and dark yellow or rather wood-colour is more patronised than any other. These gloves are inexpensive, and preserve both hand and arm from sea-air and sun.

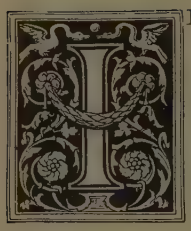
TOILETTES DE CHÂTEAU, FROM THE MAISON MORIN-BLOSSIER. HAT, FROM THE MAISON VIROT.

In all our illustrations (which, by the way, are sketched from models at the leading Paris houses) it will be remarked that there is a decided alteration in skirts. Draperies and poufs, so fashionable of late years, have given place to straight pleats or folds, which fall straight from the waist without the intricacies of drapery, never very successful unless achieved by a gifted master-hand.

VIOLETTE.

THE WOMAN'S WORLD.

The Fallacy of the Equality of Woman.



IN maintaining her paradox, that it is not man, but woman, who is the superior creature, Mrs. M'Laren, in a recent number of THE WOMAN'S WORLD, affirms that women are better able than men to support burdens, that their muscles "are capable of longer continued work," that they "have the advantage in quickness of movement," that "movement follows sensation" more rapidly in women than in men, that "women excel men in feats of agility," that their "vital endurance" is greater, that "the female sex is better fitted to cope with the conditions of modern life than the male," and that "the organs of sense in the female appear to be more perfect." She excuses herself from "treating seriously" the experiments made by Dr. Crichton Browne as to the average vital capacity of boys being greater than that of girls, and refuses to accept his statement as to the difference in the number of red corpuscles in a given quantity of girls' or boys' blood. Mrs. M'Laren also contends that while "the digestive power of man" is not proved to be ever "in excess of the needs of his own organism," women "possess an immense reserve of vital power," and rejoice in this crowning advantage over men — that, while the latter are dependent on women for their happiness, "millions of women can and do dispense with male companionship without inconvenience"—though this statement she appears herself to contradict by saying that, if you take the pains "to train a woman, the first man who comes along may carry her off as his general servant for life." Further, comparing the mental calibre of the sexes, Mrs. M'Laren tells us that "fine quality of brain may be inferred from the fineness of tissues, from delicacy of skin, and fineness of hair," and that these qualities women undoubtedly possess; that "they enjoy high activity of brain;" that "it is not established that the brain-substance of women shows in itself an inferiority which prevents women from competing with men on equal terms;" that at the Universities to which women have been admitted they have "passed the same examinations" and "all tests with the same success as the men;" and that "in no point have they shown themselves inferior to the other sex." Inventions in the arts and in machinery are recorded of women, culminating in that of silk-weaving by a mythical Empress of China, who is still held in veneration by the Celestials on that account. On the stage, actresses "eclipse the male artist;" and "women can, in modern literature, compete on equal terms with men;" and, finally, Mrs. M'Laren maintains that woman only requires "a separate means of livelihood" in order to assume "the sceptre of sovereignty" given to her by Nature, and "to dictate to man the conditions of partnership"! Assuming for the moment, and for the sake of argument, that all these statements are in accordance with facts, a problem presents itself which I must leave to Mrs. M'Laren to solve: How has it come about that of two beings, one superior to the other, the superior being—Woman—has been (according to Mrs. M'Laren) dominated by the inferior being—Man—ever since the Creation, with the exception only of what Mrs. M'Laren calls that "burst of sunshine"—the era of the Lesbian Sappho? It is difficult to see how Mrs. M'Laren can solve this problem, save by referring to the supernatural curse pronounced against Eve and all her sex for transgressing the taboo about the apple. Only by reference to such a curse can one understand how the physically and mentally superior being was reduced to that subjection, of which St. Paul, however, approved when he spoke of the husband being the "head of the wife."

Mrs. M'Laren is compelled to admit that women have made no great discoveries in science, and have not excelled in literature or in the mechanical or fine arts, but gives as the reason for this that men have "jealously excluded" women from "a knowledge of mechanics" and "of the properties and manipulation of metals and the use of tools;" and she also asserts that "want of education, want of freedom," opposition, and disapproval have acted to "extinguish female genius." Mrs. M'Laren does not, however, prove the fact of this asserted jealous exclusion; nor, assuming it to have been a fact, does she even indicate how it was that the inferior being—Man—found it possible to exclude the superior creature—Woman—from knowledge and work that she desired to share. Further, it is a matter of biographical fact that a very large proportion, if not the majority, of men of genius who have distinguished themselves (and notably of eminent Scotchmen, from Carlyle and Burns downwards) have had to contend with far greater dis-

A daintier repetition of the Biarritz hat was one lined with straw-coloured crêpe; the crown composed of white silk muslin, garlanded with tufts of white roses, knotted with white watered ribbon.

A rather quaint hat called the "Frondeuse" had a certain piquant audacity, with its trimmings of yellow plumes running through every shade of pale gold to orange. Among all these beautiful headgears, none seemed to me so picturesque as a Gainsborough hat. The broad brim, the graceful lift on one side, the clusters of maize plumes, drooping low in the neck, might have well adorned the head of one of those stately and serenely smiling English ladies your great painter loved to represent.

At the Exhibition, your English firms compete closely with those of Paris in the dressmaking department, the largest exhibitors being Messrs. Nicholson and Co., of St. Paul's Churchyard. The most successful of their novelties are some charming little mantelettes especially suited for the hot weather we have been experiencing, for while affording an effective addition to the costume, they add little or nothing to the weight of the dress. One pattern is made of lace, covered almost entirely with small beads of gold or steel, while instead of sleeves it has deep-falling epaulettes of beads that partially cover the arms of the wearer. Another consists of a deep cape of Chantilly lace, with bows on the shoulders, from which long ends cross the bust and tie at the waist.

Other specialities of this firm are their washing blouses and costumes, and, what they greatly excel in, cloth gowns and jackets. Some of the former are particularly handsome, one especially deserving of mention being the "Cleopatra." It is made with a deep box-pleat on either side of the skirt, which opens over a front of a lighter shade of cloth, the skirt being embroidered with beads for a distance of several inches from the edge, while the front is also handsomely embroidered.

DINNER-DRESS, FROM THE MAISON LAFERRIÈRE.

Some of the jackets, too, are exceedingly tasteful, having lapels covered with a novel appliqué embroidery, in which the pattern is outlined in silk with a peculiar stitch which gives the same effect as though done with cord, while the lapels by an ingenious contrivance can be turned entirely back, or so arranged as to be only partly visible, at the pleasure of the wearer.

nipa palm. But the domestic picture conjured up of the unlucky Englishman under the same circumstances is touchingly comical, and reminds one—though the case is somewhat inverted—of the homely ballad of the "Discontented Farmer," who changed places with his wife for a day, and, in spite of her instructions, came signally to grief in the discharge of his domestic duties:—

> "He went to milk the tidy cow,
> For fear that she go dry;
> But he forgot the little pigs
> That were within the sty.
>
> "He went to mind the clucking hen,
> For fear she lay astray;
> But he forgot the spool of yarn
> His wife spun yesterday."

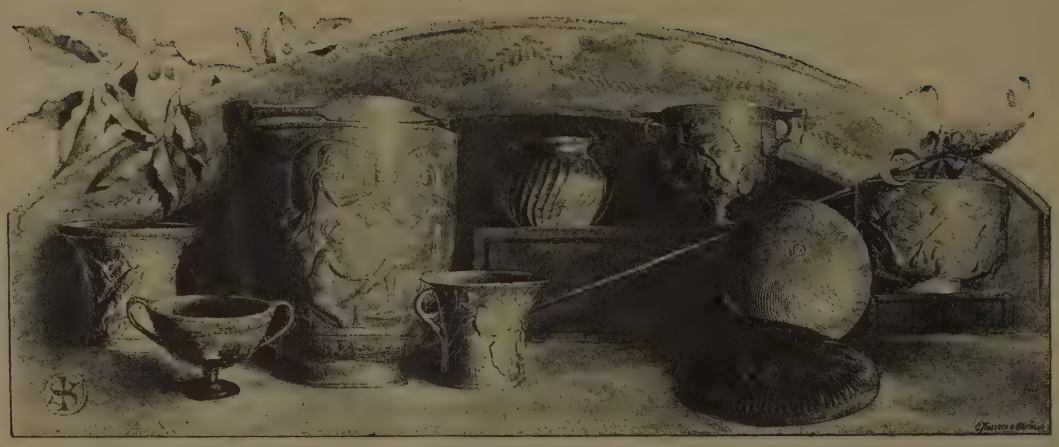
According to Mrs. M'Laren, "it is a fallacy to assume that the accidents to which men are exposed account for the preponderance of women over men in this country," and she contends that "it is in early infancy and extreme old age that the superiority of the female organisation [*sic*] is apparent." I will not dispute the vitality of old women, which I have heard compared to that of reptiles; but I must confess that I fail to see the advantage, either to themselves or to any one else, of their vegetating on indefinitely. On the other hand, the conditions of life require a man, as a rule, to work as hard between the ages of fifty and seventy as he did when younger, and the consequence of this greater strain is that when he begins to break up he succumbs altogether. Women, except perhaps in the labouring classes, live a comparatively inactive life after the age of fifty, relieved, in very many cases, even of domestic duties by grown-up daughters. And in the casualty column of a Sunday newspaper which I took up the other day I found a list of twenty-five accidents, thirteen of which had happened to men, ten to boys, and two to girls. Mrs. M'Laren also fails to take into consideration, not only that the majority of our emigrants are men who leave their womankind behind them, but—what is so noticeable in our own Colonies and those of other European nations—that the number of Englishmen resident there is quite out of all proportion to the number of Englishwomen. At Manilla, as nearly as I can remember, the English community consisted of some half-dozen women and some sixty or seventy men.

As to the statement that "ignorance of the standards and modes of thought accepted in the learned world" has "made women diffident"—what man has not been both amused and astounded at hearing opinions boldly ventured by would-be advanced women on subjects with regard to which the more scientific the culture of a man the more diffident would certainly be the expression of his opinion? Mrs. M'Laren speaks also of "the unworthy jealousy with which they [men] have too often greeted feminine achievements." But it is, I think, on the contrary, the *pretension* to talent or genius so often met with nowadays that cultivated men naturally resent. And, so far as my experience goes, and that, I believe, of most literary women, men not only aid women in every sort of way, without a particle of unworthy jealousy, but, as is instanced by Abelard and Héloïse in past, and by John Stuart Mill and his wife in our own times, men are only too generously appreciative in their estimate of women's work. For how often are we called upon to read, in magazines and newspapers, articles—poor in substance and weak in construction—which, did they bear a man's instead of a woman's name, would undoubtedly have been "returned with thanks" or consigned to the waste-paper basket! "It is acknowledged," says Mrs. M'Laren, "that women can, in modern literature, compete on equal terms with men." But she does not tell us by whom this is acknowledged, nor how it could be acknowledged, seeing that in no branch of modern literature, save novel-writing, could a single woman be instanced as standing in the first rank.

I venture to hope that the foregoing examination of Mrs. M'Laren's unproved assertions and self-contradictions may have sufficiently disposed of her assumed exposure of "The Fallacy of the Superiority of Man." By no means, however, do I admit the inferiority of woman. I agree with all the most sensible men with whom I have discussed the question, that the terms superiority and inferiority are no more applicable to the respective qualities of men and women mentally than they are physically. It would be manifestly absurd to speak of the superior beauty of the physical form of the Apollo Belvedere and the inferior beauty of the Venus of Milo. Each is perfect in its own way; but, as the two modes of perfection are different, one cannot logically speak of the Apollo and the Venus as equal, but only as co-equal in beauty. So it is, I hold, with the mental capacities of men and women. These capacities are wholly different in character—in man characteristically originating and creative, and in woman receptive and elaborative; and hence not equality, but co-equality, can be logically predicated of men and women mentally as well as physically.

Mrs. M'Laren says that Aristotle places Sappho in the same rank as Homer. I beg her to quote the passage with its context. In the meantime, I shall only say that Mrs. M'Laren does not appear to see that such a comparison is an illustration, not of that equality, or rather superiority, of women for which she contends, but of that difference of mental as well as of physical capacity, and hence co-equality, which I maintain. Supposing the author of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" to have had any such individual existence as the Homer (Ὅμηρος) from whom I used to buy my gloves at Smyrna, the poet's reputed birthplace, how can we compare the bard—who gave both a great objective picture of the whole world of his time, and a magnificent synthesis of all its floating legends and traditions—with Sappho, who simply gave subjective expression to her own passions? It is just this difference of function, mental as well as physical, that binds men and women together. With difference of function, however, go different duties, and with different duties different rights. But this leads to a question on which, if I now run away from it, I may perhaps have an opportunity of fighting another day.

LUCY M. J. GARNETT.



Drinking-Cups and Bowls from Pompeii.

A Pompeian Lady.

Metal Mirror from Pompeii.

"NOTHING which has ever interested living men and women can wholly lose its vitality," says Mr. Pater in his "Studies on the Renaissance;" and so we will try to restore some vitality to ancient Pompeii, or rather, in accordance with the title of our little sketch, to a Pompeian lady, an inhabitant of the cheerful sea-port town planted on the rising ground at the foot of the then unsuspected volcano in the easternmost corner of the Gulf of Neapolis. There the full and navigable river Sarno, at the time we are thinking of, about A.D. 62, widened out towards the sea, and formed a safe harbour for the barques which brought from Greece and the East the silks and ivory, and fine linen and spices, and took out the native grain and oil and wine produced so abundantly in the fertile soil of Italy. From beautiful Baiæ to hill-surrounded Stabia, towns and villas succeeded each other along the shores of the bay. When our Pompeian lady rose in the early morning and stepped out on her vine-clad terrace, she looked, towards the east, over the wide and fertile valley winding round the foot of the Irpine Mountains; close to her, on the south, rose the steep heights of the Milky Mountains, with Stabia at their foot, and the promontory of Minerva, projecting into the sea, half hid rocky Capri from her view. To the west, across the blue and sparkling water, she could follow the line of hills behind Neapolis to Posilipo, dotted white with villas, and the fainter outlines of Cape Misenum and Ischia and the Cumæan hills. Full to the north towered Vesuvius, not black and threatening as now, but softly clothed with green trees and pastures. Very beautiful and bright must have been the scene, and cheerful the brown-tiled roofs of the low houses of Pompeii, with here and there a glimpse between them of columned gardens, of the splash of a fountain, of the gay-coloured proscenium of an open theatre, or the stately columns of the portico of a temple gleaming among the rows of open shops in the busy streets, whose many-voiced traffic resembled that of Naples at the present day. Further away, beyond the gates, were rows of splendid tombs, surrounded by groves of cypress and laurel, whose darker shades were brightened by the olives and oleanders of the fertile plain, and the date-palms clustering round some temple dedicated to Apollo.

No less gay is the aspect of the interior of her house, into which our lady now descends. From the narrow, mosaic-paved entrance, there is a vista of the whole extent of the habitation; the varied colours of a hundred wall-paintings, the light and graceful decorations, the coloured pillars, the statues and fountains, the subdued light in the atrium and tablinium, and the blaze of sunlight poured into the peristyle and garden, give an effect of beauty hardly now to be realised. In every apartment silken curtains hanging at the openings, soft Eastern carpets and skins spread on the floor, gilded bronzes, terra-cottas, coloured glass vessels—all the taste and delicacy of the household furniture and utensils, add to the appearance of ease and luxury. Splendid frescoes adorn the guest-chambers; graceful decorations of flower-garlanded pillars, festoons, and fancy architecture, the walls of the smaller rooms; while paintings of still-life, fruit and flowers, or of birds and animals of all kinds in varied action, give

life and colour to the dining-room. Even the walls of the kitchen have a share in these artistic decorations; ducks, beautifully painted as to form and plumage, are represented suspended by their feet, but evidently alive from their upturned heads, proving the ancient Pompeians to have used the same careless cruelty towards animals as the modern Neapolitans; gazelles with lustrous eyes, one of which has its legs tied preparatory to being slaughtered; or rabbits eating figs or grapes, and dead poultry ready-trussed.

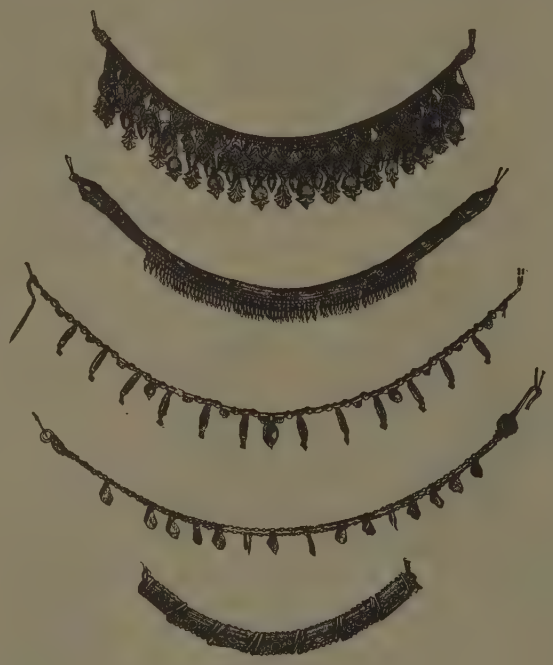
Ruins of a House in Pompeii.

Let us try to assist our readers to form a clear idea of some of the minor features of the domestic life, the daily surroundings of our Pompeian, such as the one whose graceful figure is represented in the first of the accompanying illustrations. Half clothed, she is seated on the square stool, whose decorations are of bronze, holding in her right hand the polished silver mirror, with its twisted and flower-wrought handle, and chased mythological figures on the back, while with her left hand she combs her yellow hair.

It was most frequently in the upper part of the house that the ladies of the family had their sleeping apartments, though these were sometimes arranged round the peristyle, or second of the two open courts on the ground floor; the first and largest being the atrium, a large court with splendid mosaic pavement, rich frescoes, and many statues and columns. An open space in the roof let in the air and light, and a shallow marble tank beneath collected the rain-water, and was generally also furnished with a small jet of spring-water, flowing from the beak of a bronze goose held by a beautiful boy, or some other similar statuette. This part of the mansion and the rooms adjoining it were more especially set apart for the master, who, when a person of consequence and wealth, as we may suppose the husband of our lady to be, received every morning crowds of friends, clients, and hangers-on of every description. The rooms allotted to the gentlemen of the family were ranged on each side of the atrium, small for the most part, and only receiving light and air from the doorway; the bed often rested on a niche built in the wall, or on a bedstead of wood with bronze corners. But even these small and comparatively dark rooms were adorned with wall-decorations of the most graceful description, and in the most tasteful and brilliant colours. Beyond the atrium, and between it and the peristyle, was the reception-room for state occasions; here were kept the statues or busts of the ancestors, and the family archives and pompous inscriptions on the walls often testified to the fame and glory of the house. Near this apartment was the library, where connoisseurship and dilettantism in matters appertaining to the fine arts were displayed; for the Pompeians expended fabulous sums in the purchase of antiquities found

in the early Greek graves in Capua and elsewhere, and in bronze figures and other works. No doubt some traits of the excessive luxury which prevailed in Rome during the latter days of the Empire reached the distant walls of commercial Pompeii; and, as in Rome the villas and palaces of the aristocracy became the depository of collections, so the houses of the wealthy who chose Pompeii for their country residence or seaside resort, also contained numberless precious artistic works, and the love of beauty displayed even in the humblest dwelling proves that an æsthetic taste was universally spread among the inhabitants.

We must not forget that the ease and luxury of the wealthy classes rested on the background of slavery, so that our Pompeian lady left all the more serious work of the household to her women-slaves, many of whom were no doubt confidential and trusted servants. Music was a favourite amusement among the ladies; they were by no means ignorant of literature, and took an interest in public life, being emancipated from the severe control of the earlier Roman period. But in the joyous life under the Southern sunny clime, even the slaves shared in the ease and gaiety of their mistresses, playing and singing before them, or, in their leisure hours, playing the old, old game of chuck-stones or knuckle-bones, with the actual knuckle-bones of the sheep they had probably consumed at dinner, as we see them depicted in a drawing in red chalk in the museum at Naples. Other diversions they found in household pets, among which were quails, rock-pigeons (the coloured varieties and fancy breeds were unknown), peacocks, parrots, guinea-fowls, "that beautiful bird speckled all over with pearls or tears," swans, and geese, of all of which we find lifelike representations among the fresco paintings. But it is worthy of remark that cats were then unknown as domestic animals, the figure of one mangling a quail, introduced into the mural decorations, being evidently the wild variety by its special characteristics. This explains the fact that no skeletons of these animals were exhumed from the buried city.



POMPEIAN BRACELETS.

The peristyle, round which our lady's own apartments were ranged, and in which we can imagine her slaves engaged in spinning wool, was generally furnished with a garden in the centre, and enclosed by a roofed colonnade. There the precious and exotic lemon-trees (no oranges were then known in South Italy) stood in tubs along the walls or round the fountain in the centre. Beds, bordered with box, were filled with roses, lilies, and violets, carefully cultivated as exotics for the sake of their perfume. Still more favoured was the crocus or saffron-flower, the perfume of which was so highly esteemed that the blossoms were strewn in halls on festive occasions, theatres were sprinkled with a water distilled from their petals, while the leaves were often used for stuffing cushions. In the kitchen, saffron was highly prized as a spice for flavouring dishes, and the dyers used it for covering veils and dresses, especially those worn by brides and vestals, while shoes were also dyed a saffron colour.

Adjacent to the peristyle was often an open-air dining-room, with a perspective decoration or shell-embossed fountain in its back wall. Besides a table of rich and ornamental design, the room was furnished with couches, on which the guests reclined, and we can imagine the festal board groaning under the weight of gold and silver goblets and vases, dishes, and jewelled cups, with wreaths of roses bordering the fair linen cloth, and the sparkle of ruby or golden wines catching the gleams of moonlight, or the flare from the tall and elegant candelabra placed in the corners of the apartment, or from the smaller lamps of fantastic design on the table itself. Land and sea were ransacked to furnish forth delicacies for the fastidious palates of the banqueters. All kinds of fish and meat, and game and fowl, among which figured the superb peacock and the juicy sucking-pig, composed these repasts. As fruit, apricots, peaches, pomegranates, Persian apples, and Armenian plums most frequently figured, with pears, figs, quinces (which were very often placed in rooms for the sake of their perfume), almonds, cherries, mulberries, and pistachios. Old native wines were liberally supplied, while songs and dances, executed by Greek slaves, enlivened the whole, and attendants chased away winged intruders on the feast with fly-flaps of peacocks' feathers.

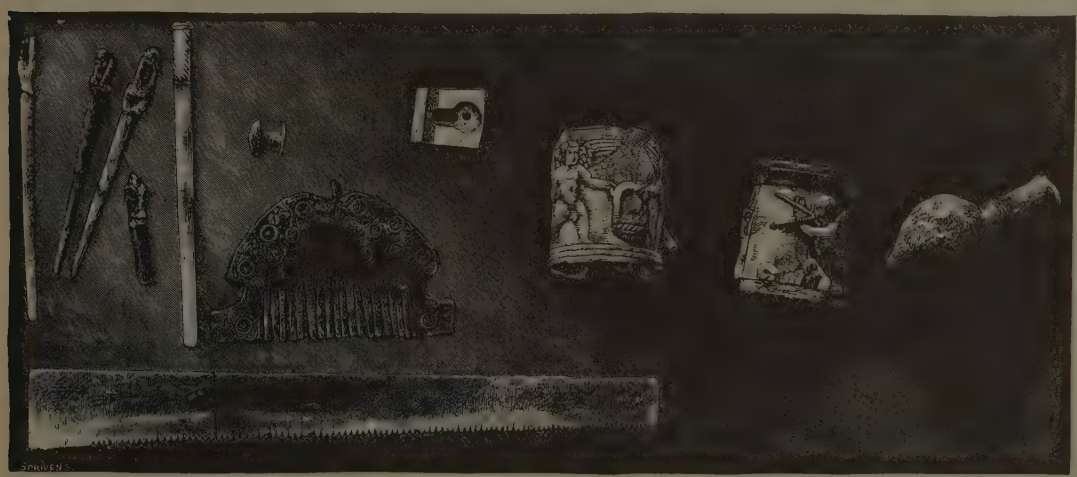
With the care for, or details of, such banquets, however, our lady had not much to do. Her male cook was a personage of great importance, and she could well trust him to serve up a splendid repast. Had he not in his kitchen, situated near the dining-room, a whole battery of the most costly and beautifully ornamented bronze cooking-utensils at his disposal? One article of these would now be a delight to us, cherished

as an antiquity of great value, and kept, not on a kitchen-shelf, but on the drawing-room table. From the accompanying illustrations some idea may be obtained of the taste and fancy and variety of ornament, in balance, cauldron, stove, or lamp, of these common appliances of Pompeian life. Besides the cook and his assistant slaves, a host of other servants ministered to the table of our Pompeian lady; one had the duty of preparing the couches; another that of tasting the dishes in the presence of master and guests, as an assurance against poison; others placed the dishes on the board, others again offered scented water for the banqueters to dip their fingers in at the close of the feast; others acted as carvers, and the youngest and handsomest were selected to pour out the wines. Such feasts, commencing at about four in the afternoon, were often prolonged far into the night.

Entering now in imagination our lady's own rooms, we perceive at once that one of her principal interests and occupations was the toilet. Though dress was simple in fashion (consisting among the higher ranks of a fine linen under-dress, the delicate fabric being imported from Egypt, above which was a long tunic of fine white wool, reaching below the knee, and confined at the waist by a girdle), the adjuncts were numerous and often costly. Splendid clasps of gold for the outdoor tunic, a long, wide mantle, often richly dyed, one end of which was thrown gracefully over the shoulder; silken veils of flimsy texture embroidered with gold, and a profusion of jewellery, rendered the toilet of our Pompeian an intricate and serious business. On the table lay for choice the earrings and rings, the bracelets, armlets, and anklets, of gold and silver, and precious stones, in designs of the variety of which the accompanying illustration will give but a faint idea. Fine cameos were usually employed for the rings; the earrings took the form of hoops of pearls and other stones, or little figures in gold, Cupids being a favourite design; and rows of coral and malachite, beetles, and pendants in arabesque patterns, and ornaments in the Etruscan style, formed the necklaces. The bracelets were often in the form of serpents twining many times round the arm, or were thick circlets, either plain or embossed with precious stones or pearls. There, too, lay boxes for rouge and other cosmetics, with numberless ivory combs, perforated in graceful patterns, and small tools, as pincers, nail-polishers, and the like; numerous vases and jars for perfume, hairpins twisted and ornamented in various ways, safety-pins of all sizes, and in all kinds of metal, from iron to gold; gold ribbon for girdles or fillets, and nets of the finest gold thread for head-dresses; mystic armlets of every sort giving the finishing touch to the varied collection.

Besides the bedsteads and chairs of bronze, the coverlets of which were then soft carpets or furs, the room contained finely-chased bronze coffers and chests of cedar-wood, which held the robes and valuables of our lady; while ebony boxes, richly carved, were full of jewellery. In that beauty-loving age, the women spent a great deal of time in personal adornment; the dark hair was often bleached or dyed a golden colour, the eyebrows painted, the nails polished by the attendant slaves, who, if our lady happened to be of a quick temper, probably suffered for any inadventure under the lash of the overseer, or received a prick from the long hairpin of her mistress.

Most likely the household affairs of a Pompeian lady were confined to the superintendence of her women in the spinning-room, or of the attendants of the children of the house. Some lady-landowners may have had to transact business with their stewards, but, beyond this, they had plenty of time for visiting the baths and theatres, or worshipping in the temples. The old state religion had, at that time, lost its hold on the public mind, but the worship of the Egyptian gods had much attraction for the women, and the time spent at the Temple of Isis was so exaggerated by them that resort to the latter was once forbidden by edict. The Roman baths, with all their details, have been so often



Articles of a Pompeian Lady's Toilet.

described that we will not touch on them at length. Suffice it to say that our Pompeian lady had ample opportunity of enjoying their delights, and gossiping the hours away at the splendid establishments in Pompei, which often served as a place of appointment to meet friends or lovers, where intrigues could be carried on or the topics of the day be freely discussed. Borne thither in her litter, or proceeding on foot, accompanied by her slaves, our Pompeian lady spent hours in the women's part of the establishment, whence she could either depart by a side-door, as privately as she came, or mix in the crowd in the courts.

Roman luxury resulted in diminishing the population; for in the higher classes a numerous family was looked upon as a misfortune rather than a blessing, as tending to divide the large fortunes and estates. Still, marriage was regarded as the inevitable destiny and only future for a woman, but it was generally a marriage of *convenance*, brought about and arranged by the parents; and this, we may be sure, was the case in a commercial and agricultural town like Pompeii, full of rich land-proprietors, ship-owners, and merchants, who would, no doubt, take care to form suitable matches for their children. We can imagine our Pompeian lady, arriving at the time when her daughters were of a marriageable age, taking thought for their trousseaux and dowries, and preparing the feasts at their weddings. Then, indeed, she would be fully occupied in selecting the choicest of the newly-imported goods brought to them by the foreign merchants; in giving orders to the goldsmiths and silversmiths and workers in bronze for jewels and household utensils; in choosing a propitious time and day for the wedding, for which the whole of February and May was considered unlucky, while many days permissible for the re-marriage of widows were prohibited to maidens. Instead of the white veil, so inseparably associated in our minds with the eventful day, the Pompeian bride wore one dyed a saffron colour, matching that of her shoes. The marriage ceremony was merely a civil contract and mutual consent before two or more witnesses, and no religious ceremony blessed the union. But at eve the bride, whose hair during her toilet had been parted with the point of a sword or spear, and who held a distaff in her

KITCHEN UTENSILS, &c., OF POMPEII.

A LADY OF POMPEII.

hand as a type of domestic industry, was taken in procession, accompanied by dance and song and flaring torches, along the narrow streets, filled with sympathising, gossiping spectators, to her husband's house, over the threshold of which she was carried lest she might stumble, which would have been an evil omen. When within the doorway, her husband gave her the keys of the house and offered her fire and water, which she touched as a symbol of purification. The possession of the keys was of great importance to her, for, in case of divorce, it was sufficient to deprive her of them and turn her out of doors. A married woman had generally full power over her dowry, but, if divorced, it depended upon the merits of the case whether she were permitted to retain it.

And thus our Pompeian lady having attained to old age, the honoured head of a large and wealthy family, in due time died, and her body was carried in solemn procession to the funeral pyre without the gates, where it was burned with all fitting ceremonies. The ashes were collected by the nearest kin, deposited in a funeral urn, and laid by for ever in the family mausoleum. A bust or statue of the lady, if a person of importance, recalled her memory to her townspeople when they passed through the Street of Tombs on their way out of the city.

EDITH MARGET.

STOVE AND BOILER FROM POMPEII.

Elementary School Teaching as a Profession.

WHEN a profession is easily learnt, or, at all events, easily practised; when it requires neither apprenticeship nor capital, and when success in it is nevertheless fairly well rewarded, we are all of us, I am afraid, apt to say: "What a capital opening for the employment of women!" Unfortunately, however, the women are of the same opinion, and thus the opening is promptly closed to nine hundred and ninety-nine of those whose hopes were raised, by the mob of a thousand applicants for every vacancy. Women in want of employment, like men, naturally think of their own chances of success first, and of the interests or needs of the community at most secondly. But even from the candidates' point of view, there is evidently something to be said for any calling in which there exists a ready-made demand for women's work, and, moreover, a demand which is always rather in excess of the supply, just because the calling cannot be entered by anybody at a moment's notice, without qualification or training.

The very finest of the careers recently opened to women—the practice of medicine—answers to this description, and it is noticeable that the first and strongest argument in favour of opening it was, not that it would be nice and easy for girls to be doctors, but that sick women and children would be saved some suffering, if they could have their disorders treated by competent women surgeons and physicians.

Now, it would be rash to recommend the career of an elementary schoolmistress as a nice, easy way for girls to get their own living; only this may be said with confidence, that any girl of ordinary cultivation and intelligence who cares to acquire the necessary technical qualifications, will begin with a good start towards that part of the profession where there is always plenty of room, viz., at the top, and will, from the first, find employment easily, because there are more millions of children needing to be taught the rudiments, than there

are hundreds of thousands of women with the desirable degree of instruction and refinement ready to teach them.

The first suggestion that ladies should be employed as elementary schoolmistresses originated with the friends of voluntary schools, notably those connected with the Church of England, and a training college was founded with a special view to the desirability of enticing clergymen's daughters and others similarly predisposed to qualify for the profession. Since 1870, however, the need for good schoolmistresses has been most strongly felt by School Boards, with their formidable numbers of undisciplined scholars; and at the same time the Boards are able, and by the exigencies of the market, compelled, to pay the highest salaries for their more arduous work, while interfering less with the private independence of their staff than is natural and usual in small denominational schools. The demand for the services of women is thus most urgent, exactly where the work is least easy. The founders of the Chichester Training College thought that some of the girls who were accustomed to "take a class," or teach as amateurs in the village school, would be easily persuaded to pass a few examinations, after which they might act as mistresses in similar schools either at home or abroad. But this ideal is seldom realised, if for no other reason, because in parsonages, as in most other English homes, however limited the income, parents are loth to prepare, till it is too late, for the chance of their daughters having to make their own way in the world. It is also probable that the social gulf between the parsonage and the school-house yawns most widely in the imagination of the *ci-devant* occupants of the parsonage, so that, on the whole, there is no special reason to expect the daughters of the clergy to be more drawn towards this special form of industry than those of the laity.

We may approach the question, then, as quite an open one, to be considered from three sides. First, what the community has to gain by securing for its poorest children teachers of a *status* higher than that of the average pupil-teacher; secondly, what are the drawbacks and attractions of the profession as compared with others open to women of the more fastidious classes; and thirdly, how it is best approached by those who are more susceptible to its attractions than its drawbacks. The first effect of the Elementary Education Act of 1870 was to double the demand for mistresses in comparison with that for masters, besides increasing it absolutely in the same way. Not merely had schools to be built and staffed for all the boys and girls who were known to be out of school, but the existing provision, even when sufficient for the boys of a neighbourhood, was almost always inadequate for the girls and infants. This was natural enough so long as schools were built only for the children who were sent spontaneously, the boys attending pretty well, the girls very badly, and the babies hardly at all. It was not an unusual provision for a large parish to have a school accommodating 300 boys, 200 girls, and 100 infants. There would thus be about the same number of men and women teachers employed in all. Compulsion generally doubled the total numbers, but it added on the average perhaps 100 boys, 200 girls, and 300 infants to the roll, increasing the demand for masters 25 per cent., and that for mistresses nearly 70 per cent. Before compulsion was applied, it was mostly the well-to-do and respectable parents who sent their children to school, and of these a certain number, who were fairly bright and painstaking, stayed on as monitors or pupil-teachers, and ultimately became certificated teachers, if their parents were able and willing to make some pecuniary sacrifices to launch them in a profession which was considered even more genteel than dressmaking. Poor parents, however, cannot afford to let their girls wait so long to earn full wages, still less can they find the £20 or so needed for expenses at a training college; and as it is the poorest elementary schools that have increased most in numbers, the number of eligible pupil-teachers provided by the elementary schools has *not* increased in proportion with the demand for qualified teachers.

The provision of training colleges for women is also entirely inadequate, and the untrained ex-pupil-teacher is, as a rule, quite unfitted for any but the most subordinate position. The name "training college" is unfortunate and misleading, because it suggests an institution in which persons of competent knowledge shall be instructed in the art of teaching; while their use is in fact the very opposite. The pupil-teachers during their apprenticeship learn by practice and from the head teacher how to keep order and impart to younger children all the little knowledge they themselves possess, but while their whole time is taken up in teaching and learning lessons, they have no chance of acquiring any rudiments of a really liberal education, and for the most part they come from homes where books are few and conversation certainly not so literary as to supply the place of books. The two years spent in the so-called training college, though too often wasted in dreary cram, is thus the only chance the average teacher enjoys of leisure for thought and self-improvement. And the general level of education is higher among elementary schoolmasters than mistresses, exactly because a much larger proportion of them have passed through a training college. There are not, however, nearly training colleges enough to receive all the teachers wanted year by year in the elementary schools. Admission to the colleges is viewed as a sort of scholarship, and amongst those who go up yearly for the examination, only those who pass well in the first or second division can count on finding room. The remaining thousand or more of comparative dunces are not excluded from the profession, but condemned to go on practising it without the interval for private study, which might enable them to practise it with credit and success. One of the most comical bits of official optimism ever published at the public expense was the annual observation in the Blue-book of the Education Office, that these inefficient teachers were very useful to poor voluntary schools, which were able to get them cheap! Half the complaints of over-pressure upon teachers and scholars, and all the complaints of mechanical and unintelligent teaching, made with reason against our present educational system, are due to the fatal blunder of setting teachers to impart knowledge which they have not acquired.

No doubt, if adequate pressure were brought to bear, more training colleges might be provided, and the standard of elementary schoolmistresses brought up, say, to the level of the current race of masters; though, as mistresses marry and leave the profession, while masters stay in it for life, it would be more expensive to provide for a due succession of the former. But even the rank-and-file of elementary schoolmasters, in spite of the admirable devotion and intelligence to be met with in the class, are still handicapped as educators by the narrow and Code-ridden character of their own studies. As a rule, in their early years they can know nothing about anything except what they learn in text-books; and while it would be a slow and expensive process to provide mistresses enough who should have mastered as many text-books as well as they have, by recruiting the mistresses at once from another class, we should get them supplied *gratis* with a vague background of general information, by the light of which the professional modicum of cram would become comparatively interesting and educationally alive. To say this does not imply any unduly high estimate of the general standard of culture in the average middle-class family. A girl from such a family may read Ouida's novels and have only heard of Scott's; nevertheless, in a vague, traditional way, she will have acquired some instinctive apprehension of the comparative nature and place of these two writers in the world of literature which is much nearer the truth than the impression left on the mind of an observant pupil-teacher, that Scott, like Mr. Blackie or the S.P.C.K., wrote a "reader" for the Upper Standards with a funny name, which Mr. So-and-So said he wouldn't take up again because it was so hard! So what is called "composition" in elementary schools—the art of writing down on paper in coherent words some perfectly well-known fact or trivial observation—comes by nature to the schoolgirl, who already writes letters for amusement, while the fourth-year pupil-teacher finds it still a strange and painful task. The natural vocabulary and the vocabulary of thought is necessarily larger where books, papers, and leisure for discursive chat about the topics of the day are mere matters of course, than where school-books and a Sunday paper form the whole mental pabulum of a household. Some subjects, like geography and arithmetic, are taught with admirable thoroughness in elementary schools, and, if we could add this thorough grounding in a few subjects to the average young lady's smattering of things in general, we should secure a very fair stock-in-trade for a working teacher.

But it is not only in general knowledge and cultivation that we might gain. Our elementary school system is the clumsy product of many compromises and transactions. The relations of school teachers and school inspectors are complicated by the monetary question. The teacher has not only to teach as well, but also to earn as much grant, as he can; the inspector has not only to detect bad teaching, but to be on his guard against making the Department pay, as it thinks, too much for good teaching. Hence a constant trial of skill between the two, like that between examiners and private coaches, and the testing or imparting of sound knowledge becomes a comparatively secondary consideration. Teachers and inspectors aggravate each other's weaknesses by calculating upon them, and the contagion of stupid formalism spreads only too easily from one to the other, while the ever-present evil genius of red tape embraces schools, teachers, inspectors, and the Education Office in the same vast web. It is evident that teachers who themselves, as children, have passed through the regulation mill of the "Standards;" who, as apprentices, have been haunted by the ever-present threat of the inspector; and who, in college, have been always working for this or that certificate examination, all awarded upon the same system as the child's standard pass—such teachers will come to think that codes and inspectors really belong to the eternal nature of the universe, and will not dare to call in question the most unreasonable demands, or to use their own reason in interpreting doubtful or ambiguous provisions. Women of sense and character, unbiassed by professional bad habits, would look down upon the "tricks of the trade," and would not have the same abject fear of an inspector, even though they might encounter one whom the servility of his subjects had seduced into bad habits of tyranny. Both intellectually and morally the tone of the teaching staff in elementary schools still requires to be raised, if the schools are to do all they might do in humanising the masses of the population; and though the girls who go to high schools are probably, by nature, neither wiser nor better than those who go to Board schools, they can, for the reasons already given, more easily put themselves in a position to give this higher tone. Intellectually they have less to learn, and morally less to unlearn.

We have, perhaps, already said more than enough, though by no means all that there is to be said upon this side of the question. If we turn now to the side more immediately affecting the interests of the teacher herself, the case stands as follows. A trained certificated teacher, with good qualifications, is eligible as head-mistress in a small or poor school, and as assistant in a thriving voluntary or large Board school; in either case her salary, at starting, should not be less than £80 a year. She has to be in school approximately from a quarter to nine till half-past four, with an interval in the middle of the day practically only long enough for luncheon and a breath of fresh air or a glance at the newspaper. The evenings, Saturdays, and Sundays are at her own disposal. A zealous teacher, no doubt, will try to know something of her scholars in their homes; but this is optional, and, any way, her private life is naturally quite separate and remote from her professional. In school she has to teach a class, nominally of about sixty children, to the satisfaction of Her Majesty's Inspectors, an undertaking in which the head-teacher will assist with advice; but, supposing the work to go on successfully, the assistant may follow the leadings of her own judgment and conscience, unmolested by either head-teacher, school managers, or School Board members. As to the work itself, the lover of children, the lover of teaching, and the born disciplinarian find it intrinsically

delightful. Quaint, dirty little baby roughs have a charm of their own, and no amount of roughness is proof against the influence of a teacher with a genius for the calling. The transformation effected in a school or a class by the mere change of teacher is sometimes nothing short of magical, and it stands to reason that the person who transforms a backward, riotous horde into a group of eager, attentive, intelligent scholars, must have a keen pleasure in the exercise of such an admirable faculty. No sixty children are ever all naturally dull at once, and, if they seem so, it is because their teaching has been dull. In this, as in most other industries, those who can do the work well do not find it dull.

There are, of course, real *désagréments*. Considerable physical strength is necessary for the constant talking and standing; philanthropists wish to provide seats for the mistresses, but a spirited class-teacher is by instinct a Peripatetic, and could no more sit down to her audience than a preacher in the pulpit or an orator on the platform. The Saturday whole holiday is honestly earned by five days of really hard work. Then there is a constant danger of uncleanliness—bodily or spiritual—to be guarded against and kept in check. There is the chance of an occasional raid by an aggrieved parent, presumably not a total abstainer. And in the school work itself there is, of course, a certain amount of drudgery and routine, some necessary, and some perhaps the reverse. As compared with the position of a private governess or even a high school teacher, the assistant mistress in an elementary school enjoys at least equal emoluments, more personal independence, and holds, in a way, a position of greater authority, while the necessary attainments are within the reach of any one with ordinary intelligence and application. The alternative is, therefore, worth considering, merely from a material point of view, by girls who will be teachers any way, but who have more character than scholarship, and, in proportion, more turn for imparting knowledge than for acquiring it. Their qualifications will go further in a school for elementary than for more advanced pupils.

As to the steps by which the profession must be entered, the conditions prescribed are the result of partial compromises and piecemeal legislation, and the reasonableness of the results is open to objection. It may be doubted, however, whether any one, let us say, over five-and-twenty, without previous experience, would have any chance of taking to the calling with liking and success; and for young girls, who deliberately choose to qualify for this rather than any other branch of the teaching profession, the Government requirements offer no insuperable obstacle. The first step to be taken—with a good many it would also be the last—is to obtain leave to take a class—a real class, such as would be given to a pupil-teacher—in a successful elementary school, with a good and friendly head-mistress. In a month or two the girl and the teacher will know whether it is any use to go on. If the decision is favourable, she should still practise teaching, naturally without payment, unless she has such a genius for the work as to be accepted temporarily on the staff.* Meanwhile—we will suppose the candidate to be about eighteen, with a middling middle-class education—she should get herself coached by some capable head-teacher for the "Scholarship" examination already referred to. After passing this well, she has the choice of spending two years at a Government training college, and passing the certificate examination there, after which she emerges as a trained "Probationer," eligible for any school; or she may begin work at once as a teacher of lower *status*, an unindentured pupil-teacher or assistant, and go up as an acting teacher for the certificate examinations. The wisdom of this course depends entirely upon whether the needful "cram" is easy or difficult of acquisition. To any one who learns what may be called the advanced elements easily, there would be no difficulty in working in school at the same time; and, in fact, many ex-pupil-teachers pass their certificate examinations in this way. But if the school-work is at all exhausting and the cram fatiguing, it will be much better to avoid the risk of over-work, and give two years to the so-called training college. It costs much less than even a year at Cambridge, and for the present, at all events, it gives a technical qualification worth more than the interest on its money cost.

There is yet another way—and that, perhaps, the best—in which the girls of foreseeing parents might be prepared for the work. We all of us know managing, masterful young ladies of fourteen or fifteen, or even less, who are rather a nuisance in private life by their desire to keep little brothers and sisters in order, and even to teach their duty in this respect to remiss mammas and governesses. Such children would be in their element as pupil-teachers with a real class to manage. The responsibilities of power would tame their zeal, while they would be really happy in having a useful outlet for their energies. The London School Board has wisely made arrangements for treating its younger pupil-teachers as half-timers, teaching for the morning or afternoon, and doing lessons on their own account in the other half of the day. The classes for pupil-teachers give thoroughly good grounding in grammar, geography, arithmetic, drawing, singing, and some of the other "subjects" recognised by the Code. Languages had, perhaps, better be learnt elsewhere. Any way, a bright girl who could pass through such a course, without ceasing to enjoy the educational advantages of a civilised home, would at eighteen be so far ahead of her work as to be able, if she pleased, to dispense with a training college, and go in for the certificate examination (and perhaps a London B.A. as well) while continuing to teach in school. Certainly there is no other way in which a girl could get a really good education and a good start in a bread-winning pursuit at so little expense to her family, and one is tempted to hope that some parents may choose this course instead of the cruel economy which consists in giving the girls no education at all. There would, no doubt, be some difficulties in detail. Families of the sort referred to do not live in the immediate neighbourhood of ele-

* As a teacher "on supply" or under article 17. d. 2 of the Code.

mentary schools; and, besides, there would be some social awkwardness while the experiment was new, from which it would not be right to let mere children suffer.

An expedient has been suggested which, if carried out, would make things easy for all parties. Let one of the "real ladies," already engaged in the profession, take a house and receive a small number of girls—not more than enough to make a cheerful family—to live with her. She and they would be engaged during the same hours every morning and afternoon, either in school or at classes; but at meals, in the evening and during the leisure days, she would look after them, let them read, and keep them acquainted with those sides of life of which an elementary school commands but an imperfect view. The girls would naturally be employed in different schools, and her relation to them would be rather that of a mother or companion than a mistress. As the arrangement would only be required to pay its expenses, the joint household would live comfortably at a rate involving the smallest possible contributions from the individual parents, while the girl's position would be quite natural and pleasant, certainly much more free from disagreeable incidents than that of a governess-pupil or one taken on "reciprocal terms" in a private school. In the later years of the apprenticeship the pupil-teacher receives a small salary, but the half-time arrangement in London has made pupil-teachers more difficult to obtain than before, as the time during which they earn little or nothing is prolonged, and so the dearth of competent mistresses is likely rather to increase than diminish.

There is, it is true, another class from which teachers of superior quality might be recruited, and that is the girls who, by the help of School Board scholarships, have continued their education in secondary schools. Some attention was excited recently by a remark of Lady Stanley, that such Board School children generally took more than their share of prizes in the high schools to which they were promoted. She very rightly attributed this fact to the excellent grounding given in the elementary schools, for such scholarships are not won by children of exceptional genius; certain schools where the teaching is above the average send up competitors every year and divide the honours between them, while it is comparatively seldom that one scholar is by nature so much ahead of the rest as to tempt an ordinary teacher to enter the lists on that account. In spelling, writing, grammar, arithmetic, and geography, a well-taught fourth standard is probably better prepared for examination than any sixty children of the same age taken from private or even from good high schools, the reason being that the systematic teaching of the children has begun earlier, and that from the first they have been *taught*, not set to learn lessons. The teacher's labour saves the children's time and pains, and in this respect our secondary and public schools have much to learn from the staff of even an average elementary school. With this favourable start and real natural ability, it may be hoped that fresh scholarships will carry on the brightest girls to the goal of a University degree, and in such cases we can hardly expect them to return to elementary teaching; but there are others, good, plodding students, whose attainments will never really rise above respectable mediocrity, and it is a cruel kindness to force these into a line of work just beyond their natural aptitude. As high school teachers they would be just as much below the desirable level of scholarship as they would be above the actual level in Board Schools; and it would be a misfortune on all hands if any ideas of social promotion were to prevent their returning to the sphere where their work would be of most value. They will be the less likely to make this mistake if other girls who have begun, socially, where they leave off, are nevertheless found to accept work in the elementary schools as a worthy and satisfactory career.

Attempts are sometimes made by the professed friends of economy to show that it is a needless, and therefore a culpable extravagance, to pay educated women £80 a year for doing well what plenty of girls will be glad to do somehow for £30, or £40, or £50. There is still, unfortunately, no dearth of the cheap, ignorant, and intellectually inert teachers whose professional record is a continual series of "failures." These are the teachers whom the Department used to praise as suitable to the purses of small village schools, though why the education of village children should be neglected has never been explained. In villages, as in towns, the children take after their teachers, and there are only two excuses for employing a bad teacher, viz., that there are no good ones to be had, or that there is no money to pay them. It is useless to say that teachers with low technical qualifications sometimes turn out excellent work. There are exceptions, and a teacher who, owing to bad teaching, passed his own examinations badly years ago, may since have made up leeway and become a capable educator. But the broad fact remains that people can't teach what they don't know, and can't teach well what they don't know thoroughly; and the ignorance of the ex-pupil-teacher who has failed in her examinations, and whose market value may be put at £30, is simply abysmal. Any one who has seen one of these girls at work, perhaps in the next room to a really good teacher, and watched, as the present writer often has, the effect of the two methods of instruction, will feel that the cheap teacher is not the economical one. If such teachers change classes, in less than three months the classes seem to have changed natures, and it is a sort of moral child-slaughter, a real slaying of the mind, to expose it deliberately to the stupefying influence because the vivifying one costs a little more.

We complain, and with reason, that the education given, at great cost to the nation, to the children of the working classes is mechanical, superficial, and exercises little appreciable effect upon the mind and character in after-life; the remedy is to be found not in less teaching or worse teaching, but in more and better. And, in spite of temporary paroxysms of pseudo-economy among the ratepayers, this truth is likely to secure wider and wider recognition. We have endeavoured to show that there is a fine career open to educated women in providing more and more of this better education, and if we are to have mixed schools of boys and girls under

one head-teacher—a plan which has much to recommend it educationally—we hope that in a few more years it will cease to be a matter of course that the one head-teacher under such circumstances should be a master.

One word in conclusion:—In forming a resolution which will have to survive the wear and tear of every-day life, it is well not to pitch our expectations too high, and to depend upon a stock of permanent motives and inducements of a sober, solid, and even self-regarding nature. But it is also true that no one is perfectly happy in a profession who does not embrace and exercise it with some enthusiasm. Enthusiasm serves, we will not say as a crutch, but as a leaping-pole, to supplement the legs of common sense. No one can doubt that if the millions of children in our elementary schools gathered there lasting lessons of wisdom and virtue, the whole face of the country would be transfigured in the course of one generation. And this is not so impossible as it appears, if we imagine wise teachers, *quantum suff.*, each of whom should *faire école* in her own immediate neighbourhood. We only want wise and good women for the work, or girls with a taste and aptitude for the development of those high qualities, to whom it will be revealed, as they work, which elements are needed to constitute what Aristotle calls "a good life" for the masses. As has been said already, people cannot teach what they do not know, but it will, at least, be admitted that our elementary school teachers will have unexampled facilities for imparting this knowledge, supposing them to attain it.

There is surely every room for enthusiasm in a calling which may look forward to the diffusion of this supreme wisdom as the goal of its endeavour.

EDITH SIMCOX.

A View near Taranto.

A LONG low coast, fringing a milky sea,
All silver-grey with olives, whose huge boughs
Once shaded the sweet poet who sang of thee,
Galesus, and thy thymy fields and flocks.
The ghostly asphodel bends to each breeze,
And Helen's golden flower laughs at the sun
Whose mid-day rays caress and bid unfold
The turquoise iris, dead ere day is done.

Tending his jet-black flock with topaz eyes,
A shepherd piping on his double flute,
While 'neath the ancient trees the chatt'ring pies
Follow the plough, drawn by the dark grey ox.
And troops of maidens, singing as they hoe,
How fair Rosina, wandering by the shore,
Was seized by the fierce Saracens and forced
To be a slave—or worse—for evermore.

Across the bay, all glist'ning in the sun,
Taranto, like a ship moored to the land,
The city Taras founded when he won
The shore, trident in hand, on dolphin's back.
How many memories of ancient days
Rise with the mist from the Ionian sea!
Memories of mighty deeds, and thoughts so great,
They still control and lead our destiny.

JANET ROSS.

A Walk through the Marais.—II.

THESE few old houses towards the Rue de Rivoli are the remnant of the old Marché St. Jean—an ancient market, past its use to-day, that has a history of its own, as churchyard and as place of execution, before ever a booth was set here, or ever a bargain driven.

In the old days, and not so long ago, they used to bring their heretics to burn them in this gloomy little square. In 1535, in mid-Renaissance, in the splendid cultured Paris of Francis I.—in those dreadful months that followed the affair of the Placards, when so many an open place in Paris had its smoking sacrifice of human life—here, too, one poor suffering existence was whirled violently out of space and time in a destroying chariot of fire. The heretic they burned here was a certain Maître Étienne, surnamed De la Force from the quarter where he lived. He was probably that rich merchant from fifty to sixty years of age, *estimé homme de bien*, of whom the *bourgeois de Paris* glibly records the execution at the stake. It was in the early days of spring—the first days of February—when often there is a sunny and balmy lull between the frosts of January and the winds of March. In this little square they built the stake, and over the stake they set a lofty gibbet with long iron chains, fastened to the shoulders of the heretic doomed to the fire—for the death of an evil-thinker was not merely an execution; it was the occasion of edification to many—and the chains on the gibbet swung the suffering example in and out, continually in and out of the flames, but never kept him there, so that no cloud of smoke, no flames leaping at a vital part, ended him too quickly. For a long time the gibbet can swing its smoking freight. For a long time the soul of the man may yet retrieve the error that to-night will be eternal; and long the pious crowd, heart-wrung, yet acquiescent, may watch the fearful spectacle and visibly perceive the eternal fate of the enemies of God. And when the dusk comes and the flames, half spent now, show clearer and redder, with blue points that scarcely reach the dim, formless thing, still swinging awfully from the vague outline of the gibbet—then the spectators will turn homewards, edified, saddened, sickened—as they would not have been by the swift glory of the stake—and with no temptation in their hearts to turn to beauty or martyrdom this slow and shameful death.

Do you think that the crowd which gathered there to see a Lutheran die was merely such a crowd as pressed and jostled through the streets on—was it Monday?—to behold a murderer guillotined? I half believe it was not so. Doubtless there were men vindictive and fierce, others merely sensational, men with an animal joy in death and bloodshed, there as everywhere. But for the mass, I conceive them differently. The man who suffered there, raised above the heads of the crowds in his torture even as in his infamy—that man was guilty of no ordinary crime. He was—no less than the very Jews of Calvary—he was *Deicide*. The spume of his sacrilege defiled the altar; the perverse evil of his blasphemy had outraged Heaven. God was mocked. Nor was this all, for from the poisonous sources of his spirit a subtle infection spread, contagious and loathsome as the plague—insidious as witchcraft—a blight of supernatural evil which, falling upon the souls of the weak, doomed them, and *for ever*, to imperishable torment. Thus to the thought (how terrible to the religious heart!) that by this miscreant the honour of God was defiled, there grew another thought—the human instinct of self-preservation. The man was a leper among their children, a burning house amid their homes and temples. To be rid of him, to be safe from him, this one wish filled all the crowd like panic. For who could say who next should be attacked? Heresy, like witchcraft, brooded impalpable, invisible, in the air—singled its victim, struck, and the soul or body of that man was doomed beyond recall. So long as the heretic lived, he dwelt among the good, armed in his fiendish panoply of evil, invulnerable to love or pity, damned, and damning. He could cause their souls to waste before the fires of hell, as Galléry the wizard, with his waxen figures, could make their bodies shrivel in an unearthly fever. They could not touch him by prayer, by pity, or by reason. But one supreme service they could render him, and this was to slay him. For in those few paltry hours of dying, the heretic, with the clairvoyance of death, might yet behold the truth, be touched, be saved. The pitiful arms of Jesus should receive him, and the pains of hell should be his no more.

For this they prayed; yet, should God withhold this crowning mercy, the deed still was good. The murderer of God, the renegade, the wizard was slain. For his bodily pangs they could not feel a great pity, since the body was to them merely tolerable as the temple of the soul. The miscreant had lost his soul; he was no longer human. When in this year 1535 the Duchess of Estampes fainted with loathing at an *Auto* because of the smell of smoking flesh—"Madame," said the Cardinal de Tournon, "do you faint when your cooks roast pork in the kitchen?"

But what is the death of a single heretic—what the fate of Master Étienne—to us here? For read the name of this street we turn along. We are in the Rue des Fossés de St. Germain l'Auxerrois! Here, on the 23rd of August, 1573, Admiral Coligny, coming from the Louvre and reading a paper as he went, was suddenly struck in the shoulder and the hand by a shot from some concealed assassin in a window above.

The Admiral was coming home from a council at the King's—a council which left him exhausted, anxious, for those were breathless days. For more than a year the

Huguenots had been in power; Coligny had almost governed the King, and the kingdom. The King was entirely in his hands; the Queen-mother passively acquiescent; and he had directed the ship of state, clear, as it seemed, of eddies and whirlpools, into a straight line for glory and honour. In July it appeared quite certain that England and France together were to invade Flanders, to help the insurgents there to expel the Spaniards, and to establish the Netherlands under their joint protection. This plan, which secured to England her commerce with the Netherlands, promised to France the yet greater advantage of civil peace. By drafting the Huguenots into Flanders the Government hoped not merely to gain an army abroad, but to destroy a rebellion at home. The scheme seemed good. Orange had acted on it; the English had consented to it; a French army under La Noue was already in Flanders. Then, at the eleventh hour, Elizabeth drew back: she feared—the subtle and distrustful diplomatist—lest in weakening Spain she made her neighbour France too strong, and she threatened to recall her subjects from Flanders. This produced a fatal effect in Paris. On the 10th of August a council was held, and the King determined to keep his dealing secret, for France alone could not attempt what France and England easily might dare. The Queen-mother, terrified, suddenly veering from her trust in the Liberals to an abject fear of their temerity, was "in such a fear, as with tears she demanded the King to draw back for a time," writes Walsingham. But the King "was very resolute." For the first time Catherine found her tears, her prayers, her arguments all powerless with the King, for the first time he listened and was not touched. A counter-influence was there, leading the whole kingdom, as she believed, into a sudden and irretrievable disaster. This was Coligny, who, although made aware of the perilous enmity of Catherine, still obstinately clung to his conviction that Flanders must be saved, and at once. Then news came of the defeat of La Noue and his army, and Catherine—like all Italians susceptible to the extremest agonies of imaginative terror—saw the kingdom ruined by one man. For it still seemed that the King would obey him—the King who held apart now from his brother and his mother, spending long hours with the Admiral—"who obtains not much, yet somewhat, in conference with the King." France was lost, thought Catherine, and through Coligny.

NYMPH.

(*By Goujon. In the Louvre, Paris.*)

From such a council the Admiral was walking home, on that 23rd of August, down the street of St. Germain l'Auxerrois. He held a paper in his hand, and glancing at it, he did not notice the people in the houses or in the thoroughfare. He was wholly absorbed in the difficulties of his work; yet not unaware of danger, for the enemies of the timid Catherine all went one way out of her path. Walsingham had written a few days before, "the Admiral, whose mind is invincible, seeth what is like to ensue—for himself he desireth no more than peace after long troubles." Suddenly, in violent fashion, that peace was granted him; two balls, from an unseen pistol, fractured his shoulder and his wrist. It was not known at first that Catherine, her son Anjou, and Guise and his mother, had together hired the assassin who was to rid them of Coligny. No doubt the terrified Queen felt no less heroic than Harmodius, or Ravaillac, or Damiens, or any other of those unwise tyrannicides who have thought with a few inches of iron to change the course of fate. Catherine was one of those who believe that the world proceeds by accidents. Coligny dead, the King would listen to her, the Protestants would sink into quiet discredit, Spain would extend a welcoming hand, La Noue and Orange must be sacrificed, and all would go on well. What was one death to the salvation of a kingdom? But Coligny did not die.

There were then, as we know, a great concourse of Protestant gentlemen in Paris, come to assist at the final triumph of the Liberal party, the wedding of the beautiful sister of the King of France to the head of the Huguenots, the King of Navarre. These nobles and gentlemen were lodged, for greater courtesy, in and about the King's own Palace of the Louvre. The Court was crowded with these suspicious provincials, feeling themselves, in this dissolute and papistical Paris, little better than loiterers at the gate of Hell; and among these soldiers who had often fought under the Admiral against their present hosts, suddenly there spread the news of the assassination of Coligny. An ominous stir grew and gathered among all those ruffled and indignant Huguenots. Téligny and his gentlemen, strutting up and

down the staircase of the Louvre, swore that, should their leader die, the lives of the true murderers should answer for it. Catherine heard the threat in a cold agony of terror. She saw, with a horrible prevision, the death of the Admiral, the anger of the Protestants, and these rude choleric soldiers rising in the night to butcher herself and her children, helpless in their own Palace among the multitude of their foes. She sent her Italian counsellor, Gondi, to the King and besought him to take precautions. But none of the Huguenots in the Louvre were so indignant, so menacing against the Admiral's assassin, as the King. He rushed to the Admiral's bedside, weeping over him with boyish fervour. He swore to discover the murderer and visit his iniquity upon him. "The King will certainly send the troops to Flanders," thought Catherine, "but ah, what folly to think of Flanders: we shall all be murdered in the night!"

As the dark deepened, her terror grew—the voices and steps of the Huguenots echoed down the corridors and through the courts of the Palace. Late in the evening she went herself to Charles and told him that she, his mother—she was the murderer on whom he had vowed his vengeance. Charles was horror-struck; but in his very emotion Catherine saw a means to reach him. She sat still in his chamber, weeping, weeping—"and there is nothing," Walsingham had said, "can prevail with this King so much as the tears of his mother." These tears fell now, abundantly, while the young man raved and asseverated his right to resist her. Then at last Catherine played her great stake. "It is not *you* they will kill, for they love you. It is *me*, your mother, and Anjou!" We know the end of that colloquy: the bell that rang at St. Germain l'Auxerrois, the scuffle in the Louvre, the butchery in the streets, all the dreadful details of the St. Bartholomew. "Religion had nothing to do with it," said La Mole. "La soudaineté du danger n'avait pas laissé un moment de réflexion au Roi," explained La Mothe, "une nécessité extrême l'avait forcé de sacrifier la vie de l'amiral à la sienne."

Tomb of Madame Valentine de Biragues.

(*By Germain Pilon. In the Louvre, Paris.*)

So the massacre came about, and, having happened, ruined the future of France for twenty years. Spain contented herself with cheap applause, Rome with a Te Deum. And the natural allies of France (Germany, England, Venice, and the Turk) all shrank from her in horror or suspicion. In vain Catherine used her Huguenot son as a catspaw to regain their friendship. No one would trust a Frenchman now; and Catherine had given the name of Valois a treacherous and Italian savour. At home things went from bad to worse; the Huguenots

were not all murdered; the survivors fought with supernatural fury. In the Palace the King wasted away, changed to the spectre of himself, all skin and bones, with bloodshot eyes gleaming under his shock of red hair. "The King," says Michiel, writing to Venice in this year, "the King is a *mal garzon*, melancholy, and rather mad; he never looks one straight in the face, but sits with his head shrunk into his hunched shoulders, silent, his eyes shut, his callous, rough, and horny hands lying idle in his lap. Then of a sudden he shoots up his head and stares about, wide-eyed and vindictive. He speaks of nothing but war and dying in battle." Walsingham confirms this tragic picture: "The King is now become so bloody it is impossible to stay his thirst. He rides to see the Admiral hanging by his feet." From his Italian mother the miserable youth must have drawn that hemomania—that "*Lussuria di Sangue*"—which has stained the memory of so many Italian tyrants. Mad and dying he still nourished tremendous projects for crushing heresy, for slaying his enemies. How altered from the generous and noble Prince that the Venetian envoys praised in his youth! Two years later he expired, the most melancholy of all the victims of his mother. "Il me dit Adieu," wrote Catherine dei Medici, "et me pria de l'embrasser, qui me cuyda faire cresver, et la dernière parolle qui dit fust, '*Eh, ma mère!*'" The reproach of an ineradicable infamy was in that sigh.

The church clock strikes now, a quarter to four. We shall still have time to cross for a moment to the Louvre. But look at the church as we pass. The little airy open-work tower is later than our date, like the grove of horse-chestnut trees that always seem to blossom longer than any others, as though the blood that soaked the earth here had given them a stronger life. But this is the little church that the elegant Pierre Lescot, Canon of Notre Dame, man of the world, and Seigneur de Clagny, condescended to restore before he undertook the Louvre; and 'twas here that he met with a certain Norman peasant-lad twenty years old, and fresh to Paris, whose name "Jean Goujon, image-cutter," is still inscribed upon the ledgers of St. Germain. The sublime Lescot let himself be attracted by this simple personage, and when a few years later he built that exquisite quadrangle of the Louvre opposite, it was Goujon that he chose to carve upon these Palace walls the fallen arrows, the bows, the crescent, and the initials of Diana of Poictiers.

We cross the court, but not towards the great Escalier Henri II. It is too late to see the pictures; another day we will come and study Clouët here; but the dim winter afternoon is still light enough for a moment's stroll through the Renaissance sculpture rooms. Pass the delicate and beautiful nymphs of Goujon, pass the knight of Cousin; we will only look at the portraits of Germain Pilon, that tragic historian in marble, that passionate student of truth and life. Not a pure artist like Goujon, I admit; but a man of dramatic and vehement fancy, of searching insight; a great portraitist; nor without regard to the decorative value of his art, a lover of crumpled and abundant draperies. His portrait of René de Biragues has the dignified majesty of a senator by Tintoret; the thin, oval, fox-like face of the old man, the lean worn hands joined in prayer, the pleated cloak hanging abundantly about the aged and emaciated figure, are given with a grave and reverent beauty. Here, too, are the three great busts—the pained and anxious head of Henri II. with its strained expression and glance of dull idealism; Charles IX., a youth, almost a child, with weak childish lips, dull eyes, and on the energetic brow an expression more terrible and agonised than that of his father; lastly, the last of the Valois, Henri III., "gaudronneur des colets de sa femme," as the people of Paris called him; beautiful with the despicable beauty of a dissipated invalid—the small round head quite bald, the chin very pointed and small, the thin lips pursed with a dubious, cynical expression, the too-large eyes languishing under the arched eyebrows with a glance of suggestive and voluptuous languor.

Yes, he is a great historian, Germain Pilon; but cross the room with me, and you shall see he is no less a thinker and a moralist—a poet if you will. This is the portrait of a delicate woman, a certain well-known Valentine de Biragues. She is sumptuously clad in a brocaded robe, but the flowered corsage encloses the slenderest lily-stem of a wasted body. She is alone, this sick woman of the world, dying alone under her magnificent draperies—alone, save for the lap-dog who has settled beside her on the couch, and whose fawning, whining, ineffectual affection seems to dread and to deny the end. But Madame de Biragues herself is hopeful, or resigned; the thin charming face is placidly sweet; her book of hours has not yet slipped from the slender and wasted fingers. 'Tis an hour of peace, of faith—almost, I think, of hope—with her.

And underneath we read the dreadful prognostication of the future. The couch on which this living body rests is no couch, but a sarcophagus, upon whose centre-panel is engraved the terrible representation of its contents. 'Tis the same figure, but almost a skeleton here: the flesh strained tightly over the bony face, the lips turned back in a despairing wail of anguish. The hands are not joined now, they hold no book of prayer; they have fallen apart in the dull lifeless attitude of the last despair; they lie upon the ground flat, disjointed, nerveless, incapable of movement or of pressure—helpless skeleton hands. Like the flesh beneath it, the brocaded robe has crumbled into dust. The awful nudity of Death, inevitable, irremediable—the bare, uncovered Reality of Corruption—is all that exists here of Valentine de Biragues.

It is cold, cold and strange, in this twilit room with the white statues. Let us go away. Out in the garden the children are playing still by the stiff beds of dahlias. They have begun to light the lamps, a yellow line along the blue prospect of the river; but still there is a little light in the garden, and some leaves left upon the trees, and the voices of playing children, full of enjoyment. Let us go outside.

A. MARY F. ROBINSON.

The Truth about Clement Ker:

Being an Account of some Curious Circumstances connected with the Life and Death of the late Sir Clement Ker, Bart., of Brae House, Peeblesshire. Told by his Second Cousin, Geoffrey Ker, of London.

CHAPTER XXII. (*continued*).

SHOWING WHAT HAPPENED WHEN THE DOOR WAS OPENED.

I WENT up to my old room and opened the door and looked in; and at the sight of the quiet, tidy, empty, familiar place a sudden thought struck me. During many and many a winter night, lying awake away there in London, I had turned over in my mind the mystery of that sealed door, and what was hidden behind it. And now—thrust into my hands, as it were—was this chance of finding out. After what I had just heard, it was plain enough that neither Dick nor I should ever set foot in this house again; and at that reflection there fell upon me a curious dancing rising of the spirits, a delectable lightness and recklessness of purpose, and a certainty of accomplishing any mortal thing I chose to put my hand to—such as I had never experienced before. While the mood lasted I suppose I was what the Scotch call "fey." As I made my way leisurely along the north gallery, it was all I could do to keep myself from shouting and singing aloud. On every side, too, fortune favoured me. It was (as I learned afterwards) the day for the great biennial local fair, and more than half the servants had been given permission to attend it, so that I had but small interruption to fear;—for all practical purposes the house had never been more empty of witnesses.

But, from not knowing this at the time, I decided to keep clear of the servants' hall, with its possibly over-curious occupants, and get down to the row of stone passages by walking entirely round the house. My quickest way took me past the door of Eleanor's morning-room, and there I stepped lightly; I could hear a low murmur of voices as I passed. What I feared was Dick coming to the door and calling me in; but I crept quietly down the empty, sunny, carpeted gallery, and so in safety to the head of the great stair.

I had no difficulty in finding my way again. I knew the look of every inch of those ivy-shrouded walls. It was bitter cold in there at this season; where I had struggled with the weeds a bed of snow was still lying, a foot deep. The discoloured drip of the roof, and the innumerable tracks of rats and birds, had scored the drift with holes and lines running in every direction; I have seldom seen anything more uninviting than the look of that sheet of yellowish snow; somehow it put me in mind of a crumpled shroud; but, indeed, coming out of the comforting sunshine into that abandoned vault-like place was calculated to sting the mind with odd fancies.

I went up to the closed door straight enough. The bit of white tape stretched across it still, and the two red blotches of wax with Clement's seal upon them. I plucked the thing off and threw it down upon the muddy stones and stamped upon it. I don't think I am revengeful as a rule, but to do this now gave me a sort of vicious satisfaction, and I remembered Clement's last words about being master, and I laughed. The place was full of echoes, and the sound of my own laughter came back with a promptness that made me start. All this time I was pulling and shoving at the stiff wooden bolt without so much as starting it from its place. Either the wood was swollen with the damp, or some means I could not see had been taken to secure it. I gave it up at last, and stood there hot and panting. Along all the inner passages I could hear the stealthy monotonous drip, drip, of the melted snow draining from the roof; and after all my exertions and pounding and pushing, this sudden contrast of silence had something about it that I did not like.

I can solemnly affirm that I turned away from that unyielding door with no more than a natural and obvious sensation of annoyance and disappointment at this unexpected check to my curiosity. But the farther I got away from the place the more dreadful was the impression it made upon me. I hurried out into the broad noonday sunshine, and with every minute that passed, instead of better, I grew worse. Something of the unreasoning horror of my former experience seized me again, but complicated this time with an indescribable sensation of being watched and followed. Cool as the day was, I had a certain difficulty in catching my breath, and the moisture stood out in patches upon my forehead. I did not, by any means, regret what I had done. When I thought of Clement's affixed seal lying trampled in the dirt, my blood danced in my veins with a kind of childish triumph; but I could not have gone back to the spot for half Brae.

I hurried across the courtyard and in at the servants' door, not caring much now who saw me. But the hall where I had once stopped to speak with Bright was deserted. I closed the door behind me with a crash; it was good solid oak, as I noted with an involuntary feeling of comfort; and I took my way upstairs. It was hard on the time now when Clement spoke of returning. I went towards Eleanor's room, and I was glad in my heart at the prospect of voices and companionship. I had never realised before the length and number of the stairs, and these lonely interminable galleries; I was ashamed, and yet for the life of me I could not help straining my ears to listen each time I heard a door open behind me, or what sounded like a footfall in the lower part of the big empty house.

When I opened the morning-room door Lady Ker was seated by the window. She was holding one of Richard's hands between both of hers, and looking up into his face: but she turned round quickly as I hesitated in the doorway, and disengaged one hand, holding

it out to me. "Come here, dear Geoffrey," she said in that low, sweet, thrilling voice of hers– the sweetest voice I think I ever heard in any woman. She laid her hand on my arm. "I have you both safe," she said again; "my brother, and my—my—the man I love," she added very softly, and looked up at Dick with tender shining eyes. She turned to me again. "He says that we must go away, you and I, and leave him here to speak alone with Clement. I am glad you came back—we cannot have our brother left out of our councils, Geoffrey." Her eyes were red with crying, but all her face was transfigured with a kind of pale radiance; and she smiled. "You are the youngest, and sometimes I think you are the wisest amongst us all," she said.

It was kindly meant; but I could not forget how time was when Dick and I had been the closest comrades. There had been no question of including or excluding me then.

"Thank you, Eleanor," I said.

She began then, very rapidly but very clearly, to give me an account of the circumstances which led up to that morning's rupture; it was without doubt a damning indictment against Clement; but in the very midst of it I cut her short; I sprang up from the sofa beside her. "What is that?" I cried out sharply. "Oh, listen, listen! *what is that?*"

Perhaps she had suspected something all along; perhaps it was only the shrill ring of surprise in my own voice that infected her; but Lady Ker rose to her feet at the same instant, dropping Dick's hand.

"What is it, Geoff?" she repeated, scarcely above a whisper. Her face was as white as a sheet.

"What is it? Why are you frightening Eleanor?" Richard demanded, in his turn coming forward; but when I told him, he looked undecided whether to lose his temper at me or to laugh. "What, haven't you finished with all that nonsense yet, Geoffrey?" he began half contemptuously; but Lady Ker put up her hand and stopped him.

"Oh, hush; listen, listen!" she said.

We stood so, all three together in the middle of the room, for perhaps a minute; she and I eyeing one another with furtive guilty looks, with white horror-stricken faces, and Dick looking at us both, a kind of smile lingering about his lips.

At last she drew a long shuddering breath of relief. "No, Geoffrey," she said, "not this time, thank God. Thank God, you were mistaken."

She was actually saying this when, just outside of the door as it seemed, there suddenly broke out a cry—a man's voice, too, but so shrill, so piercing, so like a woman's scream in its hopeless wail of agony and terror, that I pray Heaven I may die before I am ever sentenced again to hear the like. Twice in quick succession the awful yell rang out, the second time more faintly, and in the same instant we heard the dull sound of a heavy fall, and the shutting-to of the door at the far end of the passage.

The whole thing was over in a flash; from first to last it did not occupy ten seconds. Before we had scarce time to credit the evidence of our own senses Richard had torn open the tapestried door. We followed him out into the passage. Five yards away, lying in the full sunshine, just beneath the window, was what looked like a tumbled heap of black clothes. It was poor, stupid, loyal, obstinate old Bright; we turned him over on his back, and raised his sleek grey old head from the ground, and loosened the collar about his throat; but all to no purpose; that thing he had sought for, and disbelieved in, had met him face to face; the man was stone-dead.

I don't think I was so much surprised as stunned. I had not expected to find him alive; no human being could have gone on living out of whom had been wrung that heart-stricken shriek; but I never saw Dick so overcome by anything. He knelt on the carpet, with his arm round Bright's neck, looking down into his stubborn, reticent, faithful old face, and the great tears dropped from his eyes like a child. Bright had been in my father's service as far back as either of us could remember anything; and he had been very much attached to Richard.

Perhaps a minute or so may have passed in this silence—it could not have been longer than that, I think; but I had lost all count of time—when Lady Ker suddenly broke out into a low wild moan, staggering back from the window by which she had been standing, and clasping both hands before her eyes. The sound seemed to act like the prick of a spur upon Richard; he sprang up to his feet, his mouth twitching.

"Now, God forgive me," he said sternly, "for I was near forgetting it. Here, for this good old man, we can do no more; but whoever has done this deed is in the house still, and to be found out for the seeking," and with that he turned to the stair.

But Lady Ker was quicker in her movements than he; she threw herself in front of him, and stood there in her long black dress with her back against the door, panting audibly.

"What is done is done. Stop! you shall not go. You say you love me; I say you shall not go there. Richard—you shall not. It is in God's hands; God is punishing him, not we. I say it is not we," she cried out in the same desperate, wild, moaning voice. She clutched Dick's arm hard with both her hands. "Look, look there!" she gasped. "The window—through the window!"

We both turned to look at the same instant, and both cried out as with one voice. Through a gap in the trees we could see Clement riding up the avenue at a brisk trot: he was making straight for the front of the house.

"It will meet him there—at his own door," Eleanor said, gasping. "It is too late. You cannot go; I will not have it. I will not have you killed, Richard. I tell you it is God's doing, it is God's judgment, not ours!" She clung to him with her hands, with her arms, winding her arms about his neck and burying her face on his shoulder. "You can't go, Richard. You can't leave me. I am afraid. You can't go; you can't; you can't," she kept on saying over and over again, so that it was pitiable to hear her. And then, all at once, she was standing by herself against the window, and Dick a yard or two away,

looking at her with an expression of extraordinary pity and tenderness upon his face.

"My poor little girl, you don't know what you are saying. Remember *afterwards*—make her understand, Geoffrey—that I always knew she did not know or mean what she said." He went up to Lady Ker again, and took her in his strong arms and kissed her (and she quite passive), and then he turned to me (even then Dick did not altogether forget me). "God bless you, Geoff, old boy; take care of her," he called out hoarsely.

The door opened and shut behind him; we heard his step running down the stair. At the same moment Clement passed the last gap in the trees where we could see him. We stood like statues, Eleanor and I, exchanging frozen look for look; and between us, stretched out stiff and dark across the joyous morning sunshine, poor old Bright lay dead.

POSTSCRIPT.

Each time that I have attempted to write down in black and white my own belief, my own impression of what happened, I am checked by two plain statements of fact—two printed slips cut by myself from a local newspaper, now more than five-and-twenty years ago.

The first (taken from the *Galashiels Herald and Morning Star*) runs as follows:—

"FATAL ACCIDENT TO SIR CLEMENT KER, BART., OF BRAE HOUSE.—We learn with deep regret that Sir C. Ker, of Brae House, was thrown from his horse yesterday afternoon as he was returning home from riding, and killed on the spot. The accident took place at the extreme end of the avenue, directly under the windows of the house. The first person to give the alarm was a visitor staying in the house—we understand, a relation of the deceased—who, on coming out of the front door, discovered the body of the unfortunate gentleman lying at the bottom of the steps. It is conjectured that the accident can have taken place but a few seconds previously, but life was already extinct. Much sympathy is expressed for the widowed Lady Ker, who was actually in the house at the moment of this fatal occurrence. The late Sir C. Ker was born in 183–, and succeeded to his father's estate in 185–, as thirteenth baronet of the name. He married in 185– Eleanor, daughter of the Rev. Alexander Macalister, of Troon Ferry, by whom he leaves only one child, Janet Alexandra, born in 185–."

And, dated a week later—

"OBSEQUIES OF THE LATE SIR C. KER, OF BRAE HOUSE.—The remains of the late Sir C. Ker were interred at an early hour this morning in the family vault at Kirk Brae. It will be remembered by our readers that the unfortunate gentleman was at first reported to have been killed by a fall from his horse; but at the inquest, held on Saturday, it was clearly demonstrated that the immediate cause of death was cessation of the action of the heart, produced by sudden shock. Dr. David Wauchope, who attended the inquest, gave evidence to that effect, and cited many similar cases in which, to the last, the patient was unconscious of the existence of such disease. At the close of the proceedings Dr. Wauchope was thanked by the coroner for the clearness and instructive character of his remarks.

"Despite the unusually matutinal hour selected for the performance of the obsequies, and the inclemency of the weather, a dense crowd was assembled in the churchyard to witness the last rites paid to the unfortunate gentleman so untimely cut off in the very prime of life. The late Sir C. Ker was one of the largest landowners in Peeblesshire; many of his tenants followed his remains to the grave, and our reporter spoke with one of them whose father, but lately deceased, had filled the position of shepherd on the Brae estate for over sixty years. The speaker himself, who recently removed to Edinburgh, had walked the entire distance in two days in order to be present at the funeral. The family of the deceased on this melancholy occasion was represented by Messrs. Richard and Geoffrey Ker, who acted as chief mourners. The two gentlemen are second cousins of the late baronet, and brothers to Mr. Francis Edmund Ker, late of Castleton Hall, Warwickshire, who succeeds to the title and estate. Sir Francis is, we are informed, travelling at present in New Zealand, but will doubtless shortly return, having been telegraphed to immediately after the lamentable accident took place."

That is the account the world has accepted, and Frank and Richard. Only Eleanor and I remember that hour we spent together in the gallery, and keep our fearful doubts.

More than a quarter of a century has passed over our heads since that fatal morning. Of the actors in the drama of my youth, some are dead: Ailie died within the year of leaving Brae Head, and her mother did not long survive her. About those that are left has fallen the inevitable silence and the peace of middle age—when so much of life has been condoned, so much accepted, so much forgotten. As for myself, I may truly say that I have succeeded in all that I have undertaken, far beyond the utmost dreams and desires of my boyhood. I have written my music, I have made a reputation and gained many friends, and led a full and prosperous and very happy existence. But never again in all these years has it been given to me to taste a second time the poignant emotion of my youth; no other woman's eyes have had the power to make my heart beat with the same enthusiasm of love and tenderness. Again I ask, Who shall pretend to explain the mystery of a man's heart? I look back across the ease, the pleasures, the satisfactions of half a lifetime—and what I value most of it all is just the remembrance of a little peasant girl's face seen against the dim background of a cottage window. The dearest relic I possess is still the little faded cotton handkerchief she wore about her neck.

THE END.

Ruins of the Château de Polignac, Le Puy.

The Lace-Makers of Le Puy.

AD as is the decay of beautiful industries from an economic point of view, the gradual perversion of taste thereby indicated is a fact more melancholy still. Just as hand-plaited straw may now be called a survival, only one or two old women now remaining of the unrivalled plaiters of Dunstable, so the lace-making of Le Puy, once as elegant a handicraft as any exercised by women, is in its decadence. I have elsewhere described the changes that have taken place in the straw trade at Luton, owing to the introduction of cheap Chinese plait and machinery; more interesting from an artistic point of view, since the lace that trims a bonnet is a work of art, which the bonnet can hardly be, is the transformation that has come over the time-honoured lace trade of France.

In itself, Le Puy, *chef lieu* of the department of the Haute Loire, is well worthy of a visit: no town, perhaps, throughout all France savours more of antiquity, which is saying a good deal; and none is more picturesque, which is saying more still.

Travellers would do well to time their approach by daylight, otherwise they will wake up in view of a commonplace boulevard, and have to go out in search of romance, which is hardly the way to be exhilarated by it. As a general rule French towns should be fallen over head and ears in love with at first sight, not courted after due deliberation and fixed motives, as oftentimes are French beauties. The surprise that this ancient capital of the Velay gives us when we come upon it on a sudden is not to be forgotten and not to be bought, *impayable*, as our neighbours say. For the moment, it seems difficult to believe that these lofty pyramids and airy pinnacles of stone rising so abruptly from the plain can be anything else but the laboriously piled-up monuments of man, for where else has Nature disported herself so freakishly? No less sharply defined than the great pyramids and the Sphinx, and although on a smaller scale, hardly less surprising are the rocky eminences crowned by the ancient town and venerable old cathedral, the fantastic pile of Corneille, and shooting up vertically towards the sky, the airy pinnacle of St. Michel. On the Rocher de Corneille, for reasons best known to themselves, the citizens of Le Puy have erected a colossal Virgin, gilt from head to foot, which, however much it may minister to the exaltation of the pious, cannot be said to improve the landscape. In striking contrast with the gently undulating *entourage* of green plain is this array of dark volcanic rocks, here a solid, fortress-like mass, there a monolith hardly more substantial than Cleopatra's Needle. A warm, cloudless September sky heightens to the utmost the strangely romantic outlines and brilliant colouring of the landscape.

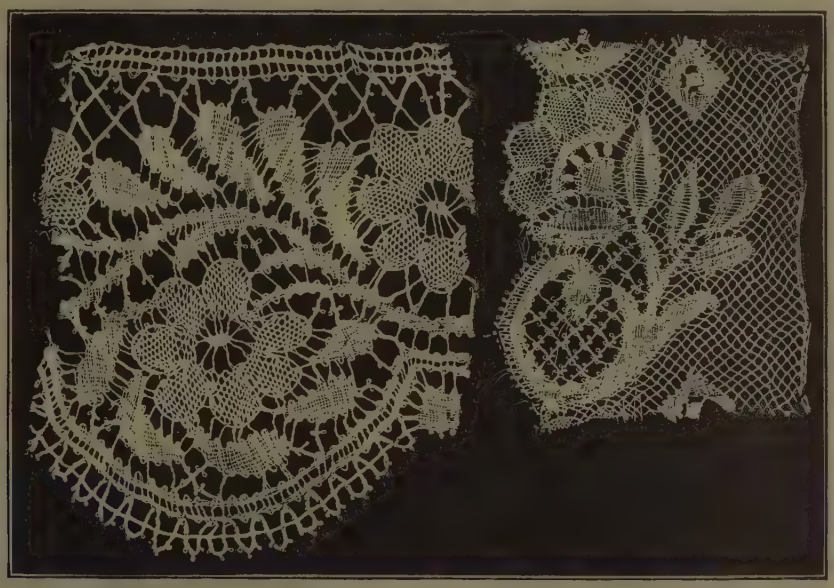
The old town with its narrow, sunless streets and antiquated hotels, is very curious, and not over-healthy, judging from the poor physique and pallid looks of the population generally. Seldom in France is seen so much

lameness and deformity. The lameness is easily accounted for, the steep, almost perpendicular ways of the ancient quarter being paved with sharp pebbles, very fatiguing and injurious to the feet. Glimpses of these narrow streets permitting of a hand-shake between window and window, and the overhanging roofs, dark walls, and bit of blue sky overhead, recall ancient cities of Italy and the East.

At every doorway in the old town you still see the lace-makers at work, and striking pictures many of them make. The younger are not ill-favoured, and what good looks they possess are set off to the best advantage by the charming coiffe of the country, a butterfly-like lace or muslin cap adorned with a large top-knot of a kind of ribbon made for the purpose, rich in quality and elaborate in design.

The older women, less given to personal adornment, have frequently that withered, hag-like look, interesting to the lover of the picturesque, but not engaging to the general beholder. They croon together, hardly looking up as they busily ply their reels, the most pathetic incarnation of laboriousness and patience imaginable. In the market-place, on the steps of the churches, and before their doors, you see these indefatigable lace-makers, one and all, like the venerable straw-plaiters of Dunstable, survivals of an industrial—rather, an artistic—phase passing away, And just as the decay of the straw trade at Luton has affected the prosperity of the entire county, so has the decadence of hand-made lace at Le Puy had a most serious effect on the material well-being not only of the town but of the neighbouring villages, indeed of the entire department. No reader of these pages can be unfamiliar with what is called torchon lace, that cheap, durable, thread lace, sold at every draper's shop for sixpence and upwards a yard. More elaborate and expensive kinds still find their way into the market, but the staple industry of Le Puy now consists of the former kind, and indeed may almost be said to have supplanted the other. What a degeneration! To realise the beauty, finish, and elaborateness of torchon lace in its most flourishing epoch we must visit the *Musée de Dentelles* of Le Puy, but our illustrations will suffice to bring out the contrast.

Nos. 1 and 2 are specimens of the better kinds of lace still made and sold from five shillings a yard upwards, whilst Nos. 3 and 4 give a very fair notion of the staple article of commerce, the cheap, durable lace for which the makers receive twopence a yard and the purchasers pay fivepence, leaving no large margin of profit for the exporter. Yet inferior as are the cheaper kinds, they have much to recommend them, and it is sad to learn that they in turn are being driven out of the market by the caprices of taste, ill-directed economy, and the encroachments of machinery. When the lace trade flourished at Le Puy, ladies indulged in a flounce, scarf, or shawl of rich torchon or guipure, which, like a jewel, was the ornament and possession of a life-time, a heritage to bequeath to others. The lace-makers then easily earned from five shillings upwards a day, and it was a proverb in the country that the men minded the house and babies whilst the women supported the family. Now-a-days costly hand-made lace is little patronised in France; according to present fashion, instead of the collar and cuffs of a lady's gown being trimmed with rich lace, or indeed lace of any kind, dressmakers supply odiously stiff and unbecoming edgings of beads, and tinsel or ribbon ruchings. This fancy will doubtless pass away, but the love of cheap finery amongst all classes militates against the revival of hand-made lace. You may still see peasants in Auvergne, Brittany, and Vendée wearing coiffes trimmed with elaborate guipure or old point; in



TORCHON LACE, NOS. 1 AND 2.

most cases these are heirlooms, and the coiffe itself is rapidly giving place to the bonnet.

Nevertheless, on the principle that half a loaf is better than no bread, wherever you go you find patient women plying their reels, their fingers taking up the threads with the swiftness and precision of machinery. A good deal of *passementerie* or ornamental gimp in black

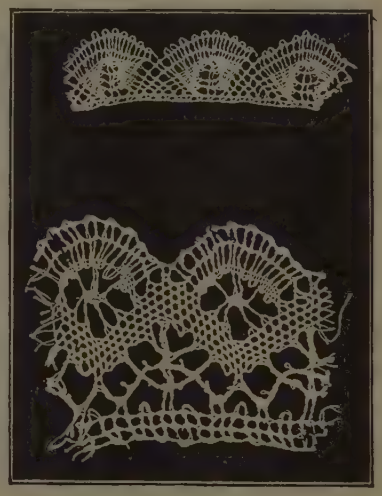
LACE-WORKER OF LE PUY.

silk or thread is also made here, this, as well as lace-making, being done in great measure by housewives after attending to domestic duties. A living is hardly to be made by the lace-pillow or gimp-card now-a-days.

The *Musée de Dentelles* of Le Puy offers a rare treat to lovers and connoisseurs of lace. The effect of these delicate and truly artistic productions may be likened, to compare great things with small, to that of a sculpture gallery; perhaps a better comparison still were a cabinet of carved ivories. Nothing to be called colour meets the eye, nothing to dazzle or bewilder, only hues negative and restful as the vellum of some ancient manuscript, or the time-stained marble of a frieze, and in harmony with these, the daintiest artistic fancies ever made subservient to personal adornment. Here we see not only specimens of the torchon and guipure of Le Puy, but laces of various countries and epochs, historically arranged, many indeed being relics as valuable from an historic as an artistic point of view. No one can study such *chefs-d'œuvre* of taste and skill without a feeling of regret. The stately, elaborate ornamentation that in former days made the dress of both sexes so beautiful, has given way to frippery and tinsel that often mean moral degradation. To say nothing of working women who must needs follow the latest fashion imitated in the most trumpery materials, let me give a hint to the class above them. Women possessed of modest means as well as duchesses might wear a bit of good lace if they chose. It is a passion for novelty and the consequent craving for over-cheapness that has brought about a deterioration of taste, the result of which is the stagnation of the lace trade. But although the effects of this depression have been so seriously felt at Le Puy, few evidences of absolute want meet the eye. If French people fail in one thing they have recourse to another. Thus an old woman, keeping a stall in the market-place, told me that in her youth she used to earn five shillings a day by making point d'Alençon. Now she plied her reels at the cheap torchon instead, eking out her means by a fruit and cake stall.

The city of Le Puy reminds me of some antiquated piece of battered plate, set in a brand-new case of green velvet. Around it stretches the fertile, beautifully cultivated plain, patchwork of meadows and cornland, the air scented with newly-mown hay, the landscape fresh and verdant as in April. On all sides you see little homesteads and cheerful peasants busy in the hayfield or preparing the land for sowing.

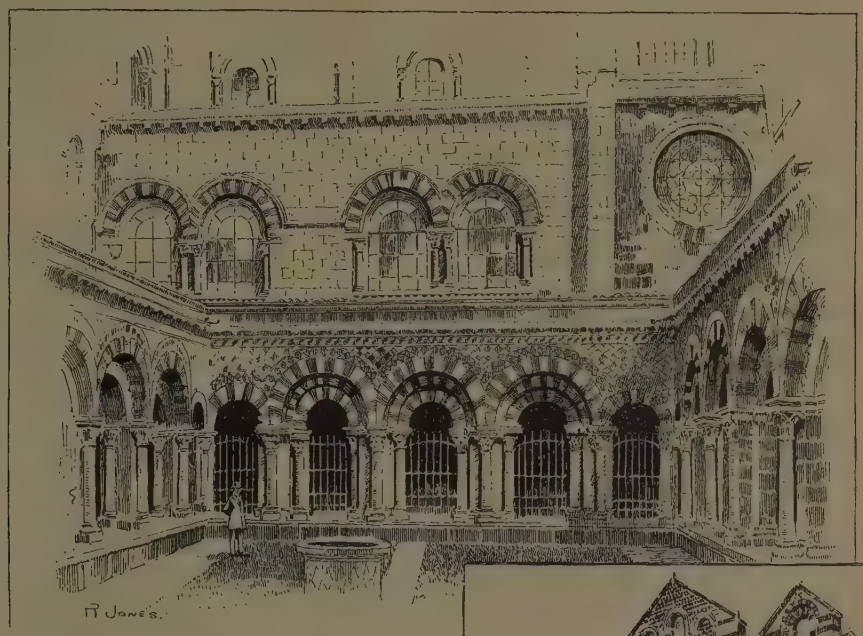
Towering above this sweet pastoral country, a few miles from the town, is the famous château of Polignac, as fine a feudal ruin as any in France. Both on the way thither and from the château itself you get wonderful views of this strange country, the masses of dark volcanic formation in striking contrast with the verdure on every side. The ruins cover a vast, lofty pile of black rock, so steep as to be only reached from one side. The place is doubly a fortress, these formidable towers and buttresses being raised on a natural rampart of



TORCHON LACE, NOS. 3 AND 4.

basaltic rock. A farm-house has been built within the ruins, and the farmer's daughter acts the part of cicerone to strangers. We found her sitting in the sun with two friends (single women, like herself), who stayed there, as she said, to keep her company. In the summer months, when tourists occasionally broke the monotony of the

day, life was bearable; but in winter the solitude was dreadful. These three women, plying their lace and gimp-work, offered a curious study. One was a mystic, whose mind was occupied with abstruse metaphysical and theological questions. After chatting pleasantly for a while, she said, "It grieves me to think that you are a Protestant. Your society pleases me; I should have liked to meet you in heaven. Won't you reflect on the matter and study the dogmas of our religion? You would see how superior it is to yours." I laughingly rejoined, "So long as the world lasts, you will never get all mankind of one opinion on such subjects. Do not, therefore, be unhappy about what no earthly power can prevent." "Ah," she sighed, "you follow no commandments; you have no confession." "Pardon," I replied; "we obey the Law of Moses, and confess to God. There is no real reason why we may not meet in a better world." This seemed to set her thinking, although the look of wistful uncertainty did not wholly pass from her face.

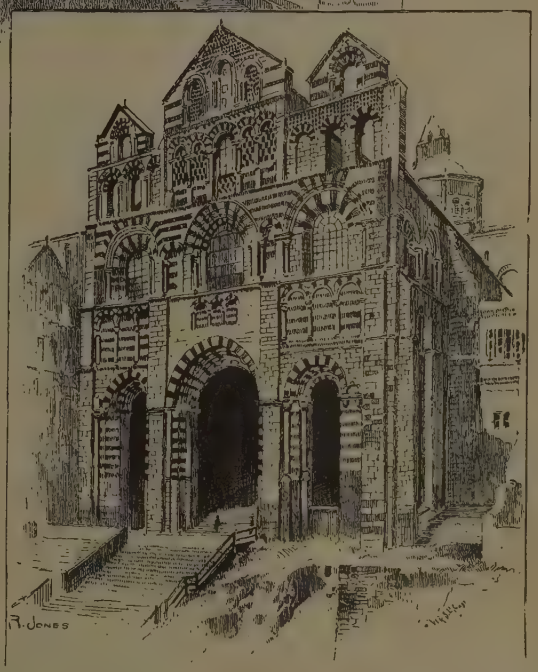


THE CATHEDRAL CLOISTERS, LE PUY.

The second of the trio was of an inquiring turn, but in a wholly different field. "I am weary of existence here," she said. "I want to see other countries and other modes of life. Take me with you to England as your maid. I can sew, cook, and keep a house in order. Do take me!" "Can you speak English?" I asked. "Alas! not a word." "Then," I replied, "I fear it would be no kindness to take you to England. You would be home-sick; you would feel yourself an exile." She, too, reflected pensively.

The third was of another calibre. Vivacious, accommodating herself to circumstances, without originality, she was the most cheerful and contented of the three. She showed us the neat room she occupied with her friends, chatted about the tourists who came in summer, the solitude of winter, and always in the same light-hearted strain.

I bought some lace of the mystic (No. 3 in the specimens), and came away with the painful thought, how doubtful a gift is ofttimes a spirit of inquiry—the aspiration after the unknown! The wistfulness of the two women made me melancholy.



FAÇADE OF THE CATHEDRAL, LE PUY.

Throughout the entire department of Le Puy the lace-pillow is plied in winter, when the labours of the

field cease. Women meet together at each other's houses, and work in company. It is calculated that a hundred thousand lace-makers are at work in good seasons, that is to say, when the lace is in demand.

I have mentioned the extreme richness and beauty of the ribbons used as trimming for the coiffe. Ribbon-weaving is also a woman's industry, and a visit to St. Étienne—seat of the ribbon manufactory—is hardly less interesting than that to Le Puy itself. The journey, moreover, by rail is inconsiderable—about three hours only—and lies through a deeply interesting geological country. If the condition of the rural population of France, for the most part, is such as to awaken wonder and admiration, a less favourable impression is produced by many manufacturing towns. St. Étienne, for example, has undergone a fate similar to that of Le Puy. The great ribbon trade, dating from the Middle Ages, has declined there, just as the lace trade has declined in the capital. Thus we learn that the average earnings of a workman (or *passementier*, as the ribbon-weaver is called) are not above three francs a day. Two francs daily form the maximum earnings of women, be it remembered, who give their whole time to the loom. Just as torchon lace is made by women in their own homes, the manufacturers furnishing the thread and the pattern, so the ribbon-loom is plied at home, the hours of labour being from seven a.m. to seven p.m., with intervals for meals. Two or three francs a day for ten or eleven hours' toil! No wonder that the ribbon-weaving population of St. Étienne have a pale, pinched look, strangely out of keeping with the brightness and beauty of their productions.

In the poorest little haberdasher's shop you may find veritable gems of the ribbon-weaver's skill; but in the *Musée de Rubans* are specimens only to be described as works of art. If the *Musée de Dentelles* of Le Puy may be compared to a cabinet of carved ivories, the *Musée de Rubans* may be likened to a collection of enamels. From every side flash upon you colours deep and rich and dazzling as those of tropic birds and butterflies. Every imaginable variety of design, colour, and texture is to be found here: gorgeous Oriental arabesques, flowers and birds raised in satin on a delicate silk ground, vignettes in silk, to say nothing of rich ribbons for ordinary use in which some novelty or other is constantly being achieved. In fact, to discover what an artistic and captivating thing ribbon may be, we must visit the *Musée de Rubans* of St. Étienne. The brilliant hues of the peacock's tail, the delicate gradations of colour in a sea-shell, the gorgeousness of gold and gems, the bright petals of flowers, are all here imitated by the ribbon-weaver's loom. Unfortunately here, as at Le Puy, deterioration of taste has resulted in a stagnation of trade. People will have cheap, common ribbons, as well as cheap, common lace, and it naturally follows that whilst the cheaper article is inferior in every way, the lowness of the price at which it is sold reduces the ribbon-weaver's profit to the minimum. Other causes must also be taken into account. Lyons is now a formidable rival in the ribbon trade, and manufactories have also been set up in other parts of the country.

Here let me offer a suggestion which must occur to any one visiting the *Musée de Rubans*. Why are not ribbons of rich texture and elaborate design substituted for the plumage of birds in ladies' headgear and dresses? Why should not the odious practice of exterminating innocent and beautiful creatures to the interests of vanity be given up for once and for all, since human inventiveness has here found a substitute? There is nothing that the skilled ribbon-weaver of St. Étienne cannot effect with his loom *à la Jacquard;* let us then be satisfied with his achievements, and leave the birds and butterflies for the delight of generations to succeed us.

Some notion of the importance of the ribbon trade of St. Étienne may be gathered from these facts: the silk yearly consumed in the manufacture represents a sum-total of forty-five million francs; that represented by the ribbon itself, a hundred millions. In fairly good seasons forty thousand weavers of both sexes ply the loom. As I have mentioned, the ribbon-weavers, like the lace-makers, work in their own homes. In some large manufactories, however, two or three looms may be seen worked together by machinery, and in time an entire revolution of this kind may be looked for.

No tourist should pass by St. Étienne without paying it a visit. Uninviting as the town appears from the railway, it is found cheerful on closer inspection. In the heart of its dingy streets may be seen those coquettishly arranged squares and public gardens peculiar to French towns, miniature Trocadéros, with fountains and flower-beds, and of course a stand for musicians. The townspeople, too, are affable and courteous to strangers, and—let me add, for the benefit of those who merely stop here for an hour or two—excellent tea is to be had at the buffet.

E. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

The Modern Dressmaker.

RESSMAKING is a trade in which the demand for good work and good workers is practically inexhaustible. Women who can afford to dress well, do so, as a rule; and, as a rule also, women who can afford to pay for it do not make their better dresses themselves, but employ professional aid; and even the dressmakerly soul who rejoices in the work, likes a visiting dressmaker to help with the most tedious and uninteresting parts of it. Even those of humble position like to dress as well as their means will allow, so that there will never be a dearth of employment. On the other hand, in this—as in all the great staple trades—there is a fair supply of steady, industrious workers, who earn fair wages for fair work as the times go—whose genius is not creative certainly, but who are intelligent and obedient enough to work satisfactorily under competent direction.

There are several branches of this great trade, some quite open to the most casual observer, others unguessed at excepting by those behind the scenes. The largest branch is the one in which each dress is made to fit each individual customer; but there are openings in the "ready-made" branches not to be despised, and ladies with business talent and inventive faculties, and a knowledge of how to set about it, might make a really lady-like and paying profession of designing for manufacturers.

The working dressmaker is generally drawn from the artisan, shop-keeping, and "clerking" classes; from those people, in fact, who think twelve to twenty shillings for a week's work a fair woman's wages.

As a rule a girl is apprenticed for two years, during which she is allowed a few shillings weekly "for pocket-money," as it is delicately put. During this period she is taught to sew well and quickly, and gets a mastery of the little details and technicalities of the work-room, which can hardly be obtained in any other way; but as a rule she is lamentably deficient in knowledge of fitting and cutting-out, in which she *cannot* get practice. These operations (for obvious reasons) are never entrusted to inexperienced workers.

The apprenticeship over, she becomes an "improver" at from eight to twelve shillings weekly, and is gradually entrusted with work requiring more care and attention. After about a year or more as an "improver" she is considered a competent dressmaker (though she is not yet entrusted with the cutting-out and fitting-on), and is expected to do any portion of the ordinary work-room duties, working ten to twelve hours daily, and receiving a weekly wage of from twelve shillings to one pound—very seldom more. This is the ordinary steady rank and file dressmaker, stolid and content, and aiming no higher as long as she does her daily task and receives her weekly wages. Of such workers there *must* be a large proportion in every trade; they are not the brain, but they are certainly the "hands" that carry out the brain's behests.

Naturally, the girl *with* brains aims at getting more wages for less actual work, even if it involves more responsibility; and, as good cutting-out and good fitting-on are the great qualifications which enable their possessor to command a high price in the labour market, all her energies are devoted to mastering them. This has to be done under great disadvantages, as materials must not be spoiled or wasted, and customers' tempers must not be tried; and, therefore, practice is difficult to get; but once let her show, on herself or one of her companions, that she has mastered the art of fitting, she may be entrusted with some less important work, and gradually get acknowledged as a good fitter. She can then aspire to the position of first hand, which is the highest position in the trade—short of being an employer—to which one can rise. Some of the first hands have very excellent salaries, rising as high, in a few of the best West-end houses, as £300 a year. A touch of the Parisienne in style and fit is a great advantage, whatever may be argued to the contrary; indeed, it is an easily grasped paradox that the best English fitters are Frenchwomen, for fitting is like poetry, it is inherent, it can be cultivated, but not implanted, and twenty Frenchwomen have it to one Englishwoman. Of course, it goes without saying that where the salary is large the responsibilities are proportionally heavy. She must undertake to please the customer to the minutest detail, control the work in the work-room, and satisfy her employers in point of economy of time and material. This is one view only; and the position to which a woman can rise in the dressmaking trade is controlled, too, by the style of house in which she begins her apprenticeship.

There are, for instance, three or four kinds of "houses," each doing distinctly different kinds of work. The very best are the small high-class private dressmakers, where the mistress is her own fitter and cutter. In such houses the staff is small, but carefully picked, and each girl does everything in turn, and must do everything well, as the work must be turned out the perfection of style and finish. Large premiums are often paid for the privilege of placing a daughter in such a house as apprentice.

Next there is the business where the dressmaking is done in large quantities, but is then only one branch of a complete outfitting establishment, or perhaps is the dressmaking department of a large retail shop. Here the work is done in separate departments; there are sleeve-hands, bodice-hands, skirt-hands, drapers, &c., and though these are all answerable to the fitter, they work at their own branches only, and never see or touch the others, which are most frequently carried on in separate rooms altogether. A girl apprenticed to such a house gets more perfect as a branch worker, but is less likely to be able to make a dress completely through than the girl apprenticed to the smaller private house.

Still, as branch workers they are excellent workers, and frequently two branch workers combine to establish a private business, where they take apprentices and hands, and, by being their own first hands, take *two* profits, the worker's and the seller's. In a good business of this kind quite large profits can be made; but of course there is the risk of bad debts and an insufficient supply of work to contend with.

Nearly all the large drapery shops (and many of the small ones too) have a dressmaking department, and first and second hands are wanted for these, so that even if the highest-paid posts are quite beyond the worker's reach she can still aim at one of these smaller positions, in which she can get £50 a year and upwards. A girl, however, may not like the work-room life, or perhaps there are reasons why she should not leave home from morning till night; so after serving an apprenticeship, and taking a turn as improver to two or three of the different branches (with a view to getting a good insight into all of them), she "sets up in business" at home, her sewing-machine and a few fashion-plates in the window constituting her stock-in-trade, and makes dresses at home, or goes out to work by the day, or combines the two, according to the requirements of her customers and the state of her finances. A girl working without assistance will take from two to three days to make a neatly finished dress, for which she will be paid from ten to fifteen shillings—an apprentice's work would make her profit larger. A visiting dressmaker is generally paid from two shillings to two-and-sixpence a day and her food, seldom more, be she ever so good and quick, for she is the pariah of the trade.

This is dressmaking for individuals in its various branches. The girls who make ready-made dresses can hardly be called dressmakers at all; they are more properly machinists and finishers, as great stacks of work are cut out and made with little or no reference, beyond "sizes," to the requirements of the future wearers; but from what I have seen I should say that clever women, who can cut different designs in sizes to suit the tastes and sizes of the average customer, could find here a good opening for their talents; and the work, to one who understands cutting, is extremely interesting.

It is only of late years that steps have been taken to bring dressmaking proper within the reach of the middle classes, without the objectionable preliminary of a work-room apprenticeship. Indeed, there is a decided endeavour to exalt it into a profession as eminently suitable to ladies, who, it is argued, could bring more skill and taste to bear on the work than the ordinary journey-woman dressmaker; and training-schools for the purpose have been established from time to time. There are two or three in operation in London now where young ladies can have all the advantages of work-room training without the disadvantages of objectionable associates, and the rules are made to suit the natural requirements of gently born and bred girls. It is so arranged that students after passing through the course will be proficient enough to establish themselves in private businesses as dressmakers. Also there are classes where attendance for a couple of hours weekly through one winter session, makes an intelligent student sufficiently conversant with the mysteries of the craft to enable her to produce a dress which shall not bear the fatal stamp "home-made" on every crooked seam and twisted fold.

In class-work everything is systematised; the art of fitting, once the heaven-granted gift of a few, is now controlled by rule and measure, and is within the reach of any woman of moderate intelligence who can spend a few shillings to acquire it; and all the branches are minutely taught, so that a lady can learn without undergoing the petty miseries of the old work-room apprenticeship; the only disadvantage being that she does not get the training in quick, neat sewing, which is so very essential to success, as the work is softened and spoiled if it remains long in hand. The lady, however, who has been taught by teachers must get her friends to give her a start, and set up in business for herself. First hands are not taken on any guarantee excepting that of a work-room training, and a good trade reference from last employers. The private dressmaking business, the visiting branch, and the designing, are therefore the branches open to ladies. As to whether the lady-dressmaker will, by her superior powers of hand and brain, ultimately displace the ordinary dressmaker—time alone will prove her; she is a modern product, and has only been very partially tested; but when a woman will go into the trade *as* a trade, and will work at it honestly and intelligently, without putting on airs and graces on the strength of her ladyhood, she can hardly fail to succeed. Of course there are slack seasons as well as busy ones; and once a dressmaker gets to work for a certain class of customers it is difficult to raise the tone of the connection; but from what I have seen, steady intelligent workers can always get on, as long as they avoid making bad debts, and do not set their prices too low at the beginning.

J. E. DAVIS.

A Woman's Friendship.

MARY STUART AND MARY SETON.

THE friendship of women for each other is a theme which has been overlooked by poets and historians. Jonathan and David, Damon and Pythias, and Orestes and Pylades, are the traditional illustrations of tender and devoted love between persons of the same sex; and no record of woman's friendship finds its place on a level with these friendships of men. At this day, if one must judge from the ordinary tone of the cheap wits and tellers of stale stories, men generally think that grown women can feel only jealousy or indifference for other women; while as to a "school-girl friendship," it is a very byword for a shallow and exaggerated ebullition of feeble emotion. Nevertheless, it has been amongst the most precious and cherished possessions of many a woman to have a life-long friendship with one of her own sex; in whom she has found a sympathiser able to truly enter into her sorrows and her joys, an intimate before whom there need be no disguise, a counsellor fitted by similar experience, or by the insight of womanly instincts, to advise in all perplexities and griefs, and a devoted comrade yielding affection and aid without failing through good and evil days.

"The Queen's Maries."

Such a friendship is the one of which I am about to tell. Though no other woman, probably, ever had a life so sad as that of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland by inheritance, Queen of France by marriage, and heiress presumptive to the crown of England, yet she was not without the great blessing and comfort of a devoted and life-long friendship with one of her own sex. Many women, indeed, reverenced and loved her. It is worthy of special note that not one of all her female servants and attendants was ever found willing to endorse the coarse slanders, by the aid of which turbulent nobles and fanatic preachers usurped her authority. This adherence to Mary Queen of Scots of the women who knew her well should alone, as Miss Strickland observes, go far to convince persons who have not leisure or opportunity to study the evidence about her for themselves, of the dignity and purity of her character and life; for in such matters women are not easily blinded, nor do they readily condone failings of that description in one of their sex.

Mary Seton was the constant and close associate of her Queen for just forty years. The daughter of Lord Seton, the premier Baron of Scotland, she was one of the four little girls * honoured by the choice of the

* The old ballad entitled "The Four Maries" is the source of all the information possessed by most people about these comrades of Mary Queen of Scots. The ballad is, however, entirely without historical value. It was written long after the date to which it refers – the incident on which it is supposed to be based never happened—

widowed Queen-mother, Mary of Guise, to be the companions of the sovereign in her childhood. These favoured maidens were all very nearly of the same age, and were all named Mary. They were daughters of some of the noblest houses of Scotland.

In the case of three of them, an additional reason can be perceived for their selection for the privilege of co-education with their Queen. Mary Fleming was the daughter of Malcolm, Lord Fleming, by his wife Janet Stuart, a natural sister of King James V.; so that Mary Fleming was first cousin (with the bar sinister) of the little Queen. Mary Seton and Mary Beton were respectively the daughters of two French ladies of rank, who had accompanied the Queen-mother when she came from France to Scotland for her wedding with King James V., and had there married the Scotch nobles whose names the children bore.

Mary Livingstone, daughter of Alexander, fifth Lord Livingstone, was the other little maiden chosen. Her father held so high a place in the confidence of the Queen-mother, as to be entrusted by her with the guardianship of the person of the infant Queen during her residence on the island of Inchmahome.

When the five Maries were seven years of age the treaty of marriage between Queen Mary and the heir to the throne of France was concluded. Henry VIII. of England had resolved that she should marry his heir; and to avoid the seizure of her person with this end in view by the English, the young Queen and her friends were sent off to France to be educated. They were inseparable companions there. By the special orders of the Queen-mother, the attendant Maries received precisely the same education as the Queen. They were taught at the same time, and by the same masters; one result of which was that they all, when grown-up, wrote so much alike that it was difficult to distinguish their caligraphy.*

Lord Seton never saw his youngest bairn again on earth after that parting at the embarkation of the Maries at Dumbarton. George, the fourth of that name, Baron Seton, died in 1549, in the eighth year of the age and the reign of his young Queen; and George, his son, succeeded to the barony. The latter, the brother of Mary, is the Lord Seton whose name is so often met with in the history of Mary Stuart. Seton was the premier Baron of Scotland, the peerage having been created in the fourteenth century. Long before that the Setons were famous amongst the knighthood of their country. In their muniment-chest were documents carrying the family history back to the days of Malcolm Canmore, the Scotch contemporary of Edward the Confessor. The Setons' lands were in Lothian, hard by the sea, from whence it was commonly supposed that the surname was derived. But Lord Kingston (a son of the house, who wrote its history in the days of James II.) gave another derivation for the name, which is peculiarly appropriate in view of the devoted service and loyal sacrifice of Lord Seton and his sister Mary to Mary Queen of Scots. Lord Kingston thought that the Setons originated in a German nation, mentioned by Tacitus, who bore the name of Sitones, and "who may have come over as the Picts and Muravians did, to the sea-coast on the Forth, where Seton Castle was." The peculiarity of the Sitones was that they allowed women to bear rule over them, a practice which is described by Tacitus as "a degenerate servitude." It is truly appropriate to suppose that the Setons who served their woman sovereign so loyally and so bravely were the descendants of that noteworthy ancient nation.

The true importance of the family began with one Sir Christall, who was the great friend of the Bruce. Sir Christall married the Bruce's sister, whence the Setons derived the right to wear the Royal double tressure of fleur-de-lis about their coat-of-arms. From that time forward the Setons were one of the most considerable of the great families of Scotland, and by their marriages were allied with very many noble houses.

Mary Seton was the youngest of the family of the fourth George, Lord Seton, by his second wife, Marie de Pieris, by whom also there were two sons. By his first wife, a daughter of Lord Hay of Yester, Lord Seton left two sons and four daughters living at his decease. The eldest son was, of course, much older than his little half-sister, and Mary Seton regarded her brother, as the head of her house from the time that she was eight years of age, and as many years her senior, with almost filial respect. In her devoted adherence to her Queen and friend, Mary Seton had the encouragement of the approval of her chief and brother; while, on the other hand, Lord Seton's untiring service and sacrifice in Mary Stuart's cause may be taken to show that all that he heard and knew of her from the intimate association with her of his young sister, the maiden brought up with her, and her constant companion, was such as to engage his respect and affection.

The happy schooldays of the five Maries came to an end all too soon, for when they were but sixteen the marriage of the young Queen to the Dauphin (a boy of fifteen) was celebrated in Paris, Lord Seton being one of the Scotch Lords Commissioners present. A year afterwards the death of her father-in-law made Mary Queen Consort of France. At the same time the title of King and Queen of England was assumed, under the instruction of their elders, by Francis and Mary. This period was the brief time of radiant splendour in Mary Stuart's sad career. She wore a triple crown; she was the sovereign and the ornament of the most splendid Court of Europe. Who, at that brilliant moment, could have foreseen that her life was to be spent in squalid prisons, and that the service of the maid-of-honour, who then shared that Royal magnificence, would be a service through many long years of danger, deprivation, self-sacrifice, and anguish?

The four Maries, as they were always called, were

and the very names of "the four Maries" are not correctly given. Whyte Melville's novel, "The Queen's Maries," is founded on the ballad, and is not any more historically correct than that is.

* Mary Seton's handwriting, in those letters of hers which still exist in the Record Office and the British Museum, where I have inspected them, is remarkably like that of the Queen. It is a clear, round, Roman hand, easy to read, and a delightful change from the crabbed German text spider-like scratchings then common. The only drawback to it was that, as Queen Mary herself observed, it was easily imitated by the forger's vile art.

greatly admired at the Court of France, but no one of them lost her heart there. The time permitted for such events was, indeed, but short, for after a reign of a year and a half the young King died, leaving his fair consort a childless widow of eighteen. The dream was over: Mary Stuart was not to live her life as Queen of her dear France, nor would her posterity fill the thrones of three kingdoms. All that was assured to her now was the crown of Scotland—where her mother had died of heartbreak, where three out of the preceding five sovereigns had been murdered, a fourth had died on the battle-field, and the other had expired of very weariness of his lot—a kingdom where already the religion of the young Queen was proscribed under penalty of death, and where already rebellious lords had commenced "to call her their Queen, but not to treat her so." She remained in France for the first year of her widowhood, living in retirement with the Maries. These girls made a romantic and tender confederacy during that period. They solemnly promised each other that no one of them would marry as long as their Queen remained in her solitary widowed state. So when Mary returned to Scotland the four maidens returned likewise, still fetterless.

The advent of Darnley, and the termination of the Queen's six years' widowhood by her union with the "lady-faced long lad," freed the Maries from their word. Within eighteen months of that event three of the four had entered the ranks of matronage. The first to leave the virgin sisterhood was Mary Livingstone, who, aided by a dowry from the Queen of land worth £500 a year, married John, a younger son of Lord Sempill. A few months later Mary Beton married Alexander Ogilvie, Laird of Boyne; and, early in the following year, Mary Fleming made the most surprising of matches, becoming the wife of the Secretary of State, Maitland of Lethington, who was neither noble nor rich, and was twenty years older than his bride.

So, of "the Queen's Maries," Mary Seton alone remained single. Alas for her! She loved and was loved where family pride forbade her to give her hand. Long years after she referred to this sorrow. When she was pressed (as I shall tell in due course) to make an alliance with a younger son, a poor man, she said that her relatives would never consent to her thus marrying with one who was not their equal; that when she was in Scotland they had refused to allow her to make such a match when she wished, and had spoken disparagingly of that marriage of Mary Livingstone with the younger son of a noble house, which the Queen's generous dowry had made possible. Mary Seton's half-sisters were respectively the Countess of Menteith, the Lady of Restalrig, Lady Ogilby, and Lady Somerville. When Lord Seton forbade his young half-sister—a legacy to his care from their dead father—making a worse match (in a social sense) than her elders had done, doubtless he thought he did his duty. Besides, there was a grandmother to consult, an old Lady Seton, a true *maîtresse femme*, who had built a part of Seton House anew, and had dowered two of her granddaughters, and made great presents to the two others, and had altogether shown herself a sort of family Providence by virtue of the wealth she had gained by her surpassing wisdom in the management of her own dower lands and properties. One can imagine the air of that important dowager when she heard that her youngest grandchild wished to marry lower than her sisters, and lower than her family station and her intimacy with her sovereign made seemly.

Mary Seton's lot in life was settled by that decision. Her fate thenceforth was to be the friend of Mary Stuart, to follow her sad fortunes, and to be to her the unselfish devoted companion that many a woman shows herself to another. The time of trouble soon came on. The conspirators against their Queen having murdered her husband, having abetted Earl Bothwell in that violence against her person which made her unwilling marriage with that one-eyed Border ruffian almost inevitable, and having further advised her by a solemnly signed document to contract that marriage, then turned upon her, and rose in revolt in pretended horror at the very deed which they had counselled and brought about by their plots.

At Carberry Hill, Mary surrendered herself willingly to the confederate lords, who received her on their knees, promising her all due respect in return for her dismissal of Bothwell. But as soon as her army was dispersed they treated her with barbarous indignity. They carried before her a banner, on which her baby son was depicted as crying for vengeance on his father's murderers—the implication being that she was one of them. They permitted the common soldiers to assail her with opprobrious epithets; and they led her, all covered with dust and tears, as a spectacle through her capital, where was gathered a mob of fanatics excited by their preachers to hate their Queen as an idolatress and worse, and of the scum of the population ever ready for violence and outrage. So slowly did Mary's captors progress, and so exposed did these noble gentlemen leave the person of their young woman monarch, with that incendiary banner carried before her, that it is hard to avoid the conviction that they desired to see her done to death there in the Edinburgh High Street. At this dire moment of degradation and danger two of those high-born women who had shared her splendour did not shrink from her side. Immediately behind the Queen, as she walked, led by two harsh enemies, the Earls of Morton and Atholl, "and pressing very close to her" (brave women!) "came her ladies, Mistress Semple and Mademoiselle de Seton." Thus does a contemporary chronicler, the Captain of Inchkeith, describe how Mary Livingstone and Mary Seton sought to shield their mistress from danger in that bitter hour.

The same night, in the darkness, the Queen was carried away by armed men to imprisonment in the grim secluded castle on the isle of Lochleven; and there, soon after, her signature to her abdication was extorted by threats of immediate death. The captivity of a deposed monarch was usually, indeed, in Scotch history, the prelude to a violent death. Nevertheless, Mary Seton did not hesitate to share the gloomy and dangerous prison of her friend, at the risk of her own life. A few days after the Queen's arrival at Lochleven, Mary Seton

turned from the peace and splendour of her brother's palace, and travelled to wait on her mistress in prison. At the same time Lord Seton, with his brothers-in-law Menteith, Ogilby, and Somerville, and his cousin Yester, went to join the assemblage of the Queen's friends at Hamilton Castle, where also were found the relatives of Mary Livingstone and Mary Fleming—sure testimony to the belief in their Queen's innocence of those who knew her best.

The imprisonment of the Queen, shared voluntarily by Mary Seton, on that dull and lonely island in Lochleven, lasted for ten months. Once in that time there was an attempt made at the Queen's escape, which failed, but which showed how much Mary Seton was prepared to risk for her mistress, and also incidentally gives the only hint that remains of the personal appearance of the young maid-of-honour. The Queen was of unusual height, and of a figure majestically proportioned. As Mary Seton could wear the Queen's clothes, it is obvious that she must have been of about the same size as her mistress. She donned the Queen's mourning robes (for though Bothwell lived, Mary always treated her marriage with him as invalid, and wore widow's mourning for Darnley to the day of her death), and, thus dressed, Mary Seton placed herself with her back to the door, so that anybody peeping in might imagine they saw the Queen; while her Majesty, disguised as the castle washerwoman, was really being rowed towards the opposite shore. Brave, indeed, must Mary Seton have been to thus remain to trick the gaolers, and face their wrath when they discovered the truth. But the plot failed. The castle boatmen, piqued by the silence of the supposed washerwoman, pulled down her shawl from her head to see her face, and recognised the Queen; and, refusing to run the risk of aiding her escape, they promptly rowed her back to the castle.

MARY SETON'S WATCH.

The gaolers' precautions were then redoubled; but, nevertheless, thanks to the daring of the page, Willie Douglas, who boldly took the keys, muffled in a napkin, from under the very eyes of the lord of the castle as he sat at supper, the Queen and her friends, on one happy May evening, effected their escape. The party locked the great gate of the castle behind them, thus making prisoners of the gaolers. On the opposite bank of the lake, that ever-faithful friend, Lord Seton, was waiting with a little troop of horsemen and spare horses for the ladies. The Queen and her companions instantly mounted and rode to Seton's shooting-box at West Niddry, and thence, after a brief rest, they proceeded to Hamilton Castle.

The battle of Langside scattered the Royal forces once more, and the Queen, feeling her life in danger if she were retaken, made the unfortunate resolve to seek shelter in England, relying on Elizabeth's oft-repeated assurances of sisterly friendship. In less than a fortnight after her deliverance from Lochleven, therefore, she voluntarily placed herself, as it turned out, in an even more galling and perilous captivity.

At Carlisle Castle, the first residence of Mary Stuart in England, Knollys, the Vice-Chamberlain of Queen Elizabeth, waited on the Queen of Scots; and he writes to Cecil a charming little detailed picture of the Queen and her devoted friend:—

"Here are several gentlewomen, but none of much rank but Mistress Mary Seton, who is praised by this Queen as the finest busker [that is to say, the finest dresser of a woman's hair] that is to be seen in any country; whereof we have seen divers experiences since her coming hitherto; and among other pretty devices, yesterday and this day she did set such a curled hair upon the Queen, that was said to be a perewyke, that showed very delicately; and every other day she hath a new device of head-dressing without any cost, and yet setting forth a woman gaily well."

How near this bit of personal gossip brings them to us! Not all the record of trouble, and danger, and adventure, and devotion, can show us the sweet friendship between these two young women as does this brief picture of Mary Seton "busking" her Queen's hair and setting her rare beauty forth with ingenious devices and skilful economy, and Mary Stuart praising her high-born dresser's skill to the English gentlemen who admired its result.

Straiter and sterner grew the captivity in which the Queen of Scots was held. She was removed, in defiance of her remonstrances, from Carlisle to Bolton, and thence to Tutbury, a wretchedly furnished house where a rampart of earth shut out the sun, and everything that was allowed to stand for a few days was found covered with mould. Thence the prison was changed to the Earl of Shrewsbury's Castle at Sheffield, where the Queen was kept for many years. In every prison, without rest or holiday, Mary Seton is found beside her friend. Lady Livingstone, the *dame d'honneur*, sometimes paid a visit to Scotland, and after a few years returned to her home there. Others came and went. Mary Seton, a prisoner of friendship, never moved from her Queen's side, but shared her confinement in unwholesome gaols, her deprivation of exercise, her lack of variety of scene and company, her hopes and fears, her worries and occupations.

For months together they were allowed no further exercise than could be taken on the leads of the castle. Once we find the Queen complaining that her soiled linen and that of her ladies was searched by men before it went to the wash. Medicine was required for the Queen, and her physician was reduced to declaring that he must give up the responsibility of his post unless the Queen of England would let him have the necessities for his patient's use; but the needed drugs and appliances never arrived. The service of their own religion was interdicted to them for long periods together. The number of the Queen's attendants was, for a considerable period, so far reduced that her personal needs could not be duly attended to. Yet, through confinement, disappointment, deprivation, sickness, discomfort, insult, and trouble, Mary Seton was always there. They were young women of twenty-five when they entered on their English captivity; they lived in it together till they were over forty years of age. All Mary Seton's prime passed in her Queen's prisons. Life was at stake as well as comfort and freedom sacrificed in that service. Twice Elizabeth bargained with the Scotch rebels to return them their Queen on condition that they killed her instantly; all that could be done was done to make the English nobles who had the Queen of Scots in charge destroy her life without Elizabeth's having the responsibility of the murder; again and again Mary Stuart believed her assassination by poison or otherwise to be contemplated, and it was extremely likely that her death in such a way would be accompanied, by accident or design, by that of her dearest friend and constant companion. Yet Mary Seton stayed. Was ever such friendship exceeded?

Life was dull indeed; the only recreations of the two Maries were art-needlework and the care of animal pets —dogs and birds especially. But yet human interests could not be excluded from the prison; more than one match was made, more than one babe was born, amongst the faithful flock of the Queen's servants; and by-and-by there came a lover for Mary Seton.

In 1572, after they had been four years in prison, a new Master of the Household was appointed. He was Andrew Beton, the younger brother of the Archbishop of Glasgow who was for so many years the faithful and honest ambassador of Mary Queen of Scots in France. Andrew Beton was a personage with quiet and simple ways, which concealed plenty of character. Lord Shrewsbury was quite shocked by the discovery that Mr. Beton had given nicknames to all his family and household, which the Queen's attendants found so appropriate as to universally adopt them. Andrew Beton was artistic as well as witty, for he is mentioned in some of Lord Shrewsbury's letters as drawing designs for the Queen's needlework. As he was a younger son, he was of course not rich, but he had some property, for he writes to his brother the Archbishop:—"I have told you a thousand times that what is mine is yours, and pray to God that you will assist yourself to it, even by selling all that I have in Scotland." Such was Mary Seton's lover.

The rigid imprisonment soon told on the young man's health, as it did on that of most other of the Queen's attendants. Lest any of my readers should imagine such captivity a small matter, they shall have the reading of a portion of one of Beton's letters to his brother, which throws light on that topic. He wrote, in 1574, in a letter which he ended by begging his brother to burn it, but which still exists, as follows:—"I shall not be able to endure many such winters as the last has been. For eight months I have not had three days of health, and if my illness grows confirmed, and I can hope for nothing better in this prison, I shall not be able to keep up. God is my witness that I would live for better times, if that may be; but at least my epitaph may bear witness hereafter that the service of her Majesty has been more dear to me than my fortune, my liberty, and my life. God give you happiness and to us some hope of freedom." In a letter a few months later, however, he writes that his health is restored.

How soon Andrew began to fall in love with Mary Seton does not appear; but already, in 1574, he was very anxious that her wishes should be attended to. He asks the Archbishop, with extraordinary emphasis, to see "for God's sake" that a certain drugget or hanging of silk which he had ordered for Mistress Seton was duly sent; and in another part of the same letter he returns to her interests thus:—"The watch that her Majesty ordered was for Marie de Seton; I beg you to have it made. She wishes one like yours, with an alarum (reveil-matin) separate, which can be set when wished."

If this anxiety that Mary should have all she wanted was a token of love, poor Andrew served a long probation; for three years later he was fain to apply to the Queen for her intercession with his obdurate lady. Mary Stuart "spoke," so she declares, "three separate times" to her maid-of-honour, before she could obtain any concession for the lover. Mary Seton pleaded the honour of her family; the Queen promptly promised to obtain Lord Seton's consent, and to raise Andrew, whose family justified it, to nobility. Baffled on this tack, Mary announced that she had made a vow in her own mind of eternal celibacy, which she believed she could not "honourably and conscientiously break." The Queen, though devoutly religious, scoffed at this secret taking of the veil; she assured her friend that such a private vow was null and void, and offered to take the penalty of breaking it on to her own conscience. "At length," goes on the Queen, in the letter in which she tells this love-story to the Archbishop, "on my urgent remonstrances and persuasions, which she has considered according to her duty as the orders of an attached mistress, she has made up her mind to submit to my commands, on my assurance that I will respect her confidence and take care of her reputation. In the first place, I have resolved her from her pretended vow, which I esteem null; and if by the advice of the doctors it is found such, it will be for me to take charge of the rest. Our young man, whom I have called into presence, has undertaken, a little rashly considering the difficulties that there are, to himself make the voyage for obtaining the resolution of the vow, and by the same journey arrange all with you. For the rest, by the first convenience you must write to her brother, to know how he will look upon what I wish, for giving all the colour necessary to the

observation of the respect usual in our country where there is some difference of quality or titles. Your brother will testify what I have done in his cause, of which he shows himself not a little content and obliged by serving me, if possible, more carefully and agreeably than ever, which I take in very good part."

Having finished this letter to the Archbishop, the Queen called in her friend and read it aloud to her. Thereupon, as the Queen tells in a postscript, Mary Seton accused her of partiality to the lover's side. What indulgence, she demanded, was she to receive for the long keeping of her vow of celibacy? And, in the next place, what credit was she to get for breaking it now at her mistress's orders, when "she liked not what she had seen of marriage and would rather remain in her present state?" In short, she showed herself thoroughly thorny and impracticable; and Andrew had to start on his perilous and long voyage with no better assurance than the bare hope that if the vow were declared void, and if Lord Seton would give his consent, he should be rewarded with the hand of his lady on his return.

He went, loaded with commissions for shopping in Paris and other business besides his own love-affairs. The uncertainty tortured him in his absence, and with the same eagerness with which he had demanded that "burat de soie, pour l'amour de Dieu," he wrote from France to the Queen, begging more stringent orders from her to her friend. The Queen replied with her usual kindly patience:—"By the last letters from your mistress, you have been enough advised of her feelings for you to resolve you of an assured end. I will be always your good friend in this, as far as I may and as will be received in good part, but as to the command that you desire of me, it seems to me that I may not add anything to the declaration that I have made of wishing it and regarding it as desirable."

Her Majesty's Secretary adds a postscript on his own account:—"From your very humble servant, Gilbert Curle, who recommends himself very humbly to your good graces, and assures you of having, according to your desire, made your recommendations to Mlle. de Seton, to Mlle. de Roullay your this year's valentine, and all this company."

The point of Mr. Gilbert Curle's joke is that Mlle. Roullet was a very aged lady. It is easy to fancy poor Andrew waiting about on Valentine's morn to be the first to meet his mistress, and meeting old Mlle. Roullet instead, to the great amusement of his companions.

This letter never reached the eyes of Andrew Beton. Before the missive got to France, that ardent manly heart was stilled for ever. He was seized by small-pox, and died, as he was on his homeward journey with all the necessary documents in his possession to insure his success with Mary Seton.

How much regret for her long denial and for the fatal journey worked in her mind, I wonder? Certain it is that her health rapidly failed after that date. Yet seven years longer she served her beloved friend. But her illness growing worse, Lord Seton, who was proceeding to France on a mission in the Queen's interests, urged his sister to travel with him to fulfil what had now become her great desire—to take the veil in the convent of Rheims, where Queen Mary's aunt, Princess Reul, was abbess. At the end of the year 1584, therefore, Mary Seton, now forty-two years of age, bade a last adieu to the friend whom she had loved and served through all her life. A large portion of the Queen's small remaining stock of happiness must have departed with her friend. Doubtless they hoped to meet again, for the Queen often declared that she now desired nothing but to be free from her prisons in order to enter on a peaceful religious life. But it was not to be.

The unabated love with which Mary Seton regarded the friend from whose side her own physical collapse had withdrawn her, is touchingly shown in a letter now existing in the Record Office. It is written by Mary from the convent of Rheims, and addressed to M. de Courcelles, the new French ambassador to Scotland; the date is October, 1586, just the time when Babington's plot was paving the way for Queen Mary's destruction. After complimenting De Courcelles in the fashion of the time, Mary Seton goes on thus:—"It is nearly twenty years since I left Scotland, and in that time it has pleased God to take the best part of my relations, friends, and acquaintances; nevertheless, I presume there remain still some who knew me, and I shall be obliged by you remembering me to them as occasion may serve. I cannot conclude" [now the real purpose of her letter declares itself] "without adding still one word, that I am in extreme pain and distress at the news which has reached here of a fresh trouble which has fallen on the Queen my maistresse. Time does not permit me to write more. Written from Rheims with my humble recommendations, praying God, Monsieur de Courcelles, to make you more content than I now am, this 21st of October, your humble and obliged—MARIE DE SETON."

The latest letter extant from Mary Seton, to my knowledge, is dated 1615—twenty-eight years after the murder of Mary Stuart, which took place in February, 1587. The nun who had seen and felt so much was at the date of her letter seventy-three years old; but how long after it was that she passed to a rest more perfect than that of the convent, I do not know.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

Other Women in Germany.

By A GERMAN WOMAN.

IN the north of my philosophic Fatherland, an old saying to the effect that human beings can become accustomed to anything and everything is very prevalent. It is in everybody's mouth, and it is very often used to soften down ills and adversities of very varying kinds. After reading the article on "Women in Germany" in the August number of THE WOMAN'S WORLD, it was this proverbial saying, "Der Mensch gewöhnt sich an Alles," which came first to my mind, for we have become accustomed to seeing ourselves caricatured and ridiculed beyond recognition in all manner of papers, books and pamphlets, where such "travellers' tales" are undoubtedly very effective. As yet, however, we have not reached that height of divine philosophy on which men (and women) stand and listen placidly to slanders thrown at them by those whom they have learned to regard as their friends. And that many—nay, most—of the statements in the article on "Women in Germany" are as slanderous as our worst enemies could invent them, no one will deny who has had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with women in their own homes in Germany. That this should be so I can only attribute to the unfortunate fact that probably the lot of the writer of the article has, in Germany, fallen in exceptionally unpleasant places.

We know to our sorrow that, as far as the so-called woman question is concerned, we, the women of Germany, are far behind those of most European nations; but in this matter as well as in others we are hopefully struggling onwards, and we have the satisfaction of seeing that we are slowly, but surely, succeeding. But because we are as yet hampered by old prejudices in the matter of higher education and political independence, it does not follow that we are the abject slaves of the other sex, devoid of interest in any matter "not directly bearing on the empirics of household management," and torpidly acquiescing in the almost Oriental notion of ourselves and our part in life impressed upon us by our lords and masters. Or are we really the household drudges, automatically lifting pots and pans, idiotically "hanging out of window," making for those nearest and dearest to us homes "humdrum and barren of all attraction," and never filled with a higher aspiration than that to be first and foremost where gossip and scandal are the only subjects of conversation? No, a thousand times no! We do not recognise as any type of German woman the creature thus depicted, though we doubt not that she exists in Germany as well as in England and in every other country where the woman of civilisation, led away by the same lowering instincts and passions, has degenerated into this type of womanhood—which is cosmopolitan, but does not belong to any one nation, though it might not unnaturally be supposed that in those countries where women are so highly "honoured" that serious work of any kind is considered "unladylike," the type would be found most frequently.

In order to parry the attacks of the authoress of the article on "Women in Germany," which are the more mischievous as Miss Bevington wields her pen with no common adroitness, I might point to Schiller's estimate of our women, and after him to the less poetic authority of August Bebel, the socialist, repeatedly quoted by Miss Bevington in support of her views, but who, nevertheless, was so powerfully impressed with the latent abilities of his countrywomen, and so deeply conscious of all they might be, that through the whole of his book on "Woman in the Past, Present, and Future" there is an undertone as of an impassioned wail for their entire emancipation. But I abstain from quoting authorities, even though I might, without much searching, point to the estimate of scores of men whose opinion could not be put aside as "cheap sentimental praise."

Roughly speaking, the woman in Germany is accused of three things: firstly, she is either the tyrant or the slave at home; secondly, she is utterly devoid of culture; and thirdly (and consequently), hers is the worst possible influence to which children can be subjected. And high above her, keeping his foot firmly on her neck, stands her husband, who is also her slave-driver and oppressor. My replies to these statements are based solely on my experience among my countrywomen in various parts of Germany. Take first her dictum that the woman in Germany is "either the tyrant or the slave at home." With a tolerably extensive knowledge of German families, I have tried in vain to recollect a single instance where this statement holds good, although in Germany, as in every other country, either the husband or the wife may have the stronger will and therefore, apparently, the upper hand. I have also sometimes heard it whispered—not at a "*Klatsch* with feminine acquaintances," but when a name was accidentally mentioned—with a sly twinkle in the whisperer's eye, and with a knowing nod, that such-and-such a lady was a "Xantippe;" but in what blessed country, since the times of Socrates, is that species of female tyrant wholly extinct? There are slaves, too, in Germany—and willing, happy slaves they are—toiling along, day after day, without any greater wish than honestly to do their best to advance on the stony path which indigence bids them tread. In this connection I am tempted to quote a few lines from a recent article on the women of Berlin in the *Cologne Gazette*, a paper which does not profess any special sympathies with women or any "woman question." The writer is speaking of the women of the lower working classes. He says: "Only a woman can understand what it means for a woman to do everything with her two hands—cooking, scrubbing, sewing, mending, carrying her baby about, washing, catering, and all the rest. There can be no thought of rest during the day; she cannot escape from the noise of the workshop, and during the winter her children are nearly always around

her. Thus life goes on, year after year, and only on Sundays in summer is there any change. Nevertheless a soured woman is hardly ever to be met with, for they have little time to give way to discontent. . . . But if ever want enters the home of one of these humble families, or if one of the women should fall ill, the good that is in them comes often out in the most touching way. However busy the women of the neighbourhood may be, they are always ready with a helpful word or action. . . . When trade is bad, or the husband gives way to intemperance, an unequalled martyrdom begins for the woman, but with it is often developed a moral power and greatness which makes one bow before such a woman as if she were a princess." Of such slaves Germany has a great and mighty army, and go where you will, they are to be found everywhere, for their homes are in the North and in the South, on the flat banks of the Vistula and on the hills and plains on either bank of the Rhine. Nothing has impressed me more when temporarily returning to Germany after some years spent in other countries, than the cheerful energy with which the women do their work, enjoying their simple pleasures on Sundays and holidays with the laughing eyes and the whole-hearted merriment which are never the attributes of those compelled to submit to bondage.

With regard to Miss Bevington's second accusation, quoted from Bebel, the statement that in Germany "a woman's education has only tended to aggravate her failings," and that "her sole function is that of a being domestically serviceable to man," is really somewhat surprising, seeing that it is made by an Englishwoman. For who could show a more sincere and practical regard for our educational system than the inhabitants of the United Kingdom, who annually draw thousands of female teachers and governesses from Germany, and who, if they wish to give a particularly good and careful education to their daughters, send them to a school or *pension* in Germany? It would be difficult to find any nation where the women of the middle classes—nay, and of the higher classes, too—could compete with the German woman of the same station in the knowledge of the music, the arts, and the literature of her country. And is not this also culture, when, in all the serious matters of business and of life, the wife stands with her advice, her insight, her good sense, by her husband's side, an intelligent, sympathetic counsellor, a helpmate in the best sense of the word? It is true the women in Germany do not glibly talk of the thousand grandiloquent subjects a smattering of which it is the fashion to teach in our high, higher, and highest schools for girls, and they abstain from the discussion of unprofitable religious and metaphysical questions; but I believe that I may say, without fear of contradiction, that their education is sound and thorough, and based on a system which teaches them above all to think, to reflect, and to reason.

In approaching Miss Bevington's third charge against women in Germany, namely, that the German woman is often the worst possible influence to which children can be subjected, I am at a loss to find words in which to express my grief and indignation. But before me, through the mist of years, rises up the picture of the typical German mother, the ideal of her children's early days; their teacher and friend, their stay and staff in all their troubles; their help and comforter when, in dark days, her own burden seemed almost too heavy to be borne; their pride and their ideal still when they have grown into men and women, and when the brave and hopeful spirit which upheld her through all her life shines still from her clear eyes after her hair has grown grey and her elastic step slower as life's eventide draws near. It is the influence of the German mother which makes our soldiers brave, manly, and humane; which teaches our women to be devoted wives and mothers, spreading over their homes the light of cheerful contentment, and which teaches all the sons and daughters of the nation, wherever they may be, to remain true to the old German motto, "Do right and fear nothing." The innumerable poems in praise of the mother which are scattered through our literature are, therefore, no "cheap sentimental praise," but the true expression of a strong national feeling, and it is no empty phrase when we repeat what one of our poets says,

> "Wenn du noch eine Mutter hast,
> So klage nicht und sei zufrieden."

For we hold it now and always, that it is our mothers to whom is due all that is good and true in us, and that it is our mothers first and foremost who have helped to build up the glorious Germany of the present day.

A few words more as to the men in Germany. I am in no way blind to their shortcomings, knowing full well that they lack the grave dignity of the typical English gentleman, and are blissfully ignorant of, or supremely indifferent to, the wretched fit of their clothes and the monstrosity of their boots. Their plebeian manner allows them to burst into shouts of laughter whenever anything strikes them as comic or ridiculous, and in their wrath they have often been known to break through the bonds of good behaviour in so far as to stamp with their feet, or to vent their anger in a "Tausend Donnerwetter!" Their patience is nothing to boast of, their tact is by no means perfect, and their thirst is proverbially and unæsthetically great. But with all their shortcomings, they are no tyrants or oppressors, for, in order to succeed in that *rôle*, they should be less easy-going, less fond of their German "*Gemüth-lich-keit*," less naturally affectionate; in fact, they should be "less human, and more divine," possessing the God-like calm and severity, combined with the talent for petty inventions, all of which are woefully absent from the character of the average German, but which go a long way towards the making of a successful tyrant. However, my experience of men in Germany is limited, it having never occurred to me to make them the subject of a special study, and possibly the jovial Jekylls are at bottom so many hideous Hydes. But when next I go home, I will put them under a special microscope, and should they, on closer inspection, confirm Miss Bevington's estimate, I will join their detractors, and think the more highly of the women who so bravely and cheerfully live up to Mrs. Browning's lines—

> "We'll keep our aims sublime, our eyes erect,
> Although our woman's hands should shake and fail."

HULDA FRIEDERICHS.

TAILOR-MADE COSTUMES FOR AUTUMN WEAR.

October Fashions.

BY MRS. JOHNSTONE.

"From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world;
Else, none at all in aught proves excellent."

Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 3.

THE least gallant of the sterner sex would hardly be inclined to dispute that, whether women's influence be assertive or dormant, it exists, and is one of the most powerful levers of the world. It is her peculiar prerogative to preserve, not only beauty in her surroundings, but the love of beauty in humanity; and it is her influence that gives the necessary impetus to many industries which exist principally, if not entirely, for her. That this is so, widens not only her sphere of usefulness, but enlarges her duties. If she suddenly develops a liking for a certain make of lace, busy hands find employment in meeting the demand; and whatever lead she directs fashion to take, that it follows, and trade prospers thereby.

At the present moment, woollen garments of all kinds are in the ascendant, and silk is more used with wool than alone, while, as a fact, the majority of gowns for day wear are made without any admixture of silk at all; and yet, under all these disadvantages, a great effort is being made to revive the silk industries in England and Ireland, and it rests a very great deal with the women of Great Britain whether the effort is to be crowned with success.

There is this point in its favour, that, when the silk industries in England were in the height of their prosperity, the Spitalfields looms were producing just the kind of silks that are finding favour now, although, maybe, under different names: lutestrings, à la modes, brocades, satins, paduasoys, ducàpes, and velvets. In the time of Anne and the first two Georges 50,000 persons depended on silk-weaving, but there came evil times. The work is neither easy nor very profitable. To make a single inch of velvet the shuttle has to be thrown 180 times, the treadles the same. Sixty times the wire is

inserted and withdrawn, and sixty times the knife cuts along the breadth, and sixty times the heavy beam is pressed against the chest of the worker. Even forty years ago the 25,000 looms were at work. Of late a renewed effort is being made with the Leek silk, and the textures of the brocades are excellent and full of promise. To succeed, they must be as good and as cheap of their kind as can be had in the market.

Tailor-made gowns find favour with Englishwomen at most periods of the year, but more especially when autumn is undeniably upon us. The illustrations of Messrs. Redfern's models indicate some of the principal novelties in style. The dress of green Venetian cloth, worn by the figure on the extreme right (see page 565), has panels of gold braid, and is trimmed with otter-fur, which goes better with green than with any other shade. The bodice is double-breasted, with a vest of pale pink cloth, discovering no fastening whatever. The roll collar is of otter, and the fur crosses the front of the bodice. The drapery is straight, and is so well shown in the picture that no further description is necessary. Simple as this is, it needs skilful cutting, and is a dress that might be worn on almost any occasion during the autumn and winter, and could hardly be seen without being noted for a certain most undeniable good style.

The costume on the left side is made of fawn cloth, the petticoat has a deep braiding in gold, and the drapery is so caught up that it shows to perfection. The bodice is of the habit form. The new point about it is the double waistcoat, which is made of white cloth, buttoning down the front to the point, but the upper one comes hardly below the bust, and is braided all over with gold and brown. There is a roll collar, which seems now to be an inseparable part of tailor-made jackets and bodices.

The hats worn with both of these costumes are worthy of special notice. One is made of a piece of the green cloth used for the dress, which stands up well, is most deftly twisted, and is surrounded by a band of otter.

The other has a brim of coarse straw, with a full soft crown of the cloth. In the hand it seems flat, and it draws its inspiration from the head-gear worn under Tudor kings and queens, but, in lieu of any handsome ostrich-feathers, two quills are thrust through the side, of the dark brown tone of the dress trimmings. No two of these hats would seem to be made alike—each suits the face of the particular wearer.

Mantles are to be either very short, merely reaching to just below the waist, or sufficiently long to cover the skirt; a carriage-wrap or travelling-cloak must be of this latter kind, and the most fashionable are made like the one illustrated, of very fine brocaded cloth, in two shades of the same colour, or some neutral tint and black. In the present instance the cloth is of a delicate grey, with the pine patterns of a darker shade. It is a particularly graceful and comfortable shape, fitting well on the shoulders. The bonnet worn with it is of the same fine cloth pinked round, the full velvet front resting on the head, while the cloth stands up well in a decided pouf.

NEW HATS AND BONNETS FOR AUTUMN WEAR.

Quite a contrast, and well suited to a girl or young married woman, is the coarse-ribbed cloth jacket, handsomely braided in black and gold Russian braid on the cuffs and shoulders, and trimmed with handsome passementerie ornaments. It would look well either for riding or driving, and may be made up in any kind of cloth, or in any colour that might be required.

There is this autumn a decided preference shown for cloth of a firm, close texture; loosely-woven materials are going out. While women are in so many ways adopting masculine styles for their garments, they are borrowing the notion from them of having firm, solid, and durable materials. The new cloths for dresses, mantles, and jackets, are close-woven and very beautiful in their range of colouring. Fawns, greys, dark blues,

and greens are well worn, but the browns with a red tinge in them are the new idea. Flame is a general name, but, in truth, it is more the dull brownish-red tint which a coal has when the red is fading into black. Terra-cotta has given place to a more pinky red, and many of the winter cloths are made of this tone speckled with white; other colours, such as greys, cardinals, and indigo-blue, are also speckled, and they are often accompanied by the same grounds, with white stripes, in which are flecks or splashes of colour, sometimes of many hues. Silk is introduced with great effect into these woollens, which under this aspect become very costly, but only a few yards are required to give importance to a dress. The more simple manner in which the idea is carried out is the introduction of uniform silk stripes on the silk ground, about an inch wide, with a woven edge, so that the stripes look exactly as if a piece of ribbon had been laid on; but the more elaborate patterns have broad silk fancy stripes, often shaded, and these form very handsome panels.

RED FELT BONNET.

Borders are another and distinctive feature in the new winter woollen goods. In the ribbed stuffs these are often formed by the introduction of a line of gold or silver between the ribs of the material; some fabrics have checked borders, but amongst the newest are the cashmerienne designs of handsome lines in red and gold tones. Occasionally these borders are sufficiently wide to cover half the depth of the skirt, in frisé patterns of black or colour, which at a distance look like cross-stitch. Red is too becoming not to be much worn, and red cloth dresses with white waistcoats, and red panels in other coloured dresses, are to be seen in pretty well every large and fashionable gathering.

The new millinery in our illustrations gives the latest novelties provided by Mme. Phœbe Smith, of Regent Street. The hats and bonnets show a return to the large shapes which our grandmothers affected when the century was young. Velvet is the favourite material, and brilliant contrasts prevail. Purple velvet is lined with orange. Double points appear above the forehead in the Directoire hat with the rounded side-brim, all edged with cord and surmounted by huge loops of ribbon. The broad-brimmed hat, irregular in form, is rendered specially becoming by the bow of narrow ribbon which rests on the hair, and the ostrich-plumes which seem to frame the brim. The toque-shaped hat is improved by the brim rising immediately above the face in a point; the arrangement of the feathers at the back recalls the cap of Morens. The crown is quite open, and there are quills at the side; hitherto, open crowns have been confined to bonnets. The other Directoire hat, of green velvet, shades the face well, is bordered by a ruche of black lace and feathers, and has all the striped ribbon bows at the back. A close shape is well suited to the Catogan style of hair-dressing, with the feather-trimmed brim, and long streamers at the back. It is quite as much a bonnet as a hat, and has a bright yellow rosette at the side. The Empire bonnet of blue velvet is lined with yellow, and trimmed with yellow velvet. The narrow blue velvet strings are tied at the side. Our other illustration is a red felt bonnet, trimmed with black velvet and black birds. Note how curiously the wings are placed above the face, and what height they give to the bonnet. It is a long time since millinery fashions have made so many new departures.

THE CATOGAN BONNET.

That a useful garment need not of necessity be ugly is proved by the new water-proof cloaks, covered with striped moire and all sorts of woollen cloths, chiefly checked. They are made in the most fashionable shapes, and are so arranged now as to be fit for every-day use, if only care be taken that they are well ventilated.

As the bad weather approaches, to be forearmed will save many a good skirt. The ordinary woollen petticoats are now covered with a fancy water-proof tweed, outside and in, to the depth of half a yard, and so defy any amount of mud or damp grass. Women are learning to wear gaiters, which are now made to match any dress, and come well up the leg, meeting the vamp of the boot. They are neat-looking, but require to be carefully cut in order not to add to the size of the foot.

GREEN VELVET DIRECTOIRE HAT.

Boots and shoes are made to more thoroughly cover the foot or the leg, as the case may be: a move in the right direction, as proper support is thus given to the foot.

The prevailing make in autumn and winter gowns will be gleaned from the three sketched at Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's (below). The colourings are new and original. The slate-coloured cashmere has panel stripes of rich brocade shot with orange, the bodice having a kilted vest of the same, the tones accentuated by handsome shaded passementerie with which it is bordered at the waist.

The visiting-dress is a plaid silk—myrtle-green and Venetian red—with the Directoire redingote, made of plain myrtle silk, fastened at the back with strap and buckle, and trimmed with shaded bead passementerie and ornaments to match.

The more simple dress for travelling is a fine olive cloth, with biscuit cloth introduced, and knots of gold cord. The olive bodice has a biscuit vest with more knots of gold cord.

It is by no means an easy matter to find a good-looking and reliable glove at a fair price. Suèdes are yielding to French kid, because, I am inclined to think, they are such a perishable material that women can no longer afford them. If anything would tempt us to remain faithful to old favourites it would be some excellent Suède gloves now being sold at moderate prices by the London Glove Company in Cheapside, and in such a large variety of colours that almost any gown may be matched. They can be had with many buttons, or mousquetaire with none, which is really the proper style for this class of glove, which should be ruffled up the arm. Another kind which looks well for country wear as well as town has braid points. Silk gloves have long ceased to be fashionable, though thousands of women wear them; and the great drawback that they will wear out at the fingers has been tried to be met in many ways. Last spring, kid tips were introduced, but they were apt to part company with the silk, and so were undesirable. Now a better plan has been hit upon by the London Glove Company: the tips of the fingers are protected by rows of stitching, which receive the brunt of the heavy wear falling on that part of the glove, and they are easier to slip off.

For a long day's travelling the Tyrol gloves are very comfortable; they do not compress the hand. It is quite possible to write in them; and, moreover, they wash well. The best plan of carrying this out is to wash them thoroughly on the hand, leave the soap on, pull them well into form as they dry, watching them, so that they do not harden, which can be prevented by judicious pulling.

VISITING, TRAVELLING, AND AFTERNOON COSTUMES.

PARIS.

AUTUMN and spring are the favourite seasons for marriages. The wedding trousseaux of Mlle. de Brissac, who last August married the Duc de Lorge, of Mlle. de Mailte, who married the Comte de Fleury, and those of other high-born damsels entering the state of wedlock, occupied the attention of all fashionable Paris. Our celebrated *lingères* were so busy making up fairy-like under-garments, that they knew none of the dulness of the dead season. Every young betrothed dreams of her trousseau. These delicate chiffons impart a poetry and refinement to a woman's personality. The modern syren owes not a little of her subtle seductiveness to the grace and finish of every detail of her attire.

It is by the daintiness of her under-clothing that the truly elegant woman is distinguished. The care lavished upon hidden garments is the note of a delicate self-respect. The French *bourgeoises*, and also it must be admitted some other foreign women, are too often perfectly satisfied with their apparel if they can flaunt gowns laden with lace or gaudy with trimmings.

As a rule, the Frenchwoman is careful of her *lingerie*, and in every grade of life the young *fiancée* is proud to display to her friends on the day of her contract the pretty bravery of lace-trimmed and embroidered under-linen. Diamonds are coveted only after the due supply has been obtained of textures fine as wrought cobwebs, white as carded wool, finished off with lace and coquettish knots of ribbon.

Silk chemises enriched with Brussels lace; cambric chemises bordered above and below with a wide insertion of Valenciennes and edged with a gathered flounce of lace; short petticoats of cambric and Surah silk; morning wraps and pocket handkerchiefs, stockings and caps, all made exquisite with needlework, sweet with perfume, gay with fastenings of ribbon, are the choicest properties of the bride elect. By sets of half-dozens, the fashionable trousseau contains a variety of chemises. There is the full-dress chemise of cambric richly trimmed with Valenciennes; for ordinary wear it is of fine linen edged with narrow Valenciennes; for country wear it is of coloured cambric of Pompadour design, striped or spotted, trimmed with fancy lace. Silk chemises are

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increasing in favour every day: blue, pink, white, cream, lilac, and lemon, ripe corn and poppy-red, black even: they are of every shade and colour. These silken under-garments are edged and richly trimmed with white or black lace. They are made in various shapes and patterns. There is the Marie Antoinette chemise, cut low in a point; the Tallien chemise, high in the neck, and the throat outlined by an insertion of ribbon, the shoulders trimmed with several rows of lace.

The newest fabric used for under-clothing is silk crêpe. It has risen so greatly into popularity that its vogue threatens to supplant that of silk and silken gauze. The fashion for garments in this material is to make them very short, very full, very much gathered, and every article of each set of the same exact shade of colour. The chemise, cut round the shoulders, does not reach down to the knees; the wide knickerbockers are fastened above the knees; the tiny petticoat, &c., is scarcely longer. Ribbons fasten at the throat, at the waist, and form the garters of this singular *lingerie*. It is made in delicate pink, blue, white, maize, red, and in black especially. The stays are of satin of the same shade.

Mmes. Cély have made silk crêpe the fashion for under-garments; these *lingères* hold with the Maison Morin-Blossier, which has lately added a *lingerie* to its dressmaking establishment, Rue de la Paix, the first rank for the manufacture of feminine under-clothing.

Like the day-chemise, the night-gown is composed of cambric or thin foulard silk, trimmed with lace and ribbon. For country and seaside wear, night-gowns are of coloured cambric or spotted foulard, the edge festooned and worked in silk thread of the same colour. The last fashion for night-gowns is to make them flowing like a judge's gown; the yoke is gathered; the deep collar is turned back with a festooned border; the sleeve is trimmed with double-gathered wrist-bands; at the waist, collar, and sleeves are placed flowing knots of ribbon.

The under-petticoats for evening wear are of cambric covered with Valenciennes; for morning wear they match the stays, which in their turn harmonise with the general tone of the dress. Be the stays of Pompadour watered silk, of shot faille, or of tortoise-shell brocade, the petticoat is of the same stuff and colour. These under-skirts are flat, edged with one or many lace flounces placed upon quillings of the material. When the petticoat is of shot silk a number of small flounces pinked out and gathered take the place of lace.

The stockings are varied and fanciful. Silk stockings adorned with insertions of lace or made delicately transparent with open-work are suited to evening wear. For morning dress, the fancy silk stockings are embroidered with Pompadour designs, spotted, striped, covered with tiny squares; the thread stockings are in every variety of design, finely woven and delicately dyed. It is *de rigueur* that the stockings match the colour of the gowns with which they are worn. Such details make a woman's dress complete, and carry out the artistic idea of her apparel as a whole. There must not be a jarring note of colour, not a neglected item.

Handkerchiefs are an important feature of a bridal trousseau — airy trifles exquisitely wrought with the needle, or richly trimmed with lace. For evening wear, the handkerchief must be formed of alternate lace and cambric, or deeply edged with lace. For the day, it may be simply hemmed with transparent stitches, or finely embroidered, the initials worked in the corner. Foulard handkerchiefs are as fashionable as cambric for the day; these, too, must be daintily edged with needlework and initialled.

A word here may not be out of place in praise of ornamental needlework. Machine-stitching at one time threatened to supplant that wrought by the essentially feminine implement—the needle. We are glad to see on every side signs of a revival of this handiwork. These bridal trousseaux were all hand-made and hand-ornamented. Embroidery, at its best, is a fine art; it is the fine art of women. The question of whether to deck our clothes with embroidery and lace may appear trifling, and yet the answer may be taken as a pretty sure index of a nation's social and political state. In times of security and prosperity, the finest art-work, including that of the needle, has been achieved. In times of disorder, embroidery and lace-making have declined. During the French Revolution the lace-making and embroidery industries were very nearly ruined by edicts forbidding the use of these fabrics. The vulgarity of machine-wrought embroidery springs from the sundering of the work from the skill of deft and patient fingers, working under the guidance of a ruling taste. The ornamentation of the under-linen of these bridal trousseaux was exquisite for finish of execution and grace of design. The plain sewing had a distinction scarcely second to the more elaborate needlework. The pearly evenness of the stitches, their variety and delicacy, seemed invested with some of that moral significance which, philosophers assure us, underlies all our conceptions of beauty.

As we are on the chapter of hand-made lace and bridal trousseaux, we may mention here, as an example of exquisite workmanship, the lace dress sent by the Empress Eugénie to her young kinswoman, the Princess Letitia Bonaparte, married last September, as a wedding gift. The beautiful Empress of the French had worn the lace on her wedding-day, and for many years had treasured it in the hope of seeing it worn by her son's bride on her marriage-day. The Prince was destined never to have a bride. The costly lace was, nevertheless, to be worn by a Bonaparte. The design—garlands and festoons of violets, the favourite flowers of Napoleon—is a marvel of richness and grace; the execution is of unrivalled beauty.

Perhaps the most coquettish of the pretty garments destined for the bride's morning dress are the tiny caps of her trousseau. These miniature head-gears, usually not much larger than a hand, are of every fantastic and graceful shape: Russian caps, Bulgarian, Marie Antoinette, Marie Louise, the Infanta, the Dauphine, the Normande cap, the Charlotte Corday: they are composed of lace, of ribbons, of embroidery, of gold braid, of flowers; all sorts of pretty odds and ends enter into the manufacture of the "bonnichons."

For morning gowns, soft, clinging stuffs are preferable, such as Surah, Corah, and Chinese silks. These graceful *négligés* are profusely adorned with lace and ribbon. I saw a pretty morning vest in China silk, the pleated chemisette gathered and crossed in Tosca fashion, the jacket edged with a deep border of lace and trimmed with knots of flowing ribbon, the sleeves gathered and finished off with knots of ribbon at the wrists.

A simple morning gown may be composed of a bed-jacket and petticoat to match. The same supple fabrics are used. I saw one of Pompadour Chinese silk, the cream ground covered with a graceful design of flowers; the back and front of the jacket were gathered; a thick jabot of Breton lace fastened by knots of ribbon gave a delicate touch of finish to the unconventional attire; the open sleeves were trimmed with the same lace.

The morning wrap, a long, straight *peignoir*, worn on getting out of bed, is also made of soft material, usually of pongee silk of various shades. It is edged with a scalloped flounce, the open sleeve is scalloped, also the deep-pointed collar and jabot. A Watteau pleat falls in a graceful sweep at the back; ribbon knotted in front forms the sash.

Four or five morning dresses at least, of varied degrees of elegance, form part of these bridal trousseaux. These morning "at home" costumes can be made of the richest stuffs, and their fashion leaves a certain latitude for originality in design and colour. A dress which flattered the eye by the richness of its hues and the grace of its lines was of Pompadour brocade, the pink satin ground striped with many-coloured blossoms. The gown was a long, closely-fitting, sleeveless redingote, opening in front, and cut open at the sides, disclosing a straight, finely-pleated under-garment of black crêpe, with wide sleeves, which were gathered at the wrists with bands of white velvet embroidered in gold. The collar and sash of this quaintly elegant gown were also of white velvet embroidered in gold.

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Another *déshabillé*, less dressy but not less elegant, was of Pompadour poplinette, the ground the colour of ripe corn. The skirt in front was covered with three flounces of lace. At the back, continuing the line of the Directoire jacket which formed the bodice, a breadth of the stuff fell in straight, flat folds. A lace scarf issuing from the flat, pink satin collar was crossed over the bust like a fichu, then turned to edge the jacket. Deep lace cuffs and knots of pink satin ribbon adorned the Maintenon sleeves; a wide pink satin sash-scarf was knotted behind.

Another picturesque Empire *déshabillé* was also of Pompadour poplinette of a pink ground. The under-garment worn with this ample redingote was of finely-pleated cream cambric. The deep collar, the revers, and sash-scarf were of very pale willow-green watered silk, the shade harmonising delightfully with the rose-coloured ground.

The graceful *déshabillé*, the design of which forms one of our illustrations, was of cream-coloured Indian foulard, striped all over with tiny rose coloured lines. The skirt was covered with flounces, festooned and worked with exquisite embroidery in rose-coloured silk thread. The casaque Lamballe, fitting the figure at the back, fell straight and flowing in front, and was edged all round with a similarly worked flounce, which also formed the border of the sleeves, and re-appeared in the wide Pierrot collar fastened at the throat with a kind of pink watered ribbon. The flowing sash of pink watered ribbon passed under the Lamballe jacket and was knotted at the side.

The use of ribbon—worn at the collar, at the sleeves, round the waist—is on the increase. It adorns linen; it is seen on the simplest dress as on the costliest. Watered ribbon, embroidered ribbon, ribbon in beautiful soft chiné silk, where the woven flowers look as seen through a tender veil of mist, are all fashionable. Large blossoms of natural size and hues—lilac, iris, pansies, poppies, carnations, roses, and ox-eyed daisies—thrown in clusters upon a light ground, appear on sashes wide as scarfs. The sash usually springs from the right side and is twisted round to the left side, where it is knotted,

and falls in flowing ends that sway with every movement of the wearer's figure.

One item of dress not to be overlooked is the garter. Every day its fashion grows more luxurious. The garter matches the stocking and the under-clothing with which it is worn. It is usually made of pleated watered silk, fastened by a jewel, placed in a knot of black or white lace, according to the lace trimming the under-garments.

In these days, when dress has never been more *soigné* or luxurious in all its details, there is a certain heroism in Mme. de Valsayre's persistent attempt to win her countrywomen over to Bloomerism. This lady lately petitioned the Chamber to pass a law authorising women to wear trousers and modified coats. The Committee of the House appointed to look into the lady's petition found no sumptuary law forbidding womankind to don masculine costume. Mme. de Valsayre was triumphant. Henceforth she dreamt superfluous draperies, impeding skirts, would be laid aside, and women would step forth in garments suited to the free development of their muscles. The lady appealed to Worth, as the king and legislator of dressmakers, to devise some beautiful costume, composed of trousers and vest, for the feminine sex. This sovereign legislator in matters of taste refused, however, to comply with her request. He knew the feminine love of graceful chiffons too well. Mme. de Valsayre does not push her own theories of dress reform to their bitter end. If she wears trousers it is only in the modified form of what you in England call the "divided skirt." For myself, I cannot imagine our dress-loving Parisiennes stalking about in trousers, or laying aside their pretty draperies for the austere ungainliness of the divided skirt.

I have left myself no space to treat of the autumn fashions. One thing is certain, the "bustle" is doomed. Everything is tending more and more to the obliteration of bunched-up draperies. The lines of skirts are simpler and longer. Waists are growing shorter, and the Empire bodice will be the bodice of the coming winter season. There is perceptible a disregard for *la taille*, once so much the note of Parisian elegance. Cloaks are worn loose and full, hanging in pleats from the shoulders; their quaint old-fashioned air is heightened by triple collars, graduated in size, crossing the shoulders.

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As for the bonnets and hats, they have fallen from their high estate. All the glory of piled-up blossoms, towering knots of ribbon, waving aigrettes, is extinguished. The hats are low-crowned; the bonnets close-fitting, fastened with wreaths of foliage, clustered blossoms, and berries. Green still remains a favourite colour; and with the deepening autumn, chaplets of vine-leaves, brambles, hazel-boughs, and hop-leaves take more and more the place of flowers, and twine in a coronal around many fair heads.

VIOLETTE.